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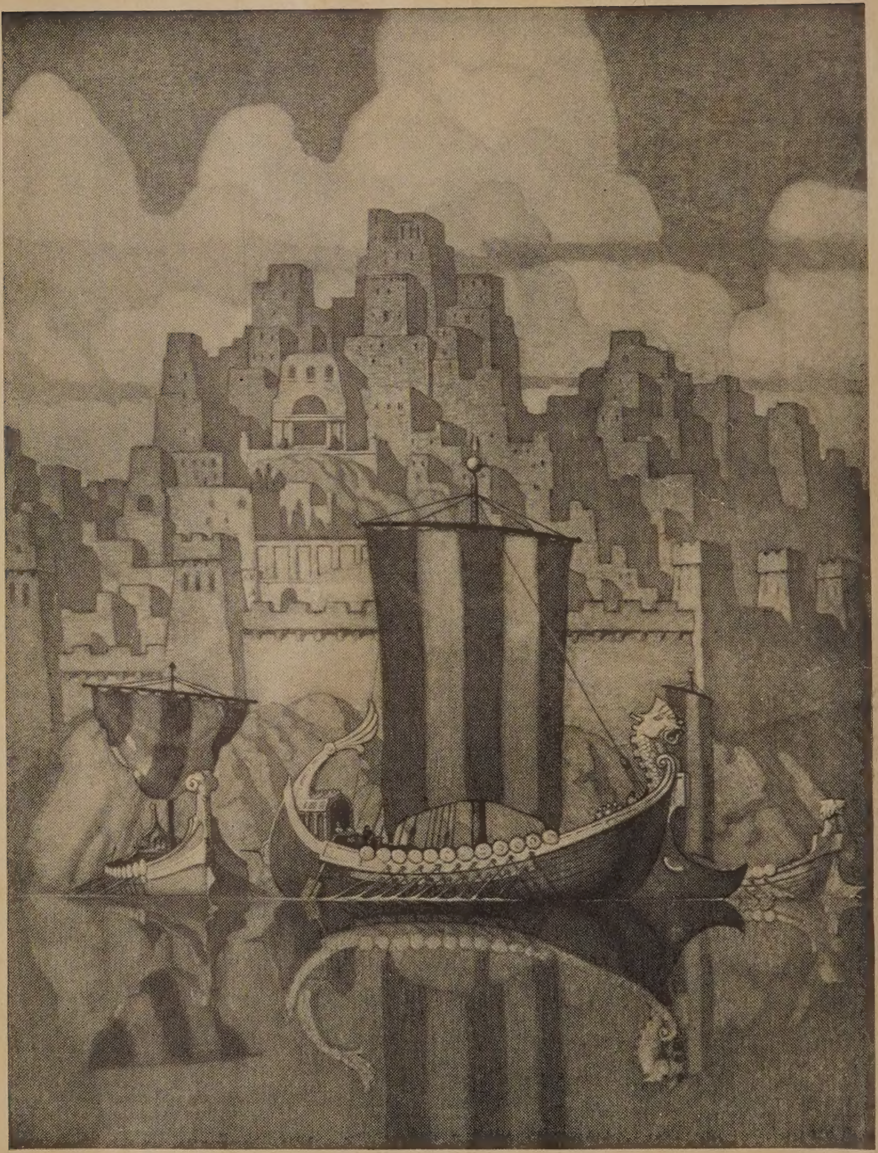

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Phœnician Biremes.

Painted by N. C. Wyeth for the First National Bank of Boston.

The panel represents three Phœnician biremes pulling out to sea from under the embattlements and the towering city of Tyre. The artist writes "Although we are certain of Tyre's existence, its exact location, and we know of its dynamic force in industry and politics, yet it looms through the dim reaches of history like a dream city, a dream life, the mere dawn of the present stupendous age." [See page 8.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

July 1928

VOL. LXXXIV NO. I

Boston of the Future

MY UNITED STATES

BY F. J. STIMSON

Author of "Boston—the Ebb Tide," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

Hurt because Mr. Stimson, a tried and true native, criticised Boston in his previous article, the Boston *Herald* called for "literary boosters" who would offer constructive suggestions. Mr. Stimson makes no pretension to boosterism but he accepts the challenge and tells Boston what it can do.

IF the closing sentence of my recent article, "Boston—the Ebb Tide,"* does not disqualify me to write about the rest of the United States, I will now approach New York—New York City—if, indeed, it be part of them. But in 1861 it was. In 1886, when I lived there, it still was. And New Yorkers were delightful people in the eighties. To one coming from the critical, belittling atmosphere of Boston the cheerful open-mindedness, open-heartedness, take-you-at-your-own-value,-come-on,-we'll-all-get-rich-together spirit made of them, if sharp competitors, most agreeable folk to live with and do business for. Why then did the whole country beyond the Orange Mountains consider New York a foreign city?

Well, to begin with, it was British throughout the Revolution. When Washington went into it he had to get out in a hurry; and, though Washington, on the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, proclaimed the end of the war which Massachusetts had begun, it was not until seven months later, November 18, 1783, that he ventured to cross the Harlem River as Clinton was leaving Wall Street. And, before the city could be fumigated and Americanized, Astor and other European proletarians or international financiers began to throng in.

But "Wall Street" is really the answer. No country likes the counter through which all its wares and works, its labor and its dreams, its inventions and its discoveries, must be sweated and sold. To the Westerner the New York banker or jobber was simply a man who sat and got his rake-off on all they did —and then turned up his nose at them. And we were told—travelling in private cars over our railroads in those wide-open spaces where men are men —to pull down the shades of our dining-car over the oysters and champagne lest the native take a shot at them.

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*See "Boston—the Ebb Tide," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, March, 1928.

New York seemed to stand for economic centralization and monopoly. And there was some basis for the prejudice. Even more than now the fate of any enterprise big enough to need New York's assistance—or attract New York's notice—lay in very few hands. The American people gave their savings to the life-insurance companies; they put them in their own banks and trust companies; thus the whole financial energy of the country was wielded by very few men. Hughes's reforms did a little to remedy this abuse; the Federal Reserve Act (against which New York is already kicking) did more; but your honest Westerner, coming to New York for money for his railroad or his mine, would go from the A Bank to the B Trust Company, from C Brothers to D & Sons, from Mr. G. G. H. to Mr. J. P. M., from Mr. J. S. to Mr. G. F. B. —and back to the Gotham Bank, on whose executive committee was Mr. G. G. H. again—and only then begin to realize that he was meeting the same man all through. They agreed on everything, even to the size of the rake-off.

Then New York had no American individuality. It had no public spirit such as Boston had—civic spirit in plenty, very sharp to the main chance, the fortunes of its port, its commerce—but little sense of national duty. The Dutch farmers grew rich by keeping asleep; they never did anything, nor thought it a duty to educate their children. Nothing struck a New Englander so much as the absence of books from their houses. When they woke up it was to horses—or making money. Yankees were thought sharp; but a whole book could be made of extracts from writings or diaries of outsiders, before and after John Adams, describing the solely commercial attitude of the New Yorker—and very funny it would be. This time lasted from the Dutch till the Civil War; to-day the New Yorker is of course different—but then, he is now a synthetic being.

Yet no one could live in both cities for the twenty years beginning 1884 without seeing why it was that New York had so outdistanced Boston. True, it was bigger, and it had the Erie Canal, and we had lost our railroads, and the tariff took our ships; but it was bigger principally because of this spirit—which I should describe as enlightened public self-interest conjoined with enterprise, big vision, and unity of action. Size did not alarm it. When one of our Boston & Maine railroad presidents was approached with a plan to consolidate that system with the Maine Central, the Fitchburg, the Nickel Plate, and so through to Chicago, he objected that it was too large! Then in all things—business, antislavery, literature, politics, art—Boston was critical, New York (when it knew anything about them) constructive. It really seemed as if its blood of the old days of commercial supremacy had been transfused to the brain of New York (the fact that a vast preponderance of them came from New England, the South, and later the West, is immaterial; for the very first day they walked down-town they *were* New Yorkers; how long does it take for a Howells or a Ford to get acclimatized in Boston? that is just part of New York's spell; its seal is so quickly impressed). And soon she began to emulate Boston's public spirit in charitable, artistic, educational things. When, in Boston, could you collect an audience of a thousand leading business men *and* their wives, "leaders in society," to crowd the Hotel Astor and listen for four hours to an abstract discussion of the advisability of federal incorporation of business companies? But now New York's business leaders were of a higher class, educationally and socially, than the "down-town" men in Boston; this abandonment by educated men of business, and so of them *by* business, I have spoken of in the earlier article. Yet together New York and Boston made a perfect blend.

Now it is obvious that you cannot be constructive without first discovering the faults, the past mistakes; some of them, of course, irremediable. Boston couldn't—nor should—prevent the Erie Canal or the barge lines; nor deprive the metropolis of its geographical situation or its wonderful harbor—but it might foster its own, in some ways better still. Metropolis—the dictionary gives it "a parent city, a chief city"; well, claiming the former, we must yield New York the latter. Philadelphia passed Boston in size in 1770, New York in 1820, Detroit—so the census says—in 1925. Centralization, of course, is inevitable, irremediable—especially since the "trusts" began. In 1880 there were ten thousand healthy local industries in New England; each little town had its own—a mill, or but a workshop, some trade begun by some clever Yankee in 1700, in 1800, carried on by his children and great-grandchildren, supporting worthily a continuing family; making a little light of civilization, feeding a prosperous community where it was; now probably a small incorporation—it might be crackers, or whips, or pails, or hats, or pink jewellers' cotton—or shovels, locomotives, or battle-ships—the trust came down and swallowed them, to the vast profit of that henceforth idle family, with nothing left to do but to "get into society," and perhaps without much harm to the workers—but the company disappeared from Maine or Massachusetts, its offices were moved to New York, its lawyers lost a client, its banks their accounts, it was unlisted from the Boston Stock Exchange—but, worst of all, its home touch was gone. For practical purposes it had disappeared from New England. And, though there is a limit, even with skyscrapers, to the number of human bodies you can stack into New York, there is no limit to the number of corporation souls you can lodge there.

All this is unavoidable. We might improve things a little by lightening our corporation taxes—but Massachusetts is committed to a high civilization and we would have her stay there—it may cost more to live in the old Bay State, but it is worth more! Not, however, to a corporation, for all our social, educational, and æsthetic advantages; and it is possible for a legislature to impose reasonable taxes and philanthropic regulations without being a d— fool. But to the necessary consequences of centralization Boston must, like the provincial capitals of all other countries, reconcile herself.

Can anything be done about the railroad situation? Besides the practical impossibility of building a new railroad, we are now controlled by the I. C. C.; and, even if we got one, it could not fix rates favoring Boston without their consent. But, if we really had a railroad, run in Boston and New England interest and not solely for the purpose of making what they could out of us, much could be done in the routing of freight-cars, in mere direction of business, to give Boston port its share. And we do not exert the financial power that we have, but are content to lie down and take our 4 per cent. About half of the New Haven stock is owned in New England; yet no railroad has been more inimical to its interests in the past. For many years it fought strenuously against the Cape Cod Canal —the greatest—nay, the only—internal improvement Uncle Sam has ever taken on in the interest of New England—and for several successive legislatures prevented its charter. The Boston & Maine, New England's only other remaining trunk line since the New York Central took the Albany (it has just received a dividend of fifty per cent in cash on one of its subsidiaries whose stock it owns, the Michigan Central, the very first road that Boston built), is still owned in New England; we all remember the political fight when the New Haven tried to swallow up that too; but it is, however, choked off by another New York Central subsidiary at Rotterdam Junction, N. Y. But something might be done there with the Delaware & Hudson, if not with the Nickel Plate; while the New Haven actually owns a line from Boston to the Great Lakes—the Ontario & Western —and makes no use of it. Then there is the Grand Trunk of Canada, and its competitor the great Canadian Pacific. No; it is not too late, even for the railroads, if Boston and New England get together. But they must be managers, not mere investors.

Boston, half the year, is the natural port of Canada. Canadian reciprocity would be our greatest benefit. Yet we suffer the Republican party (and we New Englanders are mostly Republicans) to be against it. Even the sacred tariff is no longer in the interest of New England—what we want is free raw materials, trade with South America. A correspondent has pointed out to me that our industries to-day the most prosperous are precisely those which have no tariff protection. I would not touch politics; but here again we have not pulled together, exercised our legitimate power. We alone, with other older States of the North, ask for nothing at the national crib; yet it is common knowledge that we get nothing, even of those federal expenditures which are, constitutionally, legitimate. There are a score of harbors, a dozen inland rivers, on which Uncle Sam spends more than on the port of Boston.

But it does seem as if there were certain things which could be done by the Bostonians themselves, without the necessity of appealing to outside governmental agencies, which would go very far toward improving the competitive situation of the port.

The terminal situation itself puts Boston very seriously at a disadvantage in competition with other north-Atlantic ports. The petty rivalries between the Boston & Maine, New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Boston & Albany (New York Central) prevent any real railroad aid, without which no port ever gets very far.

On grain moving for export through the port of Boston, if the car moves for example over the Boston & Albany road consigned to the terminal of the Boston

& Maine, a charge is made to the consignee for switching. If, however, the car moves on consignment straight to the Boston & Albany terminal at East Boston and upon arrival there is reconsigned to the Mystic terminal of the Boston & Maine Railroad at Charlestown, the switching charge is doubled.

In no other port on the coast does the consignee have to pay any such charges, since the switching charges are absorbed by the railroads in the line haul rate. The railroads in Boston have been appealed to repeatedly to remedy this, but in vain.

From the New Haven freight terminals at South Boston to the Boston & Albany terminals at East Boston, the distance is less than three-quarters of a mile in a straight line across the harbor. Since there is no car-float service or lighterage service whatever in the port, freight arriving at the New Haven freight terminal destined for export via steamers sailing from the Boston & Albany terminals must move thirteen and one-half miles through the most congested part of the metropolitan district, via the Grand Junction Railroad, a small terminal line owned by the Boston & Albany. The railroads have all been repeatedly requested by various interests in the port to establish a lighterage service, but have always declined on the ground that there was not enough business to warrant such a service. One is prompted to ask how many transcontinental railroads would ever have been built if the same reasoning had been followed.

The New Haven Railroad has the finest terminals of any port in the country, absolutely free of all charge: viz., the army base, which cost the federal government $24,000,000, the State Fish Pier, which was built at a cost of $1,100,000, and the Commonwealth Pier, built by the commonwealth of Massachusetts at a cost, up to date, of over $4,000,000.

Despite these wonderful facilities the New Haven shows less interest in moving freight through the port than either of the other two railroads. It has no grain-elevator, in spite of the fact that through its ownership of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad it has a through line from Oswego, N. Y., direct to tidewater at Boston, and could therefore of its own volition put Boston immediately on the Baltimore basis for export grain, which is essential to attract steamship-lines.

Since the development and improvement of the Welland Canal, Oswego has commenced to assume great importance among the lake ports.

Boston has no port authority as such, since all the public-owned port works are under the control of the Department of Public Works, which is the largest of the State departments, having charge of the maintenance and construction of highways, registration of automobiles (!), and many other functions in no way related to port matters.

Every sizable port on the north Atlantic has a port authority which is concerned with no other duties than those relating to the regulation and development of the port and its facilities. Some if not all of these port authorities have very great authority and responsibility, such as the power to issue their own bonds for the purpose of building bridges, tunnels, etc., without the necessity of appealing to the legislature for permission—it is so in New York.

At present the port of Boston is in reality three ports, since there is no coöperation worthy of the name among the various terminals and no physical connection except by the slender and antiquated Grand Junction Railroad and that anomaly the Union Freight Railroad, which runs along the public streets from the New Haven freight terminals to the Boston & Maine freight terminals.

A unified terminal in Boston is imperatively needed, and it is immaterial whether it is publicly or privately owned. It should own all the freight-terminal facilities in the port and have the duty of handling all freight on a uniform basis as to charges, without reference to the piers at which the freight arrives or departs. These functions are all performed by one unified terminal at Montreal and other ports, profitably, whereas, with three terminals operating independently, the cost to the shippers is high and the return to the railroads is little or nothing. An examination of the unified freight terminals of Chicago and Kansas City (which, if memory serves, were both largely financed in Boston) would repay.

Furthermore, the burdensome switching charges current in Boston are not the only reason for complaint, for the delays which occur in moving any volume of freight over these narrow lines of communication are so great that shippers whose plants are located within easy railroad distance of Boston oftentimes find it much quicker to send their freight direct to New York than to try and move it across the city.

In New York freight arriving on one side of the river to be exported by steamer departing from the other side is lightered free of all charge to the consignee, since the lighterage is absorbed by the carrier.

It should be noted that if a shipment originates on the Boston & Maine Railroad, having for its destination some point in New York harbor within the lighterage limits, a stated charge is immediately deducted from the total freight to be received, for the purpose of paying terminal charges at New York, and the balance of the freight is apportioned between the two roads; but on freight originating on the New York Central Railroad, destined for some point on Boston harbor, no charge is deducted for terminal service, thereby penalizing the Boston shippers by the amount of the terminal costs.

Railroad differentials operating in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia as against Boston have existed for many years, but prior to the war the foreign steamship-lines operating to the port of Boston absorbed this differential in their own freight-rate. This practice was, however, discontinued during the war and has never been resumed. This in itself is not so important as might be imagined, except in so far as it is the practice of the railroads to maintain a differential on ex-lake grain for export in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia against Boston. This rate could be changed by any railroad of its own volition without violating any differential agreement, since the grain rate is always open, but the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford decline to make this adjustment.

Since it appears from the financial reports that nearly 40 per cent of the New Haven Railroad is owned within the commonwealth of Massachusetts, it would seem as if the stockholders might, if they cared to, have something to say about the policies of the road.

In all these matters Boston must wake up if it intends to develop and progress as its population and natural facilities warrant. For every dollar that has been spent by the public authorities, State or municipal, in improving the port facilities of Boston, many thousands have been spent by much less important ports in other localities.

How many people realize that, for instance, Houston, Texas, is to-day a thriving seaport, made so entirely by the enterprise of the State authorities in making a deep-water ship-channel out of what was a muddy little river incapable of floating anything except small river craft?

The city of Philadelphia has created most important port works in the shape of piers and grain-elevators at a cost of many millions; and the same is true of Baltimore.

The port of New York, which certainly does not appear badly in need of business at the present time, since it conducts approximately 65 per cent of all the commerce of the country, has spent and is to-day spending many millions in the improvement of its port facilities.

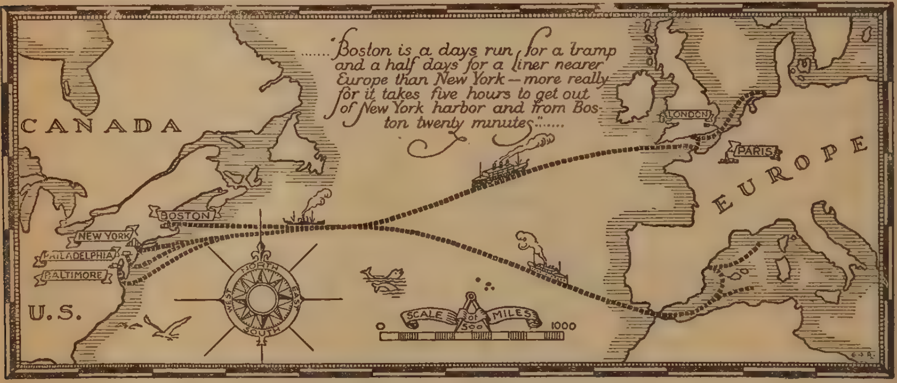
The writer does not recall any port expenditures by Massachusetts or the city of Boston since the creation of the two Commonwealth Piers at South and East Boston respectively and the Boston Dry Dock. In connection with the latter it is worth while noting that at its completion the commonwealth apparently lost its nerve and sold it to the federal government. This has practically destroyed its usefulness to the port, since it is entirely without machine-shops necessary for doing work on steamers which may use the dock, and, under the paternal administration of the naval department, presumably the construction of any private enterprise in that vicinity would not be permitted.

The Lord helps those who help themselves, and Boston should get busy and give the matter of port-development careful study without further delay, unless it expects to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten ports. My Boston readers complained that my last article was not "constructive"—let them be constructive here—and not forget the matter of ocean freight-rates. Until Boston gets consideration of its geographical advantages (being, with Portland, a day's run for a tramp and half a day's for a liner nearer Europe than New York—more, really, for it takes five hours to get out of New York harbor and from Boston twenty minutes) the present conditions will continue — when we see the New York liners landing every day at Boston to take or put down passengers but not a ton of freight. Closing the port of Boston by King George brought on the Revolution: yet now New York would leave it for Montauk Point! And we should get our differential—on ocean freight-rates —and suffer no Atlantic conference to force us up to the level of New York, Baltimore, or New Orleans. That city has posted on every billboard the legend "Second Port in the United States"—we are something like the twenty-third and don't seem to care a d—.That is the inferiority complex of which I complained in the article which some short-sighted critics complained was "knocking Boston!"

One kindly lady wrote that we could not call Boston at the ebb while we had the symphony concerts and the Arnold Arboretum. Well, she was quite right. The educational metropolis we still are; the literary, the artistic—we have no opera, and no baseball team (?), and you can't expect papers like *The Times* and *The World* to be published in a city of eight hundred thousand people—"Metropolitan Boston two million," you say? Yes, but you *don't* say so!

Boston has suffered materially from having ideals; while the country, as I said, has ebbed away from them. During a generation while New York and Philadelphia were making money and themselves solid at Washington, Boston was thinking of antislavery, popular education, belles-lettres, and civil-service reform. It was too introvert. And idealism has its peculiar dangers. It breeds cranks. Cranks in thought are all right; but cranks in government are dangerous. Still more when they hold the purse-strings; more yet when they pay themselves. Boston's, Massachusetts's, present danger seems from excessive local taxation. And as I write a law is pending in the State legislature to have the government own and operate the whole Boston street and elevated system. I shall not argue the point further than to say that it needs but the slightest observation of other cities and other experiments to show that such socialism is ruinous to a city not only financially but, far worse, to the morale of its citizens, to the purity of its government. Without dwelling upon the cases of Australia, West Ham, Hamilton, Ohio, Poplar—Glasgow has done a little better; only a Scotchman can be trusted to save a sixpence—I would merely relate that, before the days of Mussolini, a leading Italian statesman assured me that it was now impossible to get pure politics or an honest election in Italy because in every precinct a majority of the voters received their wages directly from the government.

I have tried to be "constructive"—though it is hard to be constructive of things already destroyed—but the final remedies are, after all, very simple. They are largely psychological, consisting of a state of mind and of a mode of action. To New England one would say: "Get together! Assert yourselves!" And to Boston (speaking always only of materialities—in the spiritualities she is all right): "Get into business! And don't sell out!"


......"Boston is a days run for a tramp and a half days for a liner nearer Europe than New York—more really for it takes five hours to get out of New York harbor and from Boston twenty minutes."......
CANADA
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
U.S.
NORTH
EAST
SOUTH
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LONDON
PARIS
EUROPE

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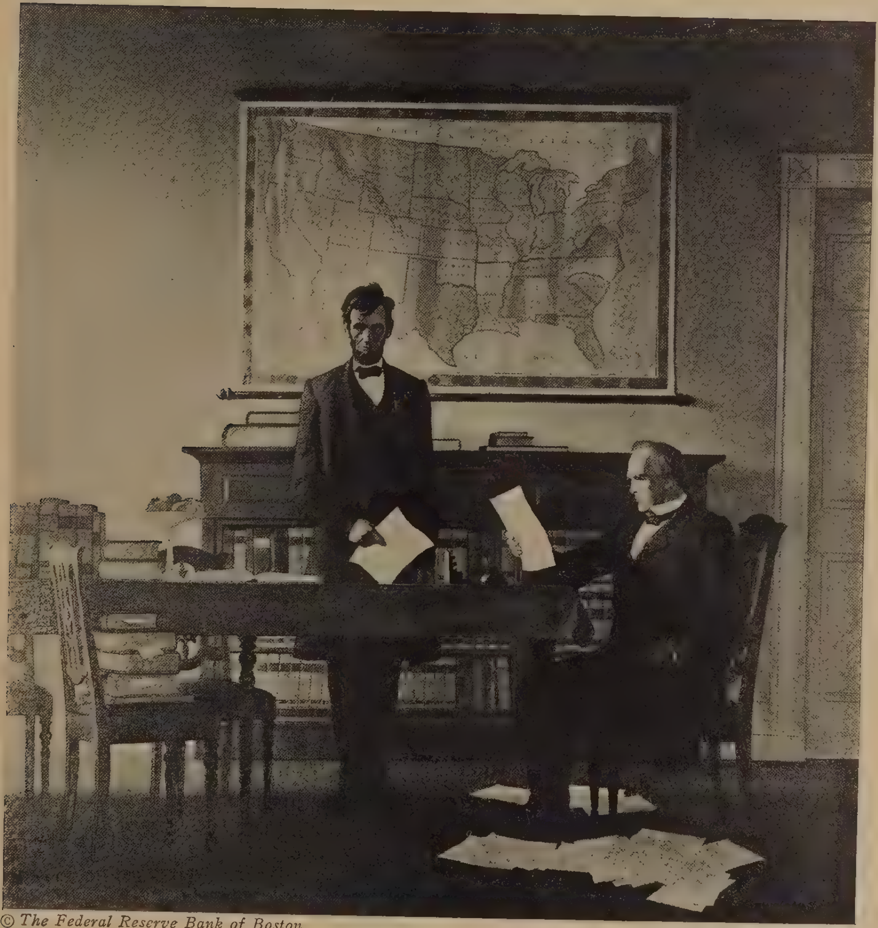
* * The four pages following and also the frontispiece, mural paintings by N. C. Wyeth, are reproduced by courtesy of the owners. The frontispiece and pages 10 and 11 are part of a group depicting the sea and some of its ships, painted for the First National Bank of Boston. On pages 9 and 12 are reproductions of two panels painted for the Junior Bankers Lobby of the Federal Reserve Bank, Boston, commemorating two outstanding events in the history of national finance.

MURAL PAINTINGS BY N. C. WYETH



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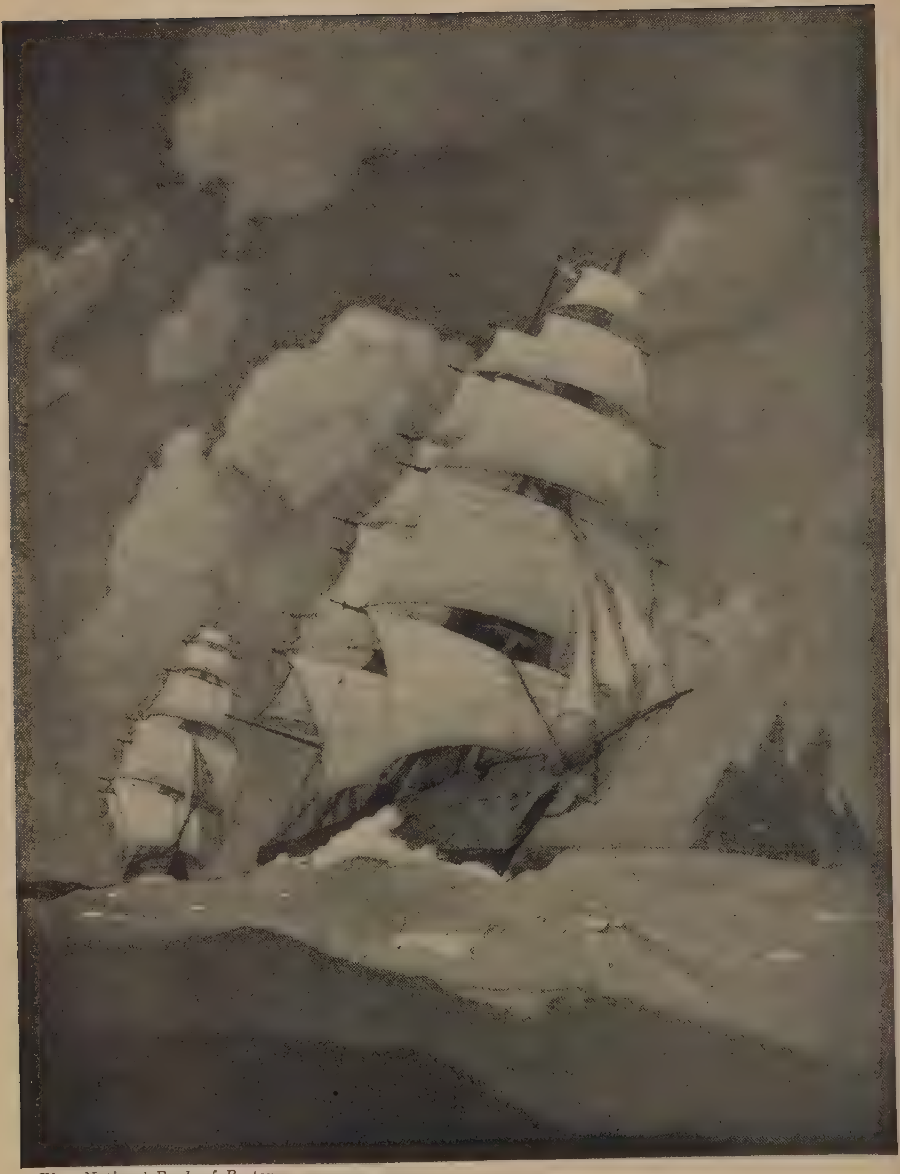
Salmon P. Chase conferring with Lincoln in the cabinet room of the White House about the National Bank Act of 1863.



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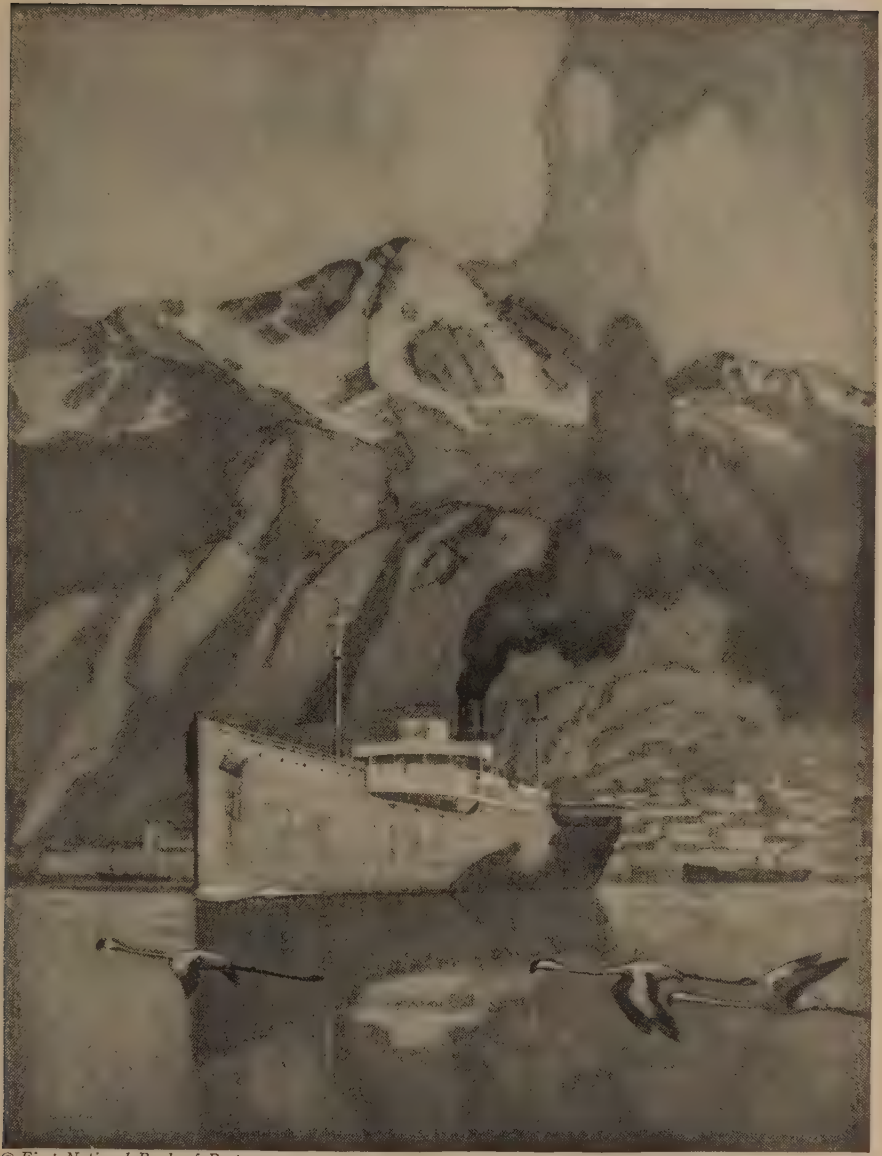
The Clippers—1843–1870.

"The period of the clipper ship forms perhaps the most important epoch in maritime history. This era witnessed the highest development of the wooden sailing ship in construction, speed, and beauty. One might say that the clipper type represents the swan-song of the master designer and builder. It is significant that New England was in the forefront of designing these splendid craft and reached the maximum of production just as steam navigation was made practical."—N. C. Wyeth.



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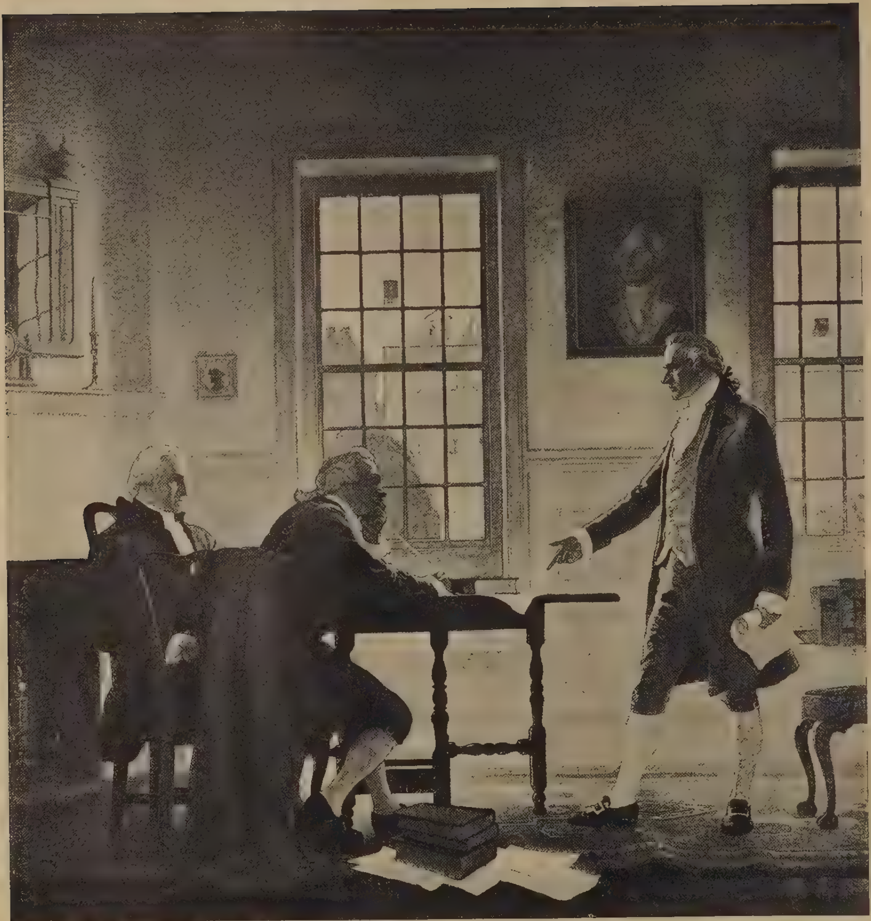
The Tramp Steamer.

"The modern cargo carrier, the dependable, patient, colossal pack-mule of the sea! A craft that has suffered much in the eyes of all who refuse to read beauty and romance into her daily toil and majestic bulk.

"Wandering alone over the water wastes of the world, steaming quietly into remote and unheard-of ports, opening her gaping hatches, swallowing vast quantities and varieties of the world's merchandise, steaming away again, stoically meeting storm and sunshine, high seas and calm."—N. C. WYETH.



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A conference between three friends, Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, President George Washington, and Robert Morris, in Washington's Philadelphia residence—a house built and owned by Robert Morris and given over for Washington's use while in office.

Nigger to Nigger

BY NED ADAMS

Author of "Congaree Sketches"

THESE sketches are typical of the negroes of lower Richland County and the great swamps of the Congaree. This section is in the heart of South Carolina and within a few miles of the capital city, Columbia. It is remarkable that so definite a survival of the negro of Africa as modified by white relationships should be maintained in such purity in the very midst of so exclusive a white culture.

These stories show the influence of slavery, the dread of the overseer—escapes and capture—things that have lived and will live in the memory of the negro. These memories, combined with superstitions brought from Africa and terror created by the cane-brakes and jungles of the Congaree, with its lakes, streams, guts, mysterious shadows, and yellow waters, with its old fields and dikes, relics of slave days, all make up what may be called the psychology of the negro of these sketches.

The dialect is of course English shot through and influenced by the traditions and sentiments of the African slaves. Very few genuine words are distinguishable, but there is a marked influence of the African sense of melody and rhythm. This gives to every word, even if otherwise good English, a peculiar dialectal sound and significance.

It needs to be remembered that this particular dialect, while pure nigger, is neither the dialect of the coast nor of the northern part of the Black Border, but is absolutely distinct, and is the product of the soil, race, and environment. In other words, it is English as adapted to the needs and knowledge of these primitive peoples. Sometimes a word that is pronounced correctly has several dialect meanings, and several sounds of the same word may be found in a single sentence. There is no rule.

Some of the poems are fragments of sermons in which the preacher or prayer-leader has worked himself into a chant and in which he swings and sways, and members of the congregation repeat words or lines that impress them.

Many of the negroes themselves are of an unusually high type. Some are black and many have white and Indian blood.

A Damn Nigger

Tad: I been to a trial to-day. It been some er dem bootlegger for killin' Jake.

Voice: Who dey have?

Tad: Three on 'em.

Voice: I hear dere been four.

Tad: Dere been four, but dey ain' have but three on 'em up, an' dey ain' try none on 'em.

Voice: Why ain't dey try 'em? Ain't dey murder Jake?

Tad: Dere's more reason dan one.

Voice: Wuh reason?

Tad: Jake was a nigger. De judge were a kind judge—a good man—wuh ain' b'lieve in too severe punishment for white folks when a nigger is kilt, ain' matter wha' kind er white folks. An' de solicitor wha' prosecute an' see dat de criminal git he full jues is a merciful man. An' he got great ideas er bein' light in punishment of dem white mens who wored de uniform er dere country in war.

Voice: You say you been to de trial, an' den you say dere ain' no trial.

Tad: Well, I been to de court, an' dere been some argiment an' private compersation an' head noddin', an' dis reason an' dat reason. An' den dey 'gree to luh 'em plead guilty to manslaughter.

Voice: Ain' Jake been a great friend to dem white folks?

Tad: Raise up together. Sleep in de same bed. But dat ain' make no diff'ence. Dey been friend ever since dey been chillun. Jake wait on 'em an' follow 'em 'round like a dog.

Voice: An' dey kilt Jake?

Tad: Wuh de diff'ence? Jake ain' nothin' but a damn nigger. I hear 'em say dat.

Voice: How come dey kilt Jake?

Tad: Dey say he stole dey liquor. An' dey find Jake an' put him in a automobile an' tooken him wey dey had de liquor, an' dey guin him all kind er punishment. An' dey say 'fore dey kilt him dey fix him so he ain' neither man nor ooman. Ef he'd er lived, he wouldn't been nothin'.

Den dey took him an' lead him out in de woods an' beat he brain out, an' dey had hole in he head wey he brain was ooze out. Den dey leff him, an' dey come back an' git him an' th'owed him in a automobile an' tooken him back in de swamp an' th'owed him in a ditch. An' later on somebody find him an' de news git out who kilt him. Several niggers seen it, but dey was feared to tell it till some white folks started to pushin' 'em.

Voice: Why ain't dey 'rest all on 'em?

Tad: In de first place, a nigger was kilt. An' de next place, dey says one on 'em had friend on de police force, an' ain' nobody do nothin' 'bout it. It were jes a damn nigger.

Voice: An' dey luh 'em plead guilty to manslaughter?

Tad: Dey say dere were some white mens wid a conscience, an' dey was feared of de jury.

Scip: Somebody were a fool to luh 'em plead guilty, an' de solicitor must er sho' God been atter 'em an' wants 'em punish, or else dere would er been a great cry 'bout dese men must feel de hand of justice. Ef dey has taken human life—de life of a poor helpless nigger—an' a heap er talk like dat, an' den dey would er been free.

Voice: Dey plead guilty to manslaughter. Wuh is dey do wid 'em?

Tad: 'Fore de judge pass on 'em, dere been so much tender feelin' in de court, dat de judge were axe:

"May it please you' Honor, owin' to de fine war record of dese mens who serve dey country in time er 'stress, I guh do de onusual thing an' axe you' Honor to be lenient wid dese mens accordin' to dey merits."

Scip: An' I reckon de judge do de usual thing an' were lenient, an' a nigger was kilt.

Tad: It were a merciful solicitor an' a feelin' judge.

Voice: Is de court been lenient?

Scip: Fools like you is one reason it

ain' make no diff'ence ef a nigger is kilt. I'll axe you a question: Who been kilt an' who de court?

Voice: A nigger were kilt an' white folks de court.

Scip. You done answer you' ownt question.

Hatchet: I been settin' here an' listen to wuh you all say. I listen to all dis roundabout talk an' ain' no talk guh git you an' me no wey. From de way I looks at it, a nigger hab white friend he raise up wid. He work for him. He live wid him. He follow him. He do he biddin'. An' den de nigger git de white man's justice. He were kilt like a beast, an' dat were de end er de nigger. An' justice jes look up an' laugh an' grin.

Dey go in de court an' dere's a great to do about dis sad an' unfortunate affair—'bout dese poor white boys wha' serve dey country bein' in great trouble an' dey must be hoped. An' atter dey go through a little form wid dey own lawyer pleadin' for 'em, an' wid de aid of a merciful prosecutin' attorney, de law is satisfy. A nigger is dead.

Dere ain' no use. De courts er dis land is not for niggers. Ain' nothin' for 'em but a gun an' a knife in a white man's hand, an' den de grave, an' sorrow an' tear for he people. De Bible say, "De Lord watcheth de fall of every sparrow," an' I says: Why ain't He take He eye off sparrow an' luh 'em rest some time on bigger game?

It seems to me when it come to trouble, de law an' a nigger is de white man's sport, an' justice is a stranger in them precincts, an' mercy is unknown. An' de Bible say we must pray for we enemy. Drap on you' knee, brothers, an' pray to God for all de crackers an' de judges an' de courts an' solicitors, sheriffs an' police in de land, for we must er been all er we livin' in sin. We stands in fear of de avengin' angel, for he's here an' we is surrounded. Drap on you' knee, brother, drap on you' knee, jes a nigger—a damn nigger—was kilt.

Old Mammy

Tad: I been to some meetin'. A nigger tickles me wid he fool ideas. Ef he ever gits up in de world, his breeches starts to bu'stin' right now. Dere ain' never been a pair er pants big enough to hold a nigger, ef he ever rises up; he gits 'side he self right now. Notions runs all 'round inside he head an' has a wuss time 'an a bug crawlin' 'round on de outside. He head kinky inside an' out. It's wusser inside.

Scip: Tad, wuh you have on you' mind?

Tad: I jes been thinkin' 'bout all dat big-doin's, fancy-talkin' nigger say.

Voice: Wuh he say?

Tad: He been talkin' 'bout de advancement of de nigger race, an' he read all kind er things 'bout niggers writ by white folks, an' talked 'bout de great onderstandin' de author—he call 'em—have of the negro. He read a heap in a book 'bout ole mammy.

Voice: Wuh is a ole mammy?

Scip: Ole mammy ain' nothin' but a ole ooman wid a han'k'ch'ef tied 'round she head. Dere's all kind er ole 'ceitful niggers gittin' dey self called ole mammy—more'n you can shake a stick at. Dere's all kind er white folks runnin' 'round lookin' for ole mammys wuh been in dey fam'ly an' tooken care on 'em ever since dey was born—an' afore. An' Lord! some on 'em carries on at sech a rate ’bout “my ole mammy” till it jes natu’ally makes a respectable nigger sick on he stomach.

Tad: Dat nigger say a ole mammy is a respected, lousy ole ooman dat knows her place.

Scip: All dese white folks dat got ole mammys from ’way down south! Oh, Jesus!

Tad: Scip, you oughter hush you’ mout’. Them de white folks—the ole istockacy from ’way down south. Oh, Lord!

Scip: Cash money is de istockacy. It gees de right to a ole mammy. Let a cracker git a little money an’ he edecate he chillun, an’ dey always has ole mammys ef dey git far enough from home.

Tad: Ain’ us white folks have ole mammy?

Scip: Is we talkin’ ’bout us white folks?

Voice: Wuh else is dat nigger talk about? Is ole mammy hold all he compersation?

Tad: No, he have a heap to say ’bout edecation an’ ’gainst white folks. He read from books an’ papers ’bout white folks, an’ all on ’em is dog to him. Dat nigger’s mind jes natu’ally stinks.

Scip: Luh him go ’long. All I hates ’bout dem kind er niggers is ef dey ever starts to stretchin’ dey necks, dey is liable to git mient stretched ’long wid dey ownt.

Tad: Dat nigger read all kind er thing wha’ he call literature ’bout womens an’ frettin’ ’bout dey havin’ chillun, an’ ’bout dey been tooken agvantage of in dey ign’ance.

An’ he say it depick de humble condition of a depressed people. An’ ef you listen to dat nigger, you’d think dat every lousy, slew-footed ole nigger ’round here oughter be president of de Nunited States. Sound like God forgit ’em, an’ when He find ’em, He guh prove dey’s better dan white folks.

Scip: Luh dat nigger go on wid he edecation talk. Look like everybody frettin’ ’bout niggers’ private business wusser dan de nigger, cepen dem edecated, trouble-makin’ niggers. I jine him wid he ideas ’bout ole mammys, but I ain’t think too much ’bout de rest er wha’ he say.

Tad: Dat nigger say us race ain’t kin accomplish nothin’ wid out edecation. Edecation is power.

Scip: Dem edecated niggers losses dey manners, an’ goes ’round reared back wid dey thumbs stuck behind dey galluses wid seegar cocked up in dey mout’ like it guh scorch de rim er dey hat, makin’ dey self disgustin’ an’ stirrin’ up trouble an’ leffen when de fire gits good an’ hot. An’ den de white folks starts holdin’ us foots to de fire.

Edecation is power, an’ when dey gits too powerful, dey sometimes gits on de gang, an’ a educated nigger on de gang is a power, sho’ ’nough; an’ when some er dem white folks gits to rompin’ on ’em, dey swings a pick like dey loves it, an’ dey’s always tested out to see ef dey hide is natu’al, or ef dey got alligator hide.

Voice: De moest on ’em hates dey self.

Scip: No, he ain’t.

Voice: Ole Cuffy is still feelin’ ’round in de dark. Gee him a chance. He’ll see de light bum-bye.

Scip: Ef he ain’ careful ’bout how he feels ’round white folks, he’ll see de light—it guh be a mighty dim light, an’ it guh flicker out.

Le’s we talk ’bout sump’n interestin’.

Bur Rabbit in Red Hill Churchyard

I pass 'long one night by Red Hill churchyard an' I hear all kind er chune. I stop an' look an' my eye like to jump out er my head at wha' I see. De ground was kiver all over wid snow, an' de palin's on de graveyard fence was cracklin', it been so cold. De moon was shinin' bright—mighty nigh like day. De only diff'ence been it ain' look as natu'al. An' I look an' listen—an' ain' nothin' been de matter wid my eye an' ain' nothin' been wrong wid my hearin'—an' I seen a rabbit settin' on top of a grave playin' a fiddle, for God' sake. All kind er little beasts been runnin' 'round, dancin' an' callin' numbers. An' dere was wood-rats an' squirrels cuttin' capers wid dey fancy self, an' diff'ent kind er birds an' owl. Even dem ole owl was sachayin' 'round—look like dey was enjoyin' dey self. An' dat ole rabbit was puttin' on more airs dan a poor buckra wid a jug er liquor an' a new suit er clothes on.

Well, sir, I jes stood dere wid my heart in my mout' an' my eyes bu'stin' out my head. I been natu'ally paralyze, I been so scared. An' while I were lookin', Bur Rabbit stop playin', put he fiddle under he arm an' step off de grave. He walk off a little piece an' guin some sort er sign to de little birds an' beasts, an' dey form dey self into a circle 'round de grave. An' dat was when I knowed sump'n strange was guh happen.

You know a rabbit is cunnin'. He got more sense dan people. He sharp. My brother, he ain' trust no mistake.

Well, I watch an' I see Bur Rabbit take he fiddle from under he arm an' start to fiddlin' some more, an' he were doin' some fiddlin' out dere in dat snow. An' Bur Mockin'-Bird jine him an' whistle a chune dat would er made de angels weep. Even dem ole owl had tear drappin' from dey eye. Dat mockin' bird an' dat rabbit—Lord, dey had chunes floatin' all 'round on de night air. Dey could stand a chune on end, grab it up an' throw it away an' ketch it an' bring it back an' hold it; an' make dem chunes sound like dey was strugglin' to git away one minute, an' de next dey sound like sump'n gittin' up close an' whisperin'.

An' as I watch, I see Bur Rabbit lower he fiddle, wipe he face an' stick he han'k'ch'ef in he pocket, an' take off he hat an' bow mighty nigh to de ground. Bur Mockin'-Bird stop he chune an' all de little beasts an' birds an' dem ole owl bow down.

An' wuh you reckon? While I been watch all dese strange guines on, I see de snow on de grave crack an' rise up, an' de grave open an' I see Simon rise up out er dat grave. I see him an' he look jes as natu'al as he done 'fore dey bury him. An' he look satisfy, an' he look like he taken a great interest in Bur Rabbit an' de little beasts an' birds. An' he set down on de top er he own grave, an' carry on a long compersation wid all dem animals. An' dem owl look like dey never was guh git through. You know dem ole owl—de ole folks always is say dey is dead folks.

But dat ain' all. Atter dey done wored dey self out wid compersation, I see Bur Rabbit take he fiddle an' put it under he chin an' start to playin'. An' while I watch, I see Bur Rabbit step back on de grave an' Simon were gone.

The Sixth Hangar

A TRUE TALE OF NIGHT BOMBING

BY JOHN J. NILES

This tale is a grim and ironic comment on the supposed omniscience of the German intelligence service. Lieutenant Niles was with the American air forces and is the author of "Singing Soldiers."

NOT very far from the little city of Collombey les Belles, France, where the American Aviation Supply Base was located, the British Independent Air Force (under the command of "a flying British General") had constructed several hangars for the protection of their bombing-planes. They were big, roomy hangars, necessarily so because of the immense planes they housed. Bombers have always been the "ice-wagons" of the air, both in size and control. The roofs of the hangars were made of corrugated metal and treated in such a way as to make them look rusty and old, particularly from the air. This was done, of course, to throw the German aerial observers off in their hunt for bombing-targets.

The British Independent Air Force had been organized with one very definite idea in view, namely, that of bombing the industrial centres in the Rhine towns. It was believed (and later found to be true) that, as soon as the Independent Air Force became an established menace to the interior cities, a considerable lot of the enemy's front-line fighting air strength would be withdrawn to protect the centre of this new attack.

Just over the hill from Collombey les Belles, in the direction of Vaucouleurs, lay another airdrome—an American outfit—and off to the south and east an Italian squadron was getting on with the war, flying some very highly improved bombing and chasse equipment. But of all the air fields in the vicinity, the Independent had most luck with the enemy night-bombing raids. The American field at Collombey was often attacked, although not seriously damaged. Once the Germans left a long row of ugly holes right down the middle of the landing-field. Another time they smashed some automotive equipment for the Italians, and several times damaged the rail connections with Toul and Nancy.

As time passed we began to believe that the British field had been laid out in exactly the right quarter of the moon. For the Boche night bombers never went near it. They came over night after night and dropped their pills on everybody else. And next morning the photograph-planes would slip across the lines to check up on the accuracy of the previous night shots and to detect the existence of any new targets.

Every night the Independent Air Force men would take off and come back with great stories of their exploits. We concluded that they were running in too much luck. The gunners in the French Unit Aircraft Battery near by thought there was some magic about it. Or perhaps it was a gentleman's agreement. Perhaps the Independent Air Force had agreed not to bomb German air parks, etc., but this was unbelievable.

All our calculations were entirely defeated one morning when some very startling news reached us at mess. The Germans had bombed the Independent Air Force's hangars the night before. One direct hit had been achieved. Originally there had been six hangars. Now there were only five. But for the lucky hunch of spacing them about two hundred and fifty feet apart the entire outfit would have gone up.

We had hardly gotten up from mess when we received word from a French observation-post nearer the lines, telling us that two German planes were coming over, and from the description they seemed to be photographers. They proved to be two-place Rumplers. Two men from our squadron were immediately in the air. Our Spads climbed very rapidly. By the time the Rumplers were over their objective the Spads were ready to meet them. A few moments after the combat began one of the Rumplers fell off on one wing and began descending. It was not out of control. The pilot had been wounded and the observer had been killed. The victorious Spad followed the Rumpler all the way down, to see that the German pilot was not playing possum.

The other Spad had a gun-jam after the first few bursts, and, by the time he cleared his guns and was ready to carry on, the second Rumpler was safely on its way back to Germany with the necessary photographs.

Every clear night after that the bombing of the Independent Air Force hangars went on. Once a night chasse outfit (flying Monosaupape Camels) went into action and brought down a German bombing-plane. But night chasse was never much of a success on that particular part of the front. In ten days the Germans had finished off five of the six hangars. After the second one had been hit the English officials took to parking their spare planes out in the open—staking them down to the ground—or putting them in hangars a few kilometres away. So, after all, the Boche didn't actually destroy much flying-equipment. The hangars were very valuable, though, made of strong wooden construction, all except the roofs, which, as I told you before, were of corrugated metal.

By this time the Rumpler we had captured on the day of the first photographic mission had been repaired and the boys were having great sport flying it around. We had advised all the outfits near by not to be excited if they saw a German photographic Rumpler, with crosses, etc., and all usual markings, flying about. We also asked them not to shoot at us more often than was absolutely necessary. We knew they couldn't refrain from a little sport.

Finally, some one higher-up in the Independent Air Force came to a very definite decision. For, during the night of the eleventh day after the first raid on their field, they moved all their gear except the remaining hangar about six kilometres away and established themselves in a little wooded section, where, to the end of the war, they were never molested again.

We expected the Boche to come over the next clear night and finish off the remaining hangar, but we were mistaken. The bombing raids were apparently over for the present. Every one concluded that the German spy system was a good one—to have such information as the movement of a bombing-squadron passed on so quickly was something of a master-stroke.

At that time all the main roads leading into Toul and Bar-le-Duc were crowded with heavy traffic. Gangs of road-menders worked day and night trying to keep the highways in condition. The stretch of roadway immediately in front of the lately abandoned Independent Air Force hangars was being repaired by a battalion of German prisoners. They worked slowly but thoroughly, without seeming to care particularly if school kept or not. They were being well fed and were quite safe from hand-grenades and rifle-fire. The thought of this latter advantage was no doubt the reason for their philosophical state of mind.

The officer in charge of this particular detachment of German prisoners was a man of ideas. The thought of losing two hours' time every day marching the Heinies from their barracks to the rock pile and back began to worry him. He eyed an unused building near by. It was a strong building with a metal roof. All of a sudden he had a flash, and three days later the German prisoners moved from their distant camp to a newly equipped shelter. The one remaining Independent Air Force hangar had been equipped inside with bunks and enclosed outside with barbed wire. Sentry posts stood at the corners. After that the prisoners lost no time marching to and from the job in hand. It was considered to be a very efficient move.

But fate is a queer, persistent thing—an element that seemed to work quite well in the hands of the methodical German. For after we had (by what appeared to be logical deduction) assumed that the air raids in our neighborhood were passed, the Germans came back for one last lick. They foolishly avoided the American field with its plane-loaded hangars, and dropped their pills on the remains of the English field near by. The hangar occupied by the German prisoners was struck by two bombs simultaneously. The wooden portions of the building immediately caught fire, and then plane after plane went over, bombing the brilliantly lighted target.

We didn't think so much of the German intelligence system after that. Of course German spies didn't go to much trouble, perhaps, to watch the movements of German prisoners of war. But just the same their intelligence system came in for a goodly lot of raspberrying by the military people in the neighborhood of Collombey les Belles.

It took several days to clean away the débris and dig the graves. In the future the road-mending was done by an American negro labor battalion. It is said by well-informed observers that not one negro in the entire outfit ever went near the charred remains of the Independent Air Force hangars, and that the black boys would go a considerable distance out of the way to miss the sixth and last of the destroyed buildings—the one in which a large part of a battalion of German prisoners had gone west.

[Laurence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory?" "The Big Parade," and "Plumes," will contribute the next of the series of big moments of the war as seen by those who were there. It is entitled "Esprit de Corps."]

"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of "Demigods"

Judge La Place had spent the afternoon in an attempt to secure the honey in a natural beehive in the old Fouracre house while Margaret, his wife, slept. La Place was worried about her condition, and had expected to find in manual labor alleviation of his anxiety. He had been interrupted by a suddenly rising storm, out of the heart of which, to his horror and consternation, had emerged the enigmatic and terrifying figure of an Indian bearing the carcass of a deer upon his shoulders. In the hours that followed, despite the storm, the Indian had beleaguered La Place's own home. Margaret's condition had then become such that it was necessary to drive to town for a doctor at once. This La Place determined to do, despite his fear of the Indian's threatening presence.

IV

Perhaps five minutes had elapsed; perhaps more. La Place could not tell. He said to himself: "There's a screaming in my ears, but Margaret has not made a sound." He realized that he heard the beating of blood through his ears. The lights in his room seemed dim. The objects before him, the chairs, his bed, seemed out of place. He went directly to the bureau and secured the revolver. Forthwith he went down-stairs. His actions seemed to him to be almost automatic. All fear had departed from him. Its going left a vacuum which, instinct informed him, was about to be filled. Grimly he waited for the tide of his anger to sweep him up.

He paused before the door leading to the courtyard. Was he storing up reserves of strength, or playing with his emotions? Was he waiting for a gust of anger, hot, strong, to sweep him out through the door? He knew that some such feeling was about to come to him. In the meanwhile the muscles of his legs seemed beyond his control. His hand found the door and flung it open. He went out into the darkness as a swimmer might put his body into a current.

The fog had thickened since he had seen it last. The earth about him was like a land under water. In the diffused light from the house only the drive was visible. Down it seemed to sweep a current of mist, heavier than that which encompassed the terrain. Doubtless the pull of the river was moving it down the hill. The river itself brawled like an angry dog. He was sure that the lower meadow was under water. Somewhere upon it lay the remainder of his hive of bees! Odd, that his mind should revert to this triviality at such a time as this.

He took a step forward, then another, and another. The steps, he realized, were halting, like those of a child who had just learned to walk. The garage was barely a hundred yards away, yet to reach it one was forced to pass down a tunnel of darkness. He had planted too close to the garage. He appreciated this now. A dark circle of bushes ringed its entrance. What slender threads his mind was running on! What an extraordinary thing was a man's mind! Incapable of control; weak when it should be strong; consumed with trivialities when it should be most acute. He could not bear, however, to think of Margaret.

He was half-way down the darkness. There was something which he had forgotten. Oh! that was it. The sight of him naturally recalled it to his mind. The Indian stood squarely in the path before him. Automatically, for a few steps only, La Place kept on. Obviously, he recalled to mind that this was what he had feared; this was what had caused him to tremble so. The dog to stand there like that! He himself was subject to some sort of enchantment. His movements stopped. For an extraordinary instant he faced the man.

"Get away! Be gone!"

"No."

"I tell you to be gone!"

"No."

Even in his frenzy, La Place realized that the fellow's voice was placating, pleading.

He was around the man now, attempting to sidle past him. The fellow moved as he did, keeping himself between La Place and the garage. The hound! It was as if he had divined his purpose. He was attempting to keep him out of the garage.

"I tell you to get away! I shall do nothing to you if you do.

"You must get away! Out of my way!"

How incredibly undignified all of this had become! He was not attempting to walk past, to force his way past. His progression was like the sidling of a crab. This, he felt more bitterly than anything else. His dignity was gone, his manliness was gone. He was no longer a man, but a child, and hopeless at that. The revolver was a heavy weight in his pocket. He could not bear the thought of killing even this savage. Of what good was the revolver? Should he put steel into the fellow's legs, his arms, his body? He would fall down at his feet, might die before his eyes.

In desperation—"What do you want?"

The man was placating, pleading, but inexorably kept himself between La Place and the garage door, finally barred it with his body. It was like the working out of a puzzle. With the Indian before the door, the last piece clicked into place. Nothing could break it apart.

" 'Em says my father——"

"I don't care about your father! Let me into the garage!"

The fellow's answer was simple, almost quiet.

"My father for the deer."

It was a statement of a fact of some sort. La Place could not comprehend it, did not even try. The man's arms were outstretched against the door, his back to it. Tenaciously, unbending, he clung to his purpose whatever it was.

"My father for the deer. My father for the deer." La Place had never heard such pleading in a human voice, such a quality of excitement mingled with purpose.

"Take the deer! Take the deer!"

La Place struck at him, hit him, he believed, in the face. The blow hurt his hand. The Indian winced, moved not an inch from his position. La Place struck at him again. The man returned no blow. Even as his fist fell, La Place found himself thinking: "I'm a coward to do this. I'm a coward to do this!" No matter. The void of his emotion was filling up. He struck at the fellow again and again. The man's arms fell. He turned this way and that to avoid the pain of the blows, but retained always his place before the door.

La Place heard himself speak.

"I must go to town at once. I must get a doctor. My wife is sick! Do you understand?"

His voice, he thought, was very queer. A tone ran through it that he had never heard before. It was like listening to another person speak.

"No. My father—my father! Now!"

La Place answered: "I don't care about your father. I've nothing to do with him! Get out before I kill you!"

He thought: "This is enough. More than enough! Shall I shoot him now?"

An odd thought came to him. "It's getting late." He would not have been surprised to have seen the sun rise over the hills.

Curious how his excitement was mixed with calmness; how his fear and hate were intermingled with a clear tide of rage. Back of it all rested his thought of Margaret, rock behind haze. It seemed the strata upon which his feet rested, the one solid fact in a world so chaotic and painful that mere examination of it was torture. The light, he thought, was fading fast. There would follow darkness, complete, abysmal. The light! What a fool he had become! It would not change. There was no light other than that reflected from the house. That was enough to kill a man by!

He was aware that his hand was upon the stock of the revolver. He drew it out, partially concealed it within the flap of his coat. It was like a venomous insect in his hand. It seemed to possess a singular life and animus of its own. The impulse seized him to throw it as far from him as he could, out into the circle of the fog. There was a quality to the steel which seemed to divest the nerves and muscles of his hand of the authority of his will. His hand rose before his eyes. He pointed the revolver squarely at the Indian's breast.

There followed an interim in which the darkness, the fog, each blade of grass upon the ground seemed frozen to immobility. He thought that silence composed a part of this, and, as if in contradiction to his thought, heard forthwith the steady drip of rain from the garage roof. Plainly the Indian was aware of the purpose that was forming in his mind. Was the fellow keeping his face averted from him because of this? His pose was almost theatric. Was he saying to himself: "I can't be shot because I won't look at you. I can't be shot when I won't look at you!"? Was he turning toward him now?

La Place heard his own voice.

"Please go away now. You cannot stay before that door. Get gone; get gone before the world falls down on you!"

He could not hear the Indian's voice because of the roaring in his ears. The air seemed full of sound, as if he and the incredible visitant before him were swinging toward the brink of a cascade into an abyss into which light could never penetrate and only the dim mist of their emotions would be left.

He spoke again.

"Please get away now. Get away before it is too late. I cannot wait!"

The fellow looked pinioned. He looked as if he had been nailed to the door. In God's name, why did he not move or speak? La Place waited in a silence so oppressive that it seemed to press him toward the earth.

But two words came to the fellow's lips, chokingly, haltingly — "My father." By heavens! It was as if he were seized in some vast galvanic power that turned him sideways, put the trunk of his body at a right angle to the ground while he clutched his throat, lifted his feet in short stampings from the ground as if he were a juggler balancing the tottering weight of his body. La Place perceived that he had shot him at that angle where throat met neck, perceived the tear of the bullet into his flesh. The man's hands dropped. He screamed, spun along the ground like a twisting top, fell, lifted himself to his feet again. He turned, surveyed La Place in one brief look of intolerable pain and reproach; thereafter, tumbled into the garden. La Place fled after him. Some phrase came to his lips which he could never after recall—something about "I'm sorry—I'm very sorry." The Indian in his torture ran bent double across the garden, lifted himself for one brief instant upon the parapet upon its farther side, toppled from it. La Place heard the crackle of the bushes beneath the wall as his body fell into them. There followed silence, a stillness incredible after such bitter, vivid action. Said La Place to himself briefly, as if he were putting cold steel to his own heart: "I've killed him. Help me! I've killed him."

He turned his back and moved from the garden. He could not tell how he walked. His feet he knew were moving and he was aware that they stumbled over irregularities of the ground. His hand he thought still clutched the revolver. His palm and fingers were burned and blackened. It was curious that he had not felt the pain of the flame at the time he had fired. Upon his shoulders, upon his throat and heart, pressed such weight as he had never felt before. The sky above him was black as lead; the earth beneath his feet was a plane of metal; and he was inexorably pressed between the two. He thought: "I can't see. I can't breathe. If only there were some way out of this!" The pain that he felt seemed acute and physical. The figure of the Indian, pictured terribly as he fell into the darkness at the garden's end, remained in his mind. He remembered the speech of Paul: "O Lord, deliver me from the body of this death."

His sight, too, was bad. The lights in the windows of the house seemed a run of color, merged into one yellow totality. He was over the crest of the hill now, stood once more within the circle of the drive between the house and the garage. He searched in his pocket for the key to the garage door, found it and fitted it to the lock. Here, the man had stood; himself, here. From this position he had fired, his finger upon the trigger of the revolver. Shudderingly he looked for blood upon the ground, could discern none, but perceived a scrap of torn, yellow fabric caught in the stucco of the wall. There the man had reeled against the angle. *There* he had fallen, twisting to the ground. From *there* he had risen and fled, and now lay dead in the darkness. *Dead*. What an incredible word. What an incredible fact, yet the most realistic of this grotesque, dreadful night. The shot, the tortured flight of the Indian, his final tottering into the darkness, seemed to have taken place hours ago, to be lost, like himself, in time and space.

He opened the door of the garage—how heavy his arm was—switched on the light. He opened the outer doors, laboriously pushed his car from the floor of the garage into the drive. It would be easy for him to push it the few feet that now lay between it and the edge of the hill. No need to suffer the noise of the starter. Any sound was out of place. He felt that he could not endure the firing of the cylinders as the car started. *Curious that he had not heard the shot!* He must have heard it, subconsciously have rejected it, assured himself that it could not have been so.

It would be easier to start the car by simply pushing it down the drive. The fog would take it, would wipe all clean behind it. The grade was steep. He swung his body over the door. There was no sound from the engine. No light before him. If he could only be obliterated in this darkness, see nothing, hear nothing, be swept so into the end of his life! He was alone. The scarlet in his mind was slowly spreading to the rest of his brain. He could watch its rising tide. Incredible that he should suffer so! The words of the Indian, spoken after he had been shot, beat like cudgels upon him—"My father." It had been like a prayer. The old phrase, which illusion had caused him to hear in the court-room, sprang up. "You were as a stone to his weeping. You were as a stone to his weeping." Repeated again and again. Imperiously, it demanded his answer.

"You were as a stone to his weeping."

"I did what I could. Margaret——"

"I care nothing for weeping."

His own answer, cold as a stone, granite from the quarry behind the house. Haste was necessary. Madness or not, he could remember that. He was over the bridge now. The river had lifted itself out of its banks. It was within a few feet of the bottom of the bridge. It was like a live thing, raving, cursing, black. *The Indian lay in the darkness.* The fog was thicker here. He threw on his lights. Now up the hill. The car responded to the pressure of his foot upon the accelerator. The first turn, that which skirted the gorge, lay clear. He shot down the slope. *The Indian lay at the bottom of the garden.* The thought was like the solemn tolling of a bell.

At the place where his road crossed the pike he perceived a small car, halfway up the hill, partially blocking the road. It was like an arrow across the path which he would have to cross. He blew his horn loudly. From it descended a man, shabby as the car, lanky, spindling, badly dressed. The man waved for him to stop, and perforce he had to. The fellow was munching an apple; gestured with it as he spoke.

"Can you tell me the way to Brindley's Mill? I'm lost an' it's gittin' kinda late."

The fellow had a pleasant, stupid face. No harm in him. The apple waved again.

"Seems like I've seen you before somewhere. But I can't recollect how or where."

Said La Place shortly: "I'm Judge La Place."

The man said: "Oh, I'll move out of your way at once." He got back into the car and forced it partially up the bank. La Place drove past, shouted: "Keep up the pike. It's straight through."

Only a few minutes had been lost. The conversation in some curious fashion had steadied him. Almost he had shouted to this stranger: "Get out of my way. I've killed a man!" What, he wondered, would have been the effect? Would the man have fled or simply have stared stupidly at him? Probably the latter. "I'm Judge La Place and I've just shot a man."

"Where did you shoot him?"

"In the neck and he's dead. Margaret is very sick, too."

Fantastic sentences! The car was now well up the long hill upon the pike. He could hear the other automobile droning up that portion of the hill that lay beyond the stream. A rattle-bang affair. One could not deem such a car as that to be safe. Safe! For an instant he found himself laughing hysterically, horribly. What a jangle his nerves were in! He felt sick at the pit of his stomach. "Judge La Place. You have just killed a man." The scarlet of his mind was welling up again. That would never do. What could he do to prevent it? "Tie something around his throat." The voice was even, as solid as the car in which he rode. The fog was thinner here. The lights of Wilmington were a bright glow upon the horizon. Only a few more miles. This talk of throats. The deer's throat had been cut. He had shot the Indian in the throat. Time was moving rapidly, but it would never come to an end! Was it possible that he had a fever? Why not? The wind was very cold against his face. Unnaturally so, he thought. His clothes? He still had on his dinner-coat. His tie and collar had disappeared. The stiff white shirt was bulging, streaked with dirt. He had not been upon his face in the garden. Why should it be caked with mud? His hands, his feet, his whole body ached. Would he never get to town, never bring this agony to an end? The wheels of his car had a singular sound. It was as if they spun upon glass, turning, wheeling, spinning furiously.

There passed the old forge; there the Landenburg road. Beyond lay Thompson's cut and his great field of wheat. The heads were hidden in the darkness, but the stalks seemed down, like slender bodies slain in the night. If he could but plunge into that forest of grain, lie near its roots as if the felled wheat were a sea above him. The Indian lay so, quiet, done. It was strange how his conception of death had changed. It was not a condition of body but of mind. One struck a blow, pulled forward a bit of steel, and a man died. Death did not consist of words, as in a court. He found himself laughing hysterically. "Judge La Place conceives death, deals death." Impossible! He must keep that feeling down.

He crossed the causeway that led to the city line. The road was rougher here. He recalled a suit heard before him to decide whether the city or county should keep this very surface in repair. The recollection was plain in his mind. He had decided in favor of the city. To remember that now! It had been, he thought, at least fifteen years before. Few lights were visible in the houses at Lincoln Gardens. It was beyond belief that he had been upon this road before to-day—a few hours before. The streets were wet. The trolley-track glittered down the dark pavement in a loop of steel. No one was visible upon the streets. At the corner where the Boulevard began, however, he passed two men hurrying in opposite directions. Going home, probably. Had they met and talked? Had they quarrelled and parted? Himself and these two. Could this juxtaposition be deemed to be significant? Impossible. What a trick of mind to feel that these figures and himself were clicking into the same sort of inexorable puzzle as that which had fallen before him when the Indian had thrust his body into the checker space before the door. Were all things part of an intricate and deadly pattern through which one fought dealing death as a prize? "Judge La Place likes death, deals death!"

The car sped down the hill. Seven blocks from the corner of Fourth Street, turn north. Seven blocks upon Broome. Again a pattern, almost geometrical. Himself at one end of a triangle; the doctor at the other. He driving down the base. "If the light is out in my office, use the night-bell. I sometimes don't hear the telephone." The night-bell. Which was that? At the front of the house, of course. He found it, pressed down upon it. The windows of the house were blank eyes. The number *1408* was plain above the lintel. The damned number should be in cubes to carry out the design of his mind. He rang again. "La Place is at the door. Judge La Place is at the door!"

He thought that he heard footsteps coming down the stairs—could not be sure. The door was opened.

La Place said briefly: "Margaret has been taken. I want you to come at once."

Doctor Clark answered: "Mrs. Smith can be gotten out in a few minutes. Come in while I telephone her."

He saw the doctor turn down the hall, pick up the telephone, later heard him say: "We'll go out at once. Yes. He's here now. Doctor Millbury can follow me."

How calm the man was, how utterly unperturbed. Clark turned into his office. La Place heard the clicking of steel upon agate as the doctor packed a bag. He thought to himself: "Shall I tell him when he comes back? *I must tell!*"

"Doctor, I've just killed a man." How unnatural the words sounded. He could not tell whether he had spoken or not. He must try again. The doctor returned, pulling on an overcoat. In his hand he carried a heavy leather bag.

"Is it raining out?"

Surely the question was addressed to him. He must answer it. The physician was regarding him intently. He heard himself say: "It's stopped, I think." As he spoke there came to his mind the inevitable conclusion that he could not go back, could not return to Rivervale. Margaret or not, that was the case. He struggled with this obsession, failed to master it. Somehow the word *rain* had recalled to his mind the whole incredible vista of the night, the soaked earth and the Indian prone upon it, the yellow lights of his house through the rain-washed darkness. He could not return to that. He could not endure to smell again the wet grass of the lawn, see once more the black outline of the bushes that ringed the garden!

In some way he had gotten out again upon the pavement. He felt the doctor's arm upon his elbow, urging him toward his car. A preposterous pressure was upon him, forcing him to live, to breathe. The doctor exemplified some force of nature which he could not combat. He heard him speak again.

"You can drive. We'll get the nurse at once. Millbury's probably on his way out already."

They turned at the corner and drove west. The street was as black as jet. Bits of leaves, débris, lay in the gutter, down which still ran thin rivulets of water. He could not go back to Rivervale. He could not do that. He prepared to speak.

"A hard storm."

The doctor's interjection paralyzed him for a moment. He heard himself answer shortly: "Yes."

He must tell the doctor before the

nurse had gotten into the car. He could not bear to speak of it with more than one person present. The words were forming like a torrent in his throat. Of this he must relieve himself.

"Doctor, I've killed a man." His voice was far away, seemed scarcely to belong to him. To his surprise, he suddenly heard himself add as part of the same sentence: "And a God-damned good thing it was too!" The oath shocked the habits of a lifetime, seemed to destroy the last vestiges of his reserve. He felt that he did not retain sufficient strength to hold the wheel. The doctor gave no heed to his astounding declaration, seemed not even to hear it.

"Turn here. It's five blocks down. I know the house." The doctor was now peering from the car, looking at the houses.

"Doctor, I've killed a man."

He was sure that the physician turned his head slightly to look at him, that his equanimity was disturbed.

"Now. The fourth house on the right. There!"

"Doctor, *I tell you I've killed a man.*"

"So have I."

Then that was the answer; in some way as incredible as the deed which he had perpetrated.

The car was stopped. In some fashion he had done that. The doctor ran up the steps, was now ringing the bell. A light in the second story of the house was switched off. A globe shone for an instant in the hall. The nurse appeared. La Place perceived that she was a small, quiet woman, entirely undisturbed. She put herself in the back of the car.

Hours, of course, had passed, such a torture of time that he could not even contemplate it. He was surprised to hear the nurse say: "It was just eleven when you called me, doctor." Some remark that she made was lost to La Place, though he realized that it was addressed to him. Something about Margaret, he thought. She repeated it. "She will be quite all right." What a spectacle he must be making of himself! He must be marked with fear, look disorderly, almost drunk. This was shame. Still, these people must be used to such things, but not under such circumstances as these. He directed his attention to the street. The city came to an end in a circle of diffused light. Beyond lay the pike, tunnelled into the darkness. He had to go out that, go back the same way that he had come. Was it in fact the same way? Did anything remain unchanged, even the granite of this road? Was death itself eternal? Did not one lie fallow for a time to spring again into life as a field is freshly sown?

These thoughts were occupying him, he realized perfectly, as a reflex from his fear. The darkness into which he was passing was like a cloud. Sanctuary came to an end with the city's lights. In the night which now rimmed him lay the Indian. The persons with him were unaware of that. By their very presence he was subject to a control which he could not endure. He should say to this nurse and doctor: "Get out! Get out of my car. I'm not going back." He could picture the amazed reaction of the nurse, was aware in anticipation of what the doctor would say: "Come now, you don't mean that. We'll be there in a few minutes." He would persist: "I mean just that. I can't endure this any longer. Get out or I'll kill you." He could almost hear the crisp admonitory tones of the physician: "You take his hands, Mrs. Smith, and hold him in. You can control him. This is no time for foolishness." He found he had not spoken. Thank God for that! They would have ejected him from the car.

The darkness was like a solid surface before him through which the lights of the car shone in broad yellow bands. The engine was running steadily but at a fantastic speed. The car was like a beast which he rode, struggled with, fought. *"Put a bit in its mouth and hold it back!"* He looked quickly at the doctor. It was plain that he had not spoken. The nurse remained a vague shadow of white in the back of the car. Again came the voice: "Turn and flee! Turn and flee! You cannot go back. Plainly you cannot go back." This time he answered it: "I can't go back. I shall turn around here." His hands refused to obey the demand of his will. The car continued to rush down the road. The familiar lights that he passed were like torches of despair. There lay the Carson greenhouses, hills of ice under darkness. The Willow brook boiled beneath the road. The whole countryside seemingly had lain helpless beneath the whip of the storm. The road was wet with leaves and twigs. Now came the first crossroad.

His fingers, he felt, were entirely numb, and this numbness was extending through his wrists into his heart. Though this was a matter of no importance, oddly he felt impelled to tell the doctor of it. A loquacity which he had never endured before was coming over him, and with it, strangely, came a horror of speech. He was like a man who, being under torture, must talk. On whom should he begin? Upon what subject? There must be something which he could say.

The doctor, he perceived, was crouched over in the seat, staring straight ahead of him. He seemed to be oblivious to the noise, to the swaying of the car, to any contingency which affected La Place. He thought: "Not a word has passed his lips since he got in here. I should make him talk." This vexation, he realized, was childish, futile. Why should he be irritated at this man's silence? Was it not, in fact, what he most desired, what he most deserved? As if in response, the doctor's head was now turning toward him. Would the nurse join in this conversation? "Stay out! Stay out! Stay out!" What would she say—all of them say!

He could not clearly see the doctor's face—the position of the dash-light was responsible for that. To his surprise he discovered that the physician was hiding a yawn with the palm of his hand.

"Yes, doctor." He had not heard a word, though the man had spoken almost within his ear. He must try again.

"What was that?"

"I said that I'd just killed a man."

"Where? Oh, back there—" He found that he was able even to designate direction with a wave of his hand. What an incredulous look was upon the doctor's face.

"Why? Oh, he was on the place—" He could not go on. Why had he killed that savage, that incredible barbarian who had been hurled upon him with the storm? Should he not, in fact, have given himself up to the police when he went in town? By some fantastic sleight of hand, death, not birth, had taken the uppermost position in his mind. For the time he had forgotten even Margaret.

"He's dead in the darkness. It was down in the garden." Had he, in fact, spoken these last sentences? Why would not this accursed doctor take his eyes from his face? Was he to trust Margaret to this fool's hands? Why could he not understand? Was it necessary to endure this questioning endlessly!

"I shot him. I shot him, I tell you! He's lying out in the garden. I had a revolver and I killed him."

The doctor, he suddenly realized, had not spoken for some time. It was too dark to see clearly the expression upon his face. The nurse, he thought, stirred uneasily in the back of the car.

The physician said suddenly: "That's incredible. I can't believe it."

La Place said: "He was an Indian with a deer."

He thought he saw the doctor glance quickly back over his shoulder toward the nurse as if to say: "Do you hear?"

La Place went quickly on: "He wouldn't leave. The deer's throat had been cut——"

The doctor suddenly interrupted him: "Watch the road, man! There's your turn."

With a wrench he got the car back on the road. They were, in fact, at the turn. The road led around the shoulder of the hill, following the line of the river. How deeply the surface had been scarred by the storm. Had the trees withstood the wind? He had not thought of that before. He had planted seven maples in the year that he had brought Margaret to Rivervale. They had been planted at the corners of the house. Had the storm destroyed them? He had not thought to look for them as he had come down the drive.

In the hollow where the road ran down to the bridge lay a lake of mist. As the car plunged into it, there came the first sound of the river to his ears. The bridge rolled like a beaten drum as the wheels of the car came upon it. There lay Rivervale, his home. There was the Fouracre house and the long ridge of the hill beyond it. He was returning to his own land. For the time being he was sentient only to this.

The sweep of the drive was like a bow, partially obscured by the mist. Into it he put the car. For an instant the headlights swept into the graden, showing with fleeting emphasis the break in the mulberry-bushes beside the wall. Through that gap the Indian had plunged. Might he not see again the brown moth of his hand upon stone? "The Indian is dead. You'll not see him again." He answered defiantly: "So be it. I'll answer for what I have done." There ensued a period in which he seemed blind, his eyes obscured by the dark winds which blew from the hill.

He was aware that the doctor was speaking to him, perceived that he had stopped the car at the rear door of the house. Before it stood Cissie, wringing her bony hands in the excitement and fear that possessed her. "Hurry," she cried. "Oh, hurry." And in the same breath she added to La Place: "A man was shot in our garden. They came to see you about it." She turned toward the stairs.

Said the doctor: "Ask Millbury to come up as soon as he arrives. Wait down-stairs. I don't know whether your wife will want to see you or not—Mrs. Smith——"

La Place called after them: "I want to see Cassie. Ask her to come down." He went through the hall and entered the library. For a moment he thought: "I should have a drink. I need a stimulant badly." The trouble required to get it seemed excessive. He selected a chair and sank into it. His fatigue was so extreme that he could scarcely hold his back against the curve of the wood. His

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The Evolutionist and Death

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What has evolution to say to the eternal riddle What comes after death? Doctor Kellogg raps spiritism but suggests certain possibilities of life after death, apologizing as he does so to his more conservative scientific brothers for daring to speculate.

EVOLUTION is change. The evolutionist studies change. Whether he be special student of physics or chemistry or geology, or student of biology, the phenomena he studies are all witnesses to the unceasing change that goes on in cosmos, earth and life. The everlasting hills do not endure; erosion by air and ice and water continually changes their contour. The continents lift and subside; they shift restlessly on their beds; their crusts crack and readjust themselves along the fault lines, as the earthquakes attest. The oceans ceaselessly struggle against their restricting land boundaries. Even the ultimate materials of which earth and suns and planets are made constantly change their physical structure and, as constantly, their chemical constitution. The very elements are forever transmuting themselves. And energy, as well as matter—if there be a difference—is ever shifting from one form to another. Nothing is static in the inorganic world. Nothing has fixed form or character. But there is always the persistence of something; there is continuity of both energy and matter.

No less, and much more, obvious to the lay observer is the constant change in living things, the constant change in all life-stuff. Change is the basic, ever-visible phenomenon in all the world of life. There has been constant change in the kinds of living things ever since life came to be on earth; the paleontologist records it in his tables of the succeeding life epochs; the biologist pictures it in his evolutionary ladder that reveals the ascent from lowest to highest rung, the ascent from Moneron to Man.

And there is change in every living unit throughout all of its existence. From fertilized egg-cell through embryogeny and adolescence to reproductive maturity, senescence, and that last familiar change which we call death, there is nothing else in biology so obvious or so important to keep in mind as the fact that the living unit is a point of ceaseless change. It is a continuous unit, but a continuously changing one.

The evolutionist thinks he understands something of all this change in living things. He has described much of its course, both in the whole world of life and in the single units of life. He has traced the history of major life groups and of species, both present and past, and he sees not too dimly the path which has led from formless protoplasmic jelly to man. Also he knows, with some fulness, the successive steps in that swifter career from single human egg-cell to single full-fledged human individual. He finds each of these courses, phyletic and ontogenetic, as he calls them, to be a course of successive changes, but a course of persistent continuity. The amœba is the first faint shadow of coming mankind; after it and, one may say, from it rises the long ascending series to humanness. The fertilized egg-cell is the individual man in his first stage; the many-celled embryo in its mother's womb is the same man in later stage; the baby and youth are still later stages; the mature individual is the last stage that we know. All these stages are steps upward; steps toward greater fulness, greater possibilities, a greater goal.

And then for the highly integrated individual comes death, which is disintegration. Does death end the series? Is it the last change and is it an exception to all the other changes, all of them leading to higher stages? Is it just a rude stopping of the individual's developmental path, a disastrous ending of the unfolding ontogenetic series? No wonder that we constantly ask ourselves what are the real character and significance of this curious phenomenon, called death, which so insistently thrusts itself on our attention and which seems so like a repudiation and betrayal of us by Mother Nature.

We know only too well that it is a very radical change, a change that has all the seeming of the complete destruction of everything that has been so carefully built up in the individual. It is not, of course, chemical, or elemental, destruction. It is radical and swift chemical and physical change. What was a human body becomes as far from that as we can well imagine. It is certainly the destruction of humanness—as far as we know humanness. We are so sure of this that many of us willingly have this dead human body burned to a handful of ashes to avoid that more unclean kind of destruction which we know is its otherwise certain fate.

But there is so much in humanness that we don't know. We know the complex human body capable of complex functions, but most of us believe that there is more to humanness than a mere aggregation of matter endowed with peculiar functions and special capacities for transmuting various forms of energy into other forms. But what this more in humanness is we don't know. And it is this more which means most to us. So we forever ask what it is. We ask the preacher, the philosopher, the biologist, the evolutionist. And in our own admitted ignorance we await in painful suspense the words of these men who should know more than we do. We think at least they ought to. Else, why call them preachers, teachers, biologists, evolutionists? They assume, or accept, these titles, and these titles indicate their devotion to special studies of humanness, and, hence, presumably, their possession of some special knowledge about human life and fate.

Well, I am neither philosopher nor preacher, but I am a student of biology and evolution, and hence may venture to assume the position of revelator of what biology and evolution have to offer in the way of scientific knowledge, or of confession of lack of knowledge, about death. It is, let me say at once, mostly a confession of ignorance.

The biologist—and that is to say the evolutionist, for all biologists, except perhaps one out of a thousand, are evolutionists—describes death in a simple and matter-of-fact way. That is, he does if he belongs to that large safe-and-sane group which we may call descriptive biologists to whom indulgence in speculation is anathema. Such a biologist notes the cessation, in the body before him, of the various vital activities, as breathing, the circulation of the blood, movement, digestion, secretion, excretion, and the like. And he notes the radical changes in physical and chemical make-up that set in. This is death, he says. And here he stops.

But if he belongs to that lesser group of those whom we may call philosophical biologists, he adds something to his account of death. He may express the question in his mind as to whether human death is the end or whether there is immortality. And he may ruminate this question for some time and then perhaps discuss it at some length. He will probably not go to the Bible to find evidences for immortality to offset the obvious apparent evidences against post-mortem existence which he finds in the dead body before him, because he does not accept the Bible as a text-book of science, but he may try to find among his observations, as a student of plants, animals, and man, some biological evidence for immortality.

First of all he may recall the interesting phenomena which have led to the coining of the phrase "the immortality of the Infusoria." Among the simplest one-celled animals the individual, after certain growth and development—and this may last but a few hours or days—does not die, but divides by simple fission into two similar daughter individuals, each of which repeats the behavior of the parent. And this process of reproduction, growth, and development goes on for generation after generation. Under experimental conditions, providing a favorable environment for the life of these simple animals, the number of these generations seems to have no limit. Here, then, there is no natural death, and barring accident, which may cause death by violence, no corpse. These simplest little creatures may be said, then, to be "immortal."

But this phenomenon of bodily persistence does not occur among the many-celled animals, to the group of which man, with his billions of body-cells, differentiated and specialized and organized into specific tissues and organs, belongs. At death all these organs, tissues, and cells are destroyed as such. They are disintegrated, changed, reduced to dissociated chemical elements. But there is an interesting exception to this disastrous fate. Let me briefly describe it.

The course of development from single fertilized egg-cell to mature many-celled individual begins by the division of the egg-cell into two—just as the one-celled animal divides; only in the case of the egg-cell division the two daughter-cells remain attached. The next step is that each of these daughter-cells divides. Next, each of these four cells divides, all the cells remaining together. Then the eight cells divide; and so it goes on for a long series of divisions with, however, a differentiation or specialization of the many resultant cells beginning to reveal itself early in the life of the embryo—for that is what these many cells compose. This differentiation, or change in character, of the cells results in the production of muscle-cells, nerve-cells, blood-cells, bone-cells, gland-cells, skin-cells, and so on.

But not all these embryonic cells become thus differentiated. A few are set off to remain for some time—several years in the case of the human embryo—in generalized condition, and it is from these generalized cells that later (time of sexual maturity) the special reproductive, or germ, cells are to derive. And while all the other cells of the body, the so-called somatic cells, are doomed to suffer the fate of death and disintegration, these germ-cells, with opportunity, are to meet and fuse with germ-cells produced by another individual, and thus form the fertilized egg-cells, from each of which a whole new body shall be produced.

Thus, like the single cells which compose the body of the one-celled animals, the single germ-cells of the many-celled animal bodies persist, at least the ones that go to form the fertilized egg-cells persist, and may be said to be immortal. They do not die. These few among the billions of cells of the human body go on living despite the death that comes to all the other body-cells. This may be called the immortality of the germ-plasm.

But this will seem to most of us a rather sophisticated use of the term immortality. We are not single-celled animals, and what happens to them does not happen to us. Nor when we speak of immortality are we thinking about the sweep of successive generations connected by their germ-plasms. We are thinking about our individual selves.

None of us holds to the belief that our unchanged bodies are immortal. But some of us, the spiritists, believe in an individual immortality in a form still recognizable not only as human but as like our before-death selves. And these ethereal post-mortem replicas of us are believed to retain a knowledge of our experiences before death, to know each other in the spirit world, and even to be able to cross the Styx back again, as it were, and mingle, after dark especially, with our loved ones still in the earthy mould. By the aid of an intermediary, usually paid a trifling sum for this precious mediation, we chat with our still clay-bound relatives and friends; mostly, to be sure, about trivial things, but sometimes about more important things, even things that are yet to happen.

Now, not many scientific men are included among the spiritists, but some are, even a few of deservedly great reputation for their scientific work. I may especially mention Sir Oliver Lodge, most conspicuous of all in this small group, whose name is constantly on the tongues of the polemic spiritists. He is a dual personality. In his physical laboratory he is as rigorous as can be in protecting his experiments from vitiation by any carelessness; all the conditions of exactitude are fulfilled; every variable is taken into account. But in the darkened room of the spiritist séance he tosses all this scientific rigor aside. He hears the rattling tambourines, sees the hazy faces, and interprets the hazier oral or written messages with a faith that passes understanding. Any medium can fool him. And if some one else exposes his medium as a faker, he simply turns to the next, not yet exposed. It is amazing—and pathetic.

No, it is not to spiritism in the more familiar understanding we have of it that we are to look for something that the evolutionist can conceive of as being a possible solution of the riddle What comes after death? Nor has the evolutionist any direct evidence such as the spiritists claim to have that he can offer the layman to assure him that death is not the end-all of humanness. But he may perhaps, if he be a boldly speculative evolutionist, venture to try to put into words some of his speculation—and at the same time apologize to his less visionary scientific colleagues for doing it. The apology is that he does it on his own responsibility. He does not for a moment presume to formulate a collective speculation of evolutionists generally.

As a basis for this speculation the evolutionist has, I have already said, no direct evidence. He has only circumstantial evidence and that of a kind which derives most of its strength, if it has any, from the certainty which we have, that as yet we are only on the threshold of scientific knowledge regarding the character and capacities of matter and energy. The revolution of our understanding of physics and chemistry, effected in the last quarter-century or less, shows how little we knew before, and indicates how much and how significant is that we have yet to know. By way of corollary it shows, too, how little we know of what life is at bottom, and suggests that there may be possibility of acquiring a wholly new conception of its fundamental reality. It is in the light of this suggestive revelation of ignorance that one may venture to offer an evolutionary speculation about the significance of that phenomenon in every individual's personal development which we call death.

To lay a basis for this speculation we must put ourselves again in the state of wonder in which we were when we first learned that a single microscopic cell could become by a course of development, comprising many only slightly understood changes, a full-grown man, amazingly complex in structure and function and endowed with all the wonderful physical capacity, mentality, and soul that characterize the human creature. What scientist or what other man seeing this single organless minute speck of protoplasm for the first time, and knowing nothing of its possibilities, would have ventured to hazard any such wild speculation as to that outcome of it which is really the proved fact? No wonder that the early naturalists on learning this outcome imagined that they saw through their first unperfected microscopes an actual human miniature, a homunculus, in the egg-cell, needing but to grow or expand to become the full-sized and full-fledged man individual. That was a natural, if naïve, explanation of the wonderful happening.

We must look again, too, on the derivation of the many-hued butterfly, flashing in easy flight from flower to flower, from the wormlike crawling caterpillar that is its earlier stage, with the wonder we have lost from knowing this transformation too familiarly. From a disintegration of the tissues and organs of the caterpillar, which is almost as radical as death, there blossoms forth the glorious-winged creature with organs new and different, with body of different fashion and life of different manner. But all this we now accept as matter of course, so well we know it. The birth of the common house-fly in its fly stage from the lowly estate of its maggot stage is even a more radical rebirth. But this, too, is no longer a source of wonder; we are too familiar with it.

Yet these profound changes in the individual development, once looked upon as utter mystery, and now known to be but normal incidents in the life history of the "insects of complete metamorphosis," as the entomologist calls them, suggest the possibility of discovering other profoundly radical changes in the life history of other creatures, indeed of human beings. Death may possibly be not only that normal incident in human life which we recognize it to be, but it may be simply one, the last one we now know, of a series of profound evolutionary changes in an organism which has a continuing career of which we know now only the earlier stages; that is, the stages of conception, embryology, adolescence, senescence, and death. Death may not be the end, but simply another change in human life, greater and more radical, but perhaps no less possible, than the change from single egg-cell to myriad-celled and utterly different body. It may be a definite and inevitable evolutionary change, the results of which go beyond our present range of visibility and understanding. We do not understand how an egg-cell can become a man with all his endowments of body and soul. The biologist does not explain this change; he merely describes it. Nor do we now understand any more of the results of that change we call death than those phenomena of the cessation of familiar bodily activities and disintegration of body substance which are so obvious and so radical that they make many of us believe death to be the end of human individuality. But we do not understand why death comes, nor what is its full significance. We merely describe what we see of it.

In any discussion of death with its mystery, we ought to have constantly in mind the limitations of our special senses, even as strongly reinforced as they now are by instruments of great delicacy and precision. We must keep in mind the ignorance I have previously referred to regarding the fundamental character of matter and energy. If we try to sum up our present understanding of the ultimate make-up of the universe by declaring that all is but electricity in motion, as a great physicist has declared, we have not done much more than to affirm our profound ignorance of the ultimate facts of existence. We keep on discovering new forms of energy. The "cosmic rays" which Millikan is studying so intensively show us that interplanetary space is not the void we have for so long tried to conceive of its being. Atoms are out there, breaking down and releasing tremendous forces which come to us as a radiant energy that penetrates six feet of lead. What mighty phenomena we have still to become acquainted with! What secrets of the cosmos are still to be revealed to us!

The stored-up reserves of energy in various forms of inorganic matter are only beginning to be realized by us. What reserves are there in organic matter? What possibilities of transformations are there in living bodies? In what new mould may life be cast when that moment of change in the human body comes which we call the moment of death? These are questions now unanswerable, but some time we may have the answers. It is a bold man who would venture now to guess them. It is a reckless man who would declare, with the dogmatism which is no less characteristic of some scientific men than of some theologians, that death ends humanness, unless by humanness we mean only that special form of it with which we are now familiar. The human body and spirit as we now recognize them may constitute but a stage in the full flowering of humanness. Death may be but the change from one condition of humanness to another. The evolutionist is familiar with change, with profound and radical change. It is this change that is evolution. He is usually able to see the before-change condition and the after-change condition. But in the case of that change we call human death he can see only the before-change condition. What the after-change condition is he knows but in part. And that part unknown to him may be the part that means everything to him.

Two Stories

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Morley Callaghan is a young Canadian who by these two stories is introduced to the magazine public. His strength, individuality, and versatility will, we believe, place him in the front rank of the younger writers. It will be remembered that on the other occasion when we presented two stories in the same number the writer was Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Callaghan has contributed to the little magazines, but he has never before appeared in a periodical of general circulation.

A Regret for Youth

The first time Mrs. Jerry Austin's husband went away she cried a good deal and wrote a long letter home, but in two months' time he came back, they had a big dinner, and agreed never to quarrel again, and he promised not to feel restless any more. The second time he left her she didn't even bother looking for a job. She told the landlady, Mrs. Oddy, that Mr. Austin had gone travelling and was doing well. Mrs. Oddy, who had red hair, a tooth accent, and a loud voice, said that whenever Mr. Oddy did any travelling, she liked to keep him company; but, after all, it was none of her business.

Mrs. Austin had paid a month's rent in advance, so she was friendly with Mrs. Oddy, who occasionally invited her to go motoring. Mr. and Mrs. Oddy sat in the front seat, and Mrs. Austin sat in the back seat. She liked watching the hair-line clipped high on the back of Mr. Oddy's thick neck and the bone protruding at the base of Mrs. Oddy's neck. Mr. Oddy was in the Civil Service—a good job—but his wife got twice as much money from her three rooming-houses. Mr. Oddy always drove the car as fast as possible along the smooth Lakeshore Drive, and Mrs. Oddy made a long conversation over her shoulder about a trip to Europe she had planned for next year.

In the long summer evenings Mrs. Austin was sometimes lonesome. She sat on the front step till dusk talking to Mrs. Oddy, then she went up-stairs to her kitchen, to sit down at the window and look out through the leaves on the tree across the street to the well-kept school-ground, the shadowed building, and the few stars coming out over the roof of the school. Four fellows standing underneath a lamp-post at the corner were trying to make a harmony with their voices, but only one fellow had a good voice; the others were timid. She listened eagerly, leaning out the window, hoping they would follow through with the next piece instead of laughing out loud in the middle of it. She heard a loud laugh, the fellows moved farther down the street singing softly, lazily; and, disappointed, she pulled down the blind and turned on the light.

She heard the Oddys talking downstairs, Mrs. Oddy's voice loud and sharp because her husband was a little deaf. She talked to everybody as though they were a little deaf—that was mainly the trouble with Mrs. Oddy. Mrs. Austin got out her ironing-board, adjusting the electric plug in the wall. She patted the board two or three times, hesitating indifferently, till she decided she didn't feel like ironing at the moment, so she went into her bedroom and looked at herself in the big mirror hanging on the wall—a large, expensive mirror her mother had given her. Mrs. Austin patted her hair—the knot at the back of the neck and the wave at the side. She had fine, fair hair. Her nose wasn't a good nose and she was too plump for her height. She was only thirty but looked at least five years older and wore a strong corset. Her legs were short and plump but shaped nicely at the ankles. She wanted to get thin but couldn't diet for more than five days at a time. The small scales she had once bought to measure calories were being used as an ornament on the mantel.

She combed her hair carelessly, staring idly in the mirror, not concentrating on the image but simply passing time, pleasant thoughts in her head. In the next room she heard a noise and knew the young man, Mr. Jarvis, would be going out soon. She hoped he would speak to her as he passed the open door and maybe ask her to go for a walk. Before Jerry went away she had thought of Mr. Jarvis only occasionally, after a quarrel usually, and had been unhappy when she found herself thinking too often of him. Now that Jerry had left her, she enjoyed having long imaginary conversations with the young man and was glad her ankles were slender, and she wore the heavy corset all day to give a youthful appearance. She was at least eight years older than he, and really didn't know him very well, but liked his small hands and his slim body, and was sure he had a good education and would probably wear spats in the winter. Once she had given him a cup of tea, and another time had made his bed. She liked making his bed. Vaguely she thought of Jerry, missing him merely because she was used to him. A picture of him walking in the door didn't excite her at all.

She knotted her hair again and returned to the ironing-board. Mr. Jarvis, going along the hall, passed the open door and called: "How's the little lady to-night?"

"Fine and dandy," she said.

He passed quickly and she caught only a glimpse of him, but his shoes were shiny and his suit well pressed. She thought of going down-stairs and suggesting to Mrs. Oddy that they ask the young man to go motoring with them some night, but realized that Mr. Oddy, who didn't like Jarvis, would say something unpleasant. Oddy had often said the young fellow was too deep for him, and he wouldn't be surprised to hear anything about him.

At the end of the month Mrs. Austin had a hard time paying the rent. The landlady suggested Jerry was indeed a peculiar travelling man, and the suggestion irritated Mrs. Austin, so she took twenty-one dollars out of the bank, and for three dollars sold a small bookcase to a second-hand dealer who called at the house once a week for rags, bones, and bottles. At four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Oddy, not quite so friendly now, came up-stairs to examine critically Mrs. Austin's furniture. She offered to buy the mirror because it was an awkward size and not much use to anybody. Mrs. Austin said her husband might object. Mrs. Oddy eagerly disagreed, for she had been waiting a long time to talk plainly about Mr. Austin. She talked rapidly, waving her arms jerkily, till Mrs. Austin said: "For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Oddy, you'll have a hemorrhage if you don't watch out."

But afterward she cried, eager to leave the city and go home, but was ashamed to tell the folks Jerry had left her again; besides, it wasn't unlikely Jerry would be back soon. Stretched out on the bed, she dabbed her nose with a handkerchief, and was glad she had at least been dignified with Mrs. Oddy, practically insisting the woman mind her own business. She got up and looked out the window at the clean streets in the sunlight. She decided to go out for a walk; many people passing on the street would be company for her.

She took off her house-dress, and before putting on her blue serge suit with the coat that was a little tight she stood in front of the mirror, patting her sides and hips critically, dissatisfied with her stays, that were losing firmness. She needed another corset, she thought. Since she was going down-town, she would get one. She had only a few dollars in the bank and little food in the house, but would be very unhappy unless she had a good strong corset. She nodded vigorously at her image in the mirror, many angry words that she might have used to Mrs. Oddy coming into her head.

It was a hot day; there was bright sunlight, and men were carrying their coats. She walked all the way downtown. In one of the department stores she bought a corset and arranged to have it sent up C. O. D. It took a long time to get the corset, and it was five o'clock before she started to walk home. At her own corner she saw Mr. Jarvis getting off the car. He raised his hat, slowing down so they could walk home together. She talked eagerly about Mrs. Oddy and about being a little lonesome. He sympathized with her, saying that such a charming little lady should never be lonesome. He had many splendid words he could use carelessly. Nearly all the words pleased her and made her feel happy. He was carrying a yellow slicker—though it didn't look like rain—carrying it neatly hooked under his arm close to his hip. She liked his clean fedora, at a jaunty angle on his head, and was sorry his mouth turned down a little at the corners.

Opposite the Women's Christian Temperance Union they turned the corner. Some boys were playing catch on the road, and over in the school-yard girls were playing indoor baseball.

"I don't think I'll go right up," she said. "I think I'll sit on the steps awhile and watch the kids play indoor."

"Want some company?" He grinned at her.

"Oh, I nearly always like company."

They sat on the stone alongside the steps. Mr. Jarvis went on talking, enjoying his own jokes and Mrs. Austin's laughter. For a while she tried watching the girls playing indoor, her eyes following white and red blouses and light and dark skirts on the green grass across the road, and she listened to high-pitched shouting; but, losing interest in the game, she wondered how she could keep him talking.

She saw Mr. Oddy turn the corner, a paper under his arm. He came along the street—a big man. He turned up the walk. He nodded curtly and went in the house.

"That guy's an egg," Mr. Jarvis said.

"A what?"

"An egg, boiled a little too long. See what I mean?"

"I don't like him much myself."

Mr. Jarvis, getting up, held open the door, and followed her up-stairs, where he smiled good-naturedly and said good evening. Three minutes later she heard him going down-stairs again.

She took off her hat and coat and smiled at herself in the mirror. She fingered her hair. For the first time in months she looked closely at her hair and was glad it was so nice. Unfortunately she had had on her hat when she met Mr. Jarvis, but she smiled and knew she wouldn't feel lonesome for some time. She moved around the room, glancing occasionally in the looking-glass to catch glimpses of herself moving, pretending she was not alone. She ate some supper and found herself comparing Mr. Jarvis with Jerry. She didn't think of Jerry as her husband, simply a man she had known a long time before he had gone away.

Three days after the walk along the street with Mr. Jarvis she wrote home to tell her mother Jerry had gone away again. Her mother said, in a long letter, that Jerry was a good-for-nothing who would never amount to a hill of beans in this world, and enclosed was the railroad fare home, if she wanted to come. There was some gossip in the letter about people she had known—two or three girls she had known at school had got married and had babies. Thinking of these girls with their babies made her feel bad, and she was sorry it was all in the letter, and rather than go home and meet these people she would try and get a job in one of the department stores. She put the money for the railroad fare in the bank.

She went down-town next day, but it was hard to get a job because of summer holidays and slack time in all the big stores. In the evening she took stock of her furniture, wondering what she could sell to the second-hand dealer, and finally selected two chairs. She put the chairs in a corner, and standing a few feet away, her hands on her hips, made up her mind to pay rent by the week from now on. Mrs. Oddy rapped on the door, and merely wanted to know how Mrs. Austin was getting on with the rent money.

"At the end of the month I'll start paying by the week," Mrs. Austin said.

"Oh, that's up to you, of course."

"Yes, it's up to me."

"Are you sure you can get it? Of course it's none of my business."

"Oh, I'll get it, all right."

Mrs. Oddy looked around the room and saw the chairs in the corner. Not sure of herself, she said: "Maybe you'll need to be selling something soon."

"Just a thing or two. I don't know what's the matter with Jerry; he should be back any day now." She knew she didn't want Jerry to come back.

"Well, if you're selling stuff, I'll always take that mirror for a fair price."

"Oh, no, thanks."

"It's not such a bad looking-glass; how much do you want for it?"

"I really wouldn't sell it."

"No?"

"Really, no."

Mrs. Oddy, sucking her lips, said mildly: "You're becoming a laughing-stock, Mrs. Austin. The girls across the hall say you're a bit coocoo—you and the mirror, I mean."

"Well, I certainly like the nerve of those hussies."

"Oh, I don't know, they say you're looking for a husband in the mirror. Clever, eh?"

"Very, very clever."

"I thought so myself."

The girls across the hall had peeked and seen her combing her hair a few times, Mrs. Oddy explained. And the hard time she had hooking her stays amused the two girls across the hall. Mrs. Austin, listening politely, became indignant. Mrs. Austin had intended to speak fiercely, but simply said: "The mirror is company for me, in a way."

Mrs. Oddy laughed good-humoredly, as if the whole matter had become a fine joke. "We do have some queer people around here—quaint, I mean. You and the uppish Mr. Jarvis. We'll find out a thing or two about him yet, and out he'll go."

Mr. Jarvis had been two days late paying his room rent, she explained. Mrs. Austin knew that the landlady would not go near the young man's room to clean it or make the bed till she felt he had fully realized the extent of her displeasure.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked.

"Ask me now. There's something fishy."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Oddy?"

"For one thing, where does he work?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Nor no one else. He doesn't work, that's the point, and he's so superior."

"I don't think so."

"And so much above any one else around here. A mighty suspicious character, I tell you."

"That's silly, Mrs. Oddy, very silly."

Mrs. Oddy went out. When the door was closed Mrs. Austin started to laugh at her—a suspicious woman, a ridiculous woman with a long tongue and a loud voice—but thinking suddenly of the girls across the hall, she felt unhappy. Two waitresses from The Golden Rod found her so amusing; commonplace girls, with two old country lovers who always called at the same time—big men with huge hands, who took off their coats as soon as they got in the house and sat around in their vests. She had never seen Mr. Jarvis without his coat on. Then she thought Mr. Jarvis would go away, and there were many things she wanted to say to him. There would be no time to talk to him. She encouraged herself to think he was anxious to have a conversation with her. Before going to bed that evening she combed her hair, smiling at herself in the mirror, wondering if she would be able to find the right words to interest him so she could tell him how much she liked him and would be happy if she could please him. For the first time she looked carefully at the mirror, the handsome oak frame, the wide bevel. She laughed out loud thinking of Mrs. Oddy and the girls across the hall.

A week later Mrs. Oddy told her that Mr. Jarvis was again late with his rent, and that they had come to a definite conclusion about him, and Mr. Oddy was going to give him so many hours to get out. Mr. Oddy had two minds to go over to a police station and see if the young man had a record.

Mrs. Austin waited for Mr. Jarvis to come home at five-thirty that evening. She imagined herself talking to him till she had convinced him she really loved him, and they would be happy together in another city after she divorced Jerry. She was excited, feeling timidly that there was an understanding between them so she could talk freely.

He came up-stairs at about half past five. Mrs. Austin, sitting in the rocking-chair, heard Mrs. Oddy follow him upstairs; then Mr. Oddy called from down-stairs and came up slowly.

Mrs. Austin opened her door. Mrs. Oddy was saying: "My husband has something to say to you, young man."

"That's unusual," Mr. Jarvis said.

"I've got nothing much to say," Mr. Oddy said. "You'd better clear out, that's all; this ain't a charity circus."

"No."

"No. You heard me."

"All right, any old time, and would you mind telling me what's eating you?"

"You got two hours to get out," Oddy said. "I know all about you—I had you looked up."

"You're a stupid man, Mr. Oddy."

"Don't worry about that," Oddy said.

"You're a great ox, Mr. Oddy."

Mrs. Austin, stepping out in the hall, looked coldly at Mrs. Oddy and put her hands on her hips.

"You just can't help being ridiculous, Mrs. Oddy," she said.

"Well, I like your nerve, Mrs. Austin," the landlady said.

Mr. Jarvis was surprised. He opened his mouth, and closed it abruptly. Mrs. Oddy talked rapidly, her voice getting louder. "An abandoned woman like you," she said. "We've too many people like you and this fresh Aleck around here. The house'll get a bad name." She slapped the palms of her hands together, grinning maliciously when Mrs. Austin said she would certainly leave the house next day.

Alone in her room, Mrs. Austin sat down to write home—a poor letter, with many blots, because she was excited and felt she wouldn't really go home at all. She lay awake in bed wondering if she would be able to talk to Mr. Jarvis before he went away.

At noontime next day he rapped at her door. He smiled and said he heard her say she was going home this afternoon and he would like to escort her to the station. He was polite and good-humored. The train didn't go till four, she said. He offered to come at three. When he had gone, she hurriedly looked at herself in the mirror, but felt self-conscious.

She phoned an express company and arranged to have her furniture shipped home. She worked hard for an hour packing and cleaning. She dressed slowly and carefully, as if it were absolutely necessary that she present a youthful appearance. She took many deep breaths, puffing and tiring herself while she tried to hook her corset. She put on the blue serge suit and wore a small green felt hat fitting her head snugly.

At three o'clock he called. She smiled prettily while she dabbed some powder on her nose, and she hurried around the room, fussing, and getting herself excited. He said not to hurry, they had lots of time to walk to the station. They walked along the street, talking agreeably, a stout little woman with a green felt hat and a short blue coat a little tight around the waist, trying not to feel much older than the neatly dressed fellow. She let herself think they were actually going away together. She didn't think he would actually get on the train, but it seemed as if he ought to. They talked about the Oddys. He said he would have a new job next week. When she could see the clock on the station-tower she was uneasy because she couldn't bring the conversation to a point where she could explain her feeling for him.

"I'm glad I met you at the Oddys', anyway," she said.

"Well, it was a relief to meet you," he said sincerely. He added that very few women knew how to mind their own business.

In the station she bought her ticket,

fumbling in her purse for coins. She felt that something was slipping away from her. "He ought to speak to me," she said to herself fiercely, then felt foolish for thinking it.

"It's funny the Oddys had something against both of us," she said, having them become one in opposition to the Oddys. He laughed boyishly and helped her on the train.

"What did they have against you?" he said.

"They thought I was seeing things in a looking-glass. How about you?"

"I was holding something back; something up my sleeve, I guess."

"Funny the way they linked us up together," she said shyly.

"Yeah."

"Don't you think it was funny?"

"Yeah, you bet; the old dame was seeing things, not you."

She stood on the last step, looking down at him and smiling awkwardly. She got confused when the train moved. "You're a good sport," he said. "I got an aunt just like you."

He waved cheerfully. "Good luck, Mrs. Austin."

"Good luck," she repeated vaguely.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

A Predicament

FATHER FRANCIS, the youngest priest at the cathedral, was hearing confessions on a Saturday afternoon. He stepped out of the confessional to stretch his legs a moment and walked up the left aisle toward the flickering red light of the Precious Blood, mystical in the twilight of the cathedral. Father Francis walked back to the confessional, because too many women were waiting on the penitent bench. There were not so many men.

Sitting again in the confessional, he said a short prayer to the Virgin Mary to get in the mood for hearing confessions. He wiped his lips with his handkerchief, cleared his throat, and pushed back the panel, inclining his ear to hear a woman's confession. The panel slid back with a sharp grating noise. Father Francis whispered his ritual prayer and made the sign of the cross. The woman hadn't been to confession for three months and had missed mass twice for no good reason. He questioned her determinedly, indignant with this woman who had missed mass twice for no good reason. In a steady whisper he told her the story of an old woman who had crawled on the ice to get to mass. The woman hesitated, then told about missing her morning prayers. . . . "Yes, my child; yes, my child. . . ." "And about certain thoughts . . ." "Now, about these thoughts; let's look at it in this way. . . ." He gave the woman absolution and told her to say the beads once for her penance.

Closing the panel on the women's side, he sat quietly for a moment in the darkness of the confessional. He was a young priest, very interested in confessions.

Father Francis turned to the other side of the confessional, pushing back the panel to hear some man's confession. Resting his chin on his hand after making the sign of the cross, he did not bother trying to discern the outline of the head and shoulders of the man kneeling in the corner.

The man said in a husky voice: "I

wanna get off at the corner of King and Yonge Street."

Father Francis sat up straight, peering through the wire work. The man's head was moving. He could see his nose and his eyes. His heart began to beat unevenly. He sat back quietly.

"Cancha hear me, wasamatter, I wanna get off at King and Yonge," the man said insistently, pushing his nose through the wire work.

On the man's breath there was a strong smell of whiskey. Father Francis nervously slid the panel back into position. As the panel slid into place he knew it sounded like the closing of swing-doors on a street-car. There he was hearing confessions, and a drunken man on the other side of the panel thought him a conductor on a street-car. He would go into the vestry and tell Father Marlow.

Father Francis stepped out of the confessional to look around the cathedral. Men and women in the pews and on the penitents' benches wondered why he had come out of the confessional twice in the last few minutes when so many were waiting. Father Francis wasn't feeling well, that was the trouble. Walking up the aisle, he rubbed his smooth cheek with his hand, thinking hard. If he had the man thrown out he might be a tough customer and there would be a disturbance. There would be a disturbance in the cathedral. Such a disturbance would be sure to get in the paper. Everything got in the papers. There was no use telling it to anybody. Walking erectly he went back to the confessional. Father Francis was sweating.

Rubbing his shoulder-blades uneasily against the back of the confessional, he decided to hear a woman's confession. It was evading the issue—it was a compromise, but it didn't matter; he was going to hear a woman's confession first.

The woman, encouraged by many questions from Father Francis, made an extraordinarily good confession, though sometimes he did not seem to be listening very attentively. He thought he could hear the man moving. The man was drunk — drunkenness, the overindulgence of an appetite, the drunken state. Scholastic psychology. Cardinal Mercier's book on psychology had got him through the exam at the seminary.

"When you feel you're going to tell a lie, say a short prayer to Mary the mother of God," he said to the woman.

"Yes, father."

"Some lies are more serious than others."

"Yes, father."

"But they are lies just the same."

"I tell mostly white lies," she said.

"They are lies, lies, lies, just the same. They may not endanger your soul, but they lead to something worse. Do you see?"

"Yes, father."

"Will you promise to say a little prayer every time?"

Father Francis could not concentrate on what the woman was saying. But he wanted her to stay there for a long time. She was company. He would try and concentrate on her. He could not forget the drunken man for more than a few moments.

The woman finished her confession. Father Francis, breathing heavily, gave her absolution. Slowly he pushed back the panel—a street-car, a conductor swinging back the doors on a street-car. He turned deliberately to the other side of the confessional, but hesitated, eager to turn and hear another woman.

It was no use—it couldn't go on in that way. Closing his eyes he said three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail, Marys," and felt much better. He was calm and the man might have gone.

He tried to push back the panel so it would not make much noise, but, moving slowly, it grated loudly. He could see the man's head bobbing up, watching the panel sliding back.

"Yes, my son," Father Francis said deliberately.

"I got to get off at King and Yonge," the man said stubbornly.

"You better go, you've got no business here."

"Say, there, did you hear me say King and Yonge?"

The man was getting ugly. The whiskey smelt bad in the confessional. Father Francis drew back quickly and half closed the panel. That same grating noise. It put an idea into his head. He said impatiently: "Step lively there; this is King and Yonge. Do you want to go past your stop?"

"All right, brother," the man said slowly, getting up clumsily.

"Move along now," Father Francis said authoritatively.

"I'm movin'; don't get so huffy," the man said, swinging aside the curtains of the confessional, stepping out to the aisle.

Father Francis leaned back in the confessional and nervously gripped the leather seat. He began to feel very happy. There were no thoughts at all in his head. Suddenly he got up and stepped out to the aisle. He stood watching a man going down the aisle swaying almost imperceptibly. The men and women in the pews watched Father Francis curiously, wondering if he was really unwell because he had come out of the confessional three times in a half-hour. Again he went into the confessional.

At first Father Francis was happy hearing the confessions, but he became restive. He should have used shrewd judgment. With that drunken man he had gone too far, forgotten himself in the confessional. He had descended to artifice in the confessional to save himself from embarrassment.

At the supper-table he did not talk much to the other priests. He had a feeling he would not sleep well that night. He would lie awake trying to straighten everything out. The thing would first have to be settled in his own conscience. Then perhaps he would tell the bishop.

* * *

Young Tree

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

A young tree in autumn,
Naked in the twilight,
Reaching thin branches
To a light sky,
Is lovelier than music
Of high strings singing,
Is sharper than wind,
Or a bird's cry.

Exploring the Solar Atmosphere

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

Scientists are bending their efforts toward discovering the relationship between solar eruptions, together with other disturbances of the sun's atmosphere and such earthly phenomena as magnetic storms, radio interference, and auroras. Doctor Hale has played an important part in developing instruments making possible continuous observation of the sun's atmosphere.

THE atmosphere of the sun, previously seen only during total eclipses, has been partly accessible to daily observation during the last sixty years. Since the discovery of Janssen and Lockyer in 1868 our means of detecting the characteristics of its various levels have steadily improved, thus gradually disclosing many remarkable phenomena, which the powerful methods of modern physics are now beginning to interpret. Recently an instrument has been developed which opens new opportunities for research, not only on the nature of these phenomena but also regarding the probable relationship between solar outbursts and such terrestrial disturbances as auroras, magnetic storms, and variations in radio transmission. Two oscillating slits, which transmit to the eye only the light of glowing hydrogen, render visible against the sun's surface the violent eruptions hitherto concealed by its overpowering glare. In order to appreciate the bearing of recent explorations of the solar atmosphere with this device, let us briefly recall some of the earlier work, beginning with the observation of two total eclipses.

TWO SOLAR ECLIPSES

On the 8th of July, 1842, a total eclipse of the sun attracted wide attention in Europe. The path of totality, where many astronomers were in waiting, extended across Italy and the south of France. On an upper floor of the University of Pavia Francis Baily, an English stock-broker distinguished as an amateur astronomer, had set up his telescope. Just as the last rays of the sun were cut off by the advancing moon he was "astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and at the same time was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be imagined. For at that instant the dark body of the moon was suddenly surrounded with a corona, or kind of bright glory similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints. . . . But the most remarkable circumstance attending the phenomenon was the appearance of *three large protuberances* apparently emanating from the circumference of the moon. . . . They had the appearance of mountains of prodigious elevation; their color was red tinged with lilac or purple. . . . These three protuberances were visible even to the last moment of total obscuration . . . and when the first ray of light was admitted from the sun they vanished altogether, with the corona, and daylight was instantaneously restored."

These enormous red prominences, estimated by Arago to be 54,000 miles high, had been seen in other forms and positions at previous eclipses, but their serious study, begun in 1842, did not lead to definite conclusions until 1868. In August of that year, while analyzing their light with a spectroscope at a total eclipse in India, the French astronomer Janssen detected the characteristic red and blue lines of hydrogen. These were very bright, and he exclaimed that he meant to see them again without waiting for another eclipse. The following morning, in full sunlight, he succeeded, and from that time to this the most spectacular of all solar phenomena have been open to daily observation.

The principle of the method, which reveals the chromosphere and prominences, but not the larger and fainter corona, is easily understood. We fail to see the red prominences against the sky merely because the intensely bright light of the sun, when scattered in our atmosphere, makes a glare so brilliant as to hide them completely. From a point outside the earth's atmosphere the sky around the sun would appear black, and both the corona and prominences would be clearly visible. We therefore need a means of diminishing the glare of the sky without reducing their brightness.

This means is afforded by the spectroscope, which spreads out and thus weakens the white light of the sky without greatly weakening the bright lines due to the glowing hydrogen and helium in the prominences. Thus these lines become visible, projecting beyond the edge of the sun against the faint rainbow background caused by the dispersed light of the sky (Fig. 1). Unfortunately, neither this nor any other method suffices to reveal the much fainter corona, which extends far beyond the red prominences into space. To study the corona we are still compelled to wait for the infrequent and very brief opportunities afforded by total eclipses of the sun. The prominences, however, may be easily seen on any clear day.

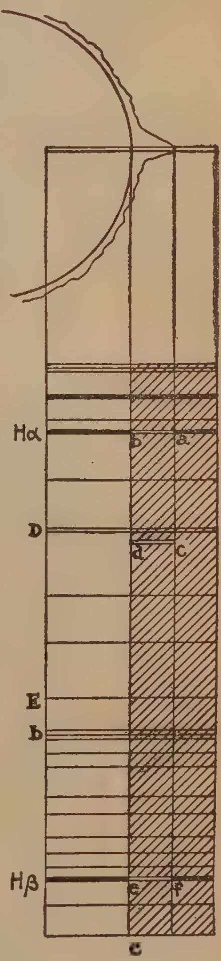

Fig. 1.

Bright lines of hydrogen and helium in the spectrum of a prominence, observed in full sunlight with radial slit.

SOLAR PROMINENCES WITHOUT AN ECLIPSE

The bright hydrogen and helium lines seen by Janssen and Lockyer were merely images of the straight narrow slit of the spectroscope, and therefore did not show the forms of the prominences. However, by setting the slit across different parts of a prominence, its approximate form could be roughly determined by noting the varying length of the bright lines. This was the method used by the early observers until Zöllner and Huggins independently thought of widening the slit sufficiently to include an entire prominence, which could then be seen against the fainter background of the sky spectrum. Thus, in the daily visual records made by astronomers, the wide slit of the spectroscope is made tangent to the sun's image at many points around the circumference, and the forms of the prominences, as well as the continuous sea of hydrogen (chromosphere) from which they rise, are sketched one by one into a complete cross-section of this portion of the solar atmosphere.

It is difficult to convey any conception of the brilliancy and fantastic beauty of the prominences as seen with the red hydrogen line. The greatest success has been achieved by Howard Russell Butler, of Princeton, whose admirable paintings of the corona and the prominences have been exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. But as Secchi remarked many years ago in his book "Le Soleil," it is impossible to reproduce completely "the vivacity of color of these enormous masses, or to depict their rapid motions when they are shot by eruptions from the interior above the surface of the sun. The best drawings are inert and lifeless when compared with the actual phenomena. These incandescent masses are vivified by internal forces which seem to endow them with life; they glow with intense brilliancy, and their colors are so characteristic that they enable us to determine spectroscopically the chemical nature of their constituent gases."

The discovery of Lockyer and Janssen was followed by a period of great activity, in which English, French, Italian, German, and American astronomers joined in a general attack on the problems of the sun. Professor Charles A. Young, in whose memory a chair of astronomy has recently been endowed at Princeton University, was one of the most active and successful of these pioneers in solar research. First at Dartmouth and later at Princeton he was the leader of the American astronomers who entered this novel and productive field of observation. I am indebted to him for my first view of the prominences, and for much encouragement and aid during the earlier period of my solar work. In the course of this article we shall have frequent occasion to refer to the results of his extensive studies.

The chromosphere, or continuous sea of glowing gas from which the prominences rise, is five or six thousand miles in depth. The spectrum of its upper strata, like that of the quiescent prominences, is always marked by lines of hydrogen, helium, and calcium. At its base lies the "reversing layer," in which many metallic lines, frequently borne to higher levels by eruptive prominences, are also found. The height of the quiescent or slowly changing prominences often reaches 30,000 to 60,000 miles, while eruptive prominences, sometimes shooting outward at a rate of over 250 miles a second, have been seen to surpass elevations of 400,000 miles, or half the sun's diameter. Quiescent prominences are now considered to be supported in the solar atmosphere by the pressure due to the intense solar radiation, but it is still difficult to account completely for the great velocities and curious forms of the eruptions.

While the spectroscope thus reveals the prominences that project beyond the limb against the sky, it can ordinarily be used only with a narrow slit for the study of the *spectra* of these and other objects on the sun's disk. This is

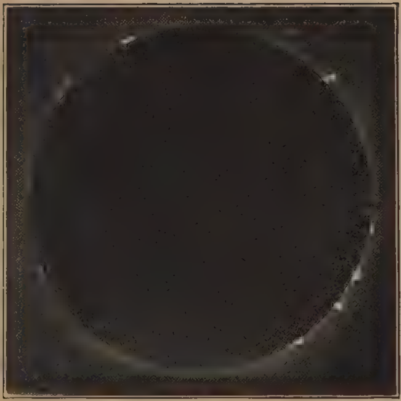

Fig. 2.

Prominences photographed in full sunlight with the spectroheliograph.

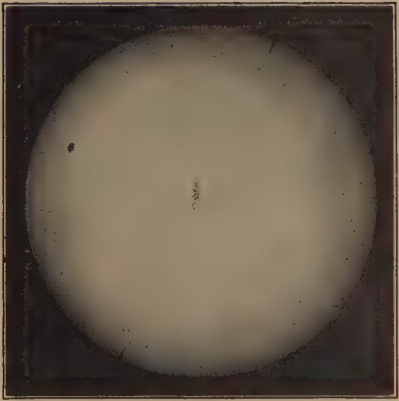

Fig. 3

Direct photograph of the sun, July 31, 1927.

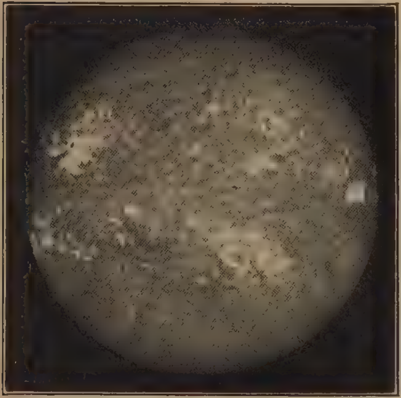

Fig. 4.

Bright calcium flocculi, July 31, 1927.

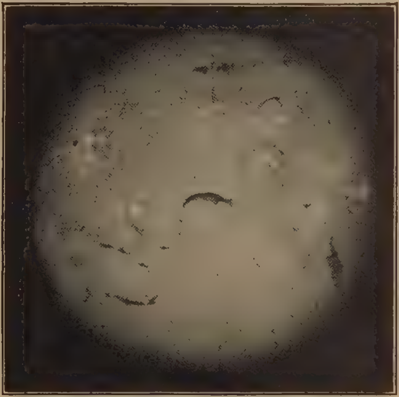

Fig. 5.

Bright and dark hydrogen flocculi, July 31, 1927.

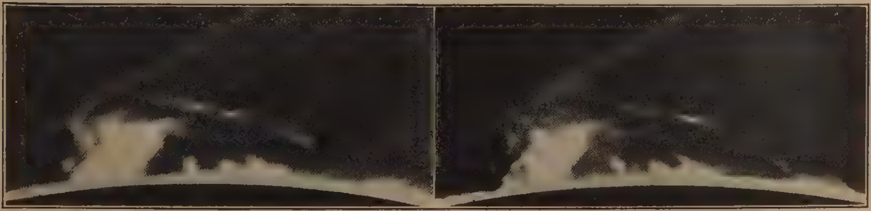

Fig. 6. Fig. 7.

Two photographs of a prominence, showing the motion of its tip toward a sun-spot in six minutes (Slocum).

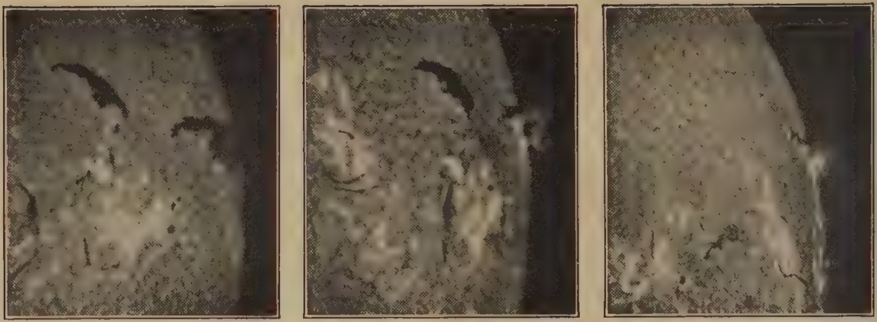

Fig. 8. Fig. 9. Fig. 10.

Hydrogen flocculi photographed on three successive days, showing their changing forms and motion toward the limb due to the sun's rotation.

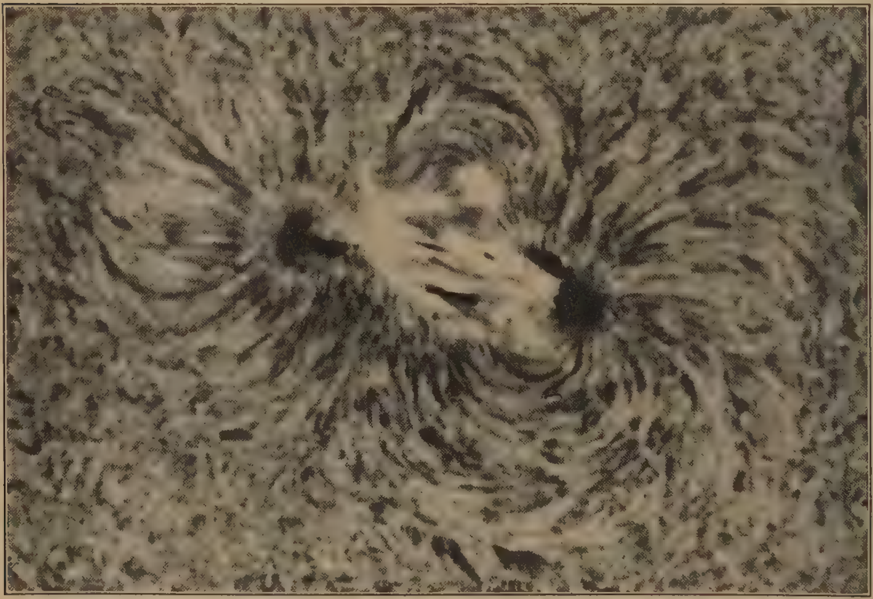

Fig. 11.

Complex cyclonic structure of the hydrogen flocculi surrounding a large bipolar sun-spot.

so much brighter than the sky that the wide-slit method fails to show the characteristic structure of the solar atmosphere against it, excepting the bare outline of occasional objects of unusual intensity. But fortunately this difficulty can be easily overcome.

Cut a slit about a hundredth of an inch wide in a piece of cardboard and hold it between the eye and an electric-lamp bulb. If the eye is not too near the slit, only a small part of the incandescent filament can be seen. Oscillate the slit and the entire filament becomes visible. To obtain a steady image, free from flicker, the slit should pass before the eye many times a second.

This simple principle can be used to render the forms of the prominences visible. What is needed is some device between the oscillating slit and the eye which will cut off all light except that due to hydrogen. The spectroscope is such a device, and some of the possibilities of this method were foreseen by Professor Young in 1870, when he attached to his spectroscope a pair of oscillating slits. With these he could see the forms of the prominences at the limb, but he was troubled by the vibration of his equatorial telescope due to the oscillation of the slits, and abandoned them when the wide-slit method was introduced. So far as I can learn, he did not try the oscillating slits for the detection of prominences on the disk, but in any case the dispersion of his spectroscope was insufficient for this purpose. Nevertheless, the credit for building the first spectrohelioscope (as I have named the instrument) and applying it to the observation of prominences at the limb belongs to Professor Young, who was also the first to photograph the forms of single prominences through an open slit.

THE GRADUAL DISCLOSURE OF THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE

Much of our knowledge of the solar atmosphere has been derived from photographic observations, which have been in progress for many years. In order to understand the possibilities of visual work with the spectrohelioscope, a brief review of the results of photography is essential.

The principle of the spectroheliograph, which occurred to me in 1889, does not differ greatly from that of Young's instrument with oscillating slits, and had indeed been suggested by other astronomers. It involves the use of a spectroscope with a fixed second slit, through which a single line (usually of calcium or hydrogen) is admitted to a photographic plate. The whole spectroscope is mounted on steel balls and moved slowly by a motor, so that the first slit crosses the solar image, which, like the photographic plate, remains at rest. Or the spectroscope may be fixed in position, and the solar image and plate moved across the first and second slits respectively. A monochromatic image of the sun is thus gradually built up on the plate from countless adjoining images of the narrow spectral line.

Professor Young had detected visually the two bright violet calcium lines H and K in the prominences, and these were used in 1891 with my first spectroheliograph at the Kenwood Observatory for the photography of prominences at the sun's limb (Fig. 2). Young had also found these lines to be bright on the disk in the neighborhood of sun-spots, and this important discovery opened the way into a new field of solar research. Early in 1892 an improved spectroheliograph was used at Kenwood for the photography of the forms of these areas, which turned out to be extensive clouds of brilliant calcium vapor, floating in the solar atmosphere above and near sun-spots and at many other places on the sun's disk (Fig. 4). These bright calcium clouds (called flocculi) are confined to levels within a few thousand miles of the sun's surface and thus differ from the much higher prominences, which still escaped us except at the limb.

About this time Deslandres introduced at the Paris Observatory his velocity spectrograph, which permits the motion in the line of sight of the calcium vapor at various levels to be measured on photographs of the H or K line in successive sections of the sun. Evershed soon contructed and systematically used a spectroheliograph in England, and in 1893 Deslandres also began work with a spectroheliograph, which he employed for photography with the calcium lines and with some of the narrower dark lines. In 1903 Ellerman and I discovered *dark* hydrogen and calcium flocculi on the sun's disk with the Rumford spectroheliograph attached to the forty-inch Yerkes telescope. The long dark flocculi shown on these plates, which proved to be prominences projected against the sun (Figs. 5, 8, 9, 10), were subsequently called "filaments" by Deslandres, who has studied them extensively at Meudon with the spectroheliograph and velocity spectrograph.

Five years later, at Mount Wilson, with the aid of plates sensitized by Wallace's method for red light, we discovered large vortices or cyclonic storms in the solar atmosphere above sun-spots (Fig. 11). The red hydrogen line Hα, with which they were found, is much more effective than the blue and violet lines used in our earlier work for the study of the hydrogen flocculi. It represents a higher region in the solar atmosphere, where the characteristic vortex structure is most conspicuous. With a spectroheliograph of high dispersion, this line shows also the "alignments" discovered by Deslandres, which constitute a slender network of wide mesh associated with the filaments.

This brief and incomplete sketch may serve to show how some of the phenomena of the solar atmosphere have been successively brought within the range of the spectroheliograph. When examining photographs of the structure at different levels, it is important to recall that all of these phenomena overlie the white body of the sun, or photosphere, where the dark sun-spots, and the faint irregular bright faculæ that accompany them, are directly visible with any telescope (Fig. 3). The chromosphere, as we have seen, is thus a continuous sea of glowing gas several thousand miles deep, visible through the spectroscope in cross-section at the limb, with the prominences rising above it to altitudes often exceeding a hundred thousand miles (Figs. 2, 6, 7). Against the disk its mottled structure can be photographed with the spectroheliograph, marked by extensive bright clouds of calcium flocculi, which occur chiefly within the zones parallel to the equator, where sun-spots are also found (Fig. 4). Rising to much greater elevations, and revealed in plan on spectroheliograms of the disk, are the hydrogen and calcium flocculi of the higher atmosphere, some of which may be seen with the spectroscope as prominences in elevation at the limb (Figs. 5, 8, 9, 10). The vortex structure of the hydrogen flocculi, resembling on a colossal scale the cyclonic storms and tornadoes in the earth's atmosphere, is one of the most striking features of these spectroheliograms (Fig. 11). Enveloping the whole, and reaching to heights of millions of miles, are the delicate streamers of the corona, seen only at total eclipses.

THE SPECTROHELIOSCOPE

With so much within the reach of the spectroscope and spectroheliograph, there might seem to be little room for another instrument of similar range. A very short experience with the spectrohelioscope, however, will suffice to convince one of its distinctive value. Objects familiar for years on hydrogen spectroheliograms suddenly seem to come to life, while difficulties in the interpretation of their complex structure are greatly reduced by its aid. If one is fortunate enough to see, as I did in Pasadena within a few days after my first spectrohelioscope had been perfected, one of those violent outbursts on the sun's disk that are soon followed on the earth by brilliant auroras and intense magnetic storms, the possibilities of the new instrument for a study of the relationship between solar and terrestrial phenomena will perhaps strike the observer most forcibly. Such possibilities have led me to design a complete solar telescope and spectrohelioscope of an inexpensive type, which can be built and used by professional or amateur astronomers and by radio students interested in the possible influence of solar eruptions on radio transmission.

The solar telescope comprises a small cœlostat, driven by an ordinary two-dollar-clock movement; an adjustable second mirror; and a single lens, which forms a two-inch solar image for observation by the spectrohelioscope. This consists of a simple spectroscope, provided with a pair of oscillating slits which exclude from the observer's eye all light except that of the red hydrogen line, and thus reveal the phenomena of the solar atmosphere.

SOLAR CYCLONES

Without dwelling on instrumental details, which will be fully described elsewhere, the use of the spectrohelioscope for the observation and analysis of the hydrogen flocculi and the measurement of their radial velocities may now be described.

As already remarked, this instrument shows that objects which appear as dark flocculi on the disk are often prominences which reach considerable heights when seen in elevation at the limb. Some quiescent prominences persist for weeks, and their varying forms on successive days, as they are carried toward the limb by the sun's axial rotation, are illustrated by Figs. 8, 9, 10.

The most interesting of the hydrogen flocculi, however, are those which assume the cyclonic forms shown in Fig. 11. The nature and cause of this beautiful structure are very difficult to determine, and in the study of this problem the spectrohelioscope has proved of the greatest service.

Imagine yourself fixed in space, with the earth rotating slowly beneath you. In the first few miles above its surface the presence of water vapor causes the formation of clouds when the air is chilled. These occur in various characteristic forms at different levels: I have seen as many as five distinct cloud strata at once after the breaking of a storm during the rainy season on Mount Wilson. From our imaginary observation-point in space an entire hemisphere of the earth is visible, so that the formation of a cyclonic storm, over an area averaging about a thousand miles in diameter, can be easily seen. These storms are marked by low barometric pressure near the centre, with surface winds blowing spirally inward, counter-clockwise in the northern and clockwise in the southern hemisphere. Sometimes the cyclonic motions are plainly marked by the structure of the clouds, which move spirally inward with the low-level winds near the surface (cumulus) and spirally outward at the higher level of the cirrus clouds (Figs. 12 and 13, as drawn by Clayton in the *Annals of the Harvard College Observatory*). When it is remembered that all differences of pressure in the earth's atmosphere disappear at a height of about twelve and one-half miles, it will be seen that the thickness of a cyclonic storm is very small in comparison with its area.

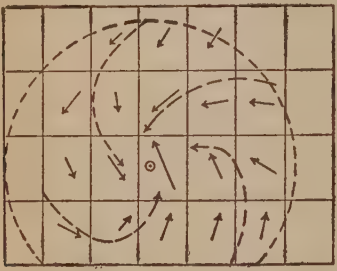

Fig. 12.

Inward motion of low level winds and clouds in a terrestrial cyclonic storm (Clayton).

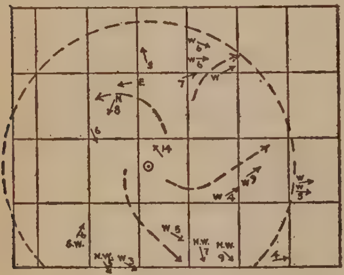

Fig. 13.

Outward motion of high level clouds in a terrestrial cyclonic storm (Clayton).

The simplest type of solar cyclonic storm, as it would appear in the spectrohelioscope with the red hydrogen line, is illustrated in Fig. 14. Here we observe the hydrogen whirl above a single sun-spot in the northern hemisphere of the sun. I have frequently seen masses of hydrogen as large as the earth moving inward along such spiral paths at velocities exceeding sixty miles a second, the direction of the whirls (in about 80 per cent of the cases) corresponding to that at low levels in terrestrial cyclones: counter-clockwise in the northern (as in Fig. 12) and clockwise in the southern hemispheres. The same effect, photographed in cross-section at the sun's limb by Slocum, is shown in Figs. 6 and 7, as I have repeatedly observed it in prominences with the spectroheliscope. To realize the violence of these solar storms, their great scale and the velocity of the inflowing gases must be remembered. Although we cannot see the lower part of the vortices, the spectroscopic measurements of Evershed, St. John, and others indicate that the gases are not sucked down through the spots into the body of the sun, but flow nearly radially outward above the spots near the photosphere, after descending from the higher level of the inflowing hydrogen. The vortices thus resemble inverted terrestrial cyclones in their approximate form, though their real nature may be very different.

Look, for example, at the appearance of the hydrogen atmosphere above a bipolar sun-spot: a typical group of two spots having opposite magnetic fields (Fig. 11). The lines of force in the solar atmosphere above such spots must be similar to those surrounding a bar magnet, and the structure of the hydrogen flocculi does bear a superficial resemblance to such a field. Nevertheless, an analysis of the flocculi which I have recently made with the spectrohelioscope does not support the theory that ionized hydrogen (hydrogen atoms bearing extra electrons) is constrained by the magnetic fields to follow their lines of force.

On the contrary, I have found many direct contradictions of this theory. The spectrohelioscope shows that some of these curved flocculi represent arches of dark hydrogen seen in projection against the sun. These often rise, not from the sun-spots themselves, but from bright eruptive centres between two spots or at a distance from a single spot, then follow a curved trajectory resembling that of a projectile, and finally fall toward the surface at high velocity, sometimes descending toward a spot, sometimes at points where no spots are present. Moreover, on the electro-magnetic theory the direction of the hydrogen whirls around single spots, clockwise or counter-clockwise, should depend upon the magnetic polarity, positive or negative, of the spots, which does not prove to be the case. As already remarked, in about 80 per cent of the spots observed the direction of whirl corresponds with that of terrestrial cyclones.

Much research is still needed to explain the exact nature of solar cyclones and eruptions and of many other phenomena of the solar atmosphere. In this work the ability of the spectrohelioscope to show at a glance whether a particular mass of gas is moving toward or away from the observer and to give an instant measure of its velocity is one of its most valuable qualities. High radial velocity distorts the hydrogen lines —toward the violet if approaching, toward the red if receding. Thus a rapidly moving flocculus may not be recorded at all on a photograph, because the hydrogen line at this point is thrown entirely outside of the second slit of the spectroheliograph. I have equipped the spectrohelioscope with a simple attachment called a "line-shifter," by which any part of the hydrogen line or its wings can be brought upon the second slit during observation. This is analogous to the tuning device on a radio set, with which any change of wave-length can be detected, compensated, and measured. The line-shifter permits a moving cloud of hydrogen to be picked up and brought to view, at the same time giving on a dial a measure of the change of wave-length and the consequent radial velocity of the gas. In this way the hydrogen arches have been analyzed and the rapid descent of hydrogen toward the surface observed and measured. Guided by a spectrohelioscope, and provided with a spectroheliograph similarly equipped with a line-shifter, the observer can now photograph flocculi previously lost at the most critical instants of rapid change, and thus complete the record and simplify the interpretation of these complex phenomena.*

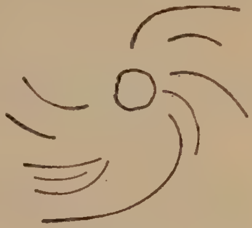

Fig. 14.

Solar cyclone, showing inward spiral motion of hydrogen flocculi above a single northern sun-spot.

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* The spectrohelioscope can also be arranged for the photography of limited areas of the solar atmosphere, but the spectroheliograph, which easily covers large areas, is better adapted for photographic work.

Our Changing Sports Page

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

Gone are the days of the full-skirted bathing-suit and the self-conscious golfer. An authority discusses the amazing changes in the American attitude toward sport.

In something less than a quarter of a century the sport department of an American newspaper has developed from a column of type to four and five pages daily, with a special section of its own on Sunday. Taking the press as a mirror of the life of the times and a gauge as to the importance of current events, there certainly has been a change in the national attitude toward sport.

The charge has been made that the interest in sport, amateur and professional, has been stimulated artificially by the American newspapers. Of this charge I hold that the newspapers are entirely guiltless. As far as the newspapers are concerned, there is no revenue through the stimulation of interest in sports, for this branch of the news brings little or no advertising. In expanding the sport pages the newspapers have merely responded to an insistent demand from their readers.

Up to about six years ago the New York dailies were standing on a limit of two pages for sports pages. At that time I was sports editor of the New York *Herald*. One summer evening I made some estimates as to space requirements and went with them to the managing editor. There were two crucial baseball series, a championship prize-fight, some important golf and tennis, a big day at the race-track, and some other events.

"I do not see how all of this can be kept in two pages," I said.

"Well, then, let us have three sports pages," said the managing editor. "It will come eventually, so why not now?"

So it was *The Herald,* I am convinced, that started this daring innovation, the same *Herald* which, under the elder Bennett, chronicled the opening of a race-meet with this brief notice: "There will be horse-racing at Sheepshead Bay to-day, and the same crowds of blacklegs and gamblers that frequent such places may be expected out in full force."

The newspapers have not led the change in attitude toward the various sports. They have followed it, and how strangely that attitude has changed toward those various sports!

I can remember the time when a man who was addicted to the strange, imported game of golf would sneak through devious and unfrequented ways to the links and slink behind a tree when the derisive passers-by would pass in buggies. To-day, a competent authority tells me, there are three million golf-players in the United States and recruits are flocking to the army every day.

Bobby Jones, twice winner of the British Open, when he returned to his native Atlanta was given a greeting fully as effusive as that tendered the late John L. Sullivan by the joyous citizens of Boston when he returned to his native city, heavyweight champion of the world. Taste in the matter of popular idols certainly has changed.

Gentlemen with large sums invested in baseball-parks and professional baseball franchises have come to view the encroachments of this imported game of golf upon what they consider their preserves with no little alarm and considerable indignation. Baseball, of course, is our own national game, just a little older than the Civil War, and should be conserved for patriotic as well as business reasons.

When golf first invaded the United States the "sand-lots" were filled with juvenile baseball-players who hardly would waste the time from their games to deride the self-conscious golfers. But the business of caddying attracted many of these youngsters from baseball, because it was highly lucrative, and the youngsters soon began to develop an interest in golf. Gene Sarazen is an example of a golfer who might have been a baseball-player if the occupation of caddy had not been open to him.

Here is a thought that will increase the alarm of the baseball magnates. The fact that there are three million golfers in the United States means that there are close to half a million boys who are caddying rather than playing the national game. And this is cause for alarm, for it means not only that this material from which professional baseball-players might be developed is being diverted from the national game but also it means a decrease in the number of baseball fans in the coming generation.

To be a baseball fan one must have played the game to some extent at some time or other. To anybody who has not played the game it is quite incomprehensible, just as incomprehensible as it would be to an Englishman or as incomprehensible as cricket is to the American. Therefore it will be seen that the recent drives of baseball magnates to sustain the interest in the national game in the members of the younger generation are not altogether altruistic.

As yet there has been no indication of a decrease of interest in baseball. Despite a few baseball scandals the magnates report bigger crowds for the season of 1927 than in the year preceding. In fact, the attendance at baseball games for the last quarter of a century has increased steadily, with allowance, of course, being made for the "war years." As far as is known, then, golf has not diverted the patrons of the national game from the baseball-parks. Perhaps it never will, and the increasing number of golfers indicates only that the interest in sport is increasing all along the line and that no sport ever will take the "fans" away from another sport.

The American game of intercollegiate football is still younger than the national game of baseball, and, judging from the annual changes in the rules, still in the making. The shift in the popular attitude toward this game is remarkable. The "college-boy" athlete was looked upon with utter contempt by the rugged followers of baseball when the game which started in an impromptu contest between Princeton and Rutgers was taken up by the other colleges.

The collegiate football-player with the "chrysanthemum" hair-cut used to be an object of considerable derision until it finally dawned upon the sport-follower who knew not his campus and who had no alma mater to guide him that intercollegiate football was far from a gentle sport. Even this did not reconcile the non-collegian. He still regarded the college boys as queer persons indulging in disorganized assault and mayhem.

The change in the view-point has been steady but swift. I was checking up the matter of attendance at the various sports a while ago, and I made the startling discovery that intercollegiate football in season draws more spectators than the national pastime. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that the big-league baseball season stretches over a regular period of about one hundred and fifty-four days, while the colleges are limited to a playing-season that does not exceed ten games.

It was a football game that drew the second largest number of paid admissions for a sporting event or any other event last year, the Army-Navy game at Soldiers' Field in Chicago. It is my firm conviction that if the enclosure had been big enough to hold a crowd twice or three times that size there would have been no difficulty in drawing that crowd.

There are certain football "classics" for which, of late years, there have been five applications for every ticket sold and where the "general public" has to be excluded because those affiliated in some way with the colleges concerned fill the stadium. The Yale Bowl at New Haven, the most commodious football field in the country, barely can accomodate a fifth of those who would like to see a Yale-Harvard game.

Once in this bowl I saw seventy thousand people sit for two hours in a driving storm of rain and sleet during the progress of a game between these two universities. Less than one thousand left the bowl before the referee's whistle ended the battle in the mud.

It is easy enough to understand the increased attendance at prize-fights and the gathering of one hundred and seventy thousand men and women spending approximately three million dollars to see one ten-round struggle between heavyweights. Popular opinion once forced this game into the position of a fugitive sport.

Not so long ago prize-fights had to be held in comparative secret, in barns, on bits of turf hidden from the authorities, while the spectators connived to evade the authorities bent upon preventing these breaches of the peace and dignity of the various States. The interest always was there, but the number of spectators with the means, the hardihood, and the determination to see the prize-fight through was limited.

With the advent of Mr. Tex Rickard all of these inhibitions were removed. It seemed that he was able to make it not only respectable to see a prize-fight but the "smart thing." He knew that the desire always was there, and that the "sport-followers" of to-day were not even slightly changed from the crowds at the Roman arena.

I can remember, when California housed nearly all of the big prize-fights, that there were grave debates upon the subject of admitting women to prize-fights. Mr. Rickard has been pointing with pride for some time that ladies whose names are in the social register are regular patrons at his bouts and that they demand the best of "ringside seats" for the big bouts. It requires something of a very serious nature, for instance, to make Miss Ethel Barrymore miss a heavyweight championship, and I remember meeting a lady of no little social prominence in her own private car, which she had parked at Shelby, Mont., while she waited the clang of the gong for the Dempsey-Gibbons bout. She was taking her two young sons to the ringside with her.

Not so many years ago you would have to wait for *The Police Gazette* to come out before you got all of the really interesting details of one of these big fights. Now you will get columns upon columns of it from your favorite newspaper. I recall at the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo which took place only a few months after the end of the war marvelling for a few seconds at the sense of values.

The typewriters and the telegraph-instruments were clicking. Airplanes outside the arena were tuning up, ready to rush photographs to various parts of the country. I remarked to Mr. Grantland Rice, who sat near me: "There will be about ten thousand times as much written about this as there was about the battle of the Marne." After which I proceeded in the work of contributing seven thousand words to the surplus chronicles of the minor battle.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when tennis was classed as essentially a "sissy's game." Now it is apparent that the supposedly robust and virile game of baseball is as child's play by comparison. It has become so that even a prize-fighter in training may play tennis without the slightest suspicion that he must be slightly effeminate.

The general public has become more intimately acquainted with this game through such personalities as Larned, Wilding, McLoughlin, Johnston, and Tilden, and they realize now that it is one of the most strenuous forms of athletics in the catalogue. The development in the interest in women's tennis is marked. Last year, when the battle between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Helen Wills at Wimbledon seemed assured, there was quite as much interest in this country and in France as there was in the heavyweight championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier. The missionary work done by the great tennis-players has made a sceptical general public acquainted intimately with one of the most beautiful of all games, and the popular respect for a great tennis-player increases steadily.

The change in women in sport—and I do not mean as lookers-on—is the most startling. Consider first the costume and the style of the pre-May Sutton Bundy women tennis-players and compare them with the Willses, the Mallorys, and the Lenglens. Certainly you will find a different type of woman athlete.

Perhaps the most striking figure of the new woman in athletics is that of Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel in faster time than any of the men who swam it before her. She startled and puzzled France from the moment she entered the country.

When the French customs officers arrived to look over her baggage they found her muffled in a white sweater and holding a medicine-ball under her arm. This puzzled them particularly. She could not explain its use to them and that it was her custom to toss it about while she was in training. The more she tried to make its use clear the greater their bewilderment, and when, to illustrate, she tossed it playfully at one of them both fled, making remarks about mad Americans of both sexes.

Before she conquered the Channel her first instructor, Mr. I. de B. Handley, told me confidently that she would not only swim the Channel but that she would break all of the records of all the men in doing it. When I saw her training like a young prize-fighter on the coast near Gris Nez I was just as confident as Mr. Handley that this was an athletic field or element in which at least one woman would excel.

And yet it has been only a matter of twelve years since women really began to swim. They could not swim in the old-fashioned bathing-suits which the conventions required for women, with the long skirts imprisoning their limbs and the water-logged stockings impeding their movements. When Gertrude Ederle took to the water at Gris Nez she wore a thin pair of tights, a light brassière—and a coating of grease.

There are many who regarded the feat of Gertrude Ederle as the most magnificent gesture of feminism. Yet I do not regard her as anything of a superwoman, for the same Women's Swimming Club, with its little tank where she was developed into this magnificent athlete, is developing many more like her. They are planning now to send out a fifteen-year-old girl in an attempt to break not only Gertrude Ederle's record but the records of all of the men swimmers who have conquered that angry stretch of water that lies between Gris Nez and Dover.

The athletic girl once was regarded as unmaidenly, unwomanly, or a freak. Now she is not merely accepted but she is taken for granted, which is the highest tribute that could be paid to her accomplishment. In view of the comparatively recent developments, I have come to the conclusion that the time is coming when the non-athletic girl may be regarded as freakish and unusual. This certainly is not a matter to view with alarm.

But as to the overwhelming general increase of interest in sports in the United States there are many indications of an increasing pessimism. The Association of American College Professors last year deplored the false sense of values in the colleges as illustrated by the ever-increasing interest in intercollegiate football. There has been much discussion of the evil of exalting the gladiatorial spirit at the expense of the intellectual side.

The prize-fights which are attracting bigger and bigger gatherings of both men and women are denounced by some as being brutal and appealing to the lowest instincts and almost at the same time as being indifferent bouts between young business men who are defrauding the public under pretense of furnishing them with bloodshed and brutality. There is pessimism because Babe Ruth, the maker of home runs, is being paid only a little less than the President of the United States.

From the serious-minded business men who have not yet become addicts of the game of golf there are complaints and grumblings about the time that is being wasted on the links. Perhaps this complaint will throw some light on the increased interest in sports of all sorts. The nation has the time and the money for indulgence in sport. Not only that, but energy that used to be burned entirely in the mere business of living has been loosed through the improvement in living conditions and the labor-saving machinery. This energy must find an outlet and it does, an outlet that is comparatively a joyous one measured with the manner in which it used to be taken up.

The nation's attitude toward sport has changed, because it has been given the time to consider the various sports without the old harassments. And the people, approaching them and viewing them in that happy frame of mind, find that some of the sports are better than others but that all of them are good.

[An interesting and quite contradictory theory concerning the growth of sports will be presented by George S. Brooks in "Gas and the Games" in the next number.]

On the Dark Trail

BY FRANKLIN HOLT

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MARTIN

CYRUS TUTTLE and his six-year-old son, Henry, stood in front of the tiger's cage at the country circus and watched the striped beast pace back and forth feverishly on his padded paws. It was feeding-time, and the odor of raw meat had already reached the ravenous animals, as evidenced by their noisy roaring.

The lithe black-and-yellow body of the big Bengal tiger quivered with impatience. The tail switched from side to side and the big, glaring eyes fixed the door by which the raw meat must enter. At that moment he symbolized the ferocity of hunger.

Cyrus Tuttle felt his son's hand tighten in his, and looking down at the sensitive, mobile face he saw it fascinated—eyes big as if hypnotized, cheeks pale with repressed emotion.

The boy wasn't in the circus tent at all but far away in the tangled jungle with the savage, striped beast barring his path—snarling and showing its teeth; and Henry's small back was running cold. Something of this reached Cyrus Tuttle and he would have moved on but Henry held back, unwilling to leave yet.

"Daddy, wait!" he begged. His voice was tense as he struggled to get back from the fancied jungle and be normal, but he couldn't quite shake off the mystery and fascination of the wild. "Daddy," he said nervously, "daddy, he couldn't get out, could he? Not even if he really tried?"

"No, son, he couldn't," Cyrus Tuttle assured him.

"Iron bars are strong, aren't they, daddy? They make them strong so the animals can't get out, don't they?"

"Yes, they do. They are very strong."

"Stronger even than tigers?" Henry's eyes were still big and the demand was made breathlessly.

"Yes, son." Again Cyrus Tuttle tried to move on but Henry held back. He felt his father's reluctance to discuss tigers, and his next question was asked almost apologetically—a cajoling smile on his lips, as if to tell his father that he asked it not through fear but just for "make-believe."

"If he *did* get out, daddy, what would he do?"

Behind them a boy of thirteen heard the question and it fired his imagination.

"Oh, boy!" he spoke up enthusiastically. "What would he do? One big jump right into the crowd with those claws of his! Rip! Bang! He'd tear 'em up all right! Look at those big, yellow teeth! Say! If you ever got your head between those jaws!"

Cyrus Tuttle felt Henry's hand clutch his and grow moist with sudden perspiration as the village boy's vivid words pictured the tiger's escape. Wheeling sharply he silenced the graphic description with a stern look at the boy and then spoke very emphatically to Henry.

"But he *can't* get out, Henry! The cages are too strong. He *can't*—so why talk about it?" Then in a brisk and cheerful tone he said they better hurry along to the main tent lest they miss some of the real circus.

But being pulled away from the animals couldn't banish from Henry's mind the image of the great black-and-yellow-striped beast as it broke through the bars of its cage and leaped into the crowd with yellow fangs bared—spreading panic as it struck right and left with its terrible claws. He was still thinking about it that night at supper as his parents discovered by an abrupt question.

"Daddy, what do tigers eat when they are wild?" And Cyrus Tuttle told him that he supposed they ate deer and antelope.

"Raw, daddy, with blood on them?"

"Yes," his father admitted, "I suppose they do."

"Do they ever eat men, daddy, and little boys?" The pupils of Henry's eyes began to dilate with the fascination of the gruesome topic. Cyrus Tuttle saw that and his reply was reluctant.

"Why, son," he said, "*some* tigers are supposed *sometimes* to eat men if they can't eat anything else; but of course there aren't any tigers in America. You needn't think about that sort of thing at all."

"Where do circuses get them, daddy?"

"In India."

"Is India far from here?"

"Way, way across the ocean," Cyrus Tuttle assured him. "They couldn't possibly get to America even if they wanted to."

"Don't we have any bad animals in America, daddy?"

"Not around here."

"Not even up in the mountains at High-Meadow Lake where we're going camping?" Henry insisted.

"No, nothing. Absolutely nothing!" Cyrus Tuttle said emphatically. "And you've got to stop this business of frightening yourself with talk about imaginary animals or I shall have to refuse to take you at all. I don't want a 'fraid-cat' boy on a camping trip with me."

"All right, daddy. I'm not afraid, really. I just like to know things." Henry looked very subdued. His big eyes were troubled as he looked at his father. "You'll let me go, won't you, daddy?" And Cyrus Tuttle smiled quickly.

"Of course I will when my boy talks like that. I thought we would start tomorrow morning early."

"Oh-h-h!" cried Henry eagerly. "Tomorrow!" His face was alight with joy. "And can I take my knife and my hatchet?"

"You certainly may," his father told him.

"And we'll make griddle-cakes and fry bacon and catch fish and do all our own cooking?" His face was shining bright.

"Yes," agreed Cyrus Tuttle, delighting in his enthusiasm.

"And sleep on the ground like Indians, and get up early?"

"Yes."

"And can I sleep with my hatchet and my knife beside me?" Henry demanded. Then his face fell with abrupt shyness as he caught the indulgent smile exchanged by his father and mother. With quick deprecation he added: "Just for fun, daddy—not because I'm afraid."

"All right. You may do anything you want to."

"May I, mother?" Henry looked doubtfully at the latter, for he had learned that she was less given to free-handed permissions of that sort. "And may I light fires and put wood on?"

"You may if your father is there," agreed Alice Tuttle cautiously.

"Oh, daddy! Won't it be fun! And mother can't come because she is a girl and wouldn't like it. She'd be afraid of spiders, wouldn't she?" There was both triumphant superiority and regret in his voice.

"We must walk all the way there," his father stipulated, "and each one carry his pack."

"All right, daddy. How far will it be?" The reply was sturdy.

"It's about six miles up the mountains to High-Meadow Lake," Cyrus Tuttle calculated. "Do you think you can walk that far?"

"You'll let me sit down and rest, won't you, daddy?"

"Yes," agreed his father, "but there is to be no turning back once we start. You've got to be a man."

"All right. And will we carry a tent?"

"Yes. We may stay there four or five days. It all depends on how good a camper you are—how much of a man. No 'fraid-cats' on this trip. Remember that."

"I know," Henry answered stoutly.

So next morning early they started, each with his pack strapped to his shoulders — Henry with his little ten-cent hatchet gripped in his hand. Alice Tuttle followed them to the gate.

"Good-by, mother," Henry said in a very brave voice, the braver perhaps to conceal a sudden trepidation that swept over him at the last minute—perhaps also because in his mother's eyes he had caught the glisten of tears. "Good-by."

"Good-by, precious. Be mother's big boy—and careful not to cut yourself."

"I won't."

Then they were really off—passing the circus grounds on their way. The big tents had disappeared in the night. Just a few last circus trucks with gilded woodwork were still on the grounds. Henry looked in surprise.

"Where have they gone to, daddy?"

"Gone to another town. They pack up at night and move early in the morning. I suppose if we should go down to the railroad-station we would find their special circus train getting ready to leave."

"Do they put the animals on the train, daddy?"

"Yes."

"In their cages?"

"I suppose so. I have never seen them loaded."

"Oh." Henry's mind was immediately busy with the probable method of loading wild animals on to trains. There were no more questions until they had reached the foot-hills of the mountain and had begun to go up the old wood trail that led to High-Meadow Lake. Then he asked:

"Do you know the way, daddy?"

"Just follow the trail straight along."

"You couldn't get lost in the mountains, could you?"

"Not very well," Cyrus Tuttle told him. "All you have to do is keep on the wood road all the time—and if you go down-hill it will take you home."

"I wouldn't be afraid if I were lost," Henry announced.

"That's right. Never be afraid. Always keep cool and use your head. You won't get lost if you do."

"I know."

Silence for a while as they went up the steep trail. Sometimes, from the habit of home, Henry's hand sought his father's, but then it loosed itself again and the boy walked sturdily alone—

eyes flitting here and there, ears listening to forest noises. He was back in the mysterious jungles of India again, looking for tigers. His ten-cent hatchet was gripped tight.

"Daddy," he hazarded after a time, "daddy, would you be afraid of a tiger if you met him in the woods?" And Cyrus Tuttle laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, son, I suppose I would be—but there aren't any tigers to be afraid of."

"What would you do if you *did* meet one and he came for you?"

"I don't know," said his father. "I suppose I would try to get out of his way. Maybe I would build a fire. I think tigers are afraid of fire."

"Would they be afraid of a 'lectric flash-light like yours, daddy?"

"Well, I think they might if you flashed it in their eyes."

"Could you run as fast as a tiger?"

"No, I'm afraid not." Cyrus Tuttle looked anxiously at his son, realizing that the little chap was at the fascinating game of frightening himself again. "Now listen, Henry," he said sharply. "Stop talking and thinking about tigers any more. There *aren't* any here and they couldn't possibly get here."

"I know, daddy," Henry answered with quick submission. But Cyrus Tuttle, watching him from the corner of his eye, could see the boy's eyes shifting about through the trees—seeking for places where wild animals might be concealed. After a while, however, Henry's face was lifted up trustfully to his father's. "There really isn't anything in these woods that could hurt us, is there, daddy?"

"No, son, there is nothing. That's the way I like to have you talk. We are just going to have a fine camping trip and not worry about animals, aren't we? Even if we think about them, we are going to be reasonable and brave and tell ourselves they just don't exist."

"Yes." The boy's face was full of comradely trust. "We aren't afraid, are we? We wouldn't be afraid even if there *were* real animals."

After that there was no more talk of terrifying things. Hunger came and they ate. Thirst came and they drank from a spring—lying on their bellies and burying their mouths and noses in the fresh water.

"This is fun, isn't it, daddy? When will we be there?"

The boy was tired. Cyrus Tuttle saw him shifting his pack to ease shoulders that ached—but never a word came from him, nor did his father offer sympathy. That was part of the camping test.

Finally they reached High-Meadow Lake—a clear, cold little pond cupped in the hills up above the Hudson River. If it hadn't been for the shrill sound of a locomotive whistle that was suddenly blown up to them over the mountains from the railroad that skirted the river down below, they might have imagined themselves far away from civilization. Henry pricked his ears at sound of it.

"What was that, daddy?"

"The trains whistling."

"Maybe it's the circus train, daddy."

"Maybe." Cyrus Tuttle consulted his watch. "Yes," he assented, "it probably is the circus train. There are no passenger-trains at this hour." He paused and listened as the whistle blew again—long and loud with a series of short whistles after it. "But I can't imagine," he added, "why they keep it up that way."

"Sounds like a fire-alarm, daddy."

"Yes, it does a little," Cyrus Tuttle admitted. "I suppose circus trains make a lot of noise to attract attention. Well," he said as the insistent whistling kept up its series of long and short signals, "I think we'd better get busy and prepare our tent."

Together they set up their piece of canvas in the form of a three-sided shelter, and gathered leaves and pine-needles for beds. Then they hunted for worms to bait their hooks, the father pulling up rocks and stumps while Henry picked up the worms with nimble fingers. He went at it a little gingerly at first but with gathering courage as he discovered that the squirming things did not hurt.

"Will you put my worms on for me, daddy?" The question came hesitantly —reluctant to ask anything that might be considered unmanly. "They are so wriggly. I'm afraid of hurting them," he excused himself.

"All right," Cyrus Tuttle agreed. "Only I want you to watch daddy and learn how. Daddy doesn't enjoy putting worms on either but he does it just the same. If you want to be a real fisherman you must bait your own hook."

Silence then except for an occasional excited whisper from Henry to say that he felt a bite. They no longer paid any attention to the shrill whistling that had been going on for nearly an hour now down over the mountains to the railroad-track. Then a joyous cry from Henry and a face of triumph as he flung his first fish up onto the bank.

"Daddy! I caught a great big one! Look at him, daddy!"

Cyrus Tuttle smiled sympathetically at the boy's delight and he watched with pride as Henry even screwed up courage to take the fish off the hook himself. When it came to cleaning the fish with his beautiful, bone-handled knife, Henry was eagerness itself, but his joy was at its height when, with the sun setting, they built their crude fireplace of stones and began frying their fish over the crackling flames.

"Isn't it fun, daddy?" The little face glowed with enthusiasm and happy adventure, and Cyrus Tuttle decided contentedly that fear had been banished from the boy's mind for that night at least. He seemed to be entirely unconscious of the falling darkness, whereas at home darkness had always spelled terror to Henry. He would never go to bed alone.

Quiet had come down over the deeply shadowed lake. The noisy whistling of the locomotive had ceased. Cyrus Tuttle was fully satisfied over his experiment in camping with Henry. It was making a man of the too imaginative youngster.

Suddenly, however, the father saw Henry's eyes fix on a distant rock. The cheeks went pale. The lips trembled and Cyrus Tuttle saw the boy's throat muscles contract in that gulp that comes of terror. Henry faced his father with dilated eyes. His voice shook as he cried out:

"Daddy! *Daddy!* I saw a tiger!" In an instant he was in his father's arms, trying to hide his face in the paternal neck—not crying but shaking with fear.

"Son, son!" Cyrus Tuttle soothed. "It *couldn't* have been a tiger. Didn't daddy tell you that there *are* no tigers here and that they couldn't *possibly* get here." He laughed with gentle derision. "Now show me where it was and we will go there, and daddy will show you that it couldn't have been a tiger."

"I don't want to go, daddy. I'm afraid."

Cyrus Tuttle got to his feet, taking Henry's hand in his, and tried to lead him toward the big rock, but Henry held back—face ashen and eyes filled with hysterical terror.

"I don't want to go! Don't make me go, daddy!" He was gasping and shaking with dread, so his father abandoned the attempt.

"But you understand, don't you, that it *really* couldn't have been a tiger? You know daddy wouldn't lie to you!"

"What could it have been?" Henry still clung tight to his father.

"It might have been a dog — but probably it wasn't anything at all."

"It *looked* like a tiger, daddy." Henry was striving hard to be calm and reasonable. "I really think it *was* a tiger." His big brown eyes looked earnestly into his father's through a glaze of tears, and he tried to still the quiver of his mouth. *"Couldn't* we go home, daddy, to mother?"

"Now, son," Cyrus Tuttle argued with gentle reproach, "don't you remember daddy said there was to be no turning back once we started. No 'fraid-cats' on our camping trip. I want my boy to be brave—and it is brave to do anything when you are afraid to do it; so we are going to stay here to-night and you are going to be perfectly safe because you *know* there *couldn't* be a tiger up here. Aren't you?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Cyrus Tuttle could see by the tense look of dread in those dilated pupils, by the quiver of the sensitive mouth and the pallor of the cheeks that Henry was having a battle to be courageous. Then a smile—a brave smile that was meant to reassure his father—was forced to the trembling lips.

"All right, daddy," he said. Then more sturdily: "It's a good thing mother isn't here, isn't it? She would be afraid, wouldn't she? But I wouldn't be afraid even if it *was* a real tiger, would you? I've got a knife and a hatchet."

Henry gave just one more look at the tiger-rock and then sat down beside the fire again—naïvely trying not to let his father see that he was shifting his place so that the latter would be between him and the rock. His appetite was gone, however. Cyrus Tuttle noted it and determined to make the boy forget if he could.

"Let's go down to the spring and get some water," he suggested presently, getting up from the fire and taking Henry's hand in his.

The sun was well set by then and darkness falling rapidly. The father saw Henry give one covert glance over his shoulder in the direction of the now almost obliterated tiger-rock, but he made no protest. He was trying hard to master his fear—to keep it to himself.

"You are daddy's brave boy," Cyrus Tuttle said encouragingly as they stepped away from the fire into the darkness. The next instant he tripped—the toe of his boot having caught under the loop of an outgrown root—and he was flung forward to the ground with violence. In falling, a jagged rock struck his shin and there was a dull "plop." Cyrus Tuttle's leg was broken, though for a moment he didn't realize it. When he moved, trying to disengage the still entangled toe, the broken bone ends scraped the raw nerves, and a cry of agony broke from his lips.

"Daddy! *Daddy!"* wailed Henry at the sound. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yes, son," Cyrus Tuttle answered with exaggerated calm, for he didn't want to frighten the boy. "I've hurt myself rather badly. I'm afraid you'll have to help daddy."

The very calmness of his father's

oice, and the fact that he did not get p but lay inert where he had fallen, rought a flashing intuition of calamity o Henry.

"What's the matter, daddy?" he ried. "Why don't you get up?" The oor little voice was thrilling with anic.

"I've broken my leg, son," Cyrus 'uttle told him quietly, "and I can't get p because it hurts me too much, but laddy will be all right if you can help im."

"What shall I do?" Henry was stead-er at once. "Poor daddy!" he added ympathetically. "Is it broken right off? Von't you have any more leg?"

"No, dear, it isn't broken right off. Ay leg is still there but the bone inside s broken. I want you to see if you can et daddy's foot out from under that oot."

"All right."

In the darkness Henry's fingers took old of the tight-caught foot and pulled o loosen it. With the jarring of the roken bone ends the sweat poured out ll over the body of Cyrus Tuttle and, n spite of him, a low moan escaped his ips. Henry let go the foot with a fright-ned wail.

"Daddy! Daddy! I didn't mean it!" e sobbed—and stronger than his suf-ering there rose in Cyrus Tuttle a sen-ation of choking tenderness for the oy's pathetic remorse.

"I know you didn't, Henry," he aid, swallowing the lump that had isen to his throat. "You were helping laddy. Did you get it out?"

"No, daddy. I was afraid," Henry aid miserably.

"Is it a big root, son?"

"Not *very* big, daddy." Henry was naking a strong effort to control the uaver in his voice. "Maybe I could cut it with my knife. I *think* I could—if you opened it for me. It's a sharp knife, isn't it, daddy?"

"Yes, it's a dandy, son. Be careful not to cut yourself."

"Wouldn't mother be surprised if she could see me?" Henry said with a note of pride as, in the darkness, he began cutting sturdily. "I'm glad it's so sharp. I can really help you, can't I?"

"Yes, son."

"It's almost cut now, daddy." His voice was quite cheery. "There!" he cried after another few minutes. "Now you can pull your foot out."

Cyrus Tuttle pulled himself to a sitting position, and knew by the pain it caused him that something more than a simple fracture had taken place. He suspected that the bone had pierced the flesh.

"Can you walk now, daddy?" Henry asked eagerly, naïvely unsuspecting of the real significance of a broken leg.

"No, dear, daddy can't walk. He won't be able to walk until a doctor has made the broken bones grow together." Cyrus Tuttle felt a wave of weakness and nausea sweeping over him, nor was he able to keep back a groan.

"Oh, daddy," pleaded Henry tearfully, "does it hurt very much?"

"Pretty bad, son. Just don't talk to daddy for a minute, please."

"All right, daddy." The tone was beautifully sweet. Then for a few minutes there was silence while Cyrus Tuttle lay in pain—wondering what he was going to do. But the silence could not last. It was too much for Henry's troubled state of mind. "Daddy," he whispered. "Are you better now, daddy?"

"No, dear," his father answered, realizing that it was better for Henry to understand the truth. "Daddy's leg can't get any better right away. He needs a doctor to fix it. He's going to try to get back to the tent now—and you mustn't mind if he groans a little. He just can't help it."

It was excruciating work, that, dragging the broken leg along the ground—hitching along between gasps and groans, and trying for the sake of the distressed Henry not to show his full misgivings—but Cyrus Tuttle reached the canvas shelter and the fire at last. The nausea was very bad, however, and he desired water.

"Do you think, Henry, that you could go alone to the spring for some water?" he asked. "Daddy feels faint. Take the pail and the flash-light."

"Yes, daddy." Henry's response was quick and eager. He found flash and pail and started off. Then he hesitated. "Daddy," he asked, "would it be all right if I took my hatchet too? I'm not afraid," he added hastily, "only—only I just like to have it."

"Yes, dear," Cyrus Tuttle told him gently. "Take your hatchet."

The sound of Henry's feet grew dimmer in the darkness. Then:

"I'm all right, daddy," came his high-pitched voice. "I won't be long." Then again: "I'm at the spring, daddy." And Cyrus Tuttle knew the little fellow was bolstering up his courage by keeping contact by voice—so he kept calling back cheerfully too.

"All right, son. Don't hurry."

"I'm coming back now, daddy. Can you see my light?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Here I am." This was close at hand, and in another moment he was back beside his father. Then with eager solicitude, he found their tin cup, dipped it full from the pail of water, and held it to Cyrus Tuttle's lips.

"Thank you, son." He held up his hand and Henry put his warm little palm into it. It was a moment of very close communion between father and son. In Henry's brown eyes there welled up sudden tears of intense love. These he dashed aside with his sleeve, however, and in the darkness they passed unseen. He had no suspicion that his father's eyes were also moist.

For several minutes the two remained like that in perfect silence. Cyrus Tuttle was considering the gravity of their situation and wondering grimly what they could do. Henry also was thinking—making big decisions for a six-year-old boy, driving his imagination to obey his will and reaching with it courageous heights which his mother would not have believed possible for her timid boy.

"You can't get home, daddy, can you?" he demanded abruptly. "Not even if I help you?"

"Well," Cyrus Tuttle admitted reluctantly, "I don't know yet how I am going to manage it."

"Do you think anybody will find us?"

"Not likely, Henry."

"Will your leg get worse, daddy, if the doctor doesn't come right away?" asked the boy with queer intuition.

"Well, son, it may," Cyrus Tuttle admitted slowly. "I don't know just what happens to broken legs when the doctor doesn't fix them right away. Daddy may get feverish, but you mustn't be worried if he does." The father was trying to prepare his son for the complications he feared would result. Already the leg was swelling painfully.

Silence again while Henry's hand rested warmly in his father's. Then suddenly the boy spoke with startling resolution.

"Daddy, I could walk home and get mother." His child's mind had worked ogically to the one best thing to do—something Cyrus Tuttle would never have asked of him, but a thrill of pride went through him at the sturdy offer, and he desired—not for himself but for Henry's own moral sake—that the boy might accomplish the deed.

"Son," he answered him quietly, "you are a very brave boy to offer to go. I am very proud of you. Mother will be too."

"Could I take the 'lectric flash-light, daddy?"

"Certainly."

"And my hatchet? Tigers are afraid of hatchets, aren't they? You don't mind my wanting to take my hatchet, do you, daddy?" he asked with quick apology. "I'm not afraid, daddy. Anyway I can shine the 'lectric flash-light in their eyes if they come for me. And the road is straight down. I remember. There aren't any ways to go wrong, are there? Just down the hill all the time till I reach the bottom. Then I know where I am." He spoke with a cheery tone that was meant to be manly.

"Straight down, son. You can't get lost. There aren't any side roads. You are daddy's fine big boy."

"You won't mind being alone, will you, daddy?" There was a tremor in Henry's voice that he could not control, but the darkness concealed from his father the pallor of fear occasioned by the tricks his imagination was playing on him—visions of leaping beasts. "I'm your big brave boy, aren't I, daddy?" he concluded.

"Yes, you are," Cyrus Tuttle answered warmly, also glad of the darkness which concealed the lump he suddenly had to swallow. "You are daddy's very best boy. No 'fraid-cat' about you. Mother will be proud of you."

"She'll be surprised, won't she, when I come walking in all alone? It'll be kind of fun, daddy, to surprise her." Henry was trying to put into the background the pictures his imagination was conjuring up. "Where is the flash-light, daddy? I guess I'll go now."

"Here it is, son," Cyrus Tuttle said cheerfully, as if he had no suspicion of the boy's struggle. "Don't frighten mother about me. Don't tell her about my groans. Just say I broke my leg but am all right."

"All right, daddy. Good-by, daddy." Two little arms went about Cyrus Tuttle's neck, and a quivering mouth kissed his. There was a catch in the voice as the actual parting came, and Cyrus Tuttle feared a breakdown. His own eyes were smarting and that lump was up in his throat again. He had a qualm at letting that courageous lad go off into the darkness alone—knowing how he feared it, and the father clung to Henry's childish body, the impulse strong in him to keep him back, but before he could speak the boy said ruggedly: "It's going to be fun, isn't it, daddy? All alone with just a light and a hatchet? And I'll have my knife in my pocket, too, only I won't use it. You needn't worry."

"I won't worry," Cyrus Tuttle assured him. "I know you are all right."

"And tigers can't swim across the big ocean, can they?"

"No, son. You *really, really* don't have to think about tigers. There *can't* be any in these mountains. You know daddy wouldn't let you go if there were."

"I know. I'm not afraid. Maybe it was a dog I saw on the big rock—only it *looked* like a tiger—all yellow and black stripes—and it jumped down kind of soft and funny the way the one at the circus did. I won't be gone long, daddy. I'll run all the way if I can."

"Good-by, son."

"Good-by, daddy."

Henry turned his back resolutely, sending the beam of his flash-light out before him along the path that led to the wood road. His father watched the little figure stride away and blend into the night, the brave feet crackling on the dry twigs.

"Good-by, daddy." Henry's voice carried clear and resolute from the trail. "Can you hear me, daddy?"

"Yes, son. Good-by."

Twice more Henry and his father shouted, and then their voices could no longer span the distance. They were separated beyond recall. A desolate feeling of loneliness swept over Cyrus Tuttle at that, and he knew Henry was probably experiencing the same emotion but far more poignantly. His heart filled with remorse and misgiving. Poor, brave little shaver! Would he have the courage to go on?

Straining his ears, Cyrus Tuttle lay listening — hoping, wishing that he might hear Henry come running back. But there was no sound—just the swish of an evening breeze stirring the treetops. And his anxiety grew. He shouldn't have let Henry go. He knew his wife wouldn't have permitted him to—and yet it was a wonderful test. Wonderful!

Those sturdy little legs! The hatchet grasped in the small fist! And the precious knife in his pocket! Cyrus Tuttle's heart swelled. His throat felt tight and his eyes stung. Brave little lad! The father pictured him as he must be striding along down the dark trail—stumbling, getting up, flashing his light ahead, gripping his hatchet—his imagination manufacturing tigers behind every dark patch. Blessed, blessed boy! His mother would be surprised.

Suddenly a big, lithe, yellow-and-black-striped form leaped over a seven-foot bush and stood in the flickering light of Cyrus Tuttle's fire. Gleaming eyes, a switching tail, square head with ears flattened back! The terrible yellow fangs of a great Bengal tiger! A snarl that sent Cyrus Tuttle's blood cold and tore a scream of terror from his lips! Then the beast was gone—bounding off along the wood trail that Henry had taken. The father could hear the light thud! thud! of the padded paws; then a sniff and the long-drawn, hungry whine that told him the tiger had picked up the fresh scent of the boy Henry. Another light snapping of a twig as he ran down the road! And silence.

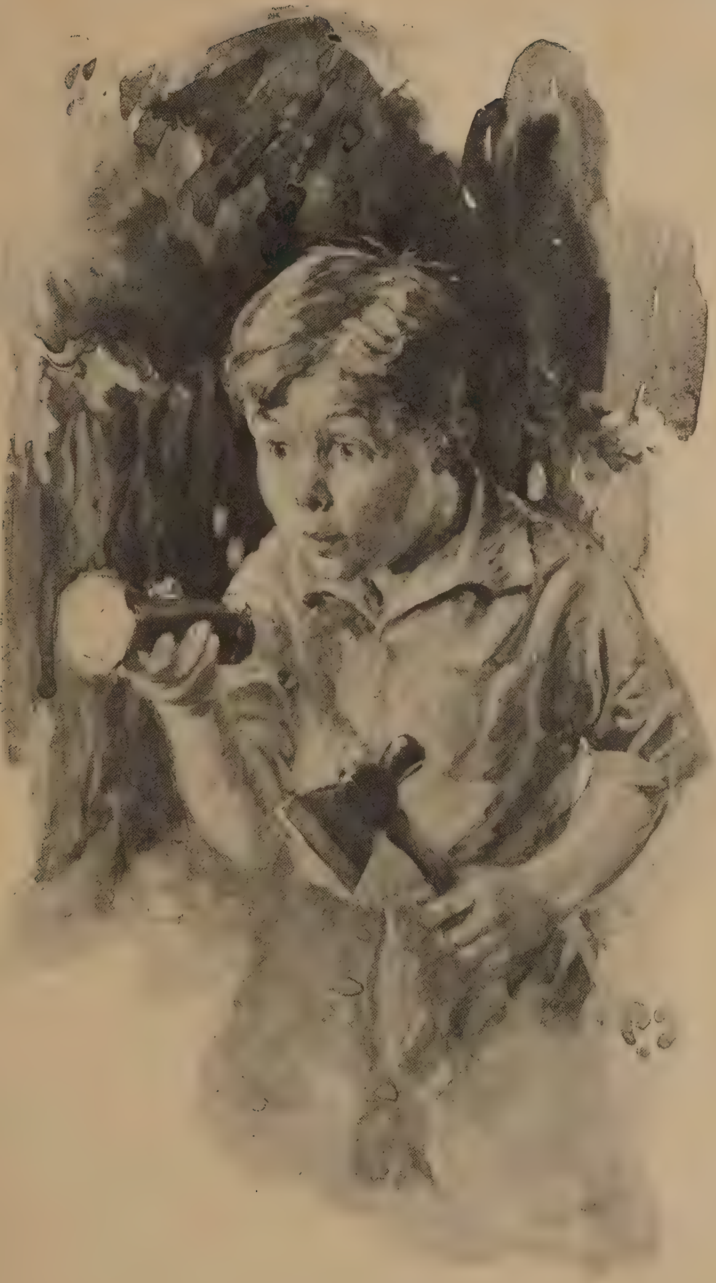
Cyrus Tuttle's courage broke—and he shouted hoarsely:

"Son! *Son!*" But Henry was beyond the reach of his father's voice—a hungry tiger trailing him. Still Cyrus Tuttle called, sick with horror, shuddering and sweating: "Son! *Son!*"

He began dragging himself along the ground down the trail, his broken leg dragging and bumping the roots and stones, moaning, gritting his teeth, calling to Henry. Frantic, he saw the childish body mangled, torn to shreds, devoured—just as they had watched the beasts rend and devour their raw meat at the circus.

Cyrus Tuttle recalled then the mad, hysterical whistling of the locomotive that morning — signalling, spreading the alarm that a tiger had escaped from the circus train. A careless attendant, the fury and sudden fearful strength of the great Bengal tiger! A leap to the ground from the moving train!

Henry's tiger had been real. Cyrus Tuttle shut his eyes and groaned as he



"Good-by, Daddy."

From a painting by Paul Martin.

recalled his own foolish words of reassurance that it *couldn't* be a tiger.

"Son! *Son!*" he shouted in anguish. Overwhelmed, sick with dread, he lay in the trail and listened for the tiger's snarling whine to repeat itself. But no sound came.

Perhaps already the beast had drawn near Henry. Perhaps already he was creeping, belly to the ground, preparing for his spring! The vision was horribly vivid and Cyrus Tuttle groaned through teeth that were gritted.

On again he went—hitching himself, dragging the agonized leg, sweating with pain and nausea, yet almost unconscious of it all—his mind with the fine little lad who was hurrying bravely down the hill to bring assistance.

Gasping and crying now! Calling out! Blaspheming! Henry's name torn constantly from his lips, accusing himself for not having listened to the boy's repeated statement that he had seen a tiger.

"Henry! *Henry!*"

Three-quarters of an hour passed like that, during which Cyrus Tuttle dragged his mutilated leg over the rough trail, seeking vainly to overtake his son. Then suddenly he heard men's voices behind him, coming down the wood road that he had just passed over. There was also the yap of a dog. Lights appeared and the men's voices became words.

"He's getting the scent hot now. He's pulling hard." Then an excited exclamation: "God! There's a man lying in the road! From the camp back there! The tiger must have got him!"

There was a clatter of feet and the men surrounded Cyrus Tuttle. He understood at once that they were men from the circus who were hunting the tiger with the dog. They had followed the spoor up over the mountains from the railroad. Breathlessly they questioned him.

"Down the trail!" he begged. "My boy is down the trail! All alone! The tiger smelled him! Hurry!" He saw the ghastly shake of one man's head—the furtive look. "Hurry!" he shouted.

"The dog is pulling," one of them said. "Maybe we ain't too late." But Cyrus Tuttle knew he believed it *was* too late.

The men hurried off, following in the lead of the eager dog who was straining at his leash. Directly down the road. The scent was fresh and the dog whined. The last Cyrus Tuttle heard was the dog's sharp yelp of satisfaction as he picked up an odor that told him the tiger was near. Then for nearly an hour—a horrible, horrible hour—the father lay exhausted in the wood road, straining his ears for sounds of their return; and all the time his imagination was at work visualizing scenes that made him shiver and curse.

Finally there came the flash of a lantern and Cyrus Tuttle saw one of the men coming back up the trail. His feet lagged. Beside Cyrus Tuttle he stopped. His arm reached out and he put a bone-handled knife into the father's hand.

"We found it in the road," he said pityingly. "Guess it belonged to your boy—but there was no sign of *him.*" He broke off as if he found it hard to tell the rest.

Cyrus Tuttle felt a deathly faintness sweep over him.

"Go on," he managed to say. "Tell me."

"Well"—the man cleared his throat—"the dog left the road there and we trailed the tiger to a cave in the rocks."

Cyrus Tuttle felt the world swaying

about him, but he had to ask one more question.

"And was there any sign of—of—my boy—inside the cave?" His voice broke and turned into a strangled cry.

"Nobody can't get into the cave now," the circus man told him. "We wouldn't none of us dare. In the morning when more help comes we'll be able to make the tiger come out and catch him in a net. We've got the entrance netted now."

"Help me to get up on my foot," Cyrus Tuttle said. "Take me to the cave."

"It ain't no use, mister. You wouldn't find nothing—now."

Then Cyrus Tuttle's shoulders began to shake and the circus man laid a rough hand on them—pity in the touch, but there was nothing he knew how to say to a man who was sobbing with the agonized sounds that Cyrus Tuttle was making. They were torn from his breast and seemed to wrench his very heart loose with them—and ever before his eyes the vision of a bloodthirsty tiger with the limp form of a small boy held between the great jaws—the beast bounding off the trail into the woods until a cave was found into which he could retreat with his kill.

Cyrus Tuttle's hand clasped with frantic tenderness about the little bone-handled knife and he seemed almost to feel again the soft, warm palm of his son.

"How soon will more men come?" he managed to ask. "To open the cave?"

"We've sent already for more men and a truck." He broke off to listen. "Seems like I heard an auto now," he exclaimed.

"With more men you can do something right away?" Cyrus Tuttle asked.

"We'll try, mister—but you've got to understand—" His voice trailed off into pitying silence.

On came the sound of the automobile, toiling up the uneven wood road, the sound of the engine growing constantly more clear. After a time the two men began to see flashes of the headlights, and then it swung around a turn, throwing the blinding glare directly on them.

"Hey!" shouted the circus man waving his arms. "Slow up!"

The motor roared for a second and then stopped. In the silence there came the high-pitched voice of a child.

"It's daddy, Doctor Price, and another man with him."

"Son!" Cyrus Tuttle called wildly. *"Son!"*

"I'm coming, daddy." There was the patter of feet and the bobbing of an electric torch as Henry ran forward. Then two arms were flung about Cyrus Tuttle's neck and he held the dear, slender body of his son close to him, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Are you crying, daddy?"

"Yes, darling. I'm so glad to see you."

There came a sniffle from Henry at that and the arms clasped his father tighter.

"I didn't know you ever cried," he sobbed, a mixture of relief and disillusionment in his voice. "I wanted to, but wouldn't let them come." Another convulsive hug and sob. "And, daddy, that dog followed me all the way down the mountain. I thought it was a tiger and was afraid; but I *knew* it was only a dog, daddy, because you said it *couldn't* be a tiger—so I told him to go home, and flashed my light in his eyes—and then I threw a stone at him, daddy, and he *did* go home. Was I brave, daddy?"

"Yes, you were, son. You are daddy's big boy." Cyrus Tuttle could hardly articulate the words.

"But I *was* afraid, daddy. Do you mind?"

"No, son, that's why you were brave. And where is mother?"

"I didn't tell mother, daddy. I just went right to Doctor Price and told him. I didn't want to scare mother. She's just a girl, isn't she? And she might have seen the dog, too, and thought it was a tiger—and then she'd have been afraid. Was that all right, daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm glad." Henry's voice was very stout and cheery. Suddenly, however, the note changed to a despairing wail, while his hands sought frantically in trouser-pockets. "Daddy! *Daddy!*" he cried, "I've lost my—my bea-u-tiful knife, my nuh-new knife with the bone handle. Oh, *daddy!* Do you *mind?*"

* * *

The Three-Bottle Story

BY MURIEL MOORE

Lat Goodhue was lazy. He was deliberately lazy, he cultivated his laziness, relished it, delighted in it, was proud of it. He was not indolent or inactive; not languorous, heavy, idle; not these! He was lazy. Too lazy to own anything beyond a few clothes and a typewriter, he explained that he was too lazy to die, and the typewriter kept him from starvation. When there was no coin left in his pockets he went to see the Editor. Leaning against the office door, saving himself the trouble of getting up after sitting down, he inquired:

"What's it to be this time?"

"Oh, one bottle ought to do it, Lat."

There were one-bottle stories and three-bottle stories.

"Can you let me have it in a week?"

"Sure."

Back in his room in a West Side boarding-house near the river Lat Goodhue took the typewriter out of its case, went over it carefully, inked, tapped, dusted, polished; then set many packages of cheap cigarettes on the table, matches, a glass, long sheets of blue paper, and the bottle. Now that everything was ready, he lay down on the bed. He could never decide which object in the room was most distasteful to him. Was it the chocolate-and-gold wall-paper, or the elaborately framed engraving of the "Stag at Bay," or the green plush rocking-chair on a set frame to keep it from swaying too far (so like most people's minds), or perhaps the brown portières that reminded him of liquid mud, or did he most loathe the clammy lace curtains at the window? The effort of deciding wearied him. He closed his eyes. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called. His landlady stood in the doorway. "It's Mr. Herzog on the phone," she explained. "He wants you to go out to dinner with him." Lat shook his head. She saw the writing-table, the whiskey; also his boots on her clean bedspread. She sighed. That sigh was one of Lat Goodhue's great personal triumphs.

"What'll I say?"

He made a gesture of indifference.

"I'll tell him you're busy," she decided, and closed the door.

As soon as it was too late he was sorry. He could hear her down-stairs telling Jake that he was busy. Whenever she telephoned she filled the house with clamor. How noisy the woman was! He'd been a fool to refuse. It amused him to dine with Herzog, to puzzle and baffle him through an evening. For Jake Herzog was ambitious. He wanted much, very much; nearly everything he saw. Fortunately, Jake saw only what with luck and perseverance he might acquire. Lat mournfully examined the carpet. Who planned such carpets, made designs for such roses, chose such colors? Somebody ought to be shot at dawn. There were men with half his talent who made money, lots of money, writing. If he would work—that was what Jake said. He answered that he was too lazy. It was his right, wasn't it? Nobody dependent on him. He'd never married. Great Scott! If he had married! He left it to other men to desire and possess in ceaseless rotation. If he died in a room with purple machine-woven roses on the floor, it was his own affair.

It was getting late. Lat got up from the bed. What should he write about? There would have been so much to say had he not known that everything had been said; he was thousands of years too late. Why not open the bottle? He did it carefully and sniffed the contents. Excellent! Jim never failed him. Lat Goodhue sat down, poured out a half-glass, gulped; instantly he became alert, the story that for days had been a vague dream in the back of his mind was clear and vivid to his imagination. Eagerly his fingers sought the keys of the typewriter. . . .

A voice was saying, "Coffee, here's your coffee," and he knew that it was morning. The familiar room was hazy to him; filled with the fog of semiunconsciousness. Through it he heard the booming voice of his landlady as a sailor hears the roar of surf and by the volume of sound guesses how near he is to danger. He managed to raise the cup to his lips without spilling and drank in choking swallows. He could not yet distinguish his landlady's words, but he knew by the bellowed andante of her reproach that all was well. As usual, she was picking up the scattered pages of manuscript that littered the floor and putting them in a neat pile on the bureau. He hoped Jim would be pleased, that it was one of his amusing stories. Later he would read it and perhaps make a few changes; now, of course, he couldn't for the life of him remember a word he had written. He never could remember! He closed his eyes, the empty cup slid into the hollow of his hip, the clamorous voice became a bell ringing very far off, tolling the waves. It would be a clear day and he would go sailing . . . if the wind held, the fog would lift. . . .

Four times, five times, a year Lat Goodhue needed cash and wrote under the urge of hunger and the stimulus of whiskey. Never without, for his impatient spirit fretted beneath the labor of rewriting, when in the exaltation induced by alcohol he could immediately achieve the excellence not otherwise his without long hours of toil. One tale he intended to write when he was sober, and it was to be his masterpiece. Some day he would be willing to do without the bottle and search until he found the words that would express the anguish and torment and despair of work! Meanwhile Lat spent his dollars thriftily, knowing that when they were gone he must go to the Editor. But the day when there was no more money came always, no matter how carefully he economized, with relentless speed. And this time Jim demanded one of his long stories. Three bottles were wrapped in brown paper, and Lat carried them with a heavy heart to his lodging-house and set them out on the bureau in his room. Then he telephoned Jake Herzog. He wanted good food before the night's exhausting labor. But Jake had a guest, and they were going at about nine o'clock to Fergus Eliot's studio. Who might he be? A sculptor; he had made a bust of Jake Herzog's friend. Lat might join them, or, no, they had better call for him; the studio was not an easy place to find.

If he could not have the very best dinner Jake could buy for him, he preferred to eat nothing; so Lat ate no dinner. Hunger sharpened one's sensibilities. When the car was at the door they were very sharp indeed, Lat's sensibilities; so keen that Jake Herzog's cigar, his fine linen, and the carnation in his buttonhole could not do more than lessen the odor that each race carries always within its pores. Jake's friend had also his faint musty personal odor, that came through, as the body warmed, in spite of expensive French soap and toilet-waters. Lat's nerves tortured him all the long way down to Fergus Eliot's studio. When finally the car stopped, he followed the two men up a dark staircase, stumbling out of nervous blindness over small obstacles, too lazy to invent excuses for getting away from them.

Even to Lat Goodhue it seemed a shabby place, this studio. The floor was far from clean, for clay is messy, and food was cooked on the stove in the right-hand corner, and Fergus Eliot washed first the dishes and then his lean brown body over the sink near the door. He smoked incessantly; crumbs, matches, ashes fell disregarded, and sometimes also hairpins. He much preferred women with long hair because of the incomparable gesture of hands busy at the nape of the neck. Two stiff chairs and a table was all the furniture, and the table he kept for books—he ate his meals on the top of a barrel.

Lat wondered how Jake Herzog's fat friend had put up with these surroundings during the sittings for the portrait, and how Jake would endure this austere poverty should he decide to immortalize his tissue in one of Fergus Eliot's bronzes.

Under the skylight, in the centre of the room, was the modelling-stand. On it the sculptor placed, one after the other, without haste and without vanity, the figures he was completing for his first New York exhibition. He had fashioned them of wood, of ivory, bronze, and marble. Sometimes he deftly gilded, sometimes, with a craftsmanship so knowing that only fellow artists could realize his expert knowledge and technic, he lacquered upon wood. And some were simple as a pebble, and some were subtle as a wave, and it seemed to Lat's exquisitely sharpened senses that they chanted together in low voices of their delight at having been made by Fergus Eliot's hands. And he forgot Jake Herzog and Jake Herzog's friend; he no longer saw the shabby furniture, the soiled walls, the dirty clay-smeared floor; he forgot his hunger and his weariness; even his humility passed from him, and Lat Goodhue burned with lust for work. He left them suddenly, without good-bys, and found a taxi quickly, and told the man to hurry. Then, in his room, he cursed himself. No longer would he find delight in idling; indolence he would put from him; never again would he be lazy! He would win back to the road, find the strength to walk the road, and come to love the thorns along the road that led through work to work. Out came the typewriter, cigarettes and matches, the long sheets of blue paper. Now was the moment, this was the night in which to write his masterpiece! He sat at the table, lit a cigarette, and with thin nervous fingers already suspended over the keys looked up and saw the three bottles of whiskey.

Dawn in the sky. Gray dawn. Birds chirping. A boat loudly blows its horn. Intermittent trolleys, a taxi horn, and the boat horn again. The rumble of wheels. The birds waking and chirping as though the city were green fields. Turquoise in the sky; the high apartment-houses sombre like granite slopes in Alpine hills, their windows slowly take the shimmerings of sunlight. The crests of mountains wear this same sober gray and little pools flush softly into pink, as do the windows of these stern buildings. Lat Goodhue slept; noon; and yet he slept. In the late afternoon he woke. His landlady was standing near the bed. "It's Mr. Herzog," she explained. "He's down-stairs." But Jake had followed; he stood over his friend. "Sick?" he asked.

"Sure," Lat murmured. "Been writing. Sit down, Jake."

Herzog took Lat's hot dry hands in his.

"You had a queer look in your eyes when you went off so suddenly, last night. It's been worrying me."

"I've done it," Lat began—"at last."

"Done what?"

"Only I didn't mean to write it as—as usual, in the same old way! You see, it was that sculptor chap—what's his name?"

"Fergus Eliot?"

"Yes, and going to the studio."

"What of it?" Jake was puzzled.

"He works."

"Lots of men work. I work."

Lat smiled indulgently. Then, "I've done it," he began again.

"Done what?" It was like a nightmare. Lat pulled himself farther up on the limp pillows. He noticed that he hadn't undressed, he was still in the worn brown suit of the day before.

"I've been awfully lazy," he explained. "Deliberately. What's the use of slaving just to turn out third-rate stuff? But that sculptor—perhaps at first he didn't do first-rate stuff; but he worked, and went on working, and now—as an artist—I'm not in his class! Or—wasn't," he amended. "Then last night—" He laughed softly, looked up and said again, with deep pride: "This time, I've really done it."

Jake sat silent, but he looked about the room and his eyes widened. Lat went on: "When I'm sober—I'm a bundle of nerves, just ordinary nerves; but when I'm drunk, they're catgut—violin-strings, and the whiskey is the bow—it plays tunes on me. The more

I take the finer the music, only it makes me deathly sick!"

"I see it does."

"Last night," Lat continued, "after seeing those things—when I got home, I wrote. I wrote as beautifully as I can write."

"That's fine! Now come on up to the house, Lat. It's awful here."

Lat sat on the edge of the bed, one hand covering his eyes.

"I'm pretty sick." He looked it, too, Jake thought. "But it's good to have done really fine writing, if only once. I'll never be able to do it again. Too late. Much too late. I know that! But a man is judged by his best work."

"Of course."

"And that's my best work." Lat waved his hand toward the table. "I'll be judged and remembered by last night's work. If I'd slaved all my life, I couldn't have done any better. It's—it's a great story, Jake. It's first-class! And I know."

"Let's be getting along."

"You'll be proud to know me after that's published. Maybe Jim'll give me enough for it so's I can buy one of Fergus Eliot's figures. How much does he get for 'em? A couple of hundred?"

"A couple of thousand," said Jake drily.

Lat shivered. His hands wavered on his knees.

"But—but the studio?"

"He keeps it bare and empty on purpose. Likes it that way. Puts every penny he makes into experimenting with art stuff—lacquers, bronzes. I couldn't live like that."

"No," said Lat slowly. "You couldn't live like that, Jake."

He stood up and the room whirled around him.

"Jake," he said faintly.

"Dizzy?"

"It passes." He smiled.

"Bring your story along and read it to me. Where is it?"

"Usually, it's everywhere." Lat looked about the room uneasily, holding on to the bed.

"I'll call that woman," Jake suggested. "She must have been in and put it away."

"No," said Lat. "She hasn't been in."

"Then where is it? Better let me call her."

Lat held out an arresting hand, the hand that was not holding the bed.

"You go on up to the house, Jake. Go, go right along. I'll follow—later."

"Well," said Jake, and left.

Lat Goodhue sat down on the edge of the bed. He sat quite still, his hands folded across his chest. The corners of the room were blurred, there was a mist creeping out of them. After what seemed a long, long time, he heard his landlady's voice. She was puffing, the stairs were steep. He noticed that the third button on her blouse didn't match the others.

"What's the matter?" He didn't answer and she looked about the disordered room.

"What ye done with it?" Her voice was rising. "Ye know ye never can remember what it is ye've written—it is blotted out from ye by the drink. What have ye done with it?"

He could only look at her.

"Oh, Mr. Goodhue, now try and remember! What did ye do with all them sheets of paper?" She must have sewn the button on her blouse with wire to have it hold against the strain of such panting.

"Coffee," was all he said.

When she had gone to fetch it he lay down on the bed and contemplated the room. He never would be able to decide what he most hated in it. Soon she was back with a pot of coffee.

"You are a very kind woman," he gasped.

"Oh, and I'm not kind to those that don't deserve kindness," she boomed. "Now do be tellin' me what ye did with all them papers that should have been on the floor this day?"

He answered very slowly, between sips: "I tore it up."

She went to the scrap-basket. She looked under the bed and behind the bureau. There was no paper to be found anywhere. She came again to the bed and stood looking down at Lat Goodhue. On the table stood the three bottles of whiskey, empty. He faced her, smiling, hands trembling.

"I tore it up," he repeated. "That story was no good."

"Tore it up!" she cried. "Tore it up! I know what happened. Ye were that drunk ye wrote all through the night without ever noticing ye had no paper in the typewriter!"

Lat answered her gently: "You wouldn't have me publish a story that wasn't any good? You wouldn't have me do that?" he asked.

Their eyes met. Without warning she let the tray crash to the floor, and burst into loud sobs. She rocked back and forth, her apron over her face.

"It was your best work!" she wailed. "I listened at the door."

Lat lay very still on his crumpled pillows. Presently she bent and swept the fragments of broken china together with the side of the tray, and lifted them into her apron. Then she went out softly, without looking back. He heard her down-stairs, talking on the telephone, filling the house with clamor. He closed his eyes that he might not see the chocolate-and-gold wall-paper, for there floated in his memory figures sculptured out of wood, and out of ivory, and out of marble, and some were subtle as a wave and some were simple as a pebble. Fergus Eliot had used words in ways new to him; of a woman's hair, heaped on one shoulder, he had said that it was "lovely ornament." . . . Two things Lat Goodhue had found to his liking—writing and not writing. When he was not writing he was living, and when he was writing he was drunk.

* * *

When a Woman Governor Campaigns

BY CECILIA HENNEL HENDRICKS

Can women stand the strain of practical politics? This story of Governor Nellie Ross's campaigning in the great open spaces of Wyoming shows how at least one woman did. Mrs. Hendricks was a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction at the time of which she writes.

"Campaigning is a man's job. No woman can stand such strenuous work and meet the demands made on physical strength throughout a whole campaign. She is bound to break down before the election."

This was the general opinion freely expressed by the general public regarding a woman in politics. After Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross's two years as chief executive of a sovereign State, there was no longer any question of a woman's ability to govern the affairs of a commonwealth, or to stand the strain of a legislative session. Not many men governors have handled the job with as much efficiency. At the close of the 1925 legislature Honorable J. C. Underwood, Republican, who was leader of the majority party and Speaker of the House during the session, turning to Governor Ross, said: "Governor Ross, those of us who have had the privilege to participate for several sessions in the work of the legislature know how exacting and onerous are the duties which a session thrusts upon a governor. I want to say to you that, in my experience, no governor has handled these duties with greater courtesy, with greater accuracy, or with more ability."

But travelling by automobile into every corner of a State the size of Wyoming, attending three, four, even seven, meetings a day and making speeches at every one, with jumps of anywhere from five to fifty miles between meetings, at the same time keeping in touch with the executive office at Cheyenne daily and attending to every matter needing attention, is far different from sitting in that office and directing affairs of state. Until Governor Ross showed how a woman can campaign, there were no data available on the subject, for no woman had ever made a complete canvass of her State as a candidate for governor.

Wyoming is a large State. It is 275 miles north and south, and 365 miles east and west. It contains a hundred thousand square miles of land. Railroads as yet traverse only a limited part of it. If you will imagine a rectangle with lines meandering somewhat irregularly from the two upper corners and the lower left-hand corner to meet near the lower right-hand corner, you will have roughly an idea of the parts of Wyoming that are served by railroads. Between the three spokes of this fan are great areas many miles from a train, which, because of the mountains, probably always will be. To reach all parts of Wyoming it is necessary to travel by automobile. Governor Ross's itinerary, therefore, was planned for a trip by auto, and, travelling in that way, she did something no candidate for governor in Wyoming had ever before done, and that is actually to visit practically every city, town, and hamlet in the entire State.

Meetings were held as early as nine in the morning and as late as ten at night. They were held in homes, in city and country community houses, in town halls, in theatres, in school-buildings, and in churches. It took about seven weeks to cover the State, with various hurried trips back to Cheyenne for important executive matters or regular board meetings.

Throughout the campaign Governor Ross was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kimball, of Casper, and practically all the travel was done in their Hudson car. Mr. Kimball was the Democratic candidate for secretary of state, the official who, in the State government of Wyoming, corresponds to lieutenant-governor in many other States. Tall, dignified, scholarly in bearing and speech, Mr. Kimball impresses one as being a university professor rather than the business man he is. He is a pioneer in Wyoming, having to his credit forty-five years of residence in the State, a good many of them while Wyoming was still a Territory. Nine terms, at various times, he has served as mayor of Casper, the largest city in the State, and it is only because of his unconditional refusal to serve again that he is not now mayor. In fact, his friends all said that his chief reason for running for a State office was to escape their importuning him to serve again as mayor of Casper. Mrs. Kimball was for many years superintendent of a hospital training-school for nurses, and is chief of the Wyoming State Board of Examiners for granting nurses' certificates. Cheerful, serene, capable of meeting any situation that arises, she was the "official observer" of the party. Throughout a large part of the State, United States Senator John B. Kendrick was a member of the party, and for some time his daughter, Miss Rosa-Maye, now Mrs. Hubert Harmon, of London, was along, driving the senator's car. "My chief difficulty," Senator Kendrick said to me after his daughter had gone back to Trail's End, their home near Sheridan, "was each time to alter what I said enough that Mrs. Kimball and Rosa-Maye couldn't quote my speech at me afterward entire from beginning to end."

At the very beginning of the campaign Governor Ross laid down one rule. "This is a business mission, not a social one," she said. "When I am not out on business I shall be most happy to visit with my friends everywhere over the State, and enjoy their generous hospitality. But not on this trip." And she held to the rule. Everywhere she was invited to dinner, and to stay overnight in private homes. But in practically every case she stayed at hotels and had her dinner served in her room, that she might get an hour of rest between the day and the night meetings.

At noon there were frequent community dinners, or lunch was served the party at a private house. At noon Governor Ross always remained with the party, but in the evening she held to her rule of an hour to herself. In addition to this, she seized any opportunity for a bit of rest. She even took naps on the back seat of an auto, on long rides between stops. Perhaps it might as well be said here as anywhere that Governor Ross began to gain in weight from the first week of the trip, and during the latter weeks she laughingly expressed her opinion that, if the campaign did not soon end, she would be forced to undergo a reducing regimen as soon as she was again settled.

The ability to conserve her strength is a typical example of the good sense Governor Ross showed in all the affairs of the campaign. With unfailing clearness she considered every matter that arose, and with decision gave her answer. She refused to bother herself with minor details of the schedule, but conserved her energy for the important matters of the campaign.

Yet she was never too busy to think of others. At Greybull, for instance, she remembered the aged grandmother at the Griffin Inn. Having stopped at the inn some months before, Governor Ross had met "Grandma," as everybody calls the old lady, and had shared with her some flowers that had been presented. This time, when we started out in the morning of the day we were scheduled for Greybull, Governor Ross took with her a box of flowers for "Grandma." The dear old lady was almost beyond words at the remembrance, especially when the flowers proved to be hothouse roses. It was at Greybull, too, that Governor Ross, at a ladies' afternoon reception, inquired after an invalid whom she had met previously. On learning that the lady was feeling too badly to leave home on that day, Governor Ross took the time to go to her house and make a little call there.

At Burlington, a village in Bighorn County, a little girl not more than nine years old played the piano for the audience to sing "America." After the programme Governor Ross asked specially to talk with Elda Neeves, and there is one little girl who all her life will treasure the kindly praise given her by Wyoming's first woman governor.

The singing of "America" was an unfailing part of every programme we found as we went along. It was usually the first number. Its inclusion on the programme at Powell afforded an illustration of Governor Ross's readiness to meet any situation, however sudden and unexpected. It happened that the orchestra that played while the audience was assembling had another engagement for the evening at Cody, twenty-five miles away, and had to leave at a set time to make this trip. The crowd was so large that the meeting was a little late in starting. By this time the orchestra had left, and when "America" was announced no one was immediately at hand to play the accompaniment. As soon as Governor Ross heard this, she at once said: "I'll play for you." And she did, to the great pleasure of the audience, for not everybody has the opportunity of singing a national song to a governor's accompaniment on the piano.

The night we were at Lovell we also made speeches at Cowley, the two meetings, five miles apart, running simultaneously. Governor Ross and Mr. Kimball started at Cowley, while Senator Kendrick and I held forth at Lovell. As soon as one was done speaking a car was ready to rush him to the other meeting. Before Governor Ross came to Lovell the song-leader of the town led the audience in singing various patriotic and popular songs. Under her direction the audience learned a ditty of greeting, and sang it with great gusto as Governor Ross entered.

At Glenrock, Parkerton, and Douglas the Glenrock-Parkerton band, or the Glenpark Band, as it is generally called, one of the best bands of the State, the one that always presents the musical programme at the State fair, played for the meetings. On each occasion the band used the same tune when the governor entered. It is interesting to know that the song chosen for her entry was "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

This reminds me of a story we heard at Douglas. The party was joined there for the day by Mrs. Cresswell, then county treasurer of Converse County, and her deputy, Mr. Richard Swormstedt. Some time before Mr. Swormstedt had gone to his old home at Baltimore, Md., on a visit, and incidentally he visited a fraternal organization in which he held membership when he lived there. He was called on as a visitor to say something. He made the usual remarks proper to such an occasion and sat down. But immediately he was called up again.

"You are from Wyoming! Tell us all about your lady governor! What about her? Do you all like her?"

Mr. Swormstedt smiled and shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "we don't just like our Governor Nellie Ross. We *love* her."

Wyoming is a most pleasant State in which to campaign. Fall weather in Wyoming means for weeks what Eastern States enjoy occasionally and call Indian summer. In all the weeks Governor Ross covered the State, only twice were there rain and snow and bad roads. On one of these occasions, however, she had thrills more than enough to satisfy any desire for excitement.

On October 28 we had five meetings at Parkerton and Glenrock, running daytime and evening meetings at both places. It was late that night when the last meeting was over. Governor Ross was scheduled to address the high school at Douglas at nine the next morning. As Douglas was twenty-seven miles from Glenrock, it was necessary to make the trip after the night meeting at Glenrock. Governor Ross's usual escort, the Kimballs, took advantage of their closeness to Casper to spend the night in their own home. The governor started to Douglas about midnight in a car driven by Dr. J. H. Hylton, who is State chairman of the Democratic party in Wyoming. Rain and snow during the day had made the roads very bad. Progress was necessarily very slow and cautious. In spite of Doctor Hylton's care, the car, suddenly striking an unusually soft spot, lurched to the side of the road and slipped sidewise down the embankment. The passengers all expected it to tip, but it did not upset.

One o'clock at night is an unholy hour for a doctor, or any man, to find himself and his car in the ditch, miles away from any help except that of four women, one of them a governor. Doctor Hylton diagnosed the case, told each woman what to do, and they proceeded to work. Wyoming women have lots of push, it might be remarked in passing. I know of one occasion when two school-teachers and a minister's wife pushed a car up a steep hill when the engine refused to work. I can vouch for the incident, because I was driving the car. But to return to the governor's party. They did excuse Governor Ross from pushing on this occasion, but she had to wade deep mud to keep out of the way. After half an hour or so of strenuous effort the car was worked back up on the highway and the party proceeded to Douglas, arriving there after 2 A. M. That day Governor Ross spoke at seven meetings!

In one hamlet in the northeast part of the State Democrats are rather scarce, one woman and three men comprising the total list in the precinct. When announcement was made that Governor

Ross would be present at a meeting in this village, the one Democratic woman decided she would prepare a lunch for the occasion. Wishing to be generous, she planned for a hundred sandwiches, with cake and coffee in proportion. This amount, she figured, ought to serve four Democrats and the governor and her party, and the Republicans who would attend a Democratic meeting. At the time announced for the meeting the audience gathered. As the hall got fuller and fuller the lone Democratic lady began to wonder if her loaves would serve the crowd. She missed the speechmaking, for before the programme was well started she hurried out and commandeered another hundred sandwiches. It took them all!

In many places in Wyoming women are in official position. Often these women presided at the meetings. At Jackson, the town in the famous Jackson Hole country, there is not only a woman mayor but an entire council composed of women. They all sat on the platform for the meeting there. At Deaver Mrs. Schwendiman, the mayor, introduced Governor Ross. At Byron Mayor Pryde presided at the meeting, introducing all the speakers, and afterward took us all home with her, where she served a turkey dinner.

An actual schedule of a few days may help to give a definite idea of the fact that campaigning is strenuous business. Take the time from October 19 to 23, for instance. These days are average ones, not the heaviest. Tuesday morning Governor Ross and her party started out from Thermopolis, where there were meetings the previous day. Grass Creek, an oil-producing community thirty-five miles away, was the first stop for a speaking, followed by a community dinner. Then came another drive of thirty miles to Meeteetsee for an afternoon meeting; and another drive of twenty-five miles to Cody for an all-evening meeting, a total of eighty-five miles and three meetings. After the evening speaking there was a dinner and conference at the home of State Senator and Mrs. John F. Cook, which lasted till long past midnight. The next morning Governor Ross had a conference with members of Colonel Cody's family and with the committee on the Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum, which is now established at Cody. Then came a drive of twenty-five miles to Powell, where at noon there was a chamber-of-commerce luncheon, with Governor Ross as the chief guest and speaker. Then came a talk at the high school to the students, an afternoon reception, more conferences, and in the evening a meeting lasting till after eleven.

Thursday morning there was first a five-mile drive to Garland, where Governor Ross and Senator Kendrick made talks to the school-children. At Byron, twelve miles farther, we had an eleven-o'clock meeting and dinner; at Deaver, ten miles on from Byron, a talk at the schoolhouse. Five miles farther, at Cowley, Governor Ross spoke informally at an afternoon reception for women. In the evening she spoke at both Cowley and Lovell, six miles apart. The day's trips covered fifty miles for the six meetings.

Leaving Lovell Friday morning, we drove forty-five miles to Burlington for a morning meeting, followed by a community dinner. Leaving there about 1.30, we drove the twenty-five miles to Greybull for an afternoon reception, with its usual informal talk, not on politics, after which Governor Ross made a call on an invalid friend. In the evening there were again two meetings, at Greybull and Basin, eight miles apart. This day totalled four meetings and eighty-six miles of driving.

On Saturday the party went first to Manderson, twenty miles distant, then eighteen miles farther to Hyattville for another meeting and lunch. In the afternoon the first drive was to Tensleep, seventeen miles away, and then to Worland, twenty miles farther, for an evening meeting. As these last two drives were over mountain roads, the distance does not really indicate the time required to make the trips, but the total for the day of eighty-five miles is not small.

Everywhere and always, wherever the governor stopped, there were, in addition to the scheduled meetings, political conferences with local and county committees. There was always some person who took advantage of the governor's presence to confer with her on matters of State concern. Chambers of commerce and civic clubs explained to her the needs of their communities and their plans for co-operating with the State departments in every kind of problem, from dangerous curves on State highways to irrigation districts and other agricultural matters. A woman whose husband had been removed from office asked for an audience. Another whose daughter was in a State asylum wanted to be assured that the girl was receiving proper care. Everywhere there were demands enough on the governor's time and energy to make a union-labor day, in addition to the campaigning. Throughout it all Governor Ross kept in daily touch with her executive office in Cheyenne, sometimes more than five hundred miles away, and with the State Democratic Committee. Her schedule was planned to have her the shortest possible distance from Cheyenne at the time for regular State board meetings, and it is to her credit that not once during the seven weeks of campaigning did she miss a single meeting of any of the important State boards of which the governor is a member.

One of the outstanding features of Governor Ross's campaign was the great crowds that greeted her everywhere. The press of the State, both Republican and Democratic, commented constantly on this throughout the campaign. "The largest crowd ever gathered in one place in the county." "We did not know there were so many people in the county." "In a county where there are so few Democrats it is a standing jest that it is necessary to send to an adjoining county to get a Democratic county chairman, Governor Ross drew the largest crowd this county has ever seen assembled in one place." "There were so many autos you had to drive out of town to find room to park."

In metropolis or village it was the same. In Casper the meeting was in the new Elks' Hall, the largest gathering-place in the city. An overflow meeting filled the town hall, and many were turned away. At Sheridan four meetings were necessary to give all who wished a chance to hear Governor Ross talk. In small rural districts, where there was only a crossroads village, two hundred to two hundred and fifty men, women, and children would suddenly appear at the time scheduled for Governor Ross's meeting. At Byron, a village with a population of 326, the meeting, at eleven in the morning, was in the auditorium of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. While we were at dinner immediately afterward, the question of attendance was mentioned. "It was a large crowd," said Senator

Kendrick to Mayor Pryde. "Did the women turn out well?" "Every woman in town was at the meeting," she replied, "except those who were in my kitchen cooking this dinner."

In Bighorn County one of the local chairmen confessed to me afterward that they had debated holding an evening meeting at one place, because never in the memory of any one had there been more than 45 people at a Democratic meeting. There were 250 gathered in the auditorium of the Mormon church when Governor Ross appeared to speak. To be sure, to people used to attending political rallies in the Auditorium in Chicago or in the old Madison Square Garden in New York, 250 may seem a ridiculously small gathering. But when it represents five times as many people as ever gathered before for a similar meeting, it has meaning. It is the comparison that counts.

That not all the crowds that greeted Governor Ross, or even a majority of them, were of her political party, goes without saying. She was the governor of the State, and it was to show their interest in and respect for her as governor, and their personal affection for her, as well as to hear her discuss the issues of the campaign, that they gathered in such unusual numbers. Wherever she went schools were dismissed in order that the meetings might be held in school-buildings, or that she might address the school-children.

"I could have had anything in town to use for our dinner last night," remarked Mrs. John Cook, of Cody, over our breakfast coffee the morning after Senator and Mrs. Cook entertained the governor and her party. "Everybody is so interested in Governor Ross. One of my neighbors said to me: 'Of course, being a Republican myself, I cannot expect to be present at your dinner-party, but I should be glad to have anything I possess go. I should be more than proud to own anything that had served Governor Ross. My coffee service is very nice.' " Mrs. Cook smiled. "In fact," she said, "I was offered three silver coffee services for last night's dinner!"

At one hamlet there was time for Governor Ross to rest at a near-by house for half an hour while the community dinner was being prepared. Later on, after the dinner, I heard the local women discussing the matter. "Just to think," said the woman to whose home Governor Ross had gone, "the governor lay down on my bed! I'll be proud all the rest of my life because I own a bed on which Governor Ross took a nap."

At the same place an old man, a Dane, told me of the pleasure and satisfaction it gave him to be present. "Thirty years have I lived here," he said in his broken English, "and never in all my life before have I had so good a time as to-day." Probably never before had he seen and talked with a governor, and certainly he had never before talked with a woman governor.

Like all campaigners, Governor Ross had one main speech which discussed all the chief issues of the campaign, as had all of us. When there was what we called a "full" meeting, each of us gave his full speech. For shorter meetings we cut our talks down to five minutes each, except Governor Ross, or else only the governor spoke.

You remember Thomas Marshall's story, in his autobiography, of Mrs. Marshall's taking exception to his statement that he made one hundred and sixty-nine speeches while campaigning for the governorship in Indiana. "No, Tom," Mrs. Marshall's statement ran, "you made one speech 169 times." Unlike the former governor of Indiana, Governor Ross had more than one speech.

At all the "full" meetings Governor Ross talked party politics and discussed the events of her administration and her ideas of future needs. Her talk was crammed with meat. "I wish I could put some funny stories in my speech," she often said, "but there is so much to say and so little time to say it in that I feel I must hold to my topics."

At informal gatherings and afternoon receptions she never discussed party politics. On such occasions she frequently spoke on "How a Woman Governor Spends Her Time." She always asked the audience to suggest a topic, and whenever this was done she spoke on whatever topic was suggested. On one occasion, I remember, she was requested to discuss the tariff, which she did briefly by stating first that tariff is a national and not a State question, and then by proceeding to give the attitude of the Wyoming members of Congress on the subject. We learned afterward that in the particular part of the State where the incident occurred, a place where the tariff on wool was of local concern, the news had preceded our coming that if Governor Ross were re-elected she would abolish the tariff on wool!

Governor Ross's power of clear and keen thinking and her remarkable command of the English language are too well known to require comment here. They have been spoken of so frequently by the press of the country, from Maine to California, that a few of the references are all that are necessary:

The Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* said: "If more of our men governors evidenced the straight thinking of which Governor Ross gives us a shining example, our crime roll would not be what it is, and society would have a stronger sense of security."

Collier's Weekly: "Her thinking has been clear—and she has filled the job with intelligence and courage."

The New York *World,* speaking of the 1925 national governors' conference, said: "She was versed in all the subjects that came up, alert in all of them. The banner of Wyoming she brought east floated high."

There were, of course, no meetings planned on Sunday during the campaign, and it was the intention to allow as much rest as possible on this day. Wherever the party happened to be, the various members invariably attended church. Governor Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, wherever possible, attended the Episcopal Church, of which all three are members. In many cases, however, when it was discovered that the governor would be in a given town over Sunday, she was called upon by a local committee and asked to make a talk in one of the churches, and in some instances she was called upon to do this twice in one day. It even happened that, when the party attended church services unannounced, Governor Ross, in churches whose order of service permitted, was called upon unexpectedly to address the congregation. In all of her Sunday talks, whether of a few minutes or of longer duration, she stated her simple Christian faith in so convincing and clear a manner that the effect was always very pronounced on the congregations. "If everybody who went to church could be sure of hearing as good a sermon every time," I heard the frequent comment, "there would be fewer empty pews in our churches on Sunday."

When Governor Ross made the dedi-

Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming.

From a photograph by Clinedinst.

cation speech for the largest retail store in the world, that of Gimbel's, in Philadelphia, in November, 1926, this part of her speech was widely quoted in the press:

"It is noteworthy that the entrance of women into conspicuous positions of trust and into practically all well-known vocations has been contemporary with the elevation of the ethical standards in the conduct of business. I unhesitatingly assert that through active participation in business affairs feminine influence has given great impetus to this movement, and that the more women become identified with the affairs of business the higher we may expect the standards of conduct to rise."

Whether or not this statement is true at present as regards business in general, there can be no question of its truth as applied to Governor Ross's own campaign. Whatever may be the universal answer to the question of the moral influence of women in politics, on the side of clean politics, there can be no doubt of it in the campaign of the first woman governor at the close of her term. To those of us who worked with her, the most outstanding element in the whole campaign is Governor Ross's constant insistence on cleanness and fair play. At no time would she permit any one to do one single thing that was underhanded, or even remotely suggestive of taking an unfair advantage of her opponents. She refused absolutely to countenance any mud-slinging, even when the thing that might be said was based on fact. She would allow no attack on the character of those opposing her re-election. She insisted that the entire emphasis be laid on issues. It was not often that she spoke of such matters in a public speech, but occasionally, late in the campaign, when it was apparent that untrue statements were being broadcast about her, she did speak of them in public addresses. Her unchanging statement was that she was carrying on a campaign on the highest moral plane, based on absolute truth, that she had high personal regard for those who were opposing her candidacy; that she would make no statements assailing their character. "I refuse to do anything myself that is low or unfair, nor will I allow any one else to do it for me, *with or without my knowledge*."

No better statement can be made of Governor Ross's position on this matter of clean politics than the statement she herself made at the State conference of her party when her campaign was first launched, a statement that became the working slogan of every one associated with her throughout the campaign:

"If we do not always meet success at the hands of the people, at least we should strive to deserve it."

* * *

What's Happening in Protestantism

BY JOHN RICHELSEN

Pastor of the Kenmore Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Statistics show curious things about the development of the Protestant churches, and Doctor Richelsen makes pungent comment on the course of denominationalism and the attitude of religious leaders.

Many of us have sensed that Protestantism is undergoing changes. Are these changes really momentous and do they mean anything particularly worth knowing? It may be left to the ecclesiastical bosses to become excited over such fluctuations in church conditions as accompany the usual periods of greater or lesser religious interest.

The actual facts in the church situation to-day have a real kick to them. They will be sufficiently startling even for blasé churchmen; and a blasé churchman is capable of more blasé regarding religion than any earnest believer could believe possible.

Although everybody knows that the greatest shake-up of its life is taking place, it is silly to believe that Protestantism in America is losing adherents. The usual answer to the query about what's happening in Protestantism is that it is dying out. But that is only a wild guess. Protestantism has really come face to face with conditions unparalleled by historic precedents and therefore they are at first most amazing and puzzling.

Regardless of one's personal creed, any student of contemporaneous social conditions knows that momentous changes in religious institutions are sure to have far-reaching consequences. Protestantism, it can be shown, has broken away from its leaders and is running with the bit in its teeth like an old family horse gone on a rampage and responding only with an additional kick at the buggy-shafts whenever the driver yells a frantic whoa. The facts clearly indicating this state of affairs become available by digging into some recently issued books of denominational statistics. Venerable institutions will not be misrepresented, for the figures are published by the denominations themselves. All that is needed is a little clearer arrangement of the facts. Then the conclusions will prove to be like the kick of a camel, seemingly effortless yet very effective.

Four prominent Protestant denominations—the Presbyterians (in the U. S. A.), the Congregationalists, the Baptists (both Northern and Southern Conventions), and the Episcopalians—with a combined constituency of 9,149,184 members, form a considerable portion of American Protestantism. By noting the peculiar gyrations of figures presented by these four denominations we may learn what is happening in Protestantism to-day. I do not mean to say that the church authorities are juggling these statistics like an Anti-Saloon League Anderson or padding them like evangelists. To the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the numbers as presented are substantially correct. The extraordinary peculiarities they exhibit argue against their being the result of design or conspiracy. They show that a cyclone has hit Protestantism. A twister has romped down its Main Street. Now what you expect to see isn't there; what by all logic you would not expect to behold, is prominently on exhibition. For instance, did you think the denominations were going backward in membership, or standing still?

If becoming a church-member meant the same thing, or anywhere near the same thing as becoming a Christian, this age is undoubtedly a saintly one, for nearly every denomination is making noteworthy additions to the numbers of adherents. Church-membership is to-day the best-sold commodity in America. More people join churches between Christmas and Easter than there are hotdogs sold between the 4th of July and Labor Day. And why not? Nobody now bothers with the inconvenience of getting converted before joining a church, especially in the cities. Nothing could possibly fluster a metropolitan church so much as to have some one catch religion in it. That would be like having a Bolshevik join the Manufacturers' Association. It isn't being done. Also there are no initiation fees in joining a church. There are no dues, or collect them if you can. The easiest way to get rid of church people and forget all about the church is to join one. So, as we have been intimating, people are joining the churches. Will you have a small handful of figures on these statements before we pass on to other matters?

In 1927 the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.) had a net gain of 18,157 members after chalking off all losses from defections, departures, and deceases. The Baptists reported a prosperous year with a net total gain of 41,712 adherents. The Congregational Church kicks in with its report of 22,665 additional converts for the year's salaries, and the Episcopal Church coyly shows its hand with 17,259 more believers than it ever before had enrolled at one time. (For additional information see "Minutes of the General Assembly, 1927," "American Baptist Year-Book, 1927," "The Congregational Year Book, 1926," and "The Living Church Annual, 1927.") Every prominent Protestant denomination stands to-day at the highest point of its history in respect to adherents. The Lutherans topped their previous year with 67,879 net gain, the Methodists with 150,910, the Disciples with 44,801, the Evangelicals with 9,764. The average growth of Protestantism is at normal with its record for the past thirty years. Then what's happening in Protestantism?

An eyeful of something that stings like the morning sun is suddenly squirted at us from an apparently dead column of figures which we come upon as we idly finger the pages of church statistics. Beginning ten years ago the Congregational Church has consistently in every year since then suffered a net loss in the number of its churches. Look at these figures of the total number of their church organizations year by year, with not a break in the decade from the regularity of the downward trend:

YEAR	NO. OF CHURCHES
1915	6,103
1916	6,089
1917	6,050
1918	6,019
1919	5,959
1920	5,924
1921	5,873
1922	5,826

YEAR	NO. OF CHURCHES
1923	5,716
1924	5,680
1925	5,636

The impeccable regularity of these figures is striking. Here is not simply the chronicle of a peculiar off year. Every year of the past decade has been an off year. Some "trend" got started in 1915 that has trended a steady gait ever since then. And if this downward glide of the numbers of the church organizations is viewed in contrast with the equally regular upward swing of the membership increases the movement looks more like an Alpine snowslide than a "trend." It is like two trains when they pass each other going in opposite directions. For during this same period of ten years the denomination grew from 780,414 to 901,660 members. Not only have the Congregationalists no additional church organizations because of their gain in membership but they have 467 fewer churches than they had ten years ago before these 121,246 additional members were received. This denomination now actually has fourteen fewer church organizations than it had in 1900, although it now has 268,311 more members than in 1900. Yes, we have some phenomena.

Hastening to lay hands on the Presbyterian "What's What" ("Handbook, 1928, Presbyterian Church in U. S. A.," page 12) to see if anything was stirring in Presbyterianism while the Congregationalists were having their dizzy ride, we find this summary of statistics for 1927 as compared with 1926:

Net gain in number of new members	18,157
Net loss in number of churches	68

The same consistent trend, steadily up on one track and down on the other, up membership and down churches, in the Presbyterian fold starts with 1921. Before 1921 the movement was begun but the pace was not kept up unfalteringly. The following are the official figures but the arrangement of them is made by us for clarity of impression:

YEAR	MEMBERS	CHURCHES
1920	1,637,105	9,769
1921	1,722,361	9,842
1922	1,756,918	9,710
1923	1,803,593	9,706
1924	1,830,928	9,678
1925	1,873,859	9,649
1926	1,909,111	9,565
1927	1,927,268	9,497

Since 1921 the Presbyterians have grown steadily every year in memberships, adding in the period from 1921 to 1927, a total of 204,908 adherents and losing churches steadily every year in the same period for a total setback of 345 organizations.

The Northern Baptist Convention with a membership of 1,392,820 had 8,393 churches in 1926 and reports 8,266 for 1927, a loss of 127 organizations. The Southern Baptist Convention, a body of 3,765,001 members, had 26,436 churches in 1926 and 25,555 in 1927, thus wiping out 881 of these institutions for the one year. According to the "American Baptist Year-Book," 1927, the two Baptist bodies present the following eye-twisting conclusions for the year 1927 as compared with 1926:

Net gain in number of new members	75,610
Net loss in number of churches	1,008

The Protestant Episcopal Church in 1920 had one church organization for every 131 members. In five years since then it has gained one church organization for each additional 3,031 new members.

The latest "Statistics" issued by

Doctor Carroll (1927), shows the combined 23 bodies of the Lutheran Church, with a membership of 2,656,158, having a gain in membership for the year of 67,879 with a net loss of 101 organizations, thus joining the procession with the Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. Here, surely is an odd kettle of fish in the Protestantism of to-day. It is not being claimed that every denomination shows exactly the same plus and minus signs. There may be exceptions which we have not found. The denominations examined above, however, are all outstanding ones and vary sufficiently from one another to cover the entire range of denominational appeal. With our minds adjusted to the peculiarities of these official statistics we may now make assertions which might at first have been considered unwarranted and certainly would have been open to misconstruction.

Thousands of Protestant churches are now yearly being dissolved, dismissed, and abandoned. New churches born do not begin to replace the number of the dead. This condition began approximately ten years ago and is now making itself tremendously felt throughout the whole of Protestantism. During the past ten years the Congregationalists "dropped" 1,046 organizations, the Presbyterians "dismissed" 61 and "dissolved" 1,143, a total death list for the two denominations for the past ten years of 2,250 churches; while they had a net gain of 470,348 members.

In the country districts the abandoned church edifice is becoming a common sight. Few hamlets are without these memorials of other days; ofttimes with the significant cemetery adjoining. In the towns and cities the abandonment of churches is not so conspicuous because land values influence the tearing down of the buildings to be replaced with commercial structures. It is mainly in the rural sections that these little, abandoned Protestant churches stand out like sore thumbs. Yet there is no reason whatever for doubting that except in such country sections where the population is being depleted the country churches as a whole are sharing with the city churches in the steady growth of memberships. Everywhere there are fewer churches but more members than before the loss of churches took place. The abandonment of one edifice has been more than compensated for in the additional membership growth of the continuing ones of the same general neighborhood, if not of the same denomination.

It may be plausibly argued that what is happening in Protestantism is that people no longer take religion seriously. One finds it difficult to affirm or deny such an opinion without a definition of what is meant by the term religion. There is little doubt that people are taking less seriously things which formerly were considered essentials of religion. Formerly people were concerned about the mode of baptism, foreordination, free will, election, and transubstantiation. They would fight for their convictions and feel justified in creating and maintaining separate organizations to proclaim them even though in nine of ten other matters they were at complete agreement with some other existing organization. Now there is little of such intensity of religious opinion. The prevailing sentiment of modern Protestantism is that one denominational body is about as right as another. Innocent and innocuous as that statement may seem to be, the sentiment has had revolutionary power.

The war-horses of the denominations have snorted fire over the abandonment of churches, but the process is defiantly continuing. To-day, in an overchurched community, one organization regardless of its denomination gets the edge on the other churches either because of its location, architecture, musical equipment, Sunday-school facilities or its preacher's curly hair. So it steps out and forward with its programme. Formerly such an awakening would have caused the trumpets to be sounded by the other denominations to pitch in and compete. But to-day the prevailing sentiment of the community switches to the aggressive organization on the principle that a church is a church and that we all are striving for the same heaven. Soon only the die-hards are left in some of the weaker churches and then in due season comes the end. The denominational leaders throw up the sponge in face of such indifference to denominational pride and prestige. The old summons to denominational loyalty falls on deaf ears. With heart-breaking apathy a minor group of denominational adherents permits itself to become amalgamated with some existing church organization rather than maintain a struggling church for itself. And so impartial, as between denominations, is this modern trend that all share fairly evenly the losses of church organizations and the gains of membership.

What's happening in Protestantism will be explained with anathemas or with benedictions according to one's view-point. Of the revolutionary facts there can be no question. Some will say that the river has been broadened out so much by the removal of denominational banks that religious thinking has become a swamp. Others will offer a definition of religion. "We haven't enough religion among us to get up a good church fight," it was once explained to me concerning a certain church. Protestantism to-day hasn't enough religion (?) to split up into further "spite" churches and competitive organizations in overchurched territories. Protestantism is gaining in memberships but is abandoning weak churches in the interest of consolidation. This has come about not by high-sounding proclamations of purpose but by the silent decisions of church-members to jump the denominational traces.

Protestantism will now doubtless continue to furnish an enlarging scope of usefulness for the services of an ecclesiastical undertaker rather than midwife. What Protestantism now needs most of all is a dignified order of service for the interment of defunct church organizations. The dedication services even for very small churches are always elaborate. Protestantism never slights the christening exercises. But when an organization dies there is no ceremony at the grave, and too often the corpse is simply abandoned and left unburied. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians alone should have said the burial service over 2,250 times during the past ten years.

The dissolution of a Protestant church in America to-day, under the usual circumstances, should really be celebrated with a beautiful ritual, filled with the spirit of optimism over the triumph of a better Protestantism.

* * *

Mosaic in Oxford Blue

BY ELEANOR EVANS WING

The Vestibule

A RAINY day in Oxford. I should have been disappointed if there hadn't been rain and shiny streets and shivers when I stepped off the train, laden with hat-boxes, at the London & Northwestern station after a tedious ride in lonely state in a first-class carriage. Some perverse instinct seemed to say that there could easily be disillusion if things were pleasant. There was nothing pleasant about arriving in the town of fabled dreams and spires and fires and winds and wines. Crowds of laughing, bantering, wide-trousered youths piled out of the third-class carriages. They didn't look at me, or wink, or nudge one another. They never thought of taxis, porters, or tips. They fumbled badly with hasty searches for the elusive little ticket which admits you to the other side of the station picket fence. How difficult it is to hang on—like grim death—to the thin piece of paper one is handed at the beginning of a journey in England. And how impossible it is to convince phlegmatic officials that one has once possessed such a ticket. For there is no relaxation of law. Every one must pay again if he loses it. I think I should dub my ticket congé, except that being in England, I quickly learned to scorn the French.

As I stood beside my bags (how soon I learned not to call suitcases that) waiting for a porter who never came, for the first time I felt the spirit of American confidence and flapper courage ebbing. Why had the train stopped so that the third-class carriages were more accessible to easy exit than the first? I had stepped off the train into mud. Those less plutocratic than I had landed on well-swept platforms, protected from the rain. I had travelled alone, unspoken to; had disembarked, unremarked, in spite of a very carefully planned Lord and Taylor costume complete to pale mauve socks. Not so do American college girls step off college trains. And why did my suitcase, distinguished, as I thought, by its foreign labels, stay where I had dropped it in a very disastrous puddle of mud?

But was all this disillusioning? I think I was glad to be ignored. There was adventure in it, strange pique, and not a little curiosity. It takes a great deal to disturb a prom-trotting conceit, however superficial it is. And one such experience was only amusing. I was to learn in a few days that girls were tolerated here, not wanted; that more than once the hardest part of going to a lecture was to be standing in the Examination Schools, on freezing floors, while Englishmen leisurely slept through them on comfortable chairs and benches.

Seizing my suitcase with an effort at determination, I trudged through the gates, unassisted by even the gatekeeper although he was young and handsome. What a weary walk it was before I reached the corner of the High and the Corn. I had gleaned this power to recognize these streets from a ludicrous combination of Baedeker and Stephen Leacock.

A taxi? I asked a bobby standing there. He smiled down at me, then at my suitcase, and without a word picked it up and carried it to the opposite side of the street in front of the great old clock-tower which rang out the hour with greater mellowness than any other clock in the world, and made my heart beat with trepidation at the seriousness of Oxford. Could there be a possibility that a Zuleika Dobson had existed here? I seriously doubted whether any living woman had the power to bring smiles to the solemn faces of the undergrads, or make their hearts beat any faster.

But I was thankful for the bobby. He was so big, so unassailable that I wanted to take his arm and hold it very tight. But I looked up at his courteous, irreproachable face—and forebore. My hat-box was his duty, not his pleasure.

"Going to North Oxford, Miss, or Iffley?" he asked me briskly.

"I d-don't know," I stammered, "Lady Margaret's college——"

"No. 2 bus," he said good-naturedly, setting down my suitcase. "One ought to come along in a quarter of an hour. Just hop off at Norham Road and you'll be right there."

He left me, smiling perfunctorily, having performed his duty well. But fifteen minutes meant half an hour. And what was a No. 2 bus—which direction did it go? I was too frightened to look about me, too damp to be thrilled, and too humbled to notice the passing faces, blurred by the slow rain and a suspicion of homesick tears.

But one finally came and, after many false attempts, I got off at Norham Road and went to 13 Park Terrace, the address given me by the terrifying principal of Lady Margaret Hall. I had clutched it so tightly along with my railroad ticket that my once immaculate fawn-colored gloves were ink besmeared.

The polished brass bell was a puzzle. I pushed, turned, and then fell backward as a lusty peal rang through the house. The door was opened by a slovenly old lady, with a crippled hand and a ghoulish leer. To my dying day, I shall never be able to describe her more minutely.

"Miss Moncrieff?" I asked tremulously—fearful of the answer.

"Miss Scott-Moncrieff," she corrected, accenting the Scott. "She's in the drawing-room. What name, Miss?"

"Miss Turner," I said.

"You ain't German," she asked suspiciously.

"American," I faltered.

"Too short skirts for German," she muttered, and moved slowly down the narrow, dark hall toward a closed door at the end. All the doors of the house were always closed, I found. And it was so embarrassing to have to knock and wait at all hours in the drafty hall for a chilly voice to say "Come in."

I went into the drawing-room, and there before the fire sat a little old lady, white-haired and beautiful. I stood there like a gauche schoolgirl. If I had ever had any poise, it left me now. She let me stand there, too, waiting for me to tell her what I had come for, and then to go, to leave her to her memories and her tea.

"Miss Grier sent me," I finally blurted out, after waiting hours for her to say how do you do or something. "I'm trying to get into Lady Margaret Hall and I must be here next week for exams——"

"Responsions," she stated flatly. I

stood corrected. How I wanted to sit down. But I was in the royal presence, where one never sits.

"Cornelia said she wouldn't bother me this year," she mused.

"Cornelia?" I stammered.

"Miss Grier," she rapped out, suddenly businesslike. "You want to live here then?"

I doubted very much whether I wanted to live at 13 Park Terrace, especially if she called a terrifying being like Miss Grier, Cornelia.

"Well, I will show you the room." She got up from the one easy chair in the room and hobbled to the door. In the months that followed, I saw her many times, always in the rose-cretonned chair before the fire, staring contemplatively into the flames. Her head, with its tiny black velvet ribbon band, lay relaxed a little among the roses, but her chin incongruously preserved the dignity she never relinquished.

We marched slowly up the stairs in grim silence. At the top she paused and turned, looking down at me. I expected a firm ejection or at least a fall downstairs. Instead she merely said:

"We have a very good bathroom, and you'll be warm——"

I giggled in sheer relief. And she curved her lips a very little bit. Never could that curve have been called a smile. But if anything, it was a very definite improvement. And her words were really humorous. They answered all the unspoken complaints of Americans in England for the last hundred years. And they braced me to assume the pride in America which I had lost since I stepped from the train.

She led me into a beautiful west room—beautiful, that is, as far as architecture was concerned. But I shuddered at the red carpet which covered the floor solidly, and the green walls hung with ancestral faces even grimmer than my landlady's, but strangely and hauntingly similar. I couldn't notice details properly at that moment. Stage fright only brought the most prominent features into my vision. She pulled open drawers, stooped painfully to see if they smelled of dust—they did—and then shut them again with a snap. She pulled the curtains together until only an inch of perpendicular light showed through, opened an already too wide-open window, and patted the ugly bed, all without uttering a word.

"Three pounds a week," she said.

I wondered rapidly whether I had a pencil in my purse to calculate with, and whether I dared ask her for one.

But then she left me. At the door she paused. I hadn't said a word of refusal, hadn't asked a question, or ventured a suggestion as to my requirements. Yet irrevocably it was understood that my life in Oxford was to be bound up and governed by 13 Park Terrace. I was less American than I had dreamed possible. But it was out of the question for me to open my mouth. My tongue made an effort to force open my lips. But they were locked in the struggle to hide their trembling.

She went away, and as the door closed she said more gently than before, I thought:

"Two things are not done in Oxford. You must never use a sugar-tongs or ride first class."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Cave Canem

Work and tea-parties followed, and women—women—women! In fairness, one must say that work was most important. Caps and short rusty black gowns, donned on the first day of term, never to be doffed. Incongruities, silk stockings, flashing by on bicycles; men's gowns worn with a nonchalant air, about the necks of the undergrads; women's short ugly capes, hiding all pretense to feminine shape; tricornered caps, accenting Roman and pug noses alike in lack of pulchritude. Rain—umbrellas— The colors of female birds taking their proper drabness in relation to the male; more rain. Was there anything else to see? For days, I blinked and rubbed my astonished eyes trying to find the romance of Oxford. There didn't seem any to find. In fact, it seemed as though a conscious effort were being made to stifle all feelings and ordinary emotions.

Responsions (made far more impressive than mere entrance exams by virtue of their name), responsions in the grim, solemnly paraded examination schools where the sight of owlish dons swathed in flowing gowns did more to carry on the terror I had felt the first day than any mere examinations, came into this first impression. I remember well the little slips of paper with their printed directions as to costume for responsions.

IF THE CANDIDATE IS A MAN, HE SHALL WEAR A CAP AND GOWN, IF A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY: OR A DARK BLUE SUIT AND A WHITE TIE IF HE IS PRESENTING HIMSELF FOR ENTRANCE.

IF THE CANDIDATE IS A WOMAN (YOU NOTICE THE MAN COMES FIRST), SHE SHALL WEAR A DARK SUIT, WHITE JUMPER AND BLACK TIE, BLACK SHOES AND STOCKINGS. NO DETAIL MAY BE CHANGED OR DISREGARDED.

N.B. If any one should disregard these regulations, proctors are authorized to ask them to withdraw from the examinations.

The American in me rebelled. I wore a green necktie and with trembling knees and defiant chin passed in. (It takes great self-restraint not to say at this point "passed within the portals.") Gloom couldn't be more enveloping even in the tombs than it was there. Latin, German, and French notices were posted on the bulletins—solemn little men, looking like clergymen with their white ties, stood staring at them. I felt in my heart that they couldn't read them. But I was wrong. A few months in Oxford convinced me that I had wasted all of the years of my adolescence on "The Green Hat" and "Flaming Youth." I remember apologizing humbly once for never having read "Pickwick Papers," and having the apology accepted with a deprecatory air as if it would have been a much more forgivable sin if I had forgotten my socks, or drunk tea from a saucer. They all knew Latin, quoted it, and didn't translate. And not translating is, after all, the epitome of culture.

The darkly clad girls clustered in the shadow of one column, waiting for the fatal hour of nine. The men, Chinese, Hindus, Negroes, Americans, and English, claimed another corner. And then the doorkeeper, resplendent in brass buttons, announced sadly, "Responsions—this way." He led us, men first, then women, down devious corridors, past signs more confusing than the green line of the shuttle, silently as though to the guillotine, to the great north hall. We walked so slowly that I began to lose the feeling of joy in my green tie. And would the examiners, like the fastidious Pope in his audience chamber, object to my favorite perfume, *narcisse noir*—which, in deference to England, I had not put behind my ears!

We filed into the red-carpeted room, two by two, eyed suspiciously by those who had achieved entrance. Without a word, every one began looking for the desks which bore their names, with such care had the details of our execution been carried out. We sat down and waited, eyes straight ahead. I think I became cross-eyed trying to take in everything with my eyes fixed on the late Gothic window which was the only thing in my direct line of vision except a sort of altar on which a preponderous Bible lay, probably ready for the confessional which usually precedes extermination.

The hour boomed out, reverberating and resounding around our heads. Slowly figures of dons were set in motion, distributing paper and questionnaires, blotters, and low-voiced directions. I shivered, waiting for the moment when the don would approach my desk, and notice the heretic in the throng. Would he come up behind me and overlook the green tie? Or would he walk at me accusingly from the front and point a condemning finger at the culprit? I picked the don who seemed most likely to be kind. Then I calculated the number of painful steps to the entrance after he had expelled me from among the chosen victims.

The fates were kind. The don I had hoped for, ruddy of face and snowy haired, approached my desk from the rear. He laid the papers on my table. I waited, almost patiently. First he drew his brows together and scowled at my tie. I know my lips quivered. Then creases came around his eyes and a smile touched his mouth just faintly.

"So you are still rebels," he said, and passed on.

They Shall Not Pass

My first tutorial. The business of learning how to be smoked at. Of how to sit in a large comfortable chair for an hour, facing a rather grim, satiric individual who opened his mouth about four times in the whole hour, and for three of those times, opened it merely for the purpose of blowing out smoke. It is a trying ordeal to be stared at contemplatively by a tutor in Oxford. I rebelled after a time, because I knew perfectly well that I looked like a flapper and I was unwilling to let any judicious consideration of my flapperism stamp my intelligence. And what chance was the man giving me to show that I wasn't as frivolous as I looked? If he would only let me tell him of my mental achievements. In a few months' time, I was glad that he had compelled me to keep silent. Because the achievements seemed less phenomenal; in fact, became strangely ordinary after I had stood the fire of my tutor's rare but cutting questions for a term.

What was he thinking, as he sat there on the other side of the fire with his long white fingers at rest on the arms of his chair? His head was sunk forward a little, his hair was white, and his sharp black eyes caught mine and held them after the first few moments of my embarrassment were over.

"History? Hmmmmh," he said, stroking his chin. "Nineteenth century, yes. A good choice (my spirits rose) if you read German and French (they fell again). But of course you do."

I nodded doubtfully.

"You can't understand Metternich unless you read Gentz, his secretary, you know. All in French." He was matter-of-fact. Of course, I had such simple information at my finger-tips.

But I knew that I didn't know anything. And it was going to be impossible to bluff here. So wisely, I still said nothing.

"American," he continued. "They teach you a good deal of American history over there. Yes. Incidental, of course, incidental. Never read any English history, I suppose."

I protested dumbly.

"Good foundation of nineteenth century, of course."

I almost smiled then. So American history was incidental, and English fundamental. Even the best brains then tip the scales, like the rest of us, in their own direction.

The chimes in Keable quad rang out the hour. Was my tutorial nearly over? My first. Was this all that ever happened? How did any one get an education from a few questions hurled at you in a cloud of smoke once a week? I must have looked bewildered, because my tutor hurriedly fumbled with a few papers, found nothing he was looking for, hastily dropped them again puffed a few rings on his pipe, and stroked his chin. The great mind was at work. I laughed afterward when I remembered how awed I was by the simple embarrassment which he showed in the same fidgety way any nervous man employs.

"You'd better write me an essay for next Saturday," he said tentatively. I already knew that one always wrote an essay for a tutorial in Oxford except when things like the strike or a war or Doomsday interfered.

"Suppose you answer this question," he rapped out so suddenly that I jumped. "Was Canning the author of the Monroe Doctrine?"

I saw red. Was he fooling with me? The idea of an English statesman being the inceptor of one of the rocks in our American foundation stone.

I threw up my head and chin, and marched out of the room. I am not sure that I didn't slam the door.

The result of my tutor's question was marvellous. It took me nearly the entire week to discover that Canning was not the author of the Monroe Doctrine. I buried myself for hours a day in the old Bodleian, searching, discarding one historian after another, eager to prove that England was not responsible for such a wide-spread principle of American politics. At last I found the answer. Canning had certainly helped to mould and to formulate the original idea, but that idea was the child of John Quincy Adams.

"Canning was not the author of the Monroe Doctrine," I burst out before I had closed the door at my next tutorial.

"I know it," he said, and smiled. I had never thought of that.

"You're a fighter," he said, after a minute or two. "I rather wanted to strike sparks."

Prelude

BY CONRAD AIKEN

Two coffees in the Español, the last
Bright drops of golden Barsac in a goblet,
Fig paste and candied nuts. . . . Hardy is dead,
And James and Conrad dead, and Shakspere dead,
And old Moore ripens for an obscene grave,
And Yeats for an arid one; and I, and you—
What winding-sheet for us, what boards and bricks,
What candles, mummeries, prayers, and pious frauds?

You shall be lapped in Syrian scarlet, woman,
And wear your pearls, and your bright bracelets, too,
Your agate ring, and round your neck shall hang
Your dark-blue lapis, with its specks of gold;
And I, beside you—ah! but will that be?
For there are dark streams in this dark world, lady,
Gulf Streams and Afric currents of the soul;
And I may be, before that consummation
Beds us together cheek by jowl in earth,
Borne to another coast, where my wan bones
Will bleach unhonored, or defiled by gulls.

What dignity can death bestow on us,
Who kiss beneath a street-lamp, or hold hands
Half hidden in a taxi, or, replete
With coffee, figs, and Barsac, creep our way
To a dark bedroom in a worm-worn house?
The aspidistra guards the door; we enter,
Per aspidistra—then—*ad astra*—is it?—
And lock ourselves securely in that gloom,
And loose ourselves from terror. . . . Here's my hand,
The white scar on my thumb, and here's my mouth
To stop your murmur. Speechless let us lie,
And think of Hardy, Shakspere, Yeats, and James;
Comfort our panic hearts with magic names;
Stare at the ceiling, where the taxi lamps
Make ghosts of light; and see, beyond this bed,
That other bed, in which we will not move;
And, whether joined or separate, will not love.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Books for Summer Reading

PEOPLE should not read dull books at any time; but I suppose it is more difficult to read a dull book in the summer than in the winter. When I say dull books I do not mean serious books; I do not refer to the subject-matter, but to the style and the method of presentation. There is really no excuse for dulness, and I shall not recommend any book that seems to me dull. Ibsen's tragedy "The Wild Duck" is wholly serious; but on the stage and within the covers of a book it is a thousand times more interesting than the average musical comedy, which is almost the last word in boredom. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is not exactly flippant; but it holds one's attention more closely than jazz, which is distracting. The average sermon may be dull, but surely not so dull as the average after-dinner speech.

My mind—such as it is—never takes a vacation; I find I am just as religious in August as in February, though I know winter is the season for religious revivals. I enjoy "Götterdämmerung" just as keenly in July as in December, though I know the opera season ends in April. I can apply myself to a literary problem with as much concentration in June as in January, though I know most schools and colleges close their doors in the rarest of all months.

Reading on a train is an altogether different matter from reading on the deck of a steamer. It is an error to select for Pullman perusals only snappy stories, because no place is better adapted for serious reading than a parlor-car. There is no telephone, and there need be no interruption. But on the deck of a transatlantic liner, unless one wishes to make an impression on other minds than one's own, one should read only those books that can be easily managed; so that one can look away from the printed page to the sea, or to those conscientious pedestrians who are walking in the vain hope of obtaining regularity in digestion.

Well, here are some good books for summer reading. Let us begin on the surface of literature, and descend gradually into the depths. Complicated stories of crime and its detection are multiplying with bewildering rapidity. It would seem that it must be easy to write such books, because there are so many of them; the exercise of invention must be easier than the exercise of the imagination. Philo Vance is the best amateur detective since Sherlock Holmes, and "The Greene Murder Case" is by far his most brilliant achievement. I admit that some of his mannerisms are maddening; but his results atone. The Englishman J. B. Priestley, a literary critic, has produced a strange story of insanity and murder in "The Old Dark House," which is like a fever-dream, only extremely well written. The publishers showed as much originality in advertising this book as the author did in its composition. Lord Charnwood, the scholarly biographer of Lincoln and the writer of that splendid and inspiring commentary on the Fourth Gospel, called "According to Saint John," has produced a neatly constructed murder story, "Tracks in the Snow." The Reverend Victor L. Whitechurch, an English parson, amuses himself in the course of his pastoral duties (which he takes seriously) by writing detective stories which glorify professional policemen. He thinks we have had too much of the facile triumphs of the amateur sleuth-hound over the minions of the law, and as we all owe so much to police protection, and as plain-clothes men are much cleverer than the novelists represent them to be, his heroes are "cops." His latest story, "The Shot on the Downs," is an entertaining narrative, and to all who wish to follow in his steps and write detective stories I recommend his method, though I have not tried it myself. He wrote his first chapter without any plan whatsoever, without having the least notion of the development of the tale. He described a murder as though he himself had ignorantly heard the fatal shot; then he went ahead and tried to find out for himself who did it. He must have had a lot of fun composing the book in this manner, for he knew no more than the reader what was going to happen. That was the way William De Morgan wrote all his books. He asked his wife to give him a first sentence. She said: "He took his fare in the twopenny tube." Accordingly he wrote that down, but he had not the least idea who took that fare or when or why. Then he made a magnificent tale of some two hundred thousand words.

Terrific thrillers are Joseph Gollomb's "The Portrait Invisible," with a most peculiar hero; Walter S. Masterman's "2.L.O.," which corresponds in England to WEAF in the United States; J. J. Farjeon's "The Crook's Shadow," most ingenious. And merely as a rattling good story which kept my eyes glued to the page, I know of nothing better than "No Other Tiger," by the accomplished novelist A. E. W. Mason.

For humorous tales of sheer exuberant joy, I recommend those by P. G. Wodehouse (long may he live!), and especially his "Leave it to Psmith" and "Carry On, Jeeves."

Of novels displaying intellectual and artistic excellence, there have been recently published a goodly number. In the forefront stands "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. He ought to be one of the happiest men in the world, and he is. Certainly it is rare indeed that a book by an almost unknown author receives the unstinted homage of the most fastidious critics and at the same time is the best-selling book in the country. On being asked how he felt about this double acclaim, he replied: "Why, can't you hear me purring?" Another admirable novel is "Gallions Reach," by Tomlinson, a work worthy of Conrad. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is written with such dignity and distinction that it should make us proud that Willa Cather is an American. Maurice Baring's "Tinker's Leave" shows his unique qualities; it proceeds from a mind enriched by culture, education, and foreign travel. "Julius," by "A Gentleman with a Duster," should be read by all who are interested in the current political and religious thought of the world. "Etched in Moonlight," by the Irishman James Stephens, is a collection of heart-breaking tales told with exquisite art. "Red Rust," by Cornelia J. Cannon, should be read along with Rölvaag's "Giants in the Earth." They are both finely written novels of the pioneer settlers of the Northwest. Booth Tarkington is always worth reading, and his "Claire Ambler" is a subtle study of the typical young American girl of fashion, and of how she develops in contact with the cold facts of life. Hugh Walpole's "Wintersmoon" is not one of his best novels, but it is emphatically worth reading for its accurate pictures of country life in England and for its old man and old woman, who are much better than his somewhat artificially contrasted young sisters. I wish I were absolutely certain that he hates his hero as much as I do. "The Gypsy," by W. B. Trites, is a little masterpiece. J. D. Beresford's "All or Nothing" is a spiritual novel that does not quite come off, but I do not believe any intelligent person can read it without benefit. It looks as if the author were one more illustration of how early home religious training will survive the death of dogma. Wright's "Deluge" is a seriously written fantasy and a thriller too. "The Hotel," by Elizabeth Bowen, is an example of the current type of novel that has no plot, no important character, and no significance; the author devotes her fine powers of style and unusual intelligence to the portrayal of a group of persons who represent the last word in futility.

Two unpretentious works of fiction which are disarmingly delightful are Alice Duer Miller's "Welcome Home" and Ian Hay's "The Poor Gentleman." You will not be disappointed.

Books of Travel and Adventure. The star actor in this field of tragicomedy is of course "Trader Horn," which is easier to read than to forget. Along with it should be read "Cape to Cairo," by the indomitable Stella Court Treatt, who broke all records with an automobile. Halliburton's two books, which do not need naming, enable us to travel wildly, joyously, and even more cheaply than he, which is saying much. Lindbergh's "We" proves that he was not lucky but well prepared. Familiarity with him will never breed contempt, but its opposite. Mrs. Henry Cust's "Wanderers" is an excellent diary of travel in the United States and elsewhere in the middle of the last century. "Men Are Like That," by L. R. Hartill, is an unflinchingly truthful and unspeakably horrible narrative of what the recent World War did to Turks, Armenians, Russians, and Tartars. As for "Mother India," if one-tenth of it is true, drastic reforms are necessary. Perhaps the remark attributed to Ghandi fits the case — "Every one in India should read the book, and no one else." For adventurous travels in the world of modern thought I recommend "The New Reformation," by the beloved Michael Pupin.

Biography. You can't go wrong with Emil Ludwig, who manages to combine original research with drama. His "Napoleon," "Bismarck," "Genius and Character," are all admirable; and I await with eagerness his "Abraham Lincoln." Maurois's "Disraeli" has charm and grace, even if—as some say—he did no spade-work; "The Diary of Parson Woodforde," edited by John Beresford, of which three volumes have appeared, is enchanting. D. A. Wilson's extensive biography of Carlyle is a necessity to those who, like me, find that great humorist eternally appealing.

Mrs. Andrews's "Memoirs of a Poor Relation" is a warm-hearted picture of life in Virginia after the Civil War. Charteris's "John Sargent" is so good that I do not see how it could be better. Emma Eames's "Some Memories and Reflections" is a candid account of the life and career of a great singer and remarkable woman; "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," by the actor George Arliss, has playing over its charming pages the joy of life and the love of his fellow creatures, two things that usually go together. Croce's "Autobiography" has neither of these characteristics, but is intellectually stimulating. Galsworthy's "Castles in Spain" is a book of short soliloquies, really autobiographical, hence appealing; quite apart from this man's great distinction, a close acquaintance with his mind and heart is immensely rewarding. H. Nicolson's "Some People" is positively brilliant—long ago a good woman erroneously corrected me for saying *people* when I meant *persons*. "Perhaps I Am," by Edward W. Bok, is full of good anecdotes by one who knows how to tell them. Peggy Wood's "A Splendid Gypsy" is a beautiful tribute to John Drew. Osbert Burdett's "W. E. Gladstone" is the best short biography of that statesman. Caroline Ticknor's "May Alcott," Ednah Cheney's "Louisa May Alcott," and Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Father of Little Women" tell the story of an astonishing family. "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" and "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals" open the doors of the minds of two authentic men of genius, and enlarge the minds of readers. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "Reputations—Ten Years After" is a highly important collection of biographical essays on the leading military figures of the recent war. "Doctor Johnson and Company," by the accomplished Robert Lynd, is continuously sprightly and entertaining. Haldane Macfall's "Aubrey Beardsley" (copiously illustrated) is rather hectically written, but gives an excellent portrait of its strange hero. "The Skull of Swift" is a bad title for a rather tempestuous biography of the great pessimist, written by Shane Leslie.

In the field of literary scholarship the most important publication of the year is "Coriolanus," in the variorum edition edited by Doctor Furness. To every student of Shakespeare this edition is indispensable; every volume is a whole library of Shakespearian criticism and explanation and comment. It should be a matter of pride that this, the most scholarly and complete edition of Shakespeare that the world has ever seen, should be wholly an American product. Over twenty plays have now appeared, and I hope I shall live to join in the grand celebration when the vast undertaking reaches its conclusion.

For summer reading in religion, I recommend first, last, and all the time the small volume "Christ, the Word," by Paul Elmer More. This great scholar, who is intimately acquainted in the original languages with the best thought of the ancient, mediæval, and modern world, points out in his latest book that the foundation of the Christian religion is in the Incarnation. His vast and profound learning has strengthened and not weakened his own personal belief in this tremendous fact. He shows that the tiny flame of Christianity had apparently no chance at all to survive through the first three centuries, amid the adverse winds of paganism, scepticism, and persecution.

The reason it did survive was because it was true. His book is written in a style so simple that any intelligent person can grasp it—and there are passages of stirring eloquence.

Other fine books on religious themes are "Man and the Supernatural," by Evelyn Underhill; "The Christ of the Indian Road," by E. Stanley Jones; "Beliefs that Matter—a Theology for Laymen," by William Adams Brown.

Of books about books there are so many that it is difficult to pick and choose. A particularly interesting one is "Contemporary American Authors," essays written by English critics associated with the London *Mercury,* the excellent magazine edited by J. C. Squire. The authors discussed are Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, and other novelists, and there are three essays dealing respectively with our three foremost living poets, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay. The glaring omission among the novelists is of course Booth Tarkington, our most truly representative writer; it is because he is not the most sensational that foreigners are so ignorant. Truth is not so appealing to the average mind as exaggeration in the form of satire and burlesque. In R. Michaud's book, "The American Novel of To-day," translated from the French, we have another interesting series of criticisms; he also has apparently never heard of Booth Tarkington. "Notorious Literary Attacks," edited with an admirable introductory essay by Albert Mordell, is an interesting collection of artillery where the recoil was greater than the discharge; "Aspects of the Novel," by E. M. Forster, is a brilliant and provocative group of lectures; "Barrie," by Thomas Moult, is a much-needed book on the great Scot, dealing especially with his early work as a newspaper man; G. K. Chesterton's "Stevenson" is splendid, so eloquent, so inspiring, and so true. And, because it seems somehow to have escaped general attention, let me lay especial emphasis on the long "Foreword" to "Plays by William Archer," written by Bernard Shaw. Archer and shaw were lifelong friends, and G. B. S. has here written one of the most beautiful tributes from one honest man to another that I have ever read. It was my great privilege to know Archer very well; our friendship lasted for many years; I dined with him at the Reform Club in London only a few weeks before his death. I can fully appreciate, therefore, the beauty, sincerity, and insight of this essay.

Of books dealing with political and social history, the outstanding work is "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard, authoritative and awakening; Trevelyan's one-volume "History of England," losing none of its brilliance in condensation; Mark Sullivan's "America Finding Herself," copiously illustrated; "The Great American Band Wagon," by Charles Merz, which every American ought to read with profit and delight; J. A. Spender's "Life, Journalism, and Politics," the product of expert knowledge and noble idealism; H. W. Fisher's "Alias Uncle Shylock," which contains much unpalatable truth mingled with conjecture; and any and all of the books on American history by Meade Minnigerode, especially "Presidential Years."

In poetry, the best of recent works is "Tristram," by Robinson; Leonard Bacon's "Guinea Fowl and Other Poultry" is a conflagration; J. H. Wheelock's "The Bright Doom" affirms the mystery and glory of life.

In general literature, Christopher Morley's "Essays," now collected in one volume, are incisive, original, and always entertaining. Two thoughtful and contemplative books by American scholars deserve to be more widely known; I refer to "A Lover of the Chair," by Sherlock Gass, and "Romance and Tragedy," by Professor Frye.

In sport, a most attractive and fully illustrated book by Charles Zibeon Southard, called "The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," and "Tennis," by Helen Wills, are the best I have seen. Helen Wills is not only a marvellous player, she is an American ambassador of whom every American should be proud.

In drama, the published works of Eugene O'Neill should be both read and studied; "White Wings," by Philip Barry, and "Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly, are well worth a place in the library. Two new volumes of drama criticism—"But—Is It Art?" by Percy Hammond, and "Going to Pieces," by Alexander Woollcott—are valuable both for their critical insight and as a mirror of the New York stage.

And, now that I have recommended so many new books, let me make one final suggestion. Those who are going to spend the entire summer in one place would do well if they read the complete works of William Shakespeare. This is what I did myself last summer. In addition to the human interest and charm of expression, I found a marvellously *refreshing* quality. Virgil knew the healing power of great poetry:

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo."

Forty-six years ago, when I was in school, I heard our Latin teacher, Mr. Winfred R. Martin, translate this passage. He was a good man and is now with God. I never made any note of his translation, but I distinctly remember every word and the impressive manner in which he spoke.

O divine poet, your song is to us as deep sleep upon the grass to the weary, as in summer's heat to slake one's thirst from a rivulet of clear water.

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A Review of the Season of 1927-1928

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

As the summer draws on and the activities in the art galleries die down it is interesting to look back over the exhibitions from October to May, seeing them in a certain perspective and noting the episodes that have detached themselves from the ruck. One circumstance particularly emerges. It is the sheer profusion of picture shows in New York. My belief is that neither Paris nor London knows anything quite like it. Our own school is incessantly represented, and foreigners come over in such numbers that there are not galleries enough with open dates for them and they hold some of their exhibitions in hotel rooms. There are frequent loan exhibitions of old and modern masterpieces, organized for the benefit of this or that worthy cause. There have been this season some uncommonly important auction sales. In a word, the city has been a veritable cosmos of art this year, one rich in opportunity for those who go in pursuit of critical adventures.

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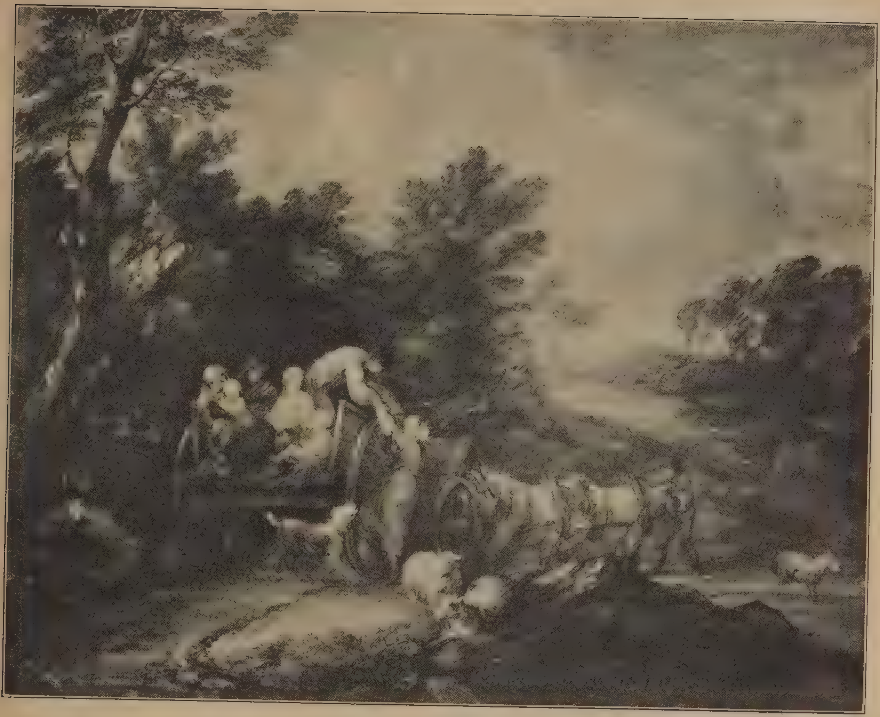
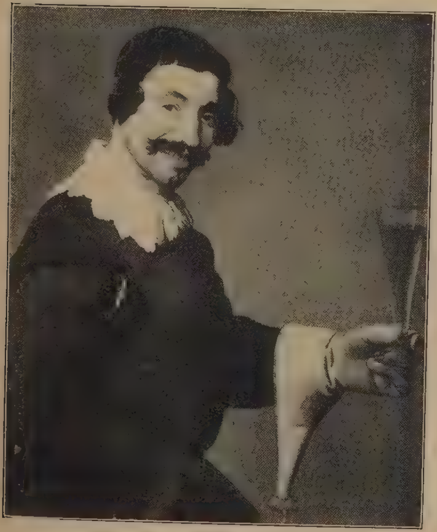
Paintings, as may be inferred from the foregoing remarks, have been visible in heroic abundance, but amongst the exhibitions of American art that I recall with appreciation perhaps the first is that which was made by the Architectural League. Two aspects of it especially struck me. In the first place it was obvious that the pressing problem of the architects remains the skyscraper. Office-buildings and apartment-houses steadily increase in height. The specific effort made to give them character is one wreaking itself on the recession of successive stages, beginning far up. It is undeniably effective, fusing picturesqueness with dignity, and in some instances a soaring mass, terminating in these effects, takes on a curious investiture of power and beauty. It is not yet clear, however, that the last secret of the skyscraper has been found. The architect oscillates between the vertical and the horizontal emphasis and apparently our school, as a school, has not yet made up its mind. Meanwhile design struggles under a fearful handicap. We hear a lot about the sky-line of New York, an indubitably thrilling thing, but it is only from one of the rivers or from the bay that you get its full value. The wayfarer in the street sees façade and sky-line from a sorry point of view. The architecture about is so near as positively to crush him. The really revealing vista is hard to come at. The second point that impressed me at the League was the persistence of traditional ideas in matters of style outside the realm of the skyscraper and even, on occasion, where that type itself is concerned. The historic periods still maintain their influence. That of the Tudor manor, by the way, seemed to me to be rather remarkably to the fore.

The other big organized affirmation of representative American art is that made by the Academy of Design. I have already reported in these pages the



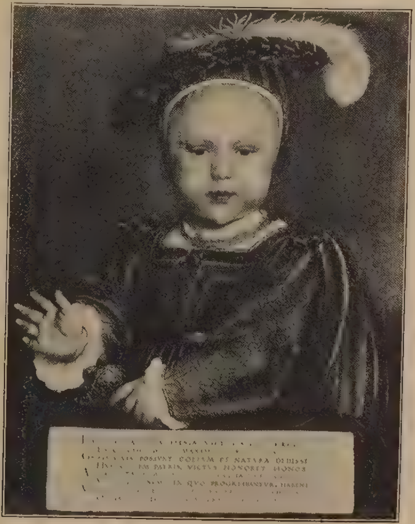
The Harvest Waggon.

From the painting by Gainsborough in the Gary sale.



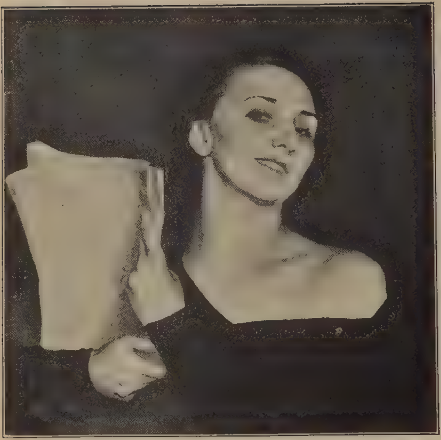
The Man with the Wine Glass.

From the painting by Velasquez shown at the Metropolitan Museum.



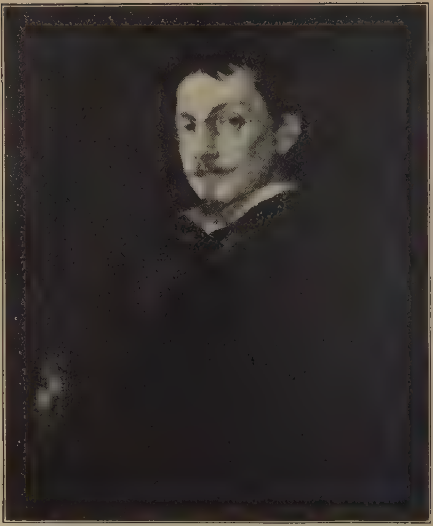
Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI.

From the painting by Holbein shown at the Knoedler Gallery.



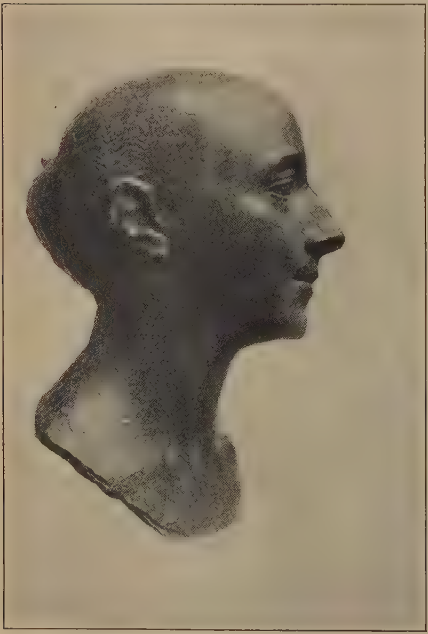
Russian Singer.

From the painting by Savely Sorine shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



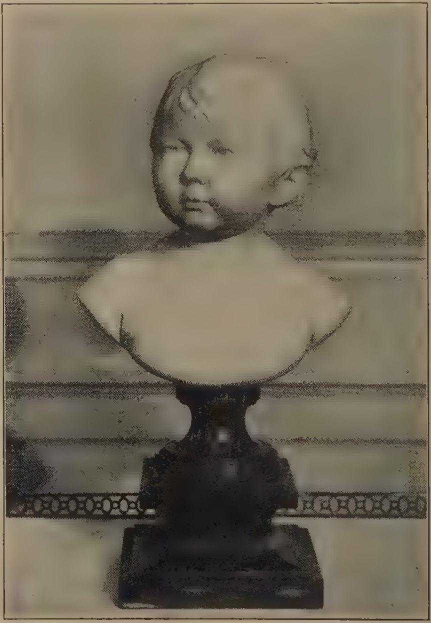
Hugo von Haberman.

From the painting by William M. Chase shown at the American Academy of Arts and Letters.



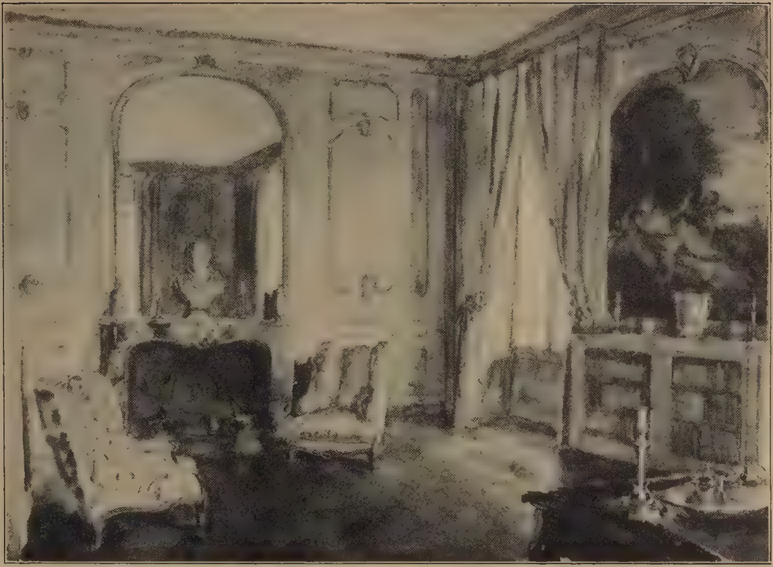
Madame W.

From the bronze by Charles Despiau shown at the Brummer Gallery.



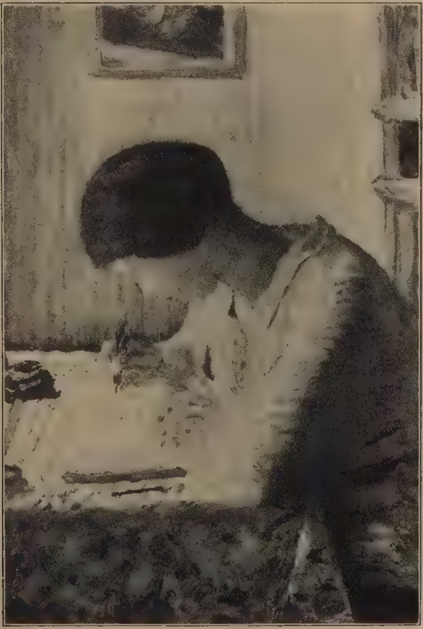
Sabine Houdon.

From the marble by Houdon in the Gary sale.



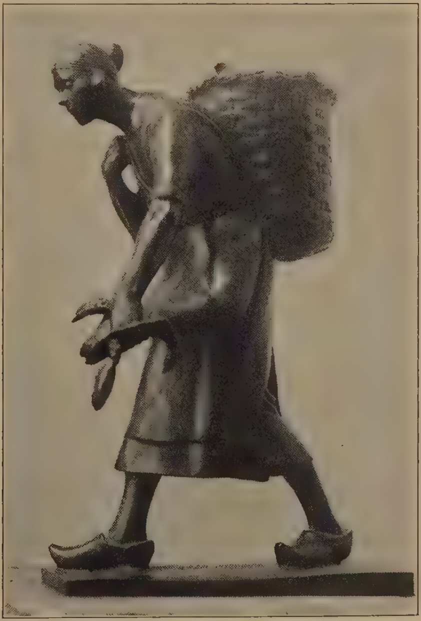
Le Salon Jaune.

From the painting by Walter Gay shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



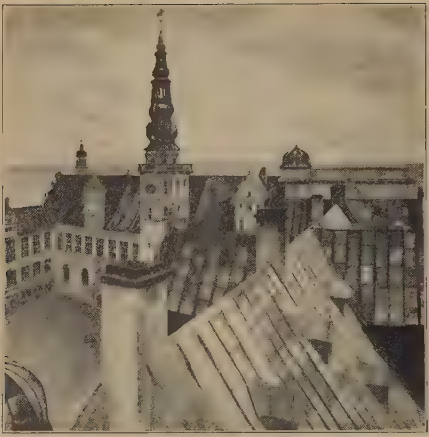
Jeune Fille en Rose.

From the painting by Pierre Bonnard shown at the Seligmann Gallery.



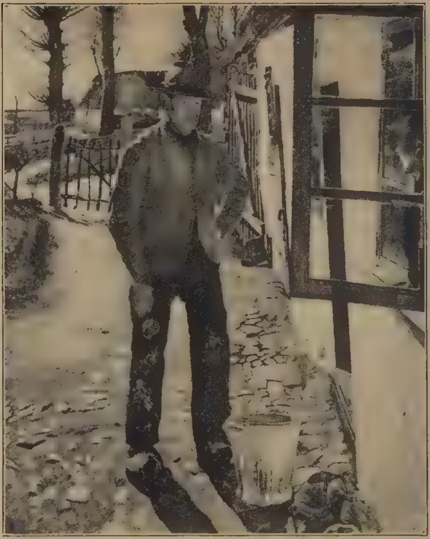
Porteuse de Poissons.

From the bronze by Mahonri Young shown at the Rehn Gallery.



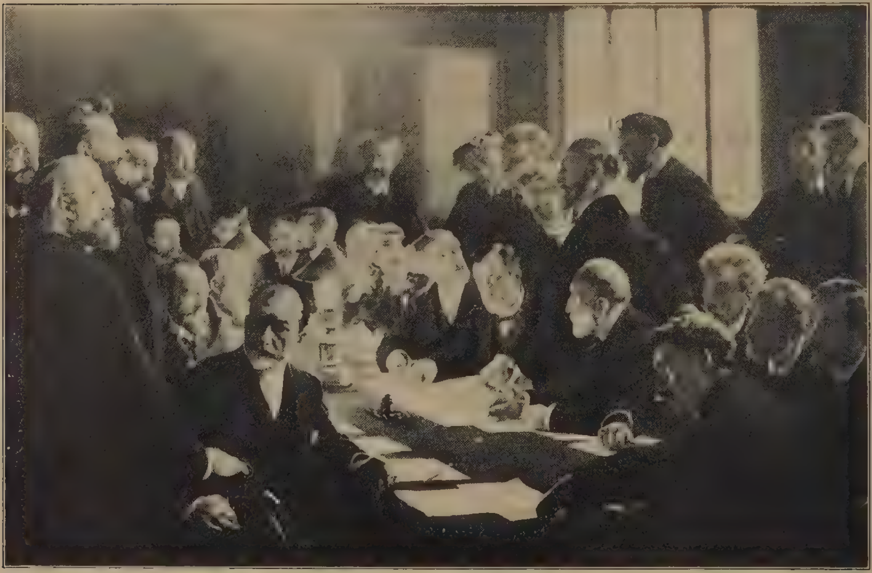
Kronberg—Hamlet's Castle.

From the painting by V. Hammershoi shown at the Brooklyn Museum.



Whitewashing the Old Homestead.

From the painting by L. A. Ring shown at the Brooklyn Museum.



The French Art Committee at Copenhagen in 1888.

From the painting by P. S. Kroyer shown at the Brooklyn Museum.

excellent impression left by the winter show. That arranged in the spring was not so persuasive. It maintained the Academy's standard of honest workmanship, it is true, but the exhibition seemed to me to be "marking time," and there were too few things on the walls that disclosed individual distinction. It was, on the whole, a somewhat discouraging affair. There is a disposition in some quarters to attribute a condition like this to something deleterious in the Academic hypothesis, as though the Academy provided a harborage for mediocrity and was deliberately inimical to "independent" talent. I think this is a short and even stupid view of the matter. It is not the fault of the Academy. It is the misfortune of our generation, which is poor, not only in the United States but all over the world, in rising artists of first-rate ability. When modernism let down the bars of technical discipline in favor of so-called "self-expression" it did terrible injury to the "new crop," but art has suffered also from a dearth of really inspiring leaders of an earlier origin. The great artist, the one who comes, as Whistler put it, "with the mark of the gods upon him," is a phenomenon that simply happens; but even your great artist, in his youth, requires to be taught, and, even more, to be inspired. The greatest lack from which our school suffers is that of artists to provide a stirring rallying-ground for the new idea. Imagination winces again at the thought of George Bellows's early death. He expressed himself if ever an artist did, and he was just the man to develop into a standard-bearer.

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Two American painters accustomed to that rôle have recently been honored by exhibitions at the American Academy of Arts and Letters. One, Edwin Howland Blashfield, has through a long lifetime splendidly asserted the importance of sound draftsmanship and thoughtful, classically-minded tradition in design. The other, the late William Merritt Chase, was a brilliant exemplar of painter's painting. The memorial exhibition of his works, scheduled to remain on view until the middle of July, has vividly revived the atmosphere in which he and Frank Duveneck introduced the invigorating tincture of their experience in Munich to American painting in the late seventies. Chase was magnificently dexterous and he had an omnivorous appreciation of good painting wherever he found it. His taste ran all the way from Hals, Rembrandt, and Velasquez to Fortuny and Vollon, and wherever his spirit paused it was expressed through flashing brush-work. His is one type of the leadership I have in mind when I speak of our present need. He was not a great artist. He never achieved an intensely personal and sharply defined style. But, besides knowing his craft, he had an infectious enthusiasm for it and was as a tower of strength to his juniors. There was no careless "self-expression" permitted in his classes. His approval could not be won save by good drawing, good handling, good workmanship generally—and he had a way of making young painters feel that these things were better worth gaining than anything else in the world.

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There have been some other American craftsmen of Chase's point of view making exhibitions in New York this winter. One of them was Gari Melchers, a charming type of rectitude in painting. Another was Maurice Sterne, whose strong draftsmanship was especially well illustrated in the little collection of his things shown at the Reinhardt Gallery. I must note also the posthumous exhibition of pictures by William Baxter Closson. He made a fine reputation years ago as a wood-engraver. One might fairly have expected him to be at a little loss in respect to color when he took up the brush. But it was plain from the pictures brought together at the Grand Central Galleries that he had caught in his tints, as well as in his drawing of light, graceful figures, something of the bright, gay sentiment of Watteau's France. The exhibition woke deep regret over his death. I must speak also of the beautiful achievement of Walter Gay, a veteran whose pictures began to appear in the Paris Salon many years ago. For some time he has been painting delightful studies of château interiors, oils which have repeatedly been received here with warm sympathy when he has sent them over to Wildenstein's. This winter, besides the oils, he included a quantity of watercolors in his exhibition. They proved among the most successful pieces he has ever painted, swift but firm in touch, most judicious in tonality, altogether glittering and charming. Two more "one-man" shows made by Americans come to mind, both organized at the Grand Central Galleries. Julius Rolshoven displayed admirable souvenirs of his entire career, figure studies allied with those of Chase in their thoroughgoing workmanship; and George Elmer Browne held attention through the colorful, romantic character of his pictures painted in Spain and elsewhere in Europe.

A salient incident in the field of sculpture was an exhibition of about forty bronzes by Jacob Epstein, at the Ferargil Gallery. It was of mixed significance. This much-talked-about artist has developed something akin to mannerism in the granulated modelling of his surfaces, and the sense of beauty which some of his earlier work has very clearly revealed would seem to have been smothered by a strangely archaic stylistic habit. On the other hand, his busts were impressive through their vividness and particularly through the energy enlivening them. He is one of those sculptors who do not know how to be commonplace and dull. I was amusedly aware of the disparity between the actual impression that he leaves and the portentous legend that has arisen around him, but I could not resist the pure force in his work. Neither could I resist the vital, interesting character of the little bronzes that Mahonri Young showed at the Rehn Gallery in February, realistic studies of types in humble French life. I loved the feeling for composition in them, the powerful modelling, and the sympathetic, incisive stroke he showed in the matter of characterization. I would designate Young's exhibition as one of the best of the season.

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The foreign contingent was numerically strong in the period I am traversing and contained figures of decidedly varying merit, to say nothing of several visitors who had no merit at all. They appeared in one or two miscellaneous arrays. At the Brooklyn Museum Denmark was represented in November by a collection of paintings and sculptures illustrating a half-century of the country's art. This developed the fact that the most fructifying element in Danish tradition has been the element of sound but rather conventional technique characteristic of the French Ecole des Beaux Arts. The leading exemplar of it turned out to be Peter S. Kroyer, a craftsman of a high order, with a streak of original quality in him. The school as a unit gave a very ordinary account of itself and certain pictures of recent years, only too numerous, indicated that in Denmark, too, modernism and the cult of ugliness have made wretched inroads. Thanks to the generosity and organizing ability of Mr. Goodyear, of Buffalo, there was visible, at the Wildenstein Gallery, an interesting group of contemporary European sculpture, bringing forward eight or nine types. The Swedish artist Carl Milles was to be seen in some appealing things, and there were good pieces by the French Bourdelle, Maillol, and Despiau. The last-mentioned was the hero of the occasion, and, in fact, I am glad to turn from this exhibition, which was welcome enough but not wholly exciting, to the one that Despiau had to himself at the Brummer Gallery in the fall.

I find it a little difficult to speak with moderation about this distinguished Frenchman. They say that Rodin "discovered him" some twenty-five years ago, but he has remained hitherto in something like obscurity, enjoying nothing like the *réclame* assigned to, say, Bourdelle. Yet he deserves every honor, for his nudes and busts are of extraordinary beauty. You would call them Greek in spirit if it were not that Despiau has in his modest way a faculty for being quite original in what he does. His style is very pure. He sees his subjects largely, even grandly. Instead of the naturalistic fervor of the Renaissance he cultivates the simplicity and the serenity of antique art. His work has great dignity and it has, what I find most beguiling of all, a delicate loveliness. There is a subtle personal note in him, a distinctive power elevating him immeasurably above the conventions of modern French sculpture. He seems to me one of the most potential figures in that school since Paul Dubois.

The only other living artistic ambassador from France to whom I have to refer was Pierre Bonnard, interesting partly because he proved a good painter and partly because his work had never been shown at full length in America before. He, like Epstein, has been the subject of a lot of eulogistic talk and, again like the sculptor, he does not quite come up to the expectations roused by the talk. He has an odd history. Back in the eighties he began as a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. From that sanctuary of discipline, where he competed unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome, he travelled forth upon incongruous paths. Gauguin was one of his enthusiasms, and he was touched by the influence of Montmartre, by that of Toulouse-Lautrec, and the like. He settled down finally into a mode of his own, the value of which consists in its not being in any stereotyped sense fixed. He is a broad, free, impressionistic figure, doing excellently with both the figure and with landscape. The exhibition of his works made at the Seligmann Gallery justified itself. There was another Frenchman, long since deceased, whose art made a charming interlude at the Kraushaar Gallery. This was Fantin-Latour, represented by a rich collection of his drawings. I mention it because it was of importance as making manifest what would hardly be divined from his paintings and lithographs, that he was as scientifically minded as he was romantic and had a wonderful grasp upon form.

Some superb draftsmanship was put

before us by the Russian, Savely Sorine. His portraits at the Wildenstein Gallery had exceptional linear felicity. The Continental artists otherwise to be recalled were chiefly two Venetians, Emma Ciardi, at the Young Gallery, a facile and charming painter of villa scenes peopled by eighteenth-century figures, and a fellow townsman of hers, Gennaro Favai, who paints Venice with a touch of his own, registering extremely artistic and interesting impressions. His exhibition was at the Anderson Galleries. Two English painters appeared. Oswald Birley, at the Duveen Gallery, well upheld his standard, and Augustus John, at the Anderson Galleries, seemed in the main a bit below himself. An English painter who has been living for some time in this country, Miss Maud Earl, had a notable exhibition at the Seligmann Gallery. It was notable because in screens and decorative panels she handled birds, trees, and such motives with a feeling for Oriental tradition, but left upon them an accent of uncommon individuality. Besides being a graceful designer she is a markedly polished craftsman.

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I have only too little space left in which to allude to the old masters recently seen in New York. A few months ago I noted the inauguration of the season with the memorable group of French Primitives at the Kleinberger Gallery and the Venetian pictures shown by the Agnews. These episodes were followed by a striking exhibition of Spanish art at the Metropolitan Museum—strongest in the works of El Greco and Goya, but with several fine pieces by Velasquez, such as The Man with the Wine Glass, from the Toledo Museum—and then came a good loan collection of Tintoretto, Holbein, and others at the Reinhardt Gallery, and "Twelve Masterpieces" presented at the Knoedler Gallery for the benefit of the Museum of the City of New York, which is raising money for a new building. I wish I could discuss this last group of pictures at length, especially the famous Virgin and Child Enthroned, by Pisanello, formerly in the Holford collection, the Vermeer Woman in a Red Hat, belonging to Secretary Mellon, and the same collector's glorious little Holbein, the Prince Edward, which is one of the master's purest gems. But I can do no more than record these exhibitions, merely emphasizing the unique contribution they make to that marvellous resourcefulness of New York, annually, in art education. On the auction sales, too, I must be brief. The prices fetched by the Salomon collection in January reflected the vogue of eighteenth-century French art. A little later both the Senff and Gary sales underlined the vitality of the Barbizon school. Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and the rest went to high figures on both occasions. At the dispersal of the Gary treasures two works sold sensationally. Sir Joseph Duveen paid $360,000 for Gainsborough's Harvest Waggon, and Mrs. Harkness gave $245,000 for Houdon's bust of his little daughter Sabine. This auction of the Gary collection at the American Art Galleries fetched, all told, $2,297,763. It made a fitting climax to a New York winter of singular interest in artistic annals.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

"Seven Days Whipping"

(Continued from page 30 of this number.)

neck, he knew, was moving back, his head with it. Was it possible that he was going to sleep? Indistinctly above him he heard the tread of feet, a murmur of voices. Margaret was silent. How could he know whether she would live or die? A phrase of the Greek of his youth returned to him, but he could not place it: "The augurs are silent when the Godhead speaks." He was aware that he was not awaiting an augury, but for the speech of a destiny in all respects comparable to his own. Perhaps, however, this was not true. Perhaps all was a dream, a phantasy taken from the Persian, not tragedy from the Greek. In the sight of the gods he must be a clown required to make laughter more poignant. A clown did he say? He would make but a fold in the blanket of earth. "Judge La Place waits, waits endlessly."

A car was now coming up the drive. Let it come. It might be Millbury; it might be the world and all that there was in it. He did not care. It was sufficient for him to sit still and bake the weariness out of his body. An hour before he had been isolated, alone upon his land, forced to resort to primeval law. Now civilization was rushing in upon him. He would have to answer its laws, answer with his own spirit, his career, with all that civilization deposited in his lap. That was very little, however. He did not even count it. Millbury had arrived, was standing at the door of the library. He had known this cub since he had been a child in knickers. He could be scarcely more than thirty now. The boy's mother was a distant cousin of his own. "Go on up, Millbury." The sound of the feet above his head was redoubled. They ran like rats around a floor. He knew that this boy was staring at him. "Go on up, Millbury." Well, why not? His appearance must be strange enough. "Judge La Place waits, waits endlessly."

The pressure within this house was enormous. Pressure was everywhere, upon his ears, upon his shoulders, upon his heart. He could not rid himself of it. Some one was going toward the kitchen. He heard a voice say: "Make some tea. It should be hot." The lights became dimmer as the electric range was turned on. "An electric range will cost only about two dollars a month more, Stawell, and will last our lifetime." That was Margaret's voice. No word from her now. No word from up-stairs. By God! a husband had a part in such an affair as this! One could prove it. How? Arithmetically, geometrically, of course. "Does monsieur desire his Evian?" That damned French table-water. A maître d'hôtel had said that upon their wedding-trip. "Monsieur waits, waits endlessly."

"And a God-damned good thing it was, too——"

Cassie had come in from the kitchen. She had on the uniform that Margaret made her wear when she was waiting on the table—probably had not taken it off at all. The dress was black. She carried a tray with a cup of tea upon it and some toast. Not for Margaret, certainly. It must be meant for himself. "Thank you, Cassie."

She set the tray upon the small table at his elbow. He must make some attempt to pull himself together. It was with an effort that he got his head down. Cassie seemed honestly concerned with him. She was calm, entirely motherly toward him, but she possessed a dignity which he had never seen her display before. Her body was very tall. She had a reddened angularity, the strength of mind that were characteristic of her sturdy Merioneth.

"How is your mistress, Cassie?"

He had not gotten that off just right. It was probably the first time that he had ever referred to Margaret as Cassie's mistress. This creature was her own man. He thought: "I must try again—though what can I say? The simplest way is the best."

"How is Margaret now?"

He was sure that her face clouded. She seemed to weigh her words as she spoke.

"She's doing right. Drink your tea, sir."

Time and night would never come to an end! "Drink your tea now, sir." It seemed to him that the woman increased in stature.

Her eyes seemed pitying. He could not endure that. Very nearly he shouted to her as he might to a prisoner in the dock: "Stand up!" A prisoner in the dock! "La Place. Judge La Place to the dock!"

The tea was hot, so hot that it scorched his tongue as if it were cold. He could not eat the toast, however nicely it was buttered. He was cold again, though that meant nothing. The noise of the feet upon the floor above continued. A man came down to the kitchen. La Place heard this person cough and clear his throat. The maid spoke again, strangely.

"She said that she wanted to go to a spool factory. She said it was beautiful—the regular way they put thread on spools."

He was not sure that he had heard this speech correctly, yet he was afraid to ask her to speak again.

He said finally: "What did she mean by that?"

It was just a thought she must have had.

He must not hesitate. He must get on with the matter before him. He put down the cup of tea. He was having difficulty with his hands; he was always having difficulty with his hands.

"I killed a man in the garden."

He could perceive no hint of surprise upon the maid's face.

"He was an Indian and he carried a deer."

Cassie said simply:

"I know, sir. I saw him. We all saw."

"Did Margaret see?"

"No, Cissie started to run to her, but I stopped her on the stairs."

La Place said, scarcely able to hear his own voice: "That was the man I shot. He's down there now." He thought: "How did *they* know about him, how did the police know? Some one must have found him. Mary-Ann may have come back."

There was silence up-stairs. For an instant he thought he heard Margaret, could not bear to listen again. He said: "I'm going out!" The maid replied: "I'll go with you. We'll take a light."

He got to his feet with difficulty. Cassie said to him: "You must have a coat. I'll get a lantern." He did not, he felt, possess sufficient strength to interrupt her. Every muscle in his body ached. He said to himself: "I can't leave Margaret now." There was speech replying: "You must learn. You must see what happened to *him*. His body, you fool!"

In the hall his weakness increased. The muscles of his neck seemed increasingly tired. It was with difficulty that he held his head up. The light upon the upper landing flickered as he looked at it. He thought: "The bulb is bad. I should put in a new one." He could not bring himself to go up, however. It was as if some physical barrier thrust itself between his body and the stairs. The sounds from Margaret's room were distant in his ears. All that he heard, all that he saw, passed beyond the borders of the real, beyond the confines of the imaginable.

Cassie reappeared almost at once. In her hand she carried a lighted oil-lantern. The wick had been carefully trimmed. The flame was steady beneath her fingers. Her appearance was different. Thought La Place suddenly: "She has changed her boots." This triviality seemed strange. Her expression was as normal as if she were waiting upon the table. "I suppose," La Place said to himself, "that they really want to get me out of the house."

He had difficulty in leaving it. An attraction plain to him, solid, leaden, held him to the door. The light upon the upper landing flickered steadily. It was like the beating of a heart. He said out loud suddenly, shockingly: "God damn all these things. God damn all these things!"

The air outside was very fresh. The wind seemed cold down the length of the hills; the river sullen rather than angry.

"He scuffed up the gravel here——"

The maid said suddenly: "You needn't have shot him. It was a brute's trick."

La Place noticed that she held her skirts high. To keep them out of the mud, he supposed. She flapped across the turf ahead of him like a tall scarecrow, bound that she would set things right. Her unfaltering obtuseness was like a shield to him. Her big body was a gray shoulder in the fog.

The earth was very soft. His heels sank into it as he walked. Here the Indian had gotten to his feet again before he had spun across the garden. The garden, did he say? It had been an incredible incident to occur between the rose-bushes and the mulberry-trees. The Indian was there, lay there, lay over the wall, heaped in the darkness. "A brute's trick. A brute's bullet. *Over the wall, now! Over the wall!*"

The marks upon the ground were ugly. There were his heels. The man had spun like a top. Cassie said: "He went straight across. Didn't he?" He had heard himself answer, or thought that he said: "Yes. I tell you I shot him in the throat!"

There was the wall—the line of the broken bushes fronting it. Where was Margaret now? In her bed, suffering an anguish more intolerable than this? Cassie was before him. She was a figure upon the wall.

He perceived the lantern move as she lowered it, searching the ground. He heard her say: "He didn't stay here long. He moved off toward the river." Her voice was less excited than he had heard it when the hunt had moved over their hill: "There's the fox now. He's gone down to the river." The lantern was like a yellow moth before him. It would not have amazed him to have seen a brown hand rise from the wet earth. What was it he had thought?—"Lie fallow for a time, to rise again into life." Brown hand to brown earth. Heel to heel upon the ground. The man had turned toward the river, had crawled toward it, perhaps. The marks upon the ground were those of hands. "La Place—La Place follows now!"

Said Cassie: "He was upon his hands and knees. See where he dug his fingers into the turf."

He answered: "I think so."

The way led down-hill, through the light wood toward the river. The lantern shone through the lacing of the thickets. The sound of the stream was lessened by the angle of the slope. It was almost silent here. Cassie preceded him by several feet. Her red hand held the lantern close. Her back, her shoulders, expressed a rigidity that he had not seen her display before. They came to a hollow. Plainly the man had been here. There lay upon the ground a torn strip of his shirt. "A bandage," he thought. "He was still alive. He could not have done that otherwise."

Cassie turned upon him suddenly, cried: "What have you done! Oh, judge, what have you done!"

The quickness of her movement, her sudden display of fright, terrified him more than all that had gone before. In her cry had been fear for himself, for Margaret, for their very home. It was as if she had cried to him: "You have torn the world apart. Put it together again. You must! The trees are thrown down. The land is destroyed. The hills are levelled. *We perish!*"

In some fashion never clear to him, this cry recalled him to reality. He saw plainly the position in which he was placed, perceived, so he thought, the extremities to which he was bound to come. His madness, his fever, seemed to clear from his mind. Even the quality of his fear changed. Whereas before he had been subject to a never-ending frenzy, now he was possessed of a cold and desperate fright which gave stimulus to his mind, permitted him to think clearly, to be a man again.

He said: "Give me the lantern."

Cassie handed it to him without a word. The way led down straight toward the river. The race, curving with the stream, intervened. Across it, he knew, was a bridge consisting of a single log with a hand-rail spanning the water. It was inconceivable that the Indian had been able to cross that. There his body would be found if he had not fallen into the race. He hurried as if he were going to a feast, to a wedding. There was no path—only the dim line of the broken underbrush before him. The brambles tore at his throat, at his knees. Cassie moved like a ghost behind him. Though the slope was always downward, he noticed that she was panting heavily and that she made a continuous motion as if she were wringing her hands. He thought to himself: "I must know. I must know with certainty, now."

He was startled by the maid making some sound behind him. "Pssst," she was saying. "Pssst—Pssst." This sibilancy was distracting. He then saw what she had perceived before him—that there was visible upon the edge of the stream a number of moving lights; they were some distance below Cassie and himself.

For an instant he paused to look at them, wondered what this new diversion meant. The lights were swung, were raised and lowered, as if signals were being given, were blotted out in the darkness and mist like moving fireflies, only to reappear again. They advanced steadily down the bank. He then saw upon the hill other lights moving toward the house. Apparently there was communication between the groups. He would be caught in their convergence. For an instant he struggled with an overwhelming desire to turn and flee. It was for him, *for him,* that these lights were searching! Ultimately they would find him. "For you, La Place. For you!" No matter where he went, they would search him out.

It was not, he realized, the contemplation of the deed which he had done but the spectacle which he was bound to make of himself before these men that tormented him most. He was, he knew, consumed by that strange, exasperating dignity which he had found so ludicrous in the Indian when the latter had stood before him. The savage had set himself squarely in the way of the brute force that had been meted out to him, and now he, La Place, by his own savage act was caught in the same trap. That which would be done to him must be done.

He heard Cassie say: "I'm afraid now. I can't go down there."

He heard himself answer: "Go back to the house. I don't want you here." He moved down the bank. He was aware that Cassie remained at his heels, though she said nothing, made no sound.

He heard some one shout, "Oh, Biff, that you? Find anything?" realized that he was being taken for one of the searching-party, kept steadily on. He stopped at the edge of the race, saw upon the opposite bank a party of five men. Two were in the uniform of the State police—a lieutenant whom he knew was usually upon highway duty and a private. To the right was old Damiano, a tarpaulin hood thrust up over his head, in his hand a gnarled stick. The other two men he did not know. The group turned to look at him, paused for an instant as though in surprise. The lieutenant shouted to him, "Stay there. Don't move!" and immediately ran toward the log bridge. The others followed helter-skelter. They stopped within a few feet of him.

He heard himself say: "I'm Judge La Place." Cassie, he realized, was standing at his back. Nothing, he felt, could move her. She stood like a rock, her arms folded.

The two of them presented, he was aware, a grotesque picture. He himself was drenched to the skin, hatless, collarless, the bosom of his stiff white shirt covered with mud. The studs had fallen out and the shirt was open, disclosing his underclothes, his thin chest beneath them. His trousers from the knees down were soaked with water, caked with earth. His shoes, he realized, were blobs of mud. Cassie was in an almost similar state. Panting, distrait, none the less the big Englishwoman retained her air of obtuseness, determination that nothing might shake.

On the other hand, the party of men seemed embarrassed, held in check by some singular reserve. He felt this plainly, waited, however, for them to make the first move. Certainly they were aware who he was, had been coming on his land for a purpose known to them all. They could not conceal this. Incredibly, he found himself waiting. He thought: "For me, by God! They're waiting for me! Will this endure forever?" A fatigue, so complete as to leave him almost exhausted, was coming over him. He retained scarcely sufficient energy to keep himself erect, with difficulty restrained a wish to sit down upon the bank. He said to himself: "What a fool I am! What a dried-up quivering fool I've become! Why don't I speak? I'll have to now or later." None the less there seemed to him a certain petty advantage in keeping the situation at arm's length, some gain to be had in pushing time from him. The circumstances which hemmed him in must be answered, but he could not bring himself to do so. "La Place, they're waiting for you. They're waiting for you."

None the less the situation bound them all. Old Damiano, he saw, had not moved since he had spoken. The two strangers looked beyond him toward Cassie. The elder of the two turned and spat into the stream.

With no conscious volition upon his part, he found himself searching his memory for the last time that this lieutenant of police had stood before him. In court, he thought. He strove to place the man in the court-room. He had sat in all probability back of the dock, upon the line of benches generally occupied by the witnesses. The man's body was short, stocky, very muscular. He could not see his eyes. Probably he had never paid particular attention to him before. There was a revolver at his hip, clipped, of course, to his belt. The flap of the holster was open. The gun was ready for use. The thought brought a tremor to his nerves. This was not of fear for himself, but repugnance, disgust at the thought of a gun being discharged. What a chicken-livered fool he was! He had fired a gun that night with less provocation than this officer would have were he to draw this revolver and shoot him now.

The lieutenant spoke: "A man was shot here, judge. We're trying to find out something about it."

There could be no doubt that these words had been spoken. He heard them indistinctly, however. His own speech was distinct, plain; the plainest thing, he felt, that he had ever said in all his life.

"I shot him." He repeated it again. "I shot him. *Is he dead?"*

A space intervened in which literally nothing happened. The world seemed empty, a vacuum into which his thoughts swept like swooping birds.

"Sheriff, take the prisoner!" He could have sworn that that was his own voice. A pronouncement of the court after sentence had been imposed and a prisoner was to be removed from the dock. And Margaret? The thought of her brought him utter misery. Where was she now? Alive or dead? At least, he must get back to the house. That was his place—not here among these men. The darkness was like a cloud upon the earth. Surely it would persist forever. He had known nothing else for so many eternal years that he might hope that he would never see the sun again.

Cassie said: "It's true. He did shoot him. I saw him fall." The statement was made in simple corroboration of his own.

A number of men added themselves to the group about. These were, he supposed, the other searchers descended from the hill. The faces of some were familiar. He recognized Wheeling, the tenant upon the Talley farm; Stephens, who kept the store at Price's Corner. Stephens had sat before him on many a jury. The man spoke respectfully to him, now.

"Evenin', judge."

He nodded in return. The pause continued. The situation contained some sort of ludicrous magic which held him and the men before him powerless. This was almost more than he could endure. He longed to shout at the top of his voice: "I shot him! I killed him! I shot him at the angle of his throat. He fell, then got to his feet. I'd do it all the same way again. Keep your eyes down! *Keep your eyes to yourself!"*

Cassie said softly to him: "Come up to the house. Come on up to the house, now. There's no good to be done here."

He heard himself say: "In a minute, Cassie."

The lieutenant answered him: "He's not dead, sir. They think he won't die. There's been no recent report from the hospital."

He asked: "Where did they take him?"

The lieutenant spoke again: "Misericordia. It was the nearest. He'd lost a good deal of blood."

There returned to his mind the figure of the man as he had stood in the garden. He had crossed the wall like a wounded bird, had fallen into the darkness as a duck might fall into the black water of a marsh. "La Place shot. La Place shot him! Answer for La Place. Answer now."

The lieutenant turned.

"Damiano, take your men back to the village. You're done for the night. Take 'em back now. Clear out and get to bed. Don't spend the night up talking. Parker"—this to the private of police—"bring the car up to Judge La Place's house."

Said Cassie: "How do you feel? Put an arm on my shoulder."

He answered: "I'm all right. Go on ahead."

The maid turned, proceeded up the path toward the house. The lantern was still in her hand. He followed with the lieutenant of police.

Cassie looked back abruptly, said: "Mrs. La Place is in labor. Bear that in mind." This speech, he knew, was not directed to himself, but to the lieutenant.

The man's answer did not seem relevant: "Parker will be up with the car."

He presumed that the officer was embarrassed, had been able to think of nothing else to say. The path up the hill seemed intolerably steep. The lanterns below faded into the distance and the fog, hesitated and hung about the farther bank of the stream.

He asked abruptly: "What time is it?"

The officer flashed his light upon the watch strapped to his wrist: "It's a little after three."

Three hours, four hours, five hours! At least that since he had sat in the yellow room with Margaret, had poured out her coffee, had stood at her feet. Four hours at least had passed since he had shot the Indian. Three hours to daylight. Not more. The sun would rise over the hill; the river would be a mud-colored ribbon under the light. Judge La Place's Rivervale. How could he think of it again? He said to himself: "That's past. I shall never get back to it."

He had reached the level ground to the rear of the garage. Here the lights of the house were visible. Every room was illuminated. The building seemed bursting with light.

He asked again: "What time is it?" This, for some reason, seemed to him to be important.

The lieutenant answered: "It's still three o'clock, sir."

They stood now in the angle between the house and the garage. The stone flagging before the door was, he noticed, becoming loose. The cement was giving way. It would have to be attended to at once if it was to be saved. The lieutenant said suddenly:

"You go in first."

The door was open. Cassie had preceded him. He had not seen her go in. He followed with the feeling that he was treading upon glass. That, of course, was nothing more than the smoothness of the floor. The police officer took off his hat, wiped his hands upon a handkerchief which he drew from his pocket. He heard himself say: "Go into the library, lieutenant. I'll be there in a minute."

The stairs seemed to be without steps. None the less he was called upon to ascend them. His feet labored at the task. At the first landing he paused for breath, listened. The up-stairs hall was brightly lighted, but there was no sound and he saw no one in the corridors. Margaret's door was closed. He could not bring himself to knock; still, he must know. He stood against the wall.

He thought: "I must not look in." In a few minutes the nurse came out into the hall. She went to the window at the end of the corridor and flung it open.

"It's hot in here," the nurse said. Then added: "She hasn't made a sound."

He heard himself ask: "Is she all right?"

"Yes," said the nurse. "But she hasn't made a sound. You don't know how extraordinary it is. It's as if she were playing some game. She'll have to cry out soon."

He said: "Could I see the doctor?"

The nurse answered: "I guess not." She went back into the room and closed the door.

He found that he was again descending the stairs. Instead of going directly to the library, he went through the yellow room. There was not, he realized, much point in this procedure, but he found a certain relief in the sheer physical exercise of walking. The lieutenant of police stood with his back to the fireplace in the library. He was, thought La Place, inconspicuous. It might be possible to avoid him. Strange how much time had passed. It could not be long now till dawn. He suddenly realized that the nurse had been right. Margaret was screaming now. He could not breathe. "That will be all right. She will be all right. Stop and think, man! That's normal. That's natural." There was a flurry of feet in the hall above. He seemed suspended in sound while the minutes passed. He said to the lieutenant: "You want to ask me about this. Shall I tell you now?"

The sound had died away. He was thankful for this. It gave him time to think. He found that he was marshalling his facts as carefully as if he were charging a jury.

"He came here about five o'clock carrying a deer on his shoulders. I followed him up to the house and asked him what he wanted. He wouldn't tell me. It was raining hard. Mrs. La Place seemed to be all right then, but I was beginning to get worried about her. I couldn't be sure of the fellow's race but I took him to be an Indian——"

The lieutenant interrupted him: "He was an Indian. His name was Joe Ironquois. He was the son of the old fellow you sentenced this morning. I haven't talked to him myself. I was called from the hill station. But Parker did——"

La Place said: "You don't mean *that!*"

Somehow he was unable to get into his mind that the man no longer lay behind the garden wall. He had spun like a top—like a top. The reason had been his father. "Your father is not here." That had been unbelievably long ago.

"Why did he bring the deer?"

The lieutenant got up. There was the sound of a car coming up the drive. "That's Parker now. What did you do with the gun, judge? Did you drop it outside?"

Of course he had dropped it outside. Did this fool think that he would keep such a thing in his pocket? How tired he was. If Margaret could only be made to live, to survive, it would be enough.

He said: "I threw it down on the ground. I can't remember where."

He heard the officer say: "He says he threw the revolver down outside. Take a light and look for it."

His whole body seemed to absorb the sounds from up-stairs. He was, he realized, intently listening, but he could not decipher the meaning of what he heard. Some one was calling, but the voice was not Margaret's. The lieutenant went on: "The deer came up earlier in the afternoon. He got it from the Aitken's place just outside of Yorklynn. One of their men telephoned that a man—he thought he was a negro—had killed a deer with a knife and had gotten away with it. We looked for him on the roads."

Seventeen miles. The Indian had carried that dead weight upon his shoulders for such a distance as that. Across the fields, down the hills, through the streams, a steady, relentless progress. He had brought the deer to Rivervale and had put it down at his doorstep. "Take the deer. Take the deer, *now*." The man had been a savage, a brute, but what a strange immutable purpose had driven him.

"Why did he bring it here?"

The voice up-stairs was renewed. The call was urgent. "Get—get—" The final words were lost.

The private of police reappeared in the door.

"You couldn't find it. Look again."

The revolver, he supposed. They were still searching for it. It was odd that he had no conscious recollection of what he had done with it. Many men who killed other men must have been similarly affected. Death brought with it its own nepenthe, wiped out its own recollection.

"The deer! Why did he bring it here?"

"He made a statement to Parker. He was bringing the deer as a sort of peace-offering. He thought that if he could make you take it, you would let his father out of jail. He explained it to Damiano, too, when the old man found him. Some other Italian who had been up here ran down to Damiano's and tried to tell him that you were being held up. The old fellow was asleep, had been attending a wedding in town, and they were afraid to wake him. This other fellow—they call him Mary-Ann—came back two or three times to the house before he could get through to Damiano. When the old fellow got it into his head, he came up with a roar, a couple of his young men with him. They found the Indian bleeding to death down by the bridge and took him in. They telephoned from some place near here and got one of the city ambulances. The sergeant on the desk phoned me.

"We couldn't get the hang of it at first—thought it was an ordinary Italian stabbing. Damiano didn't help any. He had one of his young men picked for the goat, said he did it, and was going to stick it on him. The young fellow couldn't lie fast enough, and Damiano came through at last. 'He said he bring the deer to the judge for peace, to get his father out of jail, and the judge shot him.'

"Why did you shoot him?"

From where he sat he could look through the eastern windows. There was, he thought, some faint trace of dawn upon the horizon. He had no desire for the light. The time when he would have welcomed it was long since past. Let the darkness remain, himself in it. At least while it endured, he might sit quiet.

"Why did you shoot him?"

The question was direct, unanswerable. Superficially he had shot because this savage had kept him out of the garage. But was not the answer for his action deeply lost within his own personality? Had he not borrowed barbarism from the man himself? His finger had not closed upon the trigger through fear. He had known that he would shoot this savage before he had left his room. He had gone out for that purpose. "By God!" he thought. *"There was pleasure in it. I was as savage as he was."*

He knew that this lieutenant of police had to ask these questions. It was part of the steady, inexorable pressure of society, pulling him back into line. One was pulled and squeezed until the face of the world presented a steady, unwavering profile. To maintain that face, all else, if necessary, was lost.

He said irrelevantly: "He told me his name was 'Seven Days Whipping.' "

"These Indians have queer names. The father and he lived down near the Middleborough Marsh. People down there called them both 'Joe.' So this fellow said. He said he was an Iroquois Indian. Everybody else called it Ironquois."

He said: "That seems strange."

The lieutenant answered him briefly: "There's lots of strange things."

Certainly the light in the eastern sky was increasing. The gray of the fog was becoming opaque. This must be dawn—or a false dawn? The night at least was close to an end. He said quite suddenly: "Lieutenant, I'll go in with you, of course, but I must know how things turn out here." He added, without meaning to: "Do you mind waiting outside?"

The request was, he realized, irregular. The police officer might well refuse it. He was presuming upon his status as a judge. There was no reason why he should be treated differently from any other man who had committed homicide. But the lieutenant left the room. Going to the window, he saw the two officers get into their car. He perceived that almost immediately the private went to sleep. He slept bolt upright none the less, against the cushions of the car. The single word "perpendicular" came into his mind, rested for an instant, and was gone.

The light was gradually increasing. In a short time one would be able to discern the actual tendrils of the fog. *The Indian lay in the darkness!* That was not true. It was a torment to him to contemplate the night, horrible to think of the day. What would be done with him? What should he do? Go in town, of course. The two police would see to that. "Make way for La Place. Make way for Judge La Place!"

He was, he found, sitting down in a chair. It seemed hot in the room now, though he was aware that he was shivering. Margaret made no sound, no further sound. There was still the noise of feet upon the floor above. He tried to listen carefully. He had put out the light. Why had he done that? The room swam with mist. He found that he had placed a coat across his knees, though where he had found it he could not imagine. He had felt it drop across his knees. A senseless horror seized him. Was it possible that some unseen creature was handing things to him in the dark? There could be no doubt that the nurse was standing before him. She spoke at once and without the least touch of the dramatic: "You have a son." He heard himself ask senselessly: "Where?" The nurse replied very carefully: "He's in his mother's bathroom." He said: "I can't believe that." The nurse said: "Believe it or not, as you choose, but come and see him."

He got to his feet and followed her to the stairs. Her back, he thought, was as straight as a board. At the head of the flight he met Cassie. "Judge," she said, "you have a son, a fine son." He heard himself reply, shortly, as if he were vexed: "I know that." The question then forced itself from his lips: *"How is Margaret?"* Both women answered him at once with an air of surprise, as if it were something concerning which he was thoroughly informed. "She's asleep." "Why, she's asleep."

To this he found no answer, nothing more to say. The three went down the hall together. The nurse opened the door. The room was brightly lighted. Nothing in it, so far as he could see, had been disturbed. The counterpane, a red-and-black patchwork, was still upon the bed. To his surprise he perceived upon the middle of it a baby which he took to be his own. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from asking: "Whose child is that?" The palpable absurdity of his thought caused him to laugh hysterically. Of course it was his child. Of course! Whose else could it be! There could be but one baby in the house. None the less there was a baby. He inspected it without the least apparent feeling, though the contemplation of it shook him to the foundations of his spirit. It was as if this child were the rock of his body. That was all.

He heard himself say stupidly: "I must go in now. I've business in town that will have to be attended to."

Clark appeared, smoking a cigarette. The doctor showed no sign of weariness. He said: "I know you will. But you must change your clothes first. Do you realize what you have on? Everything is over here. I don't wish you to see Mrs. La Place before she wakes up."

He could perceive his head and shoulders in the standing mirror upon the bureau across the room, thought suddenly: "I am not the same as I was. I'm not the same as I was. Everything is changed!"

Clark said: "Would you like to have me help you change your clothes? You can't go in looking like that, you know."

He answered shortly, stiffly: "I can look out for myself." Thereupon he turned upon his heels as upon some slow-moving fulcrum and left the room. He thought: "My feet are heavy. I should take a bath, but if I do so, can I keep awake? *This must be gotten through with.*" He was aware that their pity was following him out of the room. He could not endure the thought of this, endeavored to put it from his mind. The hall was long, long. It was with difficulty that he got down it. The door of his own room fortunately was open.

It was easier, he found, to rip the shirt from his shoulders than to attempt to undo the buttons of the shirt-front. The drawer of his bureau was open. The handkerchief from which he had drawn the revolver lay across it. He looked at it from the distance that stretched between it and the bed. This distance seemed immeasurable, to be upon some other plane than that upon which he stood. "The man's in the garden—below the wall." He heard himself say distinctly: *"That's not true."* Was it not possible for him to put that from his mind? In a short time he would be forced to deal with facts as in a case at law. Fancy could not enter into that. He could not keep his mind upon the subject. The red-and-black counterpane obtruded itself into his mind. So that was Margaret's child. His child and Margaret's. She had been delivered and upon this very night. There was iron; there was steel; there was Margaret. He himself, of course, was a great deal less.

He selected his clothing, he found, with the same care that he usually displayed. His shirt was buttoned. His cravat was tied. He was ready. Had it been possible to have put down this readiness, to have protracted his dressing indefinitely, he would have done so. The physical efficiency of his fingers had betrayed him. "I am ready. I must go in."

He put out all the lights. The grayness of the dawn sprang into the room. It was, he felt, precisely as if he had opened a flood-gate and had let the night rush back. He closed the door of his room and descended the stairs. He was, he knew, attempting to think of additional things to do. Every motion, the twisting of his hand upon the door-knob, his steps down the hall, gave him a feeling which he infinitely prized, a protraction of this interlude in which all was silent, in which time seemingly had no connection with place or event.

The hall was just as he had left it. The door of the library was half open. He regarded it now as a sanctuary which he could scarcely bear to leave. He got his coat and a hat. As he put them on he thought singularly: "Court meets to-day. I shall be present at it." His watch showed that it was a few minutes past five. He thought: "I'm calmer now."

As he left the house he perceived that the fog had increased. The areaway was a deep pool of mist; the police car was a shadow against the darkness of the wall. He said to himself: "I must go straight to it. It wouldn't do to walk away." This impulse, he felt, was more than he deserved. He walked to the car, said briefly: "Lieutenant, I'm ready now."

The private was still asleep. He slept like a child, his years, the grossness of his features hidden in slumber. The lieutenant woke him by rubbing his shoulder, said: "Parker, get in behind. Let the judge in here."

The car turned down the drive. There was the bridge, but he could catch no glimpse of the stream beneath. Now to go up the road—the river road. The way was a tunnel of darkness and of mist. There was the hill. To his surprise he saw that Thompson's wheat was actually down. The stalks lay upon the ground in a sullen, twisted sea. The sun, if there was a sun, might dry it out, might cause the grain to stand again.

The lieutenant said suddenly: "We'll stop at the hospital, sir."

He heard himself reply: "I think it would be well."

The prospect terrified him. Was he to look again in the Indian's eyes, see that savage body prostrate upon a hospital bed? The comparative tranquillity which he had gained was hard won. What if the man spoke? "My father. My father is here." *The Indian lay dead in the darkness.* He was caught upon some plane where the grotesque and the natural had impinged and become one.

The car turned into the pike side. The old windmill on the corner whirred in the semi-darkness. It was, he felt, like a man of huge proportions stepping down the sky. "Whir—whir—whir." He could not bring the past night into reality. "Whir—whir—whir"—down the sky in gusts like a tempest. The countryside was beaten and wet.

The grip upon his nerves increased. He looked at the lieutenant of police beside him. He heard himself say: "Lieutenant, it can't be long now until sunrise." The man made no reply. He said again: "It can't be long now until sunrise." To his surprise the private of police answered him: "The lieutenant's half asleep. He hasn't been to bed for thirty-six hours."

For some reason which he could not discern this fact troubled him. It was not its relation to himself, though it increased his own weariness, but the thought of the torture of fatigue to which he was subjecting these men. The lieutenant said suddenly: "I'll sleep later. We're all tired."

That was it. It could not be helped. These two men and himself were intent upon the task before them. He thought: "It will soon be over now."

The concrete of the pike was like metal before them. The road would end soon, however, in the borders of the city. There were the first lights now, solitary globes swinging down the length of the road. The mist was thinner here. Now down the long hill. The gasoline stations were still lighted. Was it possible that the clock had been set back—that it was still yesterday evening? He would be content to swing here infinitely while the earth turned.

The car turned. He thought: "He's going through the park." Into his mind was coming a new fear. When this was over this morning, it would be necessary for him to drive through the city on his way home. He would be held by some magistrate in bail, and, having furnished it, would be released to await trial. The city would know the circumstances long before that had been done. Was he to go home at noon through the people upon the streets? Was he to drive out the avenue where all could see him? He could not bear it. The avenue with its trees—the very land which he had been over so many times in his life.

No one was visible now. The park seemed only a continuation of the country road. There lay the bridge, however. The span was broad here, as the broader stream required. He could not disassociate himself from this river. All that had taken place had taken place along its banks. The hospital was on the elevation above. The car turned up the rise, stopped in the courtyard. He got out and went to the door of the hospital, stood waiting. Thereafter he followed the lieutenant in. Again events seem unrelated. There was no reason apparent to him why he should wait here. There was no reason why he should not walk out of the door. Would his absence be noticed? Would events apparently unconnected click together again? The current of thought within his mind had ceased. He was, he realized, waiting.

A young nurse was in the room. The lieutenant said: "We've come to see Joe Ironquois."

The nurse said: "You can go right on up. He's in Ward Four."

The corridor, he found, was immensely silent, dimly lighted. The stairs were long, narrow. At the top was the ward.

He heard himself say suddenly: "Where is he?" Some one answered: "Here."

He saw at once that this was the man. He was held in the bed as in a box—some arrangement of straps about his breast to keep him from moving. The fellow's face was turned away. He perceived only the line of his head, the shadow of his features in the semi-darkness; could not tell whether he was conscious or awake. Some one—he thought it was the lieutenant—said: "Go around to the other side, judge. You can see him from there." He moved obediently, stopped. The man was awake and was looking steadily at him. He could plainly perceive his eyes. The Indian's glance was undeviating, untroubled as had been his father's in the court-room when sentence had been passed upon him. He could not face it, was swung away as if propelled by some physical force. He heard the lieutenant say—the voice was the merest shadow in his consciousness: "Joe, was this the man that shot you?" He did not catch the answer, but received the whispered sibilancy of the Indian's words as if they were as concussive as stones: "Yes . . . yes."

The man turned back to immobility. His body was entirely still. There was not even a movement of his hands. He knew that he walked back toward the corridor. The lieutenant followed him. In the doorway they met an interne. He heard himself ask: "Will he recover?"

"Who?"

"The Indian—Ironquois."

"Yes. He's in no danger now. The internal bleeding has stopped. Are you going my way?" The final words were addressed to the lieutenant.

He heard the officer answer: "No. We're going down to the station." He asked: "You're sure?"

The interne answered: "There's nothing to worry about. Is the fellow a man of yours?"

He said: "No. That is—not exactly." The speech did not seem incoherent in view of what was pounding at his mind. *That is he. That is he.* What shall I do? What can I do?

He found his way with difficulty down the stairs. The light was at his back. In the receiving-room below the same nurse asked: "Did you see him?" He replied in an ordinary tone of voice, "Yes, thank you," went out the door and waited.

It was, he judged, about six o'clock. The land was beginning to emerge plainly from the smoking haze of the river. The arc-lights, he noticed, at the beginning of the Boulevard had been turned off. The lieutenant had not appeared, had not, he remembered now, followed him down the stairs. Was it possible that the officer was still talking to the Indian? He could afford to wait, wait endlessly if need be.

The lieutenant appeared.

"He says he wants his father let out."

He heard himself reply: "No man can do that."

They walked toward the car. The officer said: "This is a serious matter. We'll have to commit you. Hadn't you better get some one to act for you? Some attorney, I mean."

The thought slipped into his mind and he was not able to control it. "There's Henshaw. There's Henshaw now. He would act for me. There's time. There's still time!" He realized bitterly that the thought was unworthy of him. He could not do that, could not bring Henshaw into such an affair as this. There must be an end to his weakness and vacillation. He must put himself in the way of justice, not attempt to avoid it. But could he trust to his own judgment in the matter? The advice which the lieutenant had given him, he, in turn, had given to many a litigant, to many a defendant, both in his practice and in court. "Get a lawyer. Get counsel to defend you." He was aware that deliberately he was thinking beside the point. What was it that the lieutenant had said? "He says that he wants his father let out." Was there not a tacit suggestion in the words? If his father is let out—suppose his father is let out . . . There returned to him his own speech—*"No man can do that."* Was that precise, accurate? Was he, in fact, justified in deciding that issue for himself? Shadows were forming in his mind. None the less he should be able to distinguish between honor and cowardice.

To his surprise, he said: "Judge Henshaw is at the American House?" There was, he noticed, a rising inflection to his voice. It was as if he had asked a question, timidly made a suggestion which was bound to be rejected. He was aware that he was waiting with every nerve in his body tensed.

The lieutenant said: "Shall we take you there?"

He listened to the speech with the utmost care. Wasn't there discernible in the officer's voice the least shadow of contempt? He repeated in his mind the words, the tone in which they had been spoken as exactly as he could remember it—could not tell. The issue, however, had been returned to him. He had attempted to push it from him, to put it upon the responsibility of the lieutenant. That had not been fair. He must face the question of his own conduct himself. Strange how one could find a small virtue in such an act as this.

He heard himself say: "Yes . . . yes!"

It was necessary to cross the bridge. It was light now. The river, he saw, was a raging torrent, a surging mass of reddened water. Such a torrent as that could not be stemmed. He found the symbolism brief, grew tired of thinking of it. The lieutenant drove steadily on. The private remained in the back of the car.

He heard the lieutenant say: "This is it." The floor of the hotel was bare as a barn. It was with difficulty that he succeeded in placing the bare gray walls, the leather divans against them, the slightly fetid odor of the lobby. A clerk was behind the desk. He heard his own voice: "Judge Henshaw is in?" The question was absurd. Of course he was in, still asleep, in all probability. The clerk looked up in surprise. "Telephone him that Judge La Place and an officer wish to come up to his room." The clerk said: "Yes, sir. At once."

The elevator was not yet running. It was necessary to climb three flights of stairs. Henshaw's room was at the end of the next corridor. The door was open. Henshaw, he saw, was standing beside his bed, a dressing-gown thrown over his pajamas. He could not remember the salutations which passed between them. He was not sure that he himself had said a word.

His first speech astonished him. He said: "I've just shot a man. The son of the man that I sentenced in court yesterday morning. He came to Rivervale with a deer. The deer was a peace-offering of some sort to get his father off."

Henshaw said: "A deer? What was that?"

The lieutenant explained: "The man's an Indian, the son of the old fellow that Judge La Place sentenced yesterday. He killed a deer on the Aitken place and brought it down with him. He wanted the judge to take it. Some sort of trouble took place and the judge shot him. He's in the Misericordia Hospital now."

Said Henshaw: "It's incredible. I didn't know there was an Indian in the State."

The lieutenant said: "The old fellow came here from some place in the upper part of New York about twenty years ago and brought his boy with him. The son called himself 'Seven Days Whipping' to Judge La Place. I guess they're really Indians. The two of them lived down at the edge of the Big Middleborough Marsh."

"Is he badly hurt?"

Said La Place: "I shot him in the neck and in the lung. They say he's in no danger now."

He knew that he was putting the issue from him, that he should have said: "The danger is mine now. I'm in danger now! *What shall I do? What am I going to do?"*

The positions of the figures in the room had changed. The lieutenant had gone back to the door, stood waiting. Henshaw had turned to the small table beside the bed, was pouring out a glass of water. La Place noticed that his hands shook. A singular silence fell upon the room.

He was able to anticipate the next question, knew what it would be long before the words formed themselves upon Henshaw's lips. He prepared himself to meet it as best he could.

"Why did you shoot him?"

The question, he found, was sufficiently direct to permit an answer. It was strange that he had not been able to answer it before. He felt a sort of iron vigor rise within him, a kind of madness which he could not keep down. His voice, he realized, possessed a quality of horror but also exemplary steadiness.

"At first it was because he wouldn't let me into the garage. I had to get a car to get a doctor for Margaret. I have a son now. Later—at the end—*good God, Henshaw! There was a pleasure in it. I was as much a savage as he was!"*

He looked away. The lieutenant was still at the door. Henshaw, he could not notice, was unable to keep his eyes upon him. The silence continued, augmenting itself out of the intensity within the room. There was, he felt, nothing that could ever break it. In that stillness continued his life.

The lieutenant said suddenly: "He says that he wants his father let off."

The speech dropped into the consciousness of all of them, clung there, augmented itself. Its meaning was plain. Henshaw was visibly pondering upon it.

"He says that he wants his father let off."

He heard himself say: "Henshaw, we can't do that!"

The silence continued. A voice from somewhere—he was sure that it was not his own or Henshaw's—spoke with the greatest urgency: "Why not? Why not?"

He said in an ordinary tone of voice: "I should be *committed,* I think."

Henshaw said suddenly: "Lieutenant, turn over your prisoner to me now. Come back later when I've had a chance to look into this."

He perceived that the officer had opened the door and had gone out, that the door was closed.

Henshaw said briefly: "Margaret, of course, was your excuse. I hope that she is doing as well as can be expected?"

He answered: "She was asleep when we left. She's quite all right. So's the baby."

Henshaw said: "I'm going into the next

room to dress. I suppose you've had no sleep. Suppose you lie down on my bed and try to rest."

He said: "I'm quite all right, thank you. What are you going to do?" None the less he did lie down on the bed.

Henshaw answered him from the next room: "I'm going out. You go to sleep. This thing has gone far enough. You can't stand trial. . . ."

He heard the last sentence quite plainly, was aware of nothing more that Henshaw said. The bed he found was very soft, and, after a moment or two of uneasy twisting, he slept.

He knew that he was having a dream of unusual clarity and vividness, knew that he rarely dreamed. A party of huntsmen were galloping through a forest. The ground was soft and wet. Wet leaves slapped at the faces of the riders as they bent low to escape the branches. The leader of the huntsmen—whose features were vaguely familiar to him—set his horn to his lips and blew musically a tally-ho. The notes of the horn, infinitely repeated, dropped down into his consciousness, lingered there, finally awoke him. He perceived that Henshaw had come back into the room, that the light at the windows had shifted, that the glancing rays of the late afternoon sun fell upon the walls. Henshaw said suddenly: "That's all now. I'll ring when it's to be taken away." He saw that a waiter had just brought a small table into the room with lunch upon it.

His gathering consciousness brought back fear. He got to his feet.

Henshaw said: "I've telephoned your house and everything is all right out there. Take your time. There'll be no court to-day." The latter part of his speech he apparently thought to be unfortunate, for he added immediately: "I mean that you will not have to go to court to-day. I think we'd better get this thing out of the way at once. I've seen your Indian. In fact, I've had him moved to Mrs. Malmsbury's private hospital. He'll have less chance of—of— He'll be more comfortable there. He'll not prosecute you or make any trouble. After all, the facts are the facts. I feel that you have had difficulty enough. It's a lucky thing that the youngster in charge of the hospital ward is well disposed toward you. Young men seem to run everything these days. You've got no enemies. Still, under the circumstances—but you're more familiar with them than I am. The old man, Ironquois, will be out of jail in a few days, and no one who knows anything will say a word.

"Stawell, you were certainly lucky that you didn't kill the man. . . ."

He said: "I meant to kill him. I really meant to kill him."

Henshaw said: "There's no need of going into that now. Eat your lunch. It's nearly three o'clock."

He found the food palatable, ate it ravenously, without any clear idea of where he was or what was taking place. Was he, he wondered, the same person, the same identical personality which had come into this room? The question engrossed him while he ate. So much had happened, he had done so much, had suffered so much since he had left his chambers in the court-house yesterday morning, since he had driven out to Rivervale in the afternoon. Was his body the same? Did it clothe an identical spirit? He thought: "Who can really know what caused all this? Who can really tell what happened to me?"

His meal was finished. Henshaw said: "I won't drive you out myself. You will probably want to go to your own home in your own way."

The speech, he felt, was enigmatic. However, what was there for him to do or say? He retained the recollection of Henshaw helping him to put on his coat, of being taken to the outer door of the hotel lobby. He was, he knew, dazed, in a condition of lethargy which persisted and increased. He could not recall saying "Good-by, Henshaw," or any other word.

He found a taxicab at the stand before the hotel, gave the driver specific instructions. "Drive straight out the pike," he said, "and turn down what is called the river road. Do you know where that is?"

The driver had no doubt of it, but wanted to know where he should go after that.

"I'll give you further orders as you'll need them."

He got into the back of the cab. The space was small, dark. To look out of the windows, it would be necessary for him to lean forward.

He did not care to do that. He was content to sit quietly, to see nothing, to hear as little as possible. His lassitude persisted. He felt no great interest, no curiosity, at going home.

The cab moved swiftly. He was surprised when the driver stopped and turned to him. They had reached, he saw, the second turn, the point just above the bridge. Rivervale was plainly in sight. His house was a yellow rectangle upon the nearest hill.

He said to the driver: "You may leave me here. What is your charge?"

The driver protested, would be glad, he said, to take him wherever he wished to go.

La Place reiterated his desire: "This is where I wish to go," he said. "I'll walk home from here." He paid the driver and walked down the road.

The surface of the earth, he noticed, was just as he had left it, just as it had been upon yesterday afternoon. Nothing, so far as he could see, was changed. Yet, he felt a change, transubstantiation of this land into his own flesh and blood.

He crossed the bridge. There lay the Four-acre house, the hill, the woods through which the Indian had descended. There was his own house. Margaret and his son were doubtless within it. The young man who worked about the place in the afternoons was not in sight. Probably he had come earlier in the day and gone. The door of his workshop was open. *Of course.* He had neglected to close it yesterday afternoon. He went to it, pushed it to and shot the bolt. The meadow was below. There was hardly any point in looking in it for his bees. They would have been dispersed, killed by the storm.

He began to climb the road leading toward his own house. The way was steep. He had probably been stupid to dismiss his cab. Sentiment, he supposed, had caused him to do that—sentiment of returning to his own home again. Nothing had been changed, yet everything had suffered a change. All was the same, but nothing was the same. An element, intangible, imponderable, had been taken out of his life. In its stead was something which he could not place, could not quite discern. His tranquillity, his strength, was flowing back into him, but even these seemed different. *Judge La Place returns. Judge La Place comes home.* Was he, in fact, Judge La Place, the same man who had descended into the meadow yesterday afternoon, the same person who had shot the Indian last night for some reason which really was unknown to him now? He thought: "I am not the same. I shall never be the same again."

He opened the door and entered his house. It would be well to see Margaret again at once. He would go straight to her room.

He said to himself: "Who knows what that man had done? Who can tell? Who can tell what any man will do? Who knows . . . who knows . . ."

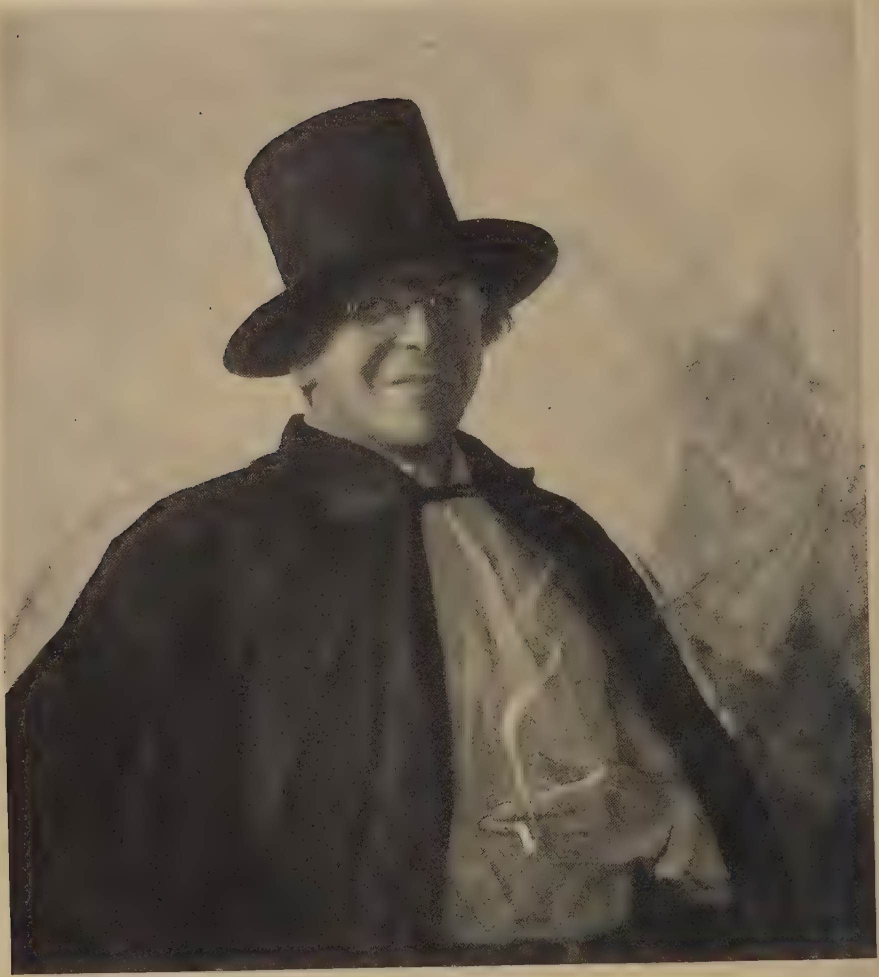
THE END.

Again we are faced by the challenge of finding a serial to follow John Biggs's remarkable story "Seven Days Whipping" and its predecessor, "The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. We are pleased to announce that the next is

ZONA GALE'S NEW NOVEL

BORGIA

The author of "Miss Lulu Bett" has in this new work written a remarkable story of a girl who dramatizes her emotions and who seems to work evil upon those with whom she comes in contact. "Borgia" will begin in the August number and be concluded in November.



NEWELL CONVERS WYETH.

A self-portrait.

"The stovepipe and the cape belonged to my paternal grandfather, who, I have every right to think, often walked down Brattle Street, Cambridge, arrayed in this apparel with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Agassiz, Longfellow, and others of that splendid group. At any rate, he was a near neighbor and knew them all."—The artist.

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Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

Marfa Manchester seems to bring evil to those she loves. Yet every one forgets or forgives her because she has her beauty. "Borgia" is the remarkable story of a soul in conflict—with itself, with its own small place in the world. This story marks a new phase of the work of Zona Gale. Heretofore she has interpreted with quiet sympathy lives seemingly uneventful. Her characters have for the most part been mature people. Her portrait of Marfa is a penetrating study of a girl of to-day.

Miss Gale is one of the most distinguished of American writers. "Borgia," the third serial presented in the eight months of the New Scribner's, follows the tradition of masterly treatment of an unusual subject established by "The Greene Murder Case" and "Seven Days Whipping." It differs widely from them in subject-matter. It will have, we believe, an even wider appeal. In this study of human motives and the reactions of people upon a sensitive girl, Miss Gale, as never before, reveals her nice sense of discrimination and her ability to make the reader see beneath the surface. The characters are unforgetable. The high moments are vivid and poignant.

"Borgia" will be completed in the November number.

Borgia

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MARFA said that she had killed Paul Barker, and when her friends murmured polite oh, noes, she insisted: "I did. Just as much as if I had stabbed him." But her bewilderment seemed not so much to be that Paul was gone, killed abruptly by the antitoxin which was to have healed him, as that she, Marfa, had in some way failed. She meant to be so right.

She sat with her mother in the screened porch and waited for Mr. Bartholomew, whom her father had gone to meet at the railway-station. "Mother," she said, "I keep thinking of the night he first came here." "Mr. Bartholomew?" her mother asked. Marfa allowed her eyes to rest on her mother, held them there expressionless of reproach, then dropped them expressionless of patience. "He came in that door there . . . good-looking, good clothes. He had so much hope, mother." When her mother besought, "Marfa, don't dwell . . ." it hardly rippled her daughter's gaze, who continued: "And it didn't just happen—had you thought of that? It isn't as if he had happened to meet Stella through me. I deliberately took him there." Her mother said: "You didn't give Stella's children diphtheria!" Marfa permitted a hollow pause, round which her mother's words rolled, and found no level. "He caught diphtheria in the house where *I* took him," Marfa insisted monotonously, "and died." "But it wasn't you who gave him the antitoxin," her mother persisted. "And it was the hypodermic that killed him." "It was I who killed him," said Marfa, almost proudly.

The hollow porch, curved in its hollow of leaves, of lawn, of calm afternoon air, looked inward on a room fashioned in some expectation of beautiful living, where now her words ran grotesquely; looked outward upon a border of pavement where the neighbors passed faithfully—no one suddenly going mad or naked or affirming that he had killed anybody. Mis' Armes and Mis' Mears were in blue serge, Everett Mallin went in pepper-and-salt, nine years old, and Toddie Dexter, imbecile, wheeled his cart of soap and shoe-polish. No one else appeared to have murdered; but Marfa said it over, quite loudly, "It was I who killed him," so that her mother exclaimed: "Marfa, please!" But Marfa looked at her for a space, then turned away without winking. The girl raised her eyes to the encompassing hollow of silken sky, beautiful wilds of light. "I shall never be the same," she said.

Her mother moved with an air which Marfa had seen her assume when she mentioned her own name to strangers. "My dear child," she said, "I have borne you. Are you going to ruin my work by regret for something you couldn't help?" "Mother," said Marfa, "you bore me once but not since. I've borne myself every day. I don't want to ruin your work or my own either. And here I go and kill this nice young man." "Marfa," cried her mother, "I believe you like to say that!"

Luna came to the porch. She was older, her color more amber. She sat down, her hands tense on her lap; asked "Where's father? Did Mr. Bartholomew come?" was told that it wasn't time yet, and gazed round with a tortured air. "You look so sad and so smart," Marfa said, and Luna, her hands tense, murmured, "How can you? How can you think of any one looking smart"; but Marfa cried: "Absurd! It's as disrespectful to Paul for you to look smart as it is for me to *say* it." Mrs. Manchester interrupted: She should go insane if Paul Barker was mentioned to her again. Luna moved her tense hands and said: "Mother, *you* didn't kill him. While I . . ." With a sharp air of indignation Marfa inserted: "You! Why will you insist like that, Luna—when you had nothing to do with it?" But Luna said, monotonously, as if she had said it a great many times: "It was I who mentioned him to Stella. That was why she asked you to take him there. . . ." "You're both entirely too sensitive," said Mrs. Manchester. "I might as well say Paul's death was *my* fault because I gave birth to the two of you." Marfa murmured distastefully, "The two of you," shot a look at her sister, who met it stonily, as in a mood of fixed loyalty to their mother—but she could not have been thinking of their mother, for she dropped her look to her knees, passed her hands tensely along her lap, and said quite loudly: "It wasn't eleven o'clock, because I had to go for a fitting at eleven. But it was nearly time and I was hurrying . . ." Marfa murmured, "Luna, please . . ." but Luna went right on: "In the window at Salters' I saw an orange bathing-cap—think of Paul's death depending on an orange bathing-cap. . . ." Marfa cried: "Luna, you simply had nothing to do . . ." Luna pressed a tense hand along her cheek: "I went in at Salters' to buy the bathing-cap. And there was Stella at that counter. And I told her about Paul—how stunning he was, how clever, what a dancer . . . and of course when she saw you . . ." "I should have taken him there anyway," Marfa said violently; "I'd been intending to take him there. . . ." Luna pressed her tense hands together: "But not so soon, but not so soon," she said. "What do you make of a world like that—to kill a friend by buying an orange bathing-cap—and I didn't even buy the cap. . . ." Marfa laughed, barely heard Luna's "How *can* you?" and went on: "But, Luna, if I hadn't had my new green georgette and wanted to show it off to Stella, I wouldn't have suggested going there when I did . . . oh, it was all I. Paul was my friend, Stella is *my* friend, it was I from the first . . ." Mrs. Manchester cried: "Are you girls going through this every day of your lives?" And Luna said: "But, mother, Marfa seems to *want* to be the one who killed him . . . just to protect me." Mrs. Manchester repeated in exasperation: "Well, she seems to want to be the one." Marfa said: "I *was* the one."

The porch ran round them. Its copper-wire screens shone in the sun, a thin wall of webbing separating a trial eternity from eternity. Here the fluent green, running facilely from plant to plant, and a pulsing yellow-winged thing in a copper cage seemed skilfully drawing through from some inner area measure of both color and song most certainly risen elsewhere, most certainly not having had their birth there on that porch. The light reed furniture, hollowed in expectation of the human body, faithfully fashioned to follow the curves of the human body, wore an expression of expectation which amounted to positive motion; but the shaded tile lay, the latticed ceiling spread, and the screens of copper wire rose in indifference to the beings who had thus seized upon pure surface, pure direction, and made them their own, for earthly uses.

Marfa had been a glorious child, but by the time that she was twelve the glory had left her. She had become vain, critical, complaining. Her voice had developed a cadence of grievance. Everything that she said moved to the measure of, "Well, I don't think she ought to have done that—" the tone running up and down, up and down. This grievance she applied to persons, events, anticipations. She became intolerably sensitive to everything that might wound herself, but she was astonished when she had wounded others. Her beautiful neck and her fine eyebrows had a waving motion as if she were about to say: "I should think it might have been done in another way."

Yet she had been a glorious child, sensitive, abstracted, with no knowledge that others existed. When her sister Luna was already skilled at dusting and bed-making Marfa would be unaware of either, would be preoccupied, idle, or ferociously engaged in spilling perfume or pasting her hands with lotions and powders. When they were given sweetmeats Luna would run to her mother like a little demon, hoping to win favor by asking if they might have some, but Marfa would eat at once, and forget. When she saw the lights of the town at a distance she would say, "See the Christmas-tree"; but Luna would say no, that those were the arc-lamps. When it was related that a little boy had "broken his legs, both legs," Marfa suddenly giggled — a giggle compounded of a desire to escape from this knowledge and a sense of the ludicrous leg repetition. But Luna looked indignant and said: "Marfa! The poor little boy." Marfa could not be "punished" by the bureaucracy—deprivations, denials, early-to-bed, these she seemed not to notice. She was thinking of something else.

By the time that she was twelve, however, she was thinking much of others as they affected herself, and usually adversely. . . . Passing on, as she was, in search of tighter standards of the fitting, the agreeable, the beautiful, her first technic was that of perpetual rejection. This technic endured for a long time.

And now it was observed that almost everything that she did turned out badly. She walked off the end of the veranda, as if she were treading the air, and struck and lamed the dog lying beneath. By accident she tripped others, destroyed their property, broke dishes, lost heirlooms, tore the frocks of her playmates, tumbled babies about and set them screaming. She accidentally pinched fingers in doors, let objects fall on feet, tore precious books, marred furniture, and wounded every one with whom she had anything to do. She caused endless annoyance by forgetting to deliver messages, by bringing wrong articles from the shops. Mud puddles round which Luna daintily stepped, Marfa plashed through, wetting every one. As she grew older these accidents increased in violence. Indirectly she occasioned the death of the house-dog; she drove a pony which ran away, injuring her mother. She set a jack-o'-lantern in a neighbor's window and burned up his porch. She dressed as a ghost and frightened a pregnant woman, whose child was born dead that night.

But every one forgot and forgave her, because she had her beauty. Of her glorious childhood beauty remained to her. Not a formal beauty, but an indescribable air, as if light and fragrance poured from her; or poured upon her, moving with her. No one succeeded in putting this in words. One looked at another and said, "Isn't Marfa . . ." and the other agreed. Something faint like smoke, or clear like light, or dry and cloudy like pollen, seemed to move with her, not palpable but powerful. Perhaps an energy, perhaps a perfume. For some this was too intense, and these disliked her with violence. Her family masked their love with disapproval.

Marfa Manchester, that little point of being in a sea of being, regarded herself as an island of being in a sea of non-being. She was a tiny unit of sensation, violently functioning and finding herself the centre of an almost empty universe. She struck out violently, hurt herself, hurt every one else.

Now the list of the devastations of her twenty-four years had culminated in the death of Paul Barker. She nursed this horror as she sat on the screen porch, waiting for Mr. Bartholomew.

Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew alighted from the limousine, came into the screened porch beyond the *porte-cochère*. Mr. Manchester's trim long legs bent visibly at the knees as he stepped, and his spine curved stiffly backward, so that his figure would have been markedly full in front had there been any figure there. His presentation of Mr. Bartholomew was leisurely and sane . . . no jest, no assumption of lightness, no excitement, no desire to impress this guest, no "side." Marfa and Luna smiled and murmured, Mrs. Manchester said with enormous distinctness, "We are very glad to . . ." and let it go. She rose; her fresh coloring, grayish hair, and tortoise spectacles suddenly emerged; she looked at chairs.

Marcus Bartholomew, his feet nicely together, bowed with gravity, his eyes, as his head inclined, not leaving the ladies, so that, by reason of strips of white showing beneath the iris, his expression was one of unmoved sadness. He looked about, selected, with an air of considered choice, a chair, and said: "This is very delightful." His voice was low and not only had been electrically charged by nature but seemed to have picked up innumerable iron filings and thus to have a surface surpassing fur by many grades of substance. He drew a deep breath, and it was as definite as words—the slow intake, the cæsura, the velvety recessional. It was to be seen that it was his breathing which surcharged his words. And when he looked about on every lady in her turn, his considering gaze, a leisurely tribute, bore that same current of both breath and words. Short, thick, sad, contained, he was a vortex. The Vortex said no more.

The summer afternoon flowed round them in a moment's silence: wind, voices, wheels, chirp of English sparrows, gush and whir of a sprinkling-cart. Into various geometrical patterns occasioned by invisible containers the sun poured, and shadows raked the road. In the beautiful hollow of the afternoon the four sat, while powerful currents of relationship and of unfamiliarity beat upon them all. Among the family there played currents of the associate, the recognized; but upon and from the stranger there rayed the unknown, the potential, the enchanted. And there was in his chin a deep cleft, and his hand upon his knee was brown and powerful.

Before any one had shattered the moment by an image Marfa rose. She crossed the porch, passed Mr. Bartholomew's chair, and touched the electric door-bell. The sound stirred in the depths of the crouching house, like the purr of a tiger; and while she waited for the maid Marfa returned, stood before Mr. Bartholomew, and asked him: "Will you have tea, orange-juice, grape-juice, lemonade, or something forbidden by the law?" He rose, bowed, met her eyes, said, "Tea, please," and continued to look at her mildly, adding: "Though I don't, you know, insist on anything." To these words he brought the concentration of one addressing an audience, so that Marfa had an impression of looking at him very near at hand. She stood still and caught a dilation of the pupils of Mr. Bartholomew's eyes, as if he were frightened. The negro maid came; Marfa sat down and said, "Tea, Erralee"; the exotic name sounded on the air unrelated like a bell, and Mr. Bartholomew observed: "You have named her for an apartment-house or for a princess. Was that so that you may have something unreal about your home?" There was an instant of silence; then Mrs. Manchester, who had been reabsorbed by her surroundings, said distinctly: "What was that?" Mr. Manchester said: "No, no. That's her real name." Luna laughed and cried: "How quickly you found us out!" And Marfa met Mr. Bartholomew's eyes and smiled and said nothing. She was thinking: "Now, in that minute, he knows us all. But he knows me best."

Luna served the tea, not as the eldest, but because her mother asked every one many times about cream and lemon and sugar. Marfa helped, played the accompaniment, as it were. Her hat was off, she knew that her smoky hair, her pallor, set off the amber and black of her sister; only, she thought, Luna had no body, or no more than one that was tense and that never moved save as a unit. But Luna had once observed of Marfa that she handed tea with her whole body, made of the cup a signal, of the lemon an invitation, of a second cup an intrigue; and had looked puzzled when Marfa looked pleased, until Marfa explained: "I feel so remote and detached that I'm happy to know I ever seem human!" Luna had stared and said dryly: "Human. That's not human. That's the point." Marfa now served Mr. Bartholomew from a silver tray, and as he took lemon and two lumps his eyes fell on Marfa's hands on the tray's edge of silver roses and acanthus leaves; hands slender, fragile, ringless, inconceivably small; not helpless, but quick, firm, directed. "My God," said Mr. Bartholomew softly, "look at those hands!" Marfa was startled, gave the tray to Luna, sat down without her own cup. "What's the matter?" Mr. Manchester asked, and Marfa looked at Mr. Bartholomew as he apologized. "I've done something with photography," he said; "I never saw such hands. Has she had her portrait painted?" . . . as if, by this third person, this addressing of the male head of the house, his apology was made valid. "Don't apologize," said Luna; "every one praises Marfa's hands. They're not human hands at all." Marfa now raised her eyes to their guest. "They're horribly hard to find gloves for," she confessed, and took a cup from Luna, who did not take tea but held her own hands tensely on the arms of her chair. Marcus Bartholomew said, "No one would ever forget those hands," and Marfa thanked him and looked down with an air of embarrassment which she did not know whether or not she felt. Into the pretty moment Mr. Manchester crashed, saying roundly: "These cakes are too rich for me." As in a fixed loyalty to their father Marfa lowered her eyes.

It was Luna the faint detached amusement of whose glance crossed the expressionless look of Marcus Bartholomew.

Not until Erralee the exotic had taken the tea-things did Louis Manchester burst out, as if he had been dreading to do so: "You know . . . I can't take it in. Bella . . . girls! Mr. Bartholomew wants me to join the Field museum expedition." "To China," Mr. Bartholomew explained, and Mr. Manchester looked as if this word had been produced too soon. Marfa, bending forward with an ash-tray, laughed indulgently. "What use would you be there, darling?" she said. Her father's unresentful eyes looked through the screen to a distant place. "Not any," he said; "but, Lord, what it would mean! . . ." "Don't younger men usually go?" Marfa next asked Mr. Bartholomew, who said without expression: "I'm forty. Your father's not fifty." "Three years past," said Louis Manchester heavily. "Mother," said Marfa, "fancy father galloping off to China." Mrs. Manchester, frowning, trying to take this in, at once fancied as far as she could. "He'd get the fever," said she, but manifestly did not entertain the journey's possibility. Luna alone let her look dwell on her father. "All your poor little specimens and fossils . . . up in your room. Wouldn't it be strange if they'd led to this?" "They've been enough trouble to dust to lead him *some*where," said his wife; "but not to China," she added, suddenly growing as positive as if she had just measured the distance.

Louis Manchester sat forward, his knees extending at an acute angle well beyond his chair. His hands with their prominent thumbs thrusting out squarely from their joints, tortured each other loosely. His staccato was pitched a little high, fell a little loudly: "I'd give anything . . . anything. I've been collecting such stuff for years . . . it was my hunting . . . my holidays. At school it was the same. . . ." "He takes three geological magazines now," Mrs. Manchester bore witness. "Such dull pictures!" "I've had years of correspondence with Garvin, who heads the expedition. . . . And ten years of correspondence here. . . ." "When Garvin found I knew you in that way, he sent me down to suggest . . ." Bartholomew told it. "It's not the usual expedition . . . it's Garvin's idea. Every man pays his own . . . I've a rough estimate of that . . . we'll be for a year in the interior . . . the objective is beyond the Gobi Desert—some untouched stuff, they tell me. I hope you'll decide to do it." "I don't think papa could stand it," said Marfa thoughtfully. "Hardly anybody could!" Mrs. Manchester cried, defending her lord. "But papa," Marfa reminded her, "always goes beyond his strength . . . does too much. . . ." Mrs. Manchester found herself forced to the other side, declared that he was as strong as anybody, could stand more than most. Mr. Bartholomew said that there would be horses, camels, mules . . . not sure quite what there would be, he mustered the fauna of Asia to make it easy. "Of course, Marfa," said Mrs. Manchester with hostility.

Marfa continued: "And won't it be horribly expensive? And how long will it take? A whole year! What should *we* do without papa for a whole year?" Luna reminded her: "We were away at school for four years and he did without us." Louis Manchester passed his hand back over his sleek thin hair. "Not to sell a bathtub for a year," he said, but if he was aware of any humor in this he gave no sign . . . could not, in fact, since Bella, Marfa, and Luna Manchester now uttered together what only now presented itself as a consideration: What would become of the business? Louis Manchester said, with a harried look at the floor edges of the porch, that he would have to get some one, have to get some one. "This appeals to me like anything"; he confessed that which was no less apparent than was his head. "I . . ." He drew breath deeply, looked through the screen at a far place, and said no more.

To relieve him, Marcus Bartholomew now began to talk. He had been on one such expedition; two of his men had died and the others had mutinied, but the five white men had controlled eighteen Africans. . . . "What courage you must have had!" Marfa breathed, and in the same breath: "Papa couldn't stand it. Give up the idea, darling." Detecting signs of strain on Louis Manchester's face, Marcus said: "Manchester, think what it means to have three women care what you do. Not so many care whether my bones bleach in the Gobi Desert, or where." Again the white strips showed beneath the iris of his eyes. Luna's tense hands smoothed at her gown. "No matter how much I cared what papa did," she said, "I'd want him to settle it himself." "So he will," said his wife proudly. Marfa's head dropped; her smoky hair falling about her face she said: "No . . . I love him too much for that. I want him to do the wise thing, the safe thing, the thing for all our happiness. I couldn't bear to have you go, darling," she said to her father. He muttered: "I can't tell . . . I can't tell." He looked about as if he wanted escape. "I've some maps in my bag . . ." said Marcus alertly. The two men rose, Marcus bowed, and they went indoors with an air of saving themselves from some ambiguous bombardment.

The three women stared at one another. "Let him be, Marfa," said Luna, "and I don't think he'll go." "You can't depend on that," said their mother anxiously. "He used to do a thing anyway if I opposed him. When I found that out I agreed with him. When he found *that* out he didn't pay any attention to me any longer." She sighed, and suddenly flashed at Marfa: "You mustn't think *you* can run him." "But," Marfa cried, "he must *not* go off to China; he must not!"

Luna rose, her arms held strangely at her sides. "After what happened to Paul Barker through us," she said, "I should think you'd hesitate about arranging things for somebody else." With a manner of breathlessness: "That's just it! We mustn't *let* papa go right into danger." Luna stood tensely, that rigid figure in queer contrast to her relaxed tone—a tone which appeared to acknowledge that it had never convinced anybody. "Papa's never had very much . . . never had anything that he wanted, really. . . ." "The idea!" cried their mother. She took off her tortoise-rimmed spectacles and with both hands loosened her hair about her face. Five years dropped from her, another five fell as she flushed. Her outraged wifehood seemed to bloom. Papa *had* had something. "Bathtubs," Luna went on. "What does he care, really, about selling anybody bathtubs and lavatories? What could anybody care about that? Who wouldn't rather dig for anything, anywhere? . . ." "You don't think of the danger to papa, Luna. . . . It isn't as if papa were a young man. . . ." Again the outraged wife spoke out: "Papa *is* a young man. At least papa's not old. . . ." "Do you *want* him to go?" Marfa flashed directly at her. Mrs. Manchester's flush deepened. "I don't want him called too old to go. And I guess I'm capable of seeing to things here. I don't want him run by his own daughter. No, of course I don't want him to go." These conflicting utterances lay on the air together, mingling with one another as associatively as wind, voices, wheels, the gush and whir of the sprinkling-cart on its return. "He won't go," said Marfa only. She sat looking down at the tile, the tip of her tongue teasing at her lip. Indignant rejoinders from mother or sister she nullified by an upward look to the wire screening, a look held there, her teeth catching her lower lip; she had, it seemed, dismissed papa. "What's Mr. Bartholomew's first name?" she asked.

These three, whose thought had been flowing out fluid from the form of them, as if form demanded again to express itself in essence, even as it had moved before breath had received form, these three fell silent, sank back into form alone. But the thought of the three went on, phials of the unexpressed, of the "inactual," pulsing in separate centres. The walls of the flesh rose up round the three, and two had once been enclosed within the walls of the mother. Now she was one, and they were two, and she seemed less than either. All were intent on little sacs of being in which floated—differently evoked, differently combined, differently touched with life—the images of papa, China, camels, fossils, and Mr. Bartholomew's first name; perhaps too the pale image of Paul Barker.

Marcus Bartholomew stayed for dinner and at dinner he mentioned his country place, spoke of it deprecatingly but tenderly, said that he must either sublet or sell. Marfa and Luna were listening—but not Louis Manchester, whose gaze, wandering and punctuated by swift winking, denoted its inward paths; and not Mrs. Manchester, to whom the offices of hostess meant no more than a running questionnaire on supplies. Marcus said, in his sad, fixed way, that he had a garden, that he had a grove with a little native growth of pine, that the old house was not bad. "You'll hate giving that up," said Luna. She was looking well in green muslin, who was still young enough to be by green vividly enhanced and not merely restored, or even repaired. Marcus said gratefully yes, but after China he might go on around, spend some time in the British Museum, and drop down into Italy and Sicily; had never had the time for archæology and might "get into some tomb-work." Marfa shook back her smoky hair and asked: "Why dig down like that? Aren't we enough for you—we others, above ground?" Marcus tapped the tablecloth with his powerful brown fingers and after an appreciable pause observed: "How very small you look in white, Miss Marfa!" She caught again that old dilation of his pupils, as if he were frightened. She wondered: "Has he never then cared for any one above ground?" As if the thought rushed from her not invisibly but in powerful obvious currents, she felt her face flush, the air about her change, and some bright frail bridge span the space between her and him. But of this bridge he appeared unaware, merely went on eating an unconscionable number of salted almonds, but not as if he saw them. "A dollar a pound," Marfa thought indignantly. "*I* shall feed him salted peanuts." And at this thought, which had so lightly run across the bright bridge lately woven between them, she felt a pang of intense excitement, as if some inner wall had caved in at the touch of a wrecker. Salted peanuts! Was it possible?

"Of course," said Louis Manchester, "anybody could sell bathtubs. But it needs somebody to go in there and take hold."

"I've been thinking, papa," said Luna, "that I could do that."

"Luna, good heavens!" said Marfa.

"I know the stock," Luna went on. "I really know the business pretty well. I could go in, papa, till you got back—I know I could."

"Do you know," Marfa asked, "that you're encouraging papa to risk his life?"

She looked anxiously at their father, as if visibly his life were suspended there at the table by a web. Luna looked at him too. "That lets you out," she said low.

Louis Manchester regarded his daughter Luna with excitement. "I'll bet she could do it," he addressed some invisible power, and muttered: "That'll settle the whole thing." "Mama," said Marfa, "Luna is going to *push* papa down to China." ". . . can*not* get her to chill the plates for the salad," Mrs. Manchester went on with her giant preoccupation. She made room for China finally with: "Well, papa isn't going." Bartholomew led the talk away from Manchester, and back to that country house of his. "Some fine old woodwork. I'd like it," he added shyly, "if you'd all come down and spend a day with me there. Like to show you about . . ." he tapered off, with the engaging manner of the strong and confident creature abruptly assailed by the fear that his suggestion is untimely. Marfa saw his suggestion bleeding briskly in his face. "Papa," she said, "to-morrow is Sunday. Couldn't we drive Mr. Bartholomew home?" Her brazen directness appeared to charm the guest. He said nothing, even kept his look turned from Manchester, regarded Marfa with those uplifted eyes, the chin lowered as in listening. "Why not?" said Louis Manchester; "then we can thresh this thing out. Can you go, Bella?" "Yes. Where?" said Bella. *"Not* those forks, Erralee." "Papa, darling," Marfa cried, "do give it up to-night. I can't sleep with this hanging over us." Louis Manchester looked over at Bartholomew. His look seemed to say: "I doubt if I make it." "I'll have to try to convince you, Miss Marfa," said Bartholomew.

And when they returned to the screened porch he sat beside her on the willow couch and said: "Now, Miss Marfa, you convince me first." Luna said: "Papa, I have it all planned out . . ."; led him aside; and he put his arm about her. Mrs. Manchester unfolded the evening paper. "I'll see," she said, "if I can't find him another revolution over there. That ought to settle this." Luna looked over her shoulder: "Whose side are you on anyway, mama?" she inquired. "I'm on my own side," said Mrs. Manchester. "Papa's not going." "Papa might," said Louis Manchester gravely. He cleared his throat, settled his shoulders, and the staring, babylike abstraction of groundless defiance arched his eyebrows and slanted his gaze—gaze without seed. Night with a thousand eyes went on indifferently about them—the rush and wheel of motors, planets, passion, bridge parties, domesticity, crime. Of all these Marfa was unaware, as she was unaware of the caldrons that were her father and her sister, and the quiet caldron of her mother. But Marcus Bartholomew, was he, her intense passivity seemed to say, was he a caldron?

Luna and her father playing with the idea, and Bella Manchester finding a revolution, left the two on the willow couch in public seclusion. Marfa thought: "Forty. But I've never seen a man so . . ." While he talked of his former expedition she pictured him: not in a helmet, riding a camel, not clinging to a burro outlining a precipice, not waist-deep in green water and seeking something unpronounceable; but otherwise she pictured him: twitching a chair into place before a hearth, opening letters in slant morning sunlight, brushing his hair. "Don't you see," he said, "the expedition isn't the thing, really? There are a lot of hard days and nights to that. It isn't even finding anything that matters. It's going after something that one has always wanted . . . and it's . . . it's getting away. *You* ought to see that. How'd you like to get away?" "Oh, I intend to get away," said Marfa. "Well, can't you see that your father . . ." "But dad did get away. He married and got away. . . ." "Don't you know that life is just getting away, one time after another . . . and always getting back in. Or getting in again." This she did not weigh. "It's not the same," she affirmed, "when you're not young." "But your father is young. Don't make him old." "He's fifty-three," she confided, the heightened arch of her eyebrows measuring it off. He squared about and looked at her, his eyes showing their thin white half-moons as he dropped his head and studied her. "You're not very modern, are you?" She lifted an eyebrow: "Why aren't I?" "You don't see adventure as a legitimate part of everybody's life." She was nettled, took refuge in: "I love my father." "That's nothing to do with it." "Yes, it has!" "If you love him, let him be." "Is that a proof of love?" He replied leisurely, "That depends," and suddenly seemed to lose interest in her, turned to listen to Luna and her father. Marfa made another bid to rescue the minute from the slough of general conversation. "Sometimes you have to protect the person you love. A man ought to know that." He presented his profile, took on a bored abstraction, said: "One reason love's rather sick is that there's been too much protecting." "*Is* love sick?" Marfa pursued. "*You* ought to know," he explained, his eyes on her father. "Did *I* make it so?" "You're in a fair way to, if you insist on being one of these protecting women. Women who are constantly protecting their men from getting their own way. . . ." "Do you think I'm like that?" "I think only what I see." "Be honest! Do you want father to have his own way, or do you want him on the expedition?" He brought his attention back to her, considered her boldly from head to foot. "Why don't you join the expedition too?" he said, rose, strolled across to Mrs. Manchester, sat down by her side, and inquired whether she had found a satisfactory revolution. She said: "No, but I see that the best thing for cleaning mirrors is clear water."

Marfa noticed with interest that she was trembling; thought, "I've never felt exactly like this for any one"; thought that she hated this Mr. Bartholomew. Who was he, anyway? If the rest drove him to his home the next day, she should make some excuse. He didn't appreciate her, hadn't an idea what she was like, was wrapped up in his old expedition, wanted to sacrifice father. And Luna egging father on. Could it be that Luna was trying to please this Mr. Bartholomew? Desiring to hurt some one, Marfa rose and strolled into the house. They could fight it out, she was going to bed. She saw the piano, with one lamp burning above it, turned to the music-room, touched the piano, and her notes went calling and calling. . . . Without even a decent interval, she said to herself, he followed her, came and sat in a deep chair at the end of the piano, did not look at her, but sat with his head held forward and with his air of listening. She was playing a Rachmaninoff prelude, but when she had finished Marcus said: "Don't you know anything farther back? Don't you know Schubert's 'Serenade'?" She watched her hands running over the keys and said: "You're not modern either, then." He didn't trouble to answer, said impatiently: "Go on, go on, please." He listened in the most flattering fashion, the tips of his fingers moving a little on his closed eyes, and he did not change this pose when she had finished and he said: "Could you possibly do that right over again?" She played the serenade again, thought proudly: "I *am* trembling, and I thought I was so . . ." He rose and walked out of the room, went back toward the porch, saying only: "Thank you. There's nothing better." She played on for a time, thought better of going to bed, made some drinks, and rejoined the others.

Before they separated for the night it had been arranged that they should drive back with Mr. Bartholomew next morning. Mr. Manchester cried, in a manner of escaping, that they would go. Mrs. Manchester breathed that she didn't know, really. Luna said tensely that she ought to stay at home. Marfa thought: "He wants me to go, so he asks us all!" Mr. Bartholomew observed that he was sorry they would be too early for the peonies.

It was ninety miles to Mr. Bartholomew's home and they were to reach there for lunch. They were well on their way when he said: "I took the liberty of calling Mrs. Bartholomew from my room this morning. She's expecting us at one. That'll give us time to call on Garvin first—he's at his summer home at Nashotah." He went on talking about Garvin.

Marfa thought: "Mrs. Bartholomew. I hadn't thought of her. I don't know why I should think of her now." She looked down at Bartholomew's hand on his knee—an insensitive hand, save for the sensitive finger-tips, as if nature had done badly by him and then had repented. Beyond his hand on his knee were Luna's hands, tense on her lap, hands long, loosely gloved, as stiff as the hands of the dead, arranged by another. Luna was saying nothing this morning. And also in the dress which she wore there was the despair of knowledge that it was Marfa and not she who had been chosen. "And yet she agreed with him," Marfa thought, "sided with him from the first. And I fought him. . . ." Why had she done that? Did she care whether papa went to China or not? She looked at papa's narrow head, his ears flaring out beneath his brown cap, his high spare shoulders and his manner of driving with his elbows, and she knew that she did not care in the least whether papa went to China, or anywhere. Not that she didn't love him. She merely didn't care whether or not he went. She had been fighting not papa but this stranger. "Careful, Louis, there's a curve," said her mother for the thirtieth time. How wonderful, Marfa thought, it would be if mama would go to China too! Mama was thin. Her eyebrows were lifted in perpetual deprecation. She was constantly saying that something might be better. What ailed mama? She used to be so round and plump and thick and smooth and pink. And Luna—Luna looked terrible today. Not amber, but a dense buff. "Why don't you go to China with papa, Luna?" Marfa asked. Luna looked straight ahead, those motionless hands brazed to her lap. "I haven't been asked," she said, and puckered her mouth unbecomingly as a sign of coquetry. "The expedition would be delighted," said Marcus Bartholomew.

Marfa felt his arm against her arm, as he sat there between them. How warm and vital and present he was. She would have liked to think, and did not know how to think, that he was as if innumerable cells of being had come flowing together, every one separately charged, and the explosion had wrecked nothing but had instead produced him, whole, who kept on in a series of gentle explosions as his way of life—soft exhausts, like an engine. No one could be near him and not be shaken by his pleasant violence. Yet he sat so quietly, saying little, hardly moving, his hand resting on his knee for miles and miles. Why did he want to go away off to China?

Having thus disposed of all her family and of Marcus Bartholomew, Marfa came to Mrs. Bartholomew after all. Why did there have to be one? Yet of course one wouldn't like him to have lived unmarried until he was forty—one couldn't have felt toward him the same. Forty. He must have been married for fourteen years . . . he was the sort that marries young. She wondered if he had children, who were in the room when he drew up his chair, opened his mail by breakfast-light, or sometimes even when he brushed his hair. Well, he would be charming with children. "Father . . ." they would say, and he would bend his head stiffly and say "M . . . m," without any expression. . . . Marfa was aware of a deep inner glow; she traced it back, beyond his possible children, to her recognition of the fact that he must have been married for, say, fourteen years. "Time enough to have tired of her," she brought out her thought nakedly. She felt new energy, a tremor of pleasure in the rushing road, the thick, rich green of the boughs, the blue of the sky drawn upward to some undivinable core. She thought: "How nice this is! And I'm so able to handle it—get the most of it. I can handle him, too. He'd do anything for a woman—give up anything and not even know he was giving it up. He doesn't need to sit with his arm like that. There's plenty of room. I don't believe he's crowding Luna." She tried to see. Luna was sitting with her chin lifted, her eyes on the road. "Poor Luna," Marfa thought. She breathed her deep content.

Mr. Garvin's stone house lay in a sleepy valley on an alert little lake. While Manchester and Bartholomew went in, the ladies sat in the car. "Remember, papa dear, to tell him you're not going," Marfa said, and looked at Bartholomew, but he gave no sign. Marfa now said rapidly to her mother and sister that these grounds were as neat and clipped as tapestry, that the pergola and bridge looked cut from wall-paper, and that the flowers were incubator flowers. She wished that she had waited to say all this until Bartholomew came back, wondered if she could say it again without prefacing it with "I just said," decided that otherwise her mother would unconsciously give her away, and cried: "Mama, darling, you're looking beautiful." "What makes you so nervous, Marfa?" Luna asked gravely. Marfa said that she was not, she was not, nervous. "Well, I couldn't see why you would be," Luna said. Marfa murmured, "Papa . . . China . . ." and sighed. Suddenly Luna's expression became one of intense tenderness, as for a little child, and she leaned forward and put an arm about Marfa and murmured: "Sister." Marfa's body was tense, as if she suspected compassion. "Do call me by my name," she said frowning, then relented and patted her sister's hand. "I wish I'd used fox instead of squirrel for my collar," said Mrs. Manchester. Marfa cried: "Mama! When papa may be in there doing the most foolish thing of his life. . . ." "Papa's not going," said Mrs. Manchester.

They waited for half an hour. Then the two men reappeared and with them Max Garvin, a man with arms, shoulders, and head all a little blunted, a little worn down; and the edge was gone too from his glance. But he was smiling, was presented to the ladies, his smile widening, and said impressively:

"I am delighted that Mr. Manchester has decided to join us on our little trip."

Unaware of the utter devastation caused by his casual announcement, Mr. Garvin regretted that his sister was not at home, that he had not known that they were in the car, that there had not been more rain. . . . "I'll leave you those volumes when I'm driving through next week," he said to Manchester, and was left saluting as the car took the drive.

Marcus Bartholomew leaned toward Marfa, laid his hand for a moment over hers. "Let your father be," he seemed to say. Luna sat quiet, her hands stiffly rubbing together. Mrs. Manchester began a rushing stream of speech, directed at her lord.

Hills lifted and fell, carrying with them their gray roads and tossing the motor like a boat on lifted and lowered water. The air went in gentle volumes driven by no wind. It was true that air, motion, green, blue, and distance were intoxicants, but the true intoxicant was none of these. It was rather that which lay within all: the core of the color, the face behind the distance, the resolving of movement into rhythm, and that mysterious entrance of life, naked and nameless, through the lungs. The five in the car partook of all this unconsciously, after the manner of men, and concentrated on the fact that Louis Manchester, very red in the ears beneath his cap, was about to go to China. Mrs. Manchester's words could not be heard on the back seat—save jagged jets of "widow," "wild," and "when we were first married, if I had known . . ." Mr. Manchester merely permitted the speedometer to mount, but once he said: "Wheee!" He might have been experiencing the threshold of freedom, as one who has just died.

On the back seat Marfa sat silent. She was thinking: "Why doesn't he look at me?" She was thinking: "I wish I'd worn my green crape." She was thinking: "The back of mama's hat is wrong." Aloud she said: "A whole year! Mama and Luna and I may be dead for months when papa comes back—oh, look at the rabbit!" She bit her lip. "You aren't thinking of him," said Marcus shortly. "And is Mrs. Bartholomew," Marfa outrageously asked, "thinking of you?" The face of Marcus Bartholomew did not change. "Are not wives," he advanced, "always thinking of husbands?" "And husbands? . . ." she said, but he said didactically: "Your thought makes a jest by parallel, but such jests are not so good as jests by contrast." He was absent, unsmiling, said immediately that real-estate values about the lakes were criminally high, and talked about these uninterestingly. They plunged between hugely columned trees and among hills chiselled against a sky already whitening to noon.

Order—flawless order. Looking about Marcus Bartholomew's home Marfa thought that she could never compete with its flawless order; thought that order in the homes of the poor might merely stress the stiff, the scant, but in a stately home it shared the beauty of order in a grove, on the sea, on a sky of clouds meticulously composed.

They were waiting in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bartholomew had not yet appeared, but her aroma had entered before her. In an interior which seemed to concentrate light, vigor, gaiety, there was a certain nobility, less of a room than of a garden, everything still, low, dreaming; and this air must come, Marfa decided, from Mrs. Bartholomew. But when that tall woman, laughing at nothing, entered her own drawing-room, Marfa could not combine her with the room. "So good of you to come," Mrs. Bartholomew incredibly said, "on my husband's invitation. I'm delighted." "So good of you to be delighted," Marfa said, and presented her mother and Luna, and thought: "Mama ought to have done this, mama has no idea of what . . . and how stiffly Luna holds her hands!" Mrs. Bartholomew began to talk about her cook. Marfa thought: "This tall woman, laughing at nothing, talking about her cook—poor Mr. Bartholomew," and felt monstrous elation.

That same spacious air of a garden lay upon the dining-room, large, light, tended, the plates like flowery patches, the *épergne* a flowery fountain, both table and room formal and planted and unconfused, all airy and colored and allied to space. They sat down, Mrs. Bartholomew still talking about the cook, and breaking off to ask: "Why doesn't she . . ." "I told her," said Mr. Bartholomew, "to make fruit cocktails." Instantly Marfa thought: "The rooms, the table, the house express *him*—not her!" "It isn't as though I hadn't trained her," Mrs. Bartholomew was saying. Her husband interrupted her as if he were always obliged to do so in order to insert speech at all: "Garvin has a wonderful collection. I wish there'd been time . . ." "He's crazy about geological specimens," Mrs. Bartholomew explained Mr. Bartholomew to the table. The fruit cocktails came in. "So sorry they weren't on the table when we came out," she pursued. "This cook is the slowest creature imaginable. . . ." She laughed heartily and pursued the cook.

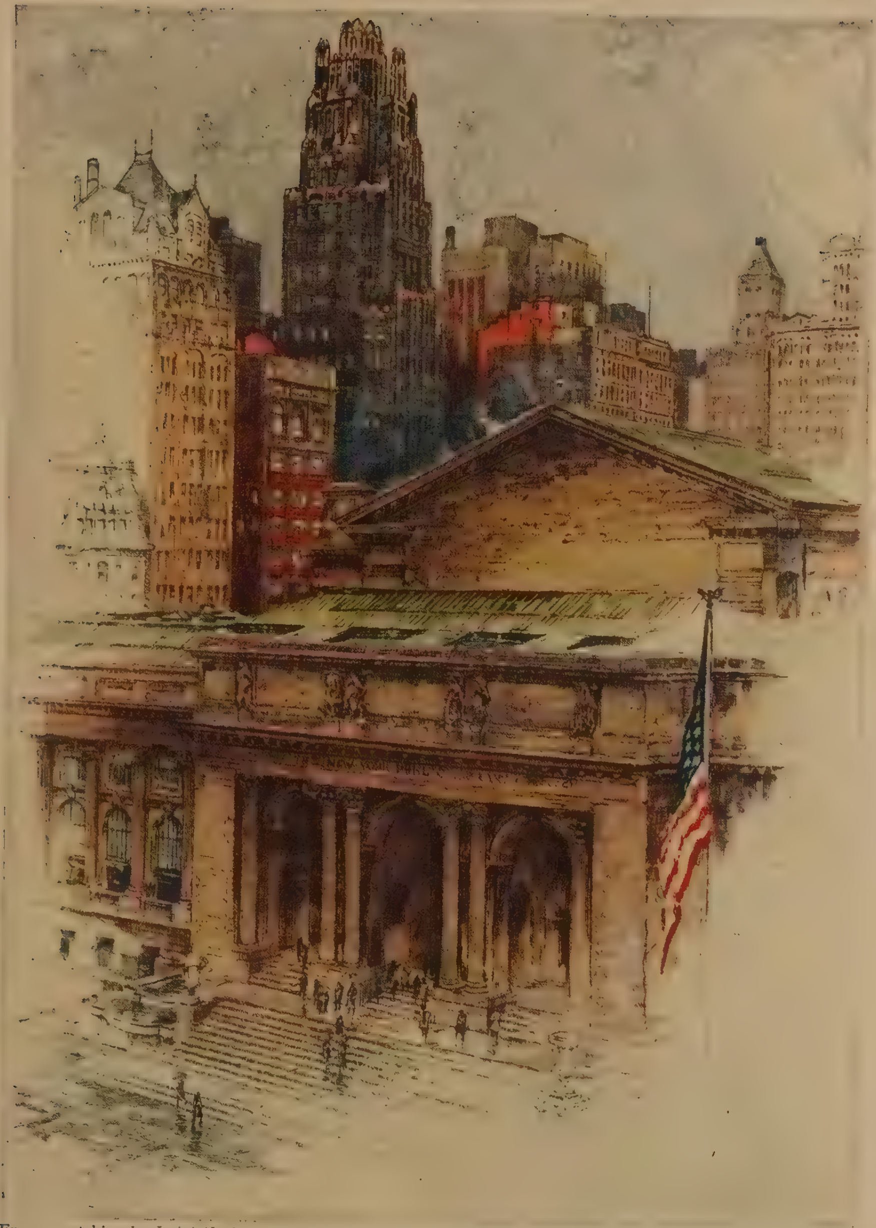
Marfa looked at Mr. Bartholomew, sitting at the head of his table, his head low between his shoulders, strips of white showing beneath the iris of his eyes. "Poor dear," she thought, "it's plain why he's going to China." "I always tell Mr. Manchester," said Mrs.

Manchester, "that Erralee—that's our maid—colored—*so* pert . . ." "And *that's* why papa's going," Marfa thought. The talk raged on. Mrs. Bartholomew obliviously addressed Mr. Manchester, Marfa did not listen to him, and Luna, one long hand laid on the table's edge, ate, her downcast lashes laid stiffly on her cheeks. If a huge hand could have thrust through the walls, picked up the table in a vast pink palm, and if great eyes could have looked down from the immeasurable height of a giant head, six small centres of emotion would have been visible, pulsing like boiling jelly, and no thought would have been manifest. Strange, pale walls of being, flow of color in cheeks, flutter of breath, stream of words so recently devised by the lips of the animal—and not a thought yet visible. Any giant would have dropped the little table in distaste: "What! All these years and still so few thoughts, and none of those few evident, none of them flooding out in airy shapes and colors from those round heads with their moist and moving eyes, their red and mobile lips? What a backward system! . . . Thought, the dynamic of the planet, and none of it to be seen!" A more patient giant might have reflected that electricity delayed for eons to be visible save as it shot through the clouds; and it might yet be that thought, emerging from the formless, and even through such dynamos as those six heads, would radiate visibly upon a world.

Meanwhile no thought was visible, nor was it audible save in such a word as "fossil." One thing more Marfa needed: was there the bond of the child? "Your children?" she said tentatively to Mrs. Bartholomew. Mrs. Bartholomew diminished. "We have had none," she said, with the flame of her quenched. Marfa thought: " 'We have none' would wring one's heart. 'We have had none' sounds gross. Mrs. Bartholomew would say: " 'We have had none.' " Marfa murmured. Momentarily Mrs. Bartholomew gazed wide-eyed into her finger-bowl. The only time, Marfa felt, that Mrs. Bartholomew's spirit ever came briefly to its window was to say so grossly: "We have had none." Marfa thought, "He should have had a son," and felt her monstrous elation.

They went into the garden, and with no circumlocution Marcus walked by her side. He said nothing, merely paced there, hands in pockets, head lowered, eyes level in that passionate sadness of their white half-moons. Marfa thought, "Already he can keep still with me," and herself kept still. They paused before a Judas-tree in its fine, thin soprano of bloom; he glanced sidewise at her, smiling; she met his eyes, smiled too, said nothing, looked. Noting that neither meant to speak, the Moment assumed the burden and pulsed between them. She caught its pulse, in its rhythm moved on up the path. They took the turn of the whole garden without a word, and she was feeling some irritation lest, after all, he was thinking about the expedition, when he said: "There'll be some matters about the expedition to settle. I may be obliged to run over a time or two to confer with your father. Shall you be there?" She said: "I'm sorry that I can't be sure. . . . I have some visits planned. . . ." She thought: "Liar. And fool. To want to be chased. . . ." Marcus observed: "We shall have no hollyhocks this year. They were killed out."

(To be continued.)

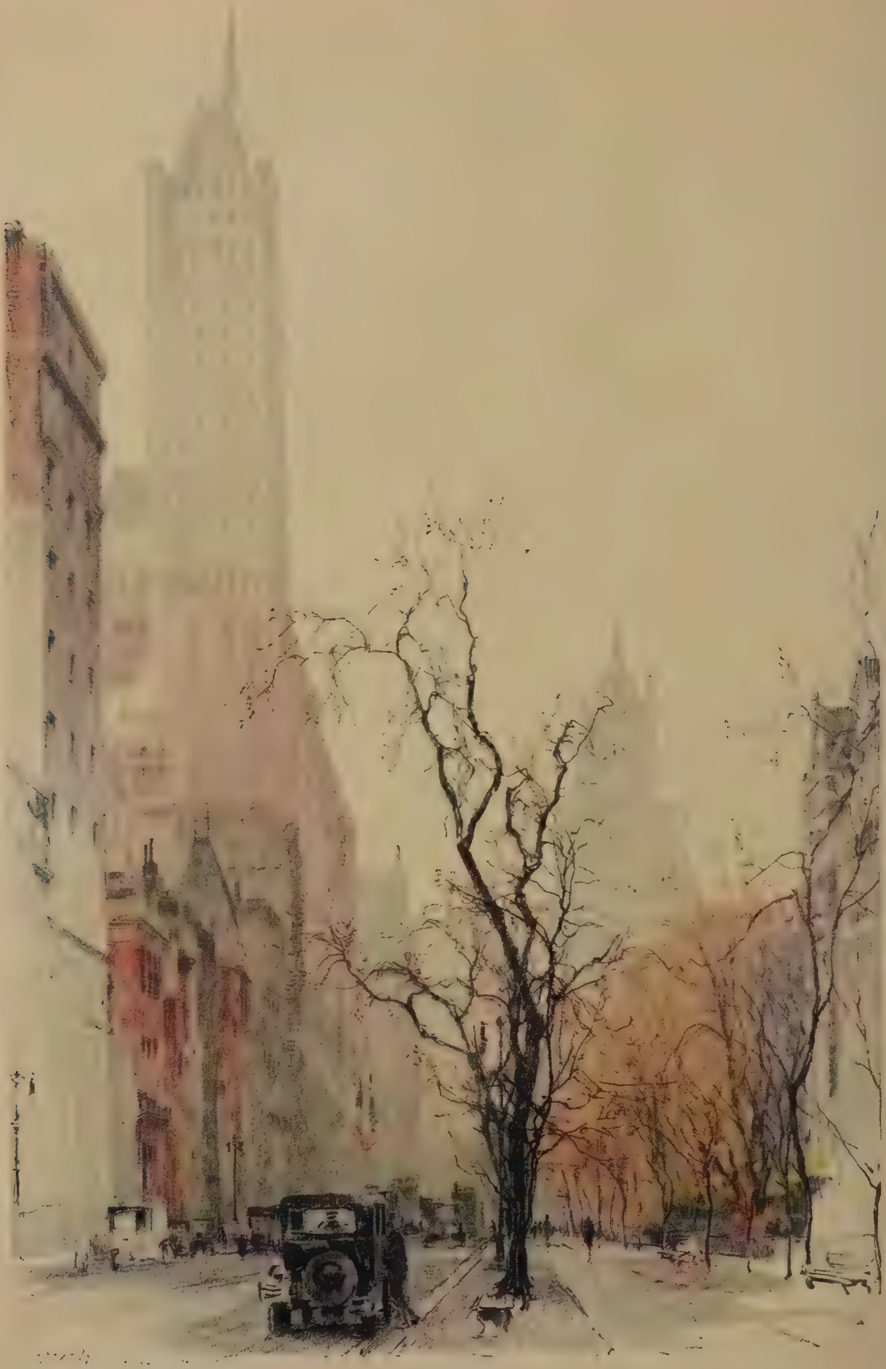


From an etching by Luigi Kasimir.

The New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

The American Radiator Building towers in the centre background.

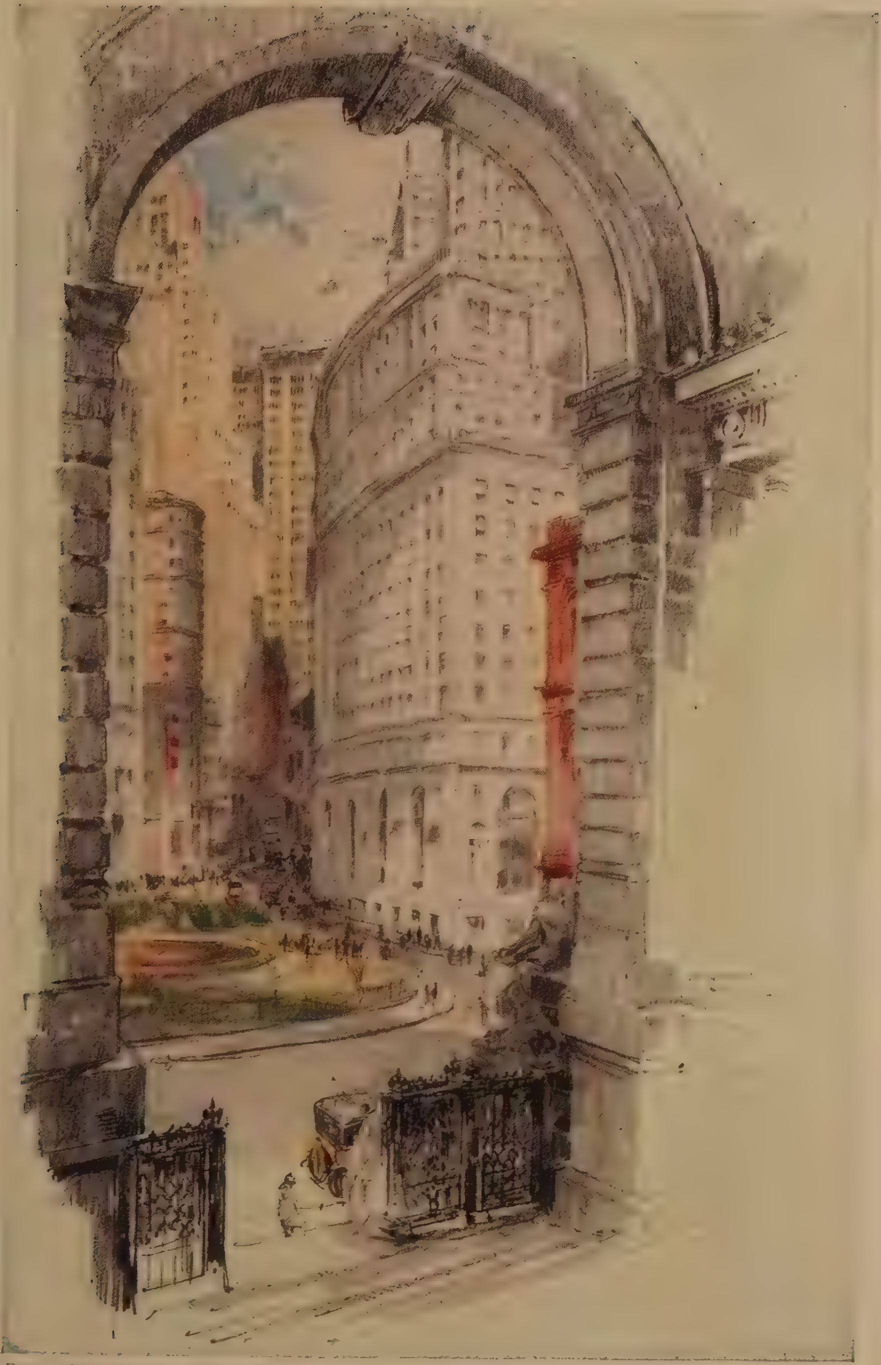
FOUR VIEWS OF NEW YORK BY LUIGI KASIMIR



From a drawing by Luigi Kasimir.

Up-town New York—Looking south on Fifth Avenue.

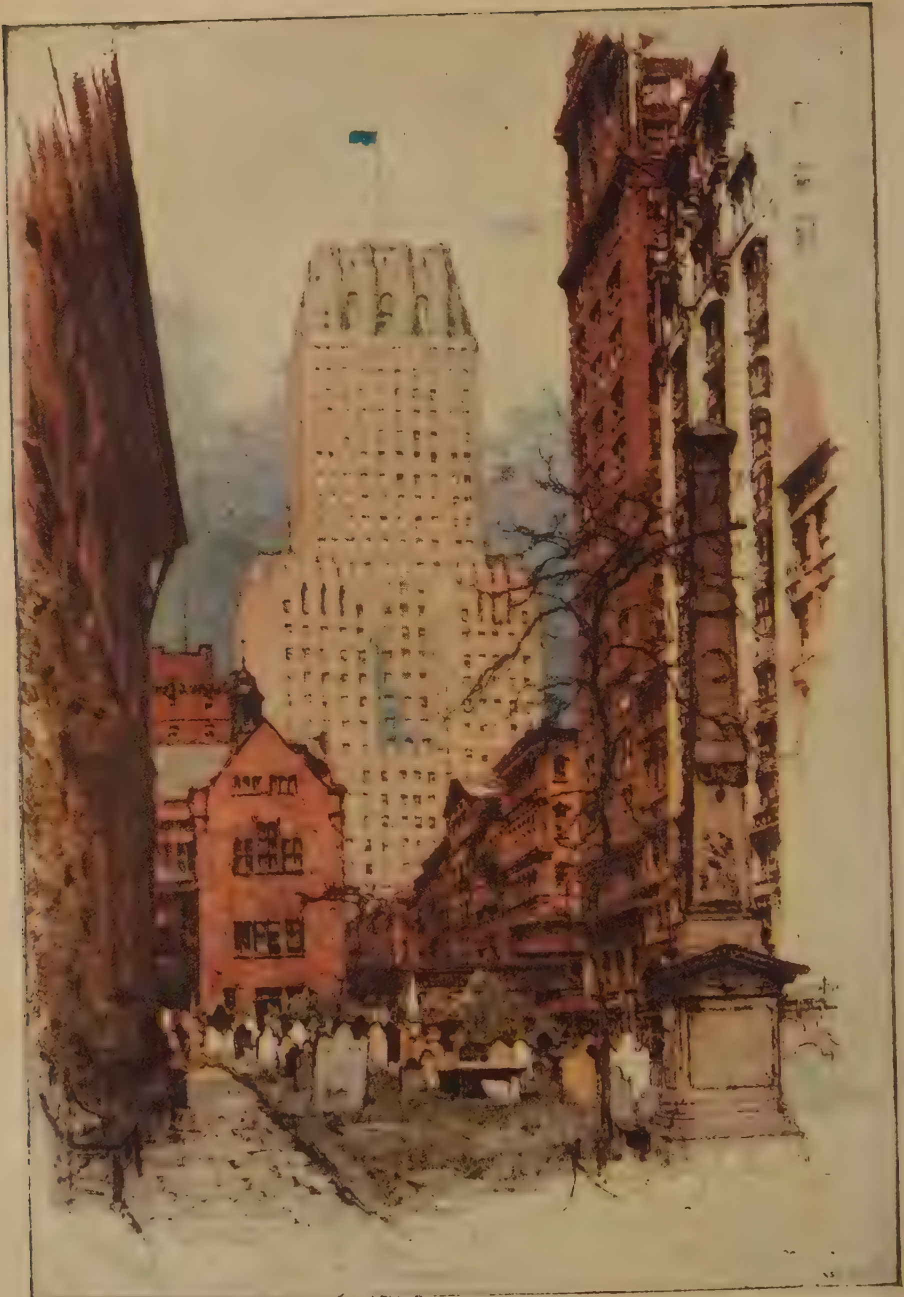
The tower of the Sherry-Netherlands on the left. The Hecksher Building on the right in the distance.



From a drawing by Luigi Kasimir.

Down-town New York.

Looking across Bowling Green and up lower Broadway from the entrance to the Custom House.



From an etching by Luigi Kasimir.

St. Paul's Churchyard.

The New York Telephone Building, on Vesey Street, in the background.

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

BY STRUTHERS BURT

Are the moving pictures an art, without artists? Mr. Burt questions whether the "boob audiences" to which the movie producers cater hypocritically and cynically are not smarter than Hollywood and New York suppose.

NOT long ago the head of a great motion-picture company called his staff together. "I have brought you here," he said, "to dictate to you your relative positions. Most of you are fairly essential, you camera men, you actors, you directors, but we can get on without any damned author alive, and if you scenario-writers don't do what you are told, out you go."

Good! And with that as a fixed point in a reeling universe we can attempt to unravel the imbroglio.

That something is wrong even the motion-picture people themselves are beginning to suspect. They suspect this because the motion-pictures are losing money, with the result that their credit in financial circles is not as good as it was; they suspect this because in large towns for a long while now symphony orchestras, ballets, and vaudeville have been needed to prop a tottering edifice; they suspect this because out in "the sticks" murmurs of discontent are increasing from what are known as "boob audiences." Suggestions such as mine, therefore, coming from some one outside the business, may not be as impertinent as they seem and may be far from theoretical. Indeed, they may be grimly practical. Moreover, even if I am not actually engaged in making motion-pictures, I am actively engaged in a related and frequently interlocking craft.

Now, to begin at the beginning and to arrive at any logical conclusions concerning the motion-pictures, you must begin by accepting certain premises long since denied by the majority of the intelligent and cynical, and for the most part scorned by those engaged in making motion-pictures. You must go far back and accept as the first premise the premise that the motion-pictures are an art, and, after that, you must accept the inevitable consequent premise that you must approach the motion-pictures from the point of view that they are an art unless you wish pretty soon to find yourself up a blind alley.

You must start with those two premises as a basis, no matter what else you do.

If something is an art, then it must be treated as an art, or else every move you make concerning it will be wrong.

First and foremost the motion-pictures are an art, although more than any other art they are also a business. But, as is always the case with an art, if you subordinate the essential artistic side to the business side, you not only lose eventually your authority as an artist, you also lose money as a business man. This is due to certain mysterious laws of nature and human psychology that cannot be explained but are none the less inevitable.

If you debase or deride the essential quality of anything, business or art or sport, you are performing a dangerous feat. Such debasement produces eventually its own especial Nemesis. When you build a house, save your hypocrisy, your ginger-bread ornamentation, if you must have them, for the upper stories, but do not disregard or play with the foundations.

The motion-pictures are an art, and cannot be anything else, because they appeal primarily to the emotions and represent a creative effort of the human will. A news-reel, for example, no matter how beautifully taken, no matter how stirring the scenes depicted may be, can never be art, for the simple reason that no photograph in itself can be art. Something that depicts only an actual person or an actual event, valuable as it may be, is not art. In order to create the latter the human will must select, combine, comment, and interpret.

But this at once postulates a certain attitude on the part of an audience and a certain responsibility on the part of the creator. It exacts certain penalties. It is a position as dangerous and focussed as that of a tight-rope walker. No one has asked the creator to rearrange or interpret nature, and if he essays so to do the consequences are upon his own head. In short, if he does so you expect certain things from him. Among these things are sincerity, no matter how mistaken, some degree of logic, some degree of decency. This applies to every other art, why shouldn't it apply to the motion-pictures? In every art there are thousands of bad artists, but they do not break the fundamental laws of art without in the end, despite whatever their temporary success may be, meeting a sure punishment. The successful bad artist is always sincere, always, within the circle of his stupidity, logical. He may be a fool, but invariably he is an honest fool. The clever but dishonest artist lives for only a short while, for a paramount law of every art is that you can laugh with your audiences but not at them. At least, you cannot laugh at them for any length of time. Even the stupidest audience discovers sooner or later the tongue in your cheek. That is the most fundamental law of all. For example, audiences demand nothing from a news-reel except a reproduction of life, which, however ordered it may be in reality, to our limited visions seems disordered and frequently illogical—there is no attempted arrangement here; but the moment a man sets out to tell them a story, the moment he chooses the audacious rôle of story-teller, then that man must follow certain rules of the art of story-telling or he is lost. And, above all, he must not look down on his audiences.

First, therefore, you must admit that the motion-pictures are an art. But after that you must take into consideration an odd and exceptional fact; the reason for most of the bewilderment now shaking the motion-pictures.

An art, the motion-pictures have had a curious and paradoxical history unlike that of any other art. They are the only art that, discovered by scientists, fell, due to the cost of reproduction, immediately into the hands of business men, and not very intelligent business men at that. Not yet have they come under the control of the only people capable of understanding them. Perhaps they will never come under this control. Painting was discovered by men who could not help but draw buffaloes on the walls of caves; the original singers to the harp sang because they had to; and although the descendants of both have frequently shown themselves susceptible to bribery, their arts, none the less, have remained in their possession, and those who come to bribe must exhibit at the worst a show of respect. They know, if they know nothing else, that the seat of production is in the brain of the artist. Only the motion-pictures believe that by money, cameras, by midwives such as actors, and so on, they can create life out of nothing. Everything is there but the child itself. Like a crazy bride, they continue to parade the world all dressed up with no place to go. They do not even know the direction in which they are going in order, in the end, to find nothing.

The motion-pictures are not only an art but they are a graphic art. They are not primarily a pictorial art, although the pictures are an important adjunct. They are not primarily an interpretative art, although the actors are also necessary. They are a story told by pictures and actors, just as a play is a story told by scenery and actors. And therefore, we come once more to an essential premise.

At the back of both play and motion-picture sits an author, and if he is no good, then neither is the play or the motion-picture. A fairly wise man once said something about the play being the thing. There is not the slightest use of the motion-picture people sitting about discussing in intricate terms, nobody understands, the problems that confront them until they squarely face essential facts. The motion-pictures are an art, they must be treated as an art, and the particular artists who have the first—and also, last—say about them are, by the very nature of the motion-picture, writers.

The motion-pictures have numerous problems, but the first one, once it is clearly understood what motion-pictures are, is for them to catch their authors.

How do you catch an author?

At this point you laugh, especially if you are connected with the motion-pictures. Here, you say, we have at last the particular axe that is being ground. Here is the old complaint of the writing-man who wants to sell his stories to the pictures. Without being rude, I would like to inform you that you couldn't possibly be more wrong. For one thing, I cannot conceive of any normal author, making a decent living, wishing to have anything to do with the motion-pictures under present conditions. Even if the conditions were changed, I do not see why any novelist or short-story writer should wish to leave his particular craft for another different and difficult one, however fascinating, under proper conditions, that craft might become. Indeed, I regard the present divorce of the author and the motion-picture as the happiest divorce that has ever occurred in artistic circles. If nothing else, for the author a vast new field has been opened up. No one yet has written a proper satire on what is still the bathhouse Muse. As she now exhibits herself, she is much funnier than the Kiwanis clubs —which are not so funny after all— and much more powerful and sinister than Elmer Gantry. But a real satire will have to be as fantastic as the "Arabian Nights," as savagely comic as Rabelais, as incredible as Marco Polo, and as sharp as Dean Swift. The necessary regret will be implied from the fact that such a rigadoon could be danced in the face of an uneasy world; that such a great potential art and power still goes a-begging. Given complete control of the motion-pictures, in ten years a man could stop war.

But that is not the major point of excellence of this excellent divorce. Until the novelist and short-story writer, even the dramatist, were removed from the scene, there was no hope for the motion-pictures at all. The legitimate drama would fare badly, indeed, if it depended on translations of novels and short stories for its productions.

The motion-pictures are not only an art but a separate art; a very intricate and difficult one. On the mechanical side immense progress has been made, experiment and originality have been fostered; on the creative, and fundamental side, practically nothing has been done. To understand even in the least the art of the scenario a man, or a woman, should spend all of his, or her, time, strength, patience, and inventiveness. One does not write novels merely as a side-line. To have scenarios, you must have scenario-writers; not short-story writers, or novelists, or dramatists who occasionally write a scenario.

In their infancy the motion-pictures, still humble, did recognize, somewhere in the darkness of their minds, black as the pit from pole to pole, the author. They vaguely understood that he had something or other to do with their proceedings. Repeated failures convinced them that there was a mistake abroad in "the lot," and so, eventually, they came to the earth-shaking conclusion that scenarios should be written in the studios. Had they known anything about the genii they were letting loose from the bottle, they would have known this in the beginning. But now, having decided that scenarios should be written in the studio, they are no better off than they were before. They are just about where they started. They are at the beginning of the right road, but they have no idea how to proceed along it.

Not only should scenarios be written in the studio, but—once more—they should be written by people capable of writing them.

Not only is it necessary to state how a thing should be done, but it is necessary, that is, if the thing is going to be done, to set about it. And, most important of all, in this world where humanity is still the essential factor, is the person doing a thing. You must somehow, somewhere get hold of him or her before you take another step. Just to announce that scenarios should be written in the studio means nothing. You first have to know what a scenario-writer looks like; you next have to know how his mind functions. All the paraphernalia of fox-hunting amounts to little if your hounds can't tell the difference between a fox and a rabbit. And the proof of this shortsightedness lies in the fact that terrible as the ancient translation of novel or short story used to be, the present home-made article is even worse. It is not only worse, it is becoming increasingly so; it is becoming unbelievable. Not long ago I saw a picture written by Elinor Glyn and acted by Clara Bow, and if, in your moments of wildest delirium, you can conceive of anything more chimerical, you are wasting your talents outside of a strong-walled institution. Here was a perfect example of the scenario at its worst, also a perfect example of what the two races the most capable of vulgarity can do when they put their heads together. Some one may object that "Madame" Glyn is a professional writer. No one but the motion-pictures has considered her as such for the past twenty years. Incidentally—a not unimportant point — from the present-day home-made scenario the small words "as if" have almost entirely disappeared. One never sees them any more. Note number one is that great writers, scenario-writers or otherwise, have always had a distaste for the locution "like you were so and so, etc." I don't know why this is true, but it is, and until I see "as if" restored once more to the picture made in the studio I will continue to remain sceptical concerning the people who make them. No real author, however poor, but has a love of words. Why should the public schools teach grammar when "the movies" unteach it?

The motion-pictures are an art. At the base of them is the scenario. The scenario should be written by people devoting their lives to scenario-writing. Splendid, as far as it goes. Now let's see what sort of people can write scenarios. Let's ask again how do you catch an author? Why, you catch him as you do any other sort of self-respecting artist and the scenario-writers should be exactly the same sort of people as those who are now writing novels, short stories, and plays. But the motion-pictures will never get these people until they perform a gigantic spiritual feat and until they revolutionize utterly their present structure. They now represent a pyramid upside down. In their arrogance they consider the author, whether he be writing scenarios or not, as some sort of second-rate prostitute, whose only standard, like their own, is money.

That isn't the way to bait the trap for scenario-writers.

The author, being an artist, is perhaps a trifle more sensitive than the ordinary man. He wouldn't be an artist if he wasn't. And yet, I doubt if he is any more sensitive, except in ways peculiarly his own, than the average decent citizen. Few average decent citizens would write scenarios under present conditions if they could do anything else. At all events, sensitive or not, you have to accept the author on his own conditions, or you won't get him.

It is obvious that the motion-pictures will not be able, except sporadically and temporarily, to recruit their ranks from the present generation of established writers. Their hope lies in the building up of a future generation of scenarioists, in the persuading of talented and intelligent young men and women to turn their energies to the screen instead of the novel or the short story, and that the motion-pictures realize this fact is shown by the numerous schools of scenario-writing now being established. But schools, wages, and systems mean just so much and no more, and to the real artist they mean comparatively little. Why should any intelligent and talented young man or woman abandon the prospects of what can be a dignified, fairly unhampered, fairly well-paid career for the absurd and insulting status of those who write for the motion-pictures? Why should they want to deal with motion-picture people when they can deal with editors and publishers for the most part honest, well bred, and well educated? The answer is they won't. Meanwhile, the motion-pictures will continue to recruit for scenario-writing only the sweepings of the talented; the lower orders of each generation of intelligent young men and women. The venal, the ignorant, and the vulgar. And meanwhile, the scenario will grow steadily worse until those who produce them are forced to reform because of bankruptcy.

The question is largely a psychological one, as most questions are. Before they can get anywhere those now in control of the motion-pictures — the producer, the director, the actor, the myriad smaller fry, each one holding his job through bluff and solemn stalling—will have to eat dust and throw it in their hair. Merely on the business side they will have to learn four things that every other business in the world has now learned—courtesy, fairness, a sense of proportion, and a willingness to listen to the truth. In their swollen pride they have not even learned as yet the value of goodwill. They are building up around them a vast army of bitter and contemptuous enemies. Who has had anything to do with the motion-pictures without being insulted and humiliated in some foolish and easily avoided way? What author, for instance, has not had his time wasted, his patience exhausted, his decency and amour propre offended? Is anything so powerful that it can continue to behave in this fashion? I think not. Certainly no great corporation, certainly not even the government of a country. And conveying all this is a rodomontade, an hysterical exaggeration of purposes and accomplishments that even the advertising agents of cigarettes now know better than to use in a period steadily growing more discriminating. Nor is this rodomontade altogether the deliberate distortion or cynicism it would seem; the motion-picture people are as sentimental about themselves as they are disdainful of their audiences and the rest of the world.

Listen to this. It is the answer of a great motion-picture producer—perhaps the greatest—to a critic who has sent him a letter written by a young man who asks how to prepare for a life in the motion-pictures. The first question the young man asks is whether he shall remain at the university where he is now an undergraduate.

"I should advise your correspondent to finish his course at Princeton and get his degree. He should take thorough courses in literature and drama. He should learn the rudiments of art and architecture. Engineering will make him exact. Finance will give him respect for a budget. His life at Princeton should give him taste, a sense of values.

"But even with all this he must learn life itself and how to put it on the screen. More and more the studios are throwing off the shackles of hokum, the imprint of the stencil. The successful picture of to-day has some relation to reality. [I have just seen Douglas Fairbanks's last picture, "The Gaucho."] The people you see on the screen are becoming more and more like the people you see in real life. [God forbid!] The stories they enact are escaping from the formula and are becoming like the stories of the daily newspaper, fresh, vivid, true. [Sic!] The same cool wind of hard, realistic thinking that is sweeping over the world, over the stage and the book-stands, is blowing through the studios. [Page *College Humor,* please!] It is blowing away the rubbish, and it is leaving the scene to the quick, eager young people whose minds are original, plastic in fitting new situations, yet hard in facing facts."

Gentlemen, hush! This has the ring of a commencement oration, and, in the words of Li Hung Chang, after the young questioner has completed his Machiavellian education of a prince, "what next?" What will all this exactness, sense of values, and good manners do for him on a present-day movie lot?

But you cannot understand the motion-pictures at all unless you take for granted the Alice in Wonderland atmosphere that pervades them—the quaint, unbelievable Alice in Wonderland, Mother Goose, atmosphere. Red queens live there, white rabbits, beautiful ladies who turn to air, Humpty-dumpties who fall off walls. And over all broods a rarefied, blue sky of unreality, a Maxfield Parrish sky, grave and unwinking. You must realize that although the motion-picture world is a fantastic one, it is also a very serious one. That is what makes it even more fantastic. Numerous fine and intelligent people are drawn into it, but almost at once they, too, lose their sense of proportion. Sitting about solemnly they debate what is wrong. According to the habit of humanity as a whole, they walk wearily ten miles in a great circle only to arrive back at the point of confusion where they started. You can see them doing it, and unless you are very careful you, too, will be unduly impressed.

I am well aware, of course, that the motion-pictures are a great and complicated business. Because I have not the time to go into them fully, I do not minimize the questions of expense, of world-wide audiences, of censorship, of a dozen other complexities and perplexities. I am merely saying that, as a rule, it is best, as I have said once before in this article, to begin everything at the beginning. For example, on general principles I am against censorship in any form, but there is no doubt that the motion-pictures have brought censorship upon themselves, and there is no doubt that most of those who might be their best friends do not care whether they are censored or not. In fact, some of the most liberal thinkers would like to see the present-day motion-pictures censored out of existence. If the motion-pictures would concentrate a trifle more on the interest of their scenarios, they might not have to concentrate, let us say—picking out one of many obvious interests—so much on the interest attached to the more intimate portions of young women's anatomies. The legitimate stage, by and large, has managed to combat censorship fairly successfully; so have publishing houses. But then, every one knows that the intent of the legitimate stage and of publishing houses is on the whole honest and decent, while, to the contrary, every one knows that the intent of the motion-pictures is neither the one nor the other.

Nor am I, to take up briefly another grave perplexity of the motion-pictures, so greatly impressed by the talk about "boob audiences" or the difficulties of producing for a world that speaks countless languages. The latter is easily disposed of by the fact that, together with music, the motion-picture is one of the few universal arts. It requires a minimum of words. Naturally, China does not care for American-made pictures which are indicative of the American attitude toward the Orient, but that is another question. As to "boob audiences," they have never existed except in the minds of New York and Hollywood. By a process of action and reaction the average provincial audience is always just about ten feet ahead of those who are catering to it. This common mistake is what in the end defeats not only the motion-picture but the politician and the metropolitan critic as well. The average provincial motion-picture audience goes to its motion-picture theatre because it has nowhere else to go, and because, on Tuesday, let us say, it has the habit of going. But it is becoming restive. Recently a "boob audience," of which I happened to be part, burst into laughter at the amatory passages in "Old Ironsides," a picture that would have been a great and moving epic had its author, Mr. Laurence Stallings, been left alone.

Again, and like every other art, the motion-picture has many sides to it and must appeal to many different audiences. In music there is room for chamber music, symphonic music, popular orchestral music, brass-band music, dance music, jazz music, and so on, and it is only the stupid critic who fails to find good in all. But in music there is no room for bad music, especially bad music which is sinister, and bad music dies. Merely because certain sides of an art are broadly popular does not mean that those sides are necessarily cheap. Much popular music is both extremely good and extremely clever, and a great deal of difficult music becomes in the course of time both easy and generally beloved where the slightest attempt at intelligent education has been made. It is a universal rule that if you appeal, not too dictatorially or snobbishly, to the better side of almost every one, you will receive an encouraging response. This is certainly true of books, of the theatre, of everything else in life you can imagine. Low as the level of intelligence still may be, on the whole there are more people to-day reading good books, listening to good music, and buying honest goods than ever before in the history of the world. When a modern grocer wishes to sell ham, he does not cheapen his product, he attempts to better it while at the same time reducing the cost of production. The motion-pictures alone, and that only because they are still new and in the hands of a few people, persist in marketing carrion hoping that a touch of benzoate of soda will conceal the real taste.

The statement, so often heard in motion-picture circles, that "art does not pay," that it has been tried and found wanting, upon investigation is discovered to mean nothing. What is meant is that some book, or play, admittedly first-class and successful in its own sphere, has failed in the motion-pictures. So naïve and uninformed is the average motion-picture mind that it is incapable of understanding the catch that is contained. To begin with, as has been said, there is no reason why a successful book or play should make a good motion-picture. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the better anything is in its own medium, the less likely is it to be good in any other medium. To end with, added to the difficulties of translation from one medium to another there is, in this case, a hundred-to-one shot that the translator isn't first-class himself. Moreover, a time element enters in. Why should a book by Sir James Barrie popular in 1910 make a good scenario in 1928? To do that it would have to be a very universal book, a very great one. I am not disparaging Sir James Barrie, I am merely saying that, like every other author, in all his long life he probably has not written more than one or, at the most, two books the appeal of which by any possible chance is universal and perpetual. But let the motion-pictures try producing art that is also interesting, that has, it should go without saying, although it doesn't, a sufficiently wide and simple theme. This has been done, and is being done, in a few isolated cases, and I see no signs of the adventurous ones landing in the poorhouse. Charlie Chaplin is a sincere artist, so is Douglas Fairbanks, so is Emil Jannings, so is Florence Vidor, so are half a dozen more. They seem to be doing fairly well financially, although they make occasional mistakes.

The motion-pictures are an art. They are the newest and the most powerful of the arts. They are the first art potentially and completely democratic. They are a fulcrum that can move the world. Through them the world can be made more universally beautiful and wise than our present-day minds can conceive.

The motion-pictures are a graphic art. Their basis, therefore, is the scenario. But the motion-pictures, alone of all arts, were discovered by scientists and fell at once into the hands of business men. The only people capable of saving them cannot even knock at their doors, or, if so foolish as to knock, so foolish as not to heed the warnings at the threshold, are liable to lose utterly their humanity once they approach the Circe within.

To save themselves by their own efforts will require on the part of the motion-pictures a spiritual and actual revolution so gigantic that it is hardly likely to occur short of the millennium. Therefore, as I said before, the only immediate hope that I, for one, see is bankruptcy.

Meanwhile, I can go back to the title of this article. Possibly you have been wondering just why I chose it. If you remember, the first two lines of the old and gracious carol are:

> "God rest you merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay."

Well, what could be more appropriate, especially the second line, for the heading of an article on the motion-pictures?

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Soldier Harmon

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

There were twelve pool-tables in the club, a shaded pyramid of white light over each one of the tables. The corners of the room were shadowed. On a bench at the wall four fellows in peak caps and one in a hard hat were watching a game and spitting alternately at a spittoon near an end of the table. It was ten minutes to seven, Saturday evening.

They were watching Joe Harmon, a big man with a slow grin and a dark smudge under his left eye, and his manager, Doc Barnes, a small, neat man with shiny black hair. Doc Barnes, concentrating, looked carefully at three balls on the table, then looked at them from another angle, and finally, with his hip on the end of the table, leaned over the green baize.

"All right, one foot on the floor," Joe said.

"It's there; keep your shirt on," the doc said, feinting with his cue.

"On the floor, doc."

"I got it on the floor, I tellya."

"Yeah, if your leg was three inches longer, doc."

Doc was indignant, but before he could answer some one yelled, shoes scraped on the floor near the door, and he sat on the table, his mouth open. Joe turned. The young men on the bench got up and moved over to the door. The club bouncer had grabbed a wide-shouldered man in a tight overcoat. "Throw him out!" some one yelled. The bouncer, pressing his head against the man's chest, tried to swing him off his feet toward the open door.
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A fat man in his shirt-sleeves was holding the door open. The wide-shouldered man, breaking away, pulled off his overcoat quickly, swinging it at arm's length, and draped it over the bouncer's head; and, laughing, jabbed at the head under the coat while everybody laughed with him.

Joe Harmon watched it, one hand on his hip. In his other hand he held the cue, the handle-butt on the floor. He cleared his throat loudly, aiming at the spittoon. The cue fell against the table, he took two slow steps toward the crowd, his heavy red face wrinkling at the mouth and under the eyes, and lines on his forehead. Doc Barnes jumped down from the table suddenly, grabbing Joe's arm.

"Lay off, Joe," he said coaxingly.

"Sit down, doc."

"Don't get in it, Joe. Come on; get out of here."

Very angry, Doc Barnes jerked him around. "You big sap," he said. "What do you want mixing up in that stuff? Come on, you thick head." He grabbed Joe's vest from a peg on the wall, then held his coat for him and his overcoat, trying to keep him from looking at the fight near the door.

They went down the back stairs and out the lane to the street. Snow had gone from the streets by the middle of March, though ice was close to the curb. They went into the chink's at the corner. The doc ordered two hot roast-beef sandwiches, pumpkin pie, and coffee, and, leaning back in the chair, watched Joe, his elbows on the hard white table, a stubborn expression on his face.

"It simply don't do, Joe," he said.

"No."

"Absolutely no. Who the hell's going to pay to see you fight if they just have to hang around a pool-room and get it for nothing? It's not business. Don't give your stuff away."

Joe grinned. "A guy's got to have a little fun now and again. That stuff up in the club there's real. The other ain't. The other's just motions."

"Not when you're in the mood, Joe. Not on your life, old boy, when you're ready to let them have it." He reached over and slapped Joe on the back. The chink brought the hot roast-beef sandwiches with lots of gravy.

"We could have been up there for half an hour yet," Joe said, sticking his fork in the sandwich, "though I guess it's time to eat anyhow."

"What do you care? Go on and see Molly."

"Maybe I might as well," Joe said. He ate the sandwich rapidly.

Joe got on a street-car after leaving the chink's, and went eight blocks east to Leslie Street to see Molly Turner. He had been going with Molly for four years and would have married her, but was uncertain of himself since taking up boxing professionally. She was so eager for him to work hard at training he often imagined he really liked it, though he had explained to her he got tired of sparring and road-work and even watching bouts, because he was interested in the big moment in a fight and everything led up to it.

She had a room in a house two minutes' walk from the car-stop. He went up-stairs and into the room without knocking. She was sitting in a rocking-chair near a floor-lamp, reading a paper and eating chocolates. The box was on the arm of the rocking-chair. Joe saw the chocolates and looked at the box deliberately, but didn't actually suggest having one because he didn't want to argue for five minutes about training before eating it. The chocolate wasn't worth it. She had on a black skirt and a neat gray sweater. He kissed her and looked thoughtful; then kissed her again.

"You're a little early, eh, Joe?"

"Maybe a little, but the earlier the better; we won't have to line up for the show."

He watched her putting on her coat and pale-blue hat, having only pleasant thoughts, and wondering why he had expected some kind of an argument.

On the street-car she asked questions about Doc Barnes. He answered agreeably, so she kept on asking questions till he said, irritated: "Molly, you know how this bothers me." She was sullen, and in the show looked directly at the picture, pulling away her hand whenever his fingers groped for it, though sometimes letting him hold it just long enough to realize he had it.

They didn't openly quarrel, and for the rest of the evening talked politely, but when he had left her he felt unhappy. He lived with his father and mother. He opened the door and his bull pup, coming clumsily along the hall, jumped at him and he tapped it lightly on the skull and slapped its back, going on through to the kitchen, the pup still snapping at his heels and ankles. His mother and father were in bed. He sat down at the end of the table, biting his nails and worrying about Molly. Then he pushed the chair back from the table and faced the dog that jumped eagerly while he swept the legs from under it, rolling it on the floor. Molly wanted to talk about big purses, opportunities, contenders, and hard work. Her ambition bothered him, since he was making good money fighting preliminary bouts at the Coliseum and main bouts at the Standard Theatre—Soldier Harmon, a favorite, a reliable fighter. The engagements at the Coliseum were more profitable, but he preferred the Standard; the crowd was friendly and close to the ring, his style appreciated, they cheered every time he climbed through the ropes. He was earning a living and was satisfied. Molly was not satisfied. Doc Barnes wasn't satisfied. His father and mother weren't satisfied. He got up, gave the dog something to eat, put it in the cellar, and went to bed.

In the morning he put a chain on the dog and walked as far as the church with his mother. Every Sunday morning he and the dog walked to church with his mother. At the church he left her and stood on the curb, urging the dog to become playful, while kids going into church looked at him respectfully, noticing the dark smudge under his left eye, and older fellows said distinctly: "There's Soldier Harmon." Many men had seen his picture in the paper. He stood near the curb, dressed smartly in form-fitting clothes, a purple handkerchief tucked carelessly in his breast-pocket, and he snapped his fingers at the dog, but it wasn't feeling playful.

On Sunday evening he walked with Molly in University Park, and, though it was chilly and frost still in the ground, they sat down in the shadow of a university building and she carefully avoided asking any questions that would irritate him. She sat close to him on the bench, a plump and pretty little girl in a dark-blue coat, and sitting there he was so pleased and good-natured, and she was so intensely interested in his work, he seemed to be asking himself questions. He kissed her and told her he was matched with Harry Greb, the middle-weight champion, in September, out at the Coliseum. She was enthusiastic, but it was too cold to be sitting on a park bench. Her nose was red, her feet were cold; so they got up, both shivering, to look for a café where they could get coffee.

He remembered that Sunday evening, because he had felt like definitely suggesting they get married, but was glad he had hesitated, for, in the hot summer months, every time he saw her she seemed to be looking at him critically, ready to ask about training and road-work. At times he wished she didn't know so much about fighting. She was working at a notion-counter in a five-ten-fifteen-cent store, and in the afternoons he used to go in and see her.

One afternoon, leaning against her counter, he said: "I think I'll get a real job, Molly."

"My heavens, man! What do you mean?" she said.

"I'm getting tired of doing nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Sure; I don't think much of workouts and sparring and all that stuff."

Her boss came along the aisle and Joe left. He walked all the way home. He had intended to tell her how eager he was to get a job and just fight when he felt like it. She wouldn't listen seriously. He had had an argument with doc, who was trying to teach him footwork, and he had said to Barnes: "Look here, doc; I'm a fighter, not a boxer. I don't ever want to be a boxer." The doc had told him he had a thick head—that was the trouble. For the first time he had been disgusted with Barnes and the idea of being a professional fighter. He understood finally that he was a good business proposition for Barnes.

In August he fought twice at the Standard Theatre and he wasn't interested in his opponents. He beat Indian Sam Burns because the Indian was afraid of him, and the other man fouled him. Joe told his father he was losing interest in his work; too many things were getting on his nerves. His father suggested that he get married and settle down, and Joe felt unhappy.

"I think maybe Molly's a little too much for me," he said.

Alone in his own room he felt sorry for Molly and disappointed in himself. He had been going with her four years and knew he ought to marry her. He liked her, but felt it would be unfair to marry her, knowing he would only disappoint her. She was a good business woman and a lovely girl, but too determined for him.

For two weeks he trained seriously for his fight with Harry Greb. Greb was smaller than "the Soldier," and a crowd always enjoyed watching his arms moving like a windmill while he pounded a heavy, awkward man. Joe was eager to meet him, so he could try to knock him out. Only good men beat Greb.

After training an hour at the Adonis in the evening, Joe took the street-car down-town to Molly's house and together they went out to Sunnyside, the amusement park on the lake-front. They had two hot dogs and stood on the board walk listening to the orthophonic victrola. Joe wanted to buy some French-fried potatoes, a few glasses of pineapple juice, and some toasted waffles, but Molly insisted it would be hard on his wind. They argued. She was considerate, understanding, but firm. She reminded him how important it was for them that he should knock out Greb, and when he stood in front of the waffle-stand, arguing, she took him by the arm and they walked out of the park, along to the road that leads into

High Park, a natural park with hills, a pond, many bridle-paths through trees, and benches in unexpected places.

They sat down on a bench in a hollow between low hills. There was a moon. Molly looked pretty, her clothes seemed to fit her, and she was neater than when he had first met her. He was silent a long time; knowing she was feeling irritable and anxious to have her feel good-humored, he began to talk about the big purses he would get if he knocked out Greb.

"What do you think of that?" he said.

"You know what I think."

"Yeah?"

"Sure; I suppose we'll get married at once and take a trip," she said.

"Sure we would, Molly."

"Yes, we would." She looked very sad. He felt uncomfortable; it was a time to suggest getting married at once, but he could only stretch his legs, feeling unhappy. Then he felt that he owed a great deal to her, a sincere feeling, and his thick fingers were running through her hair, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. Her silence embarrassed him as he watched automobile headlights on the road that dipped out of sight.

She got up and said angrily: "You're an old slow poke, Joe; that's all there is to it."

They walked back the way they had come.

When he left her, later on in the evening, he kissed her roughly, but within himself he was unsatisfied because he couldn't think of a satisfactory solution. Instead of going home he went into a drug-store at the corner and had two chocolate sodas, sitting on the high stool, his elbows on the counter, trying to feel good. He wanted to marry her. Sooner or later he would marry her, and then she'd see that he got many bouts and good purses. He decided to tell her that he had no use for boxing-matches and would rather have a job, getting into a fight occasionally, because he rarely got the right feeling out of a boxing-match.

On Saturday night Harry Greb beat Soldier Harmon out at the Coliseum. The Soldier fought with such distinction his name was in all the papers. He knocked out Greb in the third round, but the bell saved him; his seconds worked over him so he could stall through the fourth round; and for the rest of the fight he hit the Soldier so often he got tired and laughed out loud. The Soldier's face was badly marked, but on Sunday morning he walked with his mother to church.

Molly couldn't understand why Joe was so pleased with himself.

"I hit him dead on, didn't I?" he said.

"That's not the point."

"He was really out, wasn't he?"

"But if you could have finished him."

"It was wonderful, really wonderful," he said.

The third round was the only part of the fight he seemed to remember distinctly. Many people talked to him about it—Doc Barnes, his father and mother, sporting writers, and he reminded them of the third round, grinning happily. Doc Barnes was so impressed by Joe's durability he consented to a bout with Tommy Goldie, a graceful heavyweight, whom he had carefully avoided because of his speed.

Joe shook hands with Barnes when he heard of the match with Goldie. He was interested in meeting the negro, not because of local rivalry, although Goldie had been jeering at him for months; but he had watched him working out at one of the gyms—a big, graceful body working smoothly—and had been aware of a nervous eagerness, the old feeling that came to him when watching a man he wanted to knock out. He rarely saw a man who was to be his opponent until they met in the ring. He liked the surprise and satisfaction of looking across the ring and seeing some one who excited him. Some of them were disappointing. He knew instinctively that Goldie would be satisfactory.

Two weeks before the fight he quarrelled with Molly. She had become nervous and irritable. In a temper she had used some words that had surprised him. When his father and mother stubbornly insisted that he was being unfair to the girl he tried to make it clear for everybody concerned, explaining carefully his feeling that marriage with Molly would mean a long, tiresome effort to make money, till he had lost all interest in fighting. They were sitting in the kitchen. His father had his feet up on the stove.

"You're lazy, Joe; mighty damned lazy," his father said.

"You're all wrong, pa; I'll get a job to-morrow, but that won't please anybody."

"But, Lord, Joe, what about the big money?"

"It just don't appeal to me. I want to fight when I feel like it," Joe said. "And I can't do it and get married."

Three days before the fight with Goldie he developed an unusual interest in road-work, jogging along five or six miles a day. Doc Barnes, becoming enthusiastic and eager to encourage the Soldier, talked about the absolute necessity of strong legs and good wind, and offered to accompany him. But Joe went alone, leaving the Adonis at two o'clock in the afternoon, running unevenly with a clumsy, jerky stride. He had never done much road-work. He jogged up Broadview Avenue, slowing to a walk occasionally, his eyes always on the ground. The steady pounding of his feet as he ran helped him to think clearly, and he had long imaginary conversations with Molly. Outside the city limits there were more trees and open fields, and he lay down on the bank at the roadside, his hands behind his head, his eyes closed. He wondered if Molly would be at the fight.

He felt strong and very confident the night of the fight. He was sitting in the dressing-room talking to Doc Barnes, waiting for the last of the preliminaries to finish, and the doc, wearing a new silk shirt, was leaning against a table, giving him advice. Barnes always gave him advice before a fight, though he knew it didn't help him. The Soldier was more interested in his bull pup, which he was holding on the table and regarding critically. Many thoughts had been bothering him all day, but now he was worried because it looked as if the pup's legs weren't going to bow sufficiently to give him a really ferocious appearance. He grabbed the legs at the joints, hunching up the shoulders. He pulled down the lower lip, showing strong teeth. The dog liked it and looked splendid as long as he could hold the position. Doc Barnes went on talking. The Soldier studied the dog carefully. They could hear the crowd shouting.

Doc Barnes stepped out of the room. He came back quickly and said: "All set, Joe."

"Yep."

"How you feelin'?"

"Fine as silk, doc."

The Soldier wrapped his green dressing-gown tightly around his waist and they walked down the aisle to the ring. A crowd of nearly eight thousand was in the Coliseum, an arena with tiers of seats around a level tan-bark surface sometimes used for horse-shows. The ringside seats were on the tan bark. Before the Soldier reached the ring Goldie climbed through the ropes, both hands held high over his head. The crowd cheered. The cheering was louder when the Soldier skipped along the ropes. Then the crowd laughed and kidded him.

When they were being introduced he glared at Goldie. He waved his hand three times at some one calling to him, but concentrated on Goldie's black body, glistening under the arc-lights.

The crowd yelled at the sound of the bell and Joe walked slowly from his corner, staring intently at Goldie's chin. He crouched, his head forward, most of the weight on his right foot, his right hand held steadily at his hip. He rocked gently back and forward on the balls of his feet. Goldie danced in, hitting him twice with his left, once on the side of the head, once on the chin. Joe grinned. He stood up straight and grinned. He hadn't touched the smooth brown body that slid by him. He settled back to the crouch, sticking his chin out farther while he pawed with his left hand; then he laughed, and the crowd yelled, and Goldie got sore, smashing him over the eye with his right hand. Joe shook his head. He swung his right hand for the first time, but didn't really expect to land, or get the old feeling, the emotional release. It would come later, everything working up to that point, the inner excitement growing but not yet strong enough. The brown body, glistening with sweat, swung in close, and the Soldier flailed it with his left hand. Goldie hit him six times in the body, twice just over the solar plexus, and he felt sick. The crowd laughed.

"Oh, you Soldier!"

"Take aim, Joe."

The Soldier half turned his back on Goldie and stuck out his tongue at the crowd. Catcalls didn't bother him; they warmed him up. Goldie, slightly puzzled, stared at him suspiciously, and the bell ended the round. Joe walked quickly to his corner.

He sat on the stool, his gloves on his knees, listening to Doc Barnes talking excitedly. He stared at the arc-lights, blinking his eyes, then at the small yellow lights over the crowd. He wondered if Molly were out there under the small yellow lights, and his mental picture of her seemed indistinct, and the thought of her was utterly unimportant at the moment. He couldn't be bothered thinking of her.

In the second round he shoved Goldie against the ropes, but he swung back on the rebound before the Soldier could adjust himself at the new angle, swinging both hands to the head, jarring, jolting, till the crowd yelled for a knockout. The thud and slap-thud jarred the Soldier, his knees sagged, and, dazed, he stood up straight, dropping his guard and despising the crowd and Goldie's smart work. He swayed, shook his head, and crouched, rocking gently on his feet, his big body tense, as Goldie, grinning, jabbed prettily. Goldie jabbed, the Soldier took it on the chin, but he swung his right hand from his hip. He felt the impact stiffening his arm, his heart pounding, his breath held in, the emotion quickly carried to a peak, then slowly subsiding, as Goldie fell, his head banging against the canvas, his right leg twitching, trembling.

The Soldier waved to the crowd. He ran to his corner. The crowd kept on roaring as he tried to climb through the ropes and his seconds pushed him back. The referee had counted six when Goldie rolled over and got up on one knee. The Soldier saw Goldie trying to balance himself on one knee. Slightly bewildered he watched him, then rushed across the ring and pushed aside the referee, eager to hit Goldie. The timekeeper stopped counting. The referee held on to Joe, trying to push him away. Joe could think only of Goldie attempting to get up after he had landed satisfactorily and knocked him down.

Goldie had been down for thirty seconds, but the Soldier should have retired to his corner, and there had been no count after six. Goldie got up, staggering clumsily, groping away from the Soldier. The crowd was booing and whistling. A hard hat fell in the ring, then a great many hard hats. Joe did not go after Goldie. He grinned weakly. He wasn't anxious to hit him again. There could be nothing further in it for him. Goldie leaned against the ropes and watched the Soldier, then advanced suddenly. The Soldier crouched mechanically and stuck out his left hand. He puckered his forehead, and with his right glove tried to block Goldie's left swing and counter with his left, but had no further energy. He was just making motions. Goldie came in and the glove came dully against the Soldier's chin and he fell on the ropes and the glove came again and he fell over the ropes onto the knees of reporters. He rolled onto the tan bark. The crowd howled.

They carried the Soldier into his dressing-room. He was heavy in their arms, and aware, very casually, of Doc Barnes swearing rapidly.

Barnes drove him home in his car. Joe sat beside Barnes and rubbed his hand over his chin. He hadn't shaved his chin for five days. Barnes turned corners recklessly, infringing upon traffic laws. Each time they turned a corner Joe knew how the doc felt about it. Twice he opened his mouth to speak and said finally: "I'm sorry, doc, but I guess I'm through."

"Oh, you're all right," doc said generously.

"No, I'm through."

"Hell, man, you can still earn a living at it."

"No, there's absolutely nothing in it for me."

"Well, you'll have to do something."

"I know it."

The doc was driving more carefully. A few drops of rain hit the wind-shield. The Soldier went on rubbing his chin. He had a thought of the fight and tried to forget the disappointment that was heavy inside him.

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said.

"How you figurin'?"

"I'll get a job."

"Yeah."

"Yeah, I've thought about getting a steady job before, doc."

"I know."

"And if I get a job I'll get married, and that's that, and it's all settled."

"Molly wanted you to go across big, didn't she?"

"I know, but mostly she wanted to get married."

The doc, driving with one hand, put a cigarette in his mouth. "Well, it's your funeral," he said.

"I know it, doc, but I want to get it settled. See? And to-night sorta fixes it up for me with her. She won't have no ambitions for me now, see?"

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The Making of a Liar

BY DON MARQUIS

JACK was about five years old, and his Aunt Matilda, who was bringing him up, was greatly troubled at times by the outbreak of a propensity which she found it difficult to account for.

For surely, none of his father's people — none of her people — had ever been a liar!

And yet, it was creeping into Aunt Matilda's mind that Jack was in danger of becoming a liar.

"Aunt Matilda," he asked her one day, "can sweet peas fly?"

"No, of course not. Don't ask such foolish questions."

"Can't *no* sweet peas fly?"

"Say *any*, not *no*. No, there are not any sweet peas that can fly."

"Well, I guess they can, too."

"Jack!"

"Aunt Matilda, can't the *Jones's* sweet peas fly?"

"No!"

There was a brief silence on Jack's part, careful cogitation, and then, triumphantly:

"Aunt Matilda, this morning I seen one of the Jones's sweet peas fly."

"Jack! You wicked child! Don't you know that is a lie?"

"But, Aunt Matilda, I seen——"

"There, that will do! And don't say 'I seen'; say 'I saw.' "

But, up to a certain point, Jack had the courage of his perceptions.

"Aunt Matilda, *you* wasn't there! And it was a *diff'r'nt* sweet pea. And I reached to pick it, and it flewed!"

Perhaps Jack had really seen a butterfly. But before he could develop the idea, Aunt Matilda's God entered the discussion. Aunt Matilda's God was, Jack remarked one time, a great "bovveration" to him. He forgot the sweet pea that flew in listening to what Aunt Matilda's God thought of little liars. Aunt Matilda's God did not think highly of them, it appeared. Moreover, Jack presently convicted himself of irreverence as well as of lying.

"Aunt Matilda, if you please, couldn't we get rid of him, somehow?"

"Get rid of him? Of whom?" asked Aunt Matilda, puzzled.

"Ain't there any way to *change* Gods?"

"Jack!"

"Because if there is a way, Aunt Matilda, I'd like one that wasn't baldheaded."

This called for severe bodily punishment, and Aunt Matilda spanked him. But it was hard to silence Jack.

"He is!" he sobbed, writhing under the palm. "In the Bible he is—I *seen* him bald-headed in the Bible."

All his young life Jack had believed that the picture of one of the Hebrew prophets in the old illustrated Bible was an authentic portrait of Aunt Matilda's God. He had not intended any irreverence. He had not dared to think any irreverence, for that picture frightened him while it fascinated him. It was his custom to drag a chair to the small round table on which the big book lay, stand on the chair, laboriously open the volume, and turn the leaves till he found the picture. He would look at it as long as he could, and it would stare unwinkingly back at him. After a bit Jack would become convinced that the picture was about to speak, and in a shiver of panic he would fling the book shut and jump from the chair. He *knew* that picture, and he was *sure* that Aunt Matilda's God was bald-headed. But since he was a liar, anyhow—Aunt Matilda had proved that by the simple process of asserting it and spanking him for it—he might as well lie about this, also.

"Let up, Aunt Matilda," he wailed. "I'll give in—he *ain't* got any hair in front, but I'll *say* he has, anyhow."

Which is not the stuff martyrs are made of; still, at the age of five, too much must not be expected of one. And later Jack, not unlike Galileo in a similar situation, reasserted his original heresies, muttering to himself: "But he *is* bald-headed and the Jones's sweet peas *do* fly. Only I must remember and not say so."

II

In a world dominated by Aunt Matilda and her deity, Jack had discovered there were numerous ideas and fancies which it was just as well for a youthful investigator to keep to himself. But at times his curiosity was too much for his wisdom. Especially his theological curiosity. One does not draw one's blood from generations of preachers for nothing. Moreover, his aunt told him a great many Bible stories, and it would be hard to determine whose interpretations were the quainter, hers or his.

Aunt Matilda spanked him from a sense of duty—not altogether because she liked to—and as she finished spanking him because he had lied about the sweet peas and had said God was bald-headed, she gave utterance, with genuine tears in her own eyes, to the time-honored remark that it hurt her worse than it did him.

The idea was entirely new to Jack, and he brought all the powers of his intellect to bear upon it.

"Aunt Matilda," he inquired, suddenly ceasing to cry, "when you were little did your Aunt Matilda spank you?"

"I didn't have any Aunt Matilda."

"Didn't you have nobody like that to spank you?"

"Say 'anybody,' Jack, not 'nobody.' Yes, my mother used to spank me when I was bad."

"Did it hurt her worse than it did you?"

Aunt Matilda considered. She had no doubt that her mother had loved her. Therefore, it must have hurt her mother worse than it hurt her.

"Yes," she answered.

"And did her mother spank her when she was little and bad?" asked Jack breathlessly, his eyes shining in the quest of these curious truths.

"Yes—loving parents or guardians always do," said Aunt Matilda primly. "The Bible says that to spare the rod is to spoil the child."

"And did it hurt your mother's mother worse'n it hurt your mother?"

"Yes!" Aunt Matilda was losing her patience.

"And did *she*—I mean did your mother's mother's mother——"

"Hush!"

And Jack subsided outwardly; but with puckered brows he painfully and logically pursued the inquiry. He was struggling with the idea that spankings hurt each generation more and more as one went backward toward the beginnings of things. It hurt him bad enough; it hurt Aunt Matilda still worse; it had hurt her parents worse yet; it had hurt their parents still worse; and *their* parents——

"Aunt Matilda," said Jack, intent

upon this awful ascending vista of pain and suffering, "don't you feel sorry for Adam?"

"Sorry for Adam?" Aunt Matilda hadn't been able to follow. "Bless me, what ails the child?"

"What kind of liniment did Adam use on his wrists?"

Jack arrived at this question quite naturally and directly. Aunt Matilda's wrists, in all weathers, were bony-looking and red. Jack had immediately jumped to the conclusion that when Aunt Matilda spanked him it was her wrists which hurt her. He had frequently noticed that they got redder with the exercise. And if we conceive the wrists of every generation hurting worse and worse, in a regular arithmetical progression, Adam dutifully spanking Cain and Abel does become a touching spectacle, and Jack's solicitude was anything but misplaced. This was the idea that he struggled with, but could not clarify in his mind nor state. But, long after the processes of reasoning had been forgotten, Adam stuck in Jack's mind as a pathetic creature with red, swollen wrists, much larger than Aunt Matilda's, and exquisitely sore to the touch.

Sometimes Aunt Matilda almost determined to tell Jack no more Bible stories; he was so hungry for details which she found it impossible to supply. And he was especially anxious to get a clear idea of the habits and character of angels.

"Aunt Matilda, is my father an angel now?" he asked, after having been informed that Adam, in all probability, knew nothing of Kimball's Spavin Cure for Man and Beast.

"Yes." Then she added: "Your father was a minister of the gospel, Jack. You must never forget that."

"Do all ministers turn into angels?"

"I guess so." It was Aunt Matilda's turn to become thoughtful. *Do* all ministers become angels? She was sure that certain sects will go to hell, Aunt Matilda was. But can preachers of these doomed creeds be really counted as ministers? Aunt Matilda decided that they cannot; for all practical purposes they may be lumped with "the heathen."

"Yes," says Aunt Matilda firmly, "all ministers become angels when they die."

"With wings?"

"Yes—hush up now! You ask too many questions."

"Will Mr. Hamlin have wings?" Mr. Hamlin was the incumbent of the pulpit which Jack's father had filled for several years.

"Yes."

Jack gave serious consideration to the idea of Mr. Hamlin with wings. He wanted to ask whether Mr. Hamlin would wear his wings inside his long black coat or outside. He wondered how they would be fastened on. He would really have liked to know whether Mr. Hamlin would move his arms and flap his wings, or whether he would just sort of sail along like a kite. The latter seemed more likely. The memory of a broken kite that he had seen entangled in the telegraph-wires entered his mind; he was at once filled with vague alarms for Mr. Hamlin.

"But I guess God would climb up the pole and get him down all right if he got stuck," he reflected soberly. For it was all a sober and serious business to Jack. He had heard so much talk about heaven that he was constantly trying to fit the place up with workable details.

Having got Mr. Hamlin out of the telegraph-wires, mentally, he was immediately perplexed by another difficulty: How do angels roost? Winged things sit on limbs and hold on with their feet. He had tried sitting that way himself, in emulation of the chickens. But he couldn't do it; his feet would not take hold, somehow. Evidently the feet of angels must be different; they must be more like the feet of chickens. But when does this important change take place? Before death? Or after? If a boy is good, so good that it becomes quite certain that he is to be an angel, never telling any lies (even when he is certain that said lies are the truth), might not the change begin on earth? Jack desired ardently to be informed on this point. He tried to repress his desire. But finally the question squirmed itself out of him.

"Aunt Matilda, has Mr. Hamlin got crooked horns onto his feet?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Our roosters and hens has," said Jack doubtfully. "Aunt Matilda, did you ever *see* Mr. Hamlin's feet with his shoes off?"

"Jack! If you ask me another single question I'll spank you again!"

Jack and his Aunt Matilda lived in a country town, and she was a dressmaker. She lived and had her shop in the same house, which was situated at the spot on Main Street where the stores left off and the residences began; it was both the last shop and the first residence, and there was considerable ground about the house. Aunt Matilda had a garden and raised chickens, and these chickens were always getting loose. They would wander down to the grain-elevator and eat the corn and oats and wheat spilled about the buyer's scales, and even fly up into the wagons of the farmers waiting to unload. Aunt Matilda could never make them understand that their actions were not honest—that this was just as much *stealing* as if they had gone into people's houses and stolen food. They appeared to have no moral perceptions whatever.

There was a dissolute tinker, who lived in a back room over a hardware-store, which adjoined Aunt Matilda's place, who was also lacking in moral perceptions. This tinker used to angle out of his window for her fowls, with a fish hook and line, using bits of meat for bait. It was his favorite Sunday-morning diversion; but it was not merely diversion. After having caught a chicken and pulled it up to his window, the tinker would kill it, clean it and cook it, adding insult to injury by casting the feathers down into Aunt Matilda's garden.

It was on account of this tinker that Jack was betrayed into his most infamous and notorious lie. It pleased Aunt Matilda to imagine that it was the chickens of the most immoral propensities, the ones that had been the most forward and flagrant in stealing grain, which were caught on the tinker's hook. And she impressed this notion on Jack, and bade him take note how retribution follows crime.

The effect of this was to make Jack watch for the *tinker's* punishment. For certainly this tinker was a thief.

Perhaps, Jack thought, an enormous hook would descend from the heavens one day, and dangle just outside the tinker's window, baited with something appetizing.

The tinker would stick his head out, and "bite"—and the next instant be whisked off the earth, with agonized gesticulations!

This was a spectacle which Jack ardently desired to witness. He was afraid it might happen when he was not about, and he used to stare at the tinker with a solemn expectancy which puzzled that gay and grimy dog.

And one day he saw the tinker repairing the tin roof of the hardware-shop itself; he was seated astride the ridge of the sloping roof, when something happened; he slipped and lost his balance, perhaps, and rolled down on the other side.

Anyhow, the effect was startling to Jack. He had been gazing at the tinker, and the tinker was there. A blink of his eyes, and the tinker was gone. In the spot where he had been, there was nothing whatever. Jack continued to gaze, minute after minute, and the tinker did not reappear.

The thing that he had been expecting for so long, Jack concluded, had happened; it had happened so quickly that his eyes could not follow it.

And his expectancy and his imagination got together in his mind; inside of five minutes the child actually thought he had seen a hook descend from the sky, had seen the tinker "bite," and disappear. He remembered, now, all his former inward mental visions of this hook descending and the tinker "biting"; he put this repeated mental vision in the place of what he had really seen, and put it there honestly. He really thought he *had* seen it with his physical eyes.

Still, he might never have said anything about it had he not met the tinker on the street the next day. Jack stared at him so intently that the tinker paused; he remembered that this boy had been staring at him for weeks and weeks, and he wondered why.

"H'lo, Bub," said the tinker.

"I thought," said Jack, going at the heart of the problem directly, as was his way, "I thought you *bit* yesterday."

"Huh?" said the tinker, wondering.

"I seen a big hook come down out of the sky, and you bit on it, and they pulled you up," said Jack.

"Oh, you seen that, did you?" said the tinker, taking off his cap and scratching his head, while he stared at Jack no less interestedly than Jack was staring at him.

"Uh-huh," said Jack.

"*When* did you say you seen it?" said the tinker, his brow contracted with mental effort.

"Yesterday," said Jack.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the tinker murmured to himself:

"So *that's* what happened to me yesterday, is it?" And then to Jack: "Where was I when it happened?"

"On the roof," said Jack. "And how did you get back here again?"

"I don't s'pose," said the tinker, following his own lines of conjecture, and still staring solemnly at Jack, "that neither one of us could have had too much to drink yesterday, huh?"

"No, sir," said Jack, speaking for himself; "all I had was two glasses of milk for my dinner."

"Well," said the tinker, "that lets *you* out, so if you say you seen that, I guess you really seen it. But I had more'n that, yesterday, myself; I remember bein' on that roof, and then I remember pickin' myself off'n the ground, kind o' lame, but I don't remember nothin' in between, and there must 'a' been an hour or so in between. You tell me again what happened, Bub."

Jack told him again.

"What I can't get into my head," said the tinker, again scratching that part of himself vigorously as if to stimulate thought, "is *where* that hook would come from! Or *why* I would bite on it! Bub, could you make out *why* I was bitin' on that hook?"

Jack then told him about his aunt's prophecy of retribution; and how he had been expecting the tinker to "bite" for some time. And, gradually, a light broke on the tinker; he understood. And, being a solemnly facetious reprobate, he carried the thing along.

"How did you get back *here* again?" Jack asked him.

"Bub," he said, "I squirmed loose from that there hook and dropped. I dropped so fur and I dropped so hard that I lamed myself."

And to prove that he was lame indeed, he limped a little. And then, for Jack's satisfaction, he embroidered the adventure with many picturesque circumstances.

Now, in all fairness, could Jack be considered a liar when he narrated the adventure of the tinker to his Aunt Matilda that same afternoon in the dressmaking shop? He had not only been (he thought) an eye-witness to this extraordinary thing but, more than that, the adventurer himself had corroborated him in every detail. He told the story in the presence of several of Aunt Matilda's friends, all of whom were as shocked as she; and all of whom quite agreed with her in thinking that he deserved the spanking which he received.

"You c-c-an g-g-go and ask Mr. Splain if we both didn't seen it ourselves," blubbered Jack — Mr. Splain being the tinker.

"Ask Mr. Splain, indeed!" said Aunt Matilda, implying that she would not speak to that dissipated brute. In truth, she had a peculiar grievance against the tinker. The first time she had caught him angling for chickens she had run out to her porch prepared to give him a piece of her mind. But before she could open her mouth the dog had winked at her, outrageously and audaciously and abominably winked. It struck her dumb; it left her, for the moment, a statue, with raised right arm arrested at the zenith of a condemnatory gesture. Whereupon the tinker maliciously pretended to believe that she had waved her hand in coquettish salutation, and threw her a jovial kiss. Trembling for fear some one might have seen him, and that the village gossips would be at work on the story, she hastened indoors. After that the villain Splain fished for his chickens undisturbed, levying, as it were, a kind of subtle blackmail upon her. But he never knew that she had pricked a little hole in the shade of her bedroom window, and that on Sunday mornings she watched the theft of the chicken through this little hole, with her bedroom door locked. Here were the beginnings of a romance that might have blossomed had not the tinker chosen, as Aunt Matilda saw it, deliberately to encourage Jack in his mendacity.

What she did not know, and what Jack himself understood only many years later, was that through calling him a liar, when he was really speaking what he believed to be the truth, and spanking him for being one, she very nearly made one out of him. More than that, she contributed to a very early scepticism on Jack's part toward the marvellous stories in the Bible—he began to demand proof of them, just as she demanded proof of him.

It is so much easier to put children in the wrong than it is to make a consistent and continuing effort to understand them, to put oneself into sympathetic touch with the way their minds are working on the stuff which is presented to their minds to work with.

Beloved Wife

BY VALMA CLARK

Author of "The Director's Brother," "Candlelight Inn," etc.

Illustration by Gene McNerney

Casey had not slept. Up-stairs, in their sun-drenched bedroom, she was applying geranium lipstick, orange rouge, and salmon powder to her little pert boy's face, when the front-door bell whirred through the big house. The sound touched Casey off like a waiting current. She was up and out and down—down the front stairs with the snatched melon-colored negligée floating a wake to her little flat-bodied, pantie-clad activity—the same mercurial rush with which the late Dot Casey of Bloomville High School basket-ball fame was accustomed to make a basket. The present Mrs. Matthew Scobie succeeded in beating her elderly and disapproving housemaid to the front door by all previous records. She wrenched open that last barrier in their two days' separation — would have flung herself into his arms——

Only a hold upon the door-knob saved her. "Oh," Casey giggled, "I thought you were Mat!"

Mrs. Crothers and Miss Alice Roche, middle-aged, well-dressed women, reflecting the leisured quiet of the wealthy and aristocratic little town they represented, looked at Casey in amaze. . . . Beyond them, the placid green square with its century-old elms and its mounted cannon reminiscent of Civil War days, seemed to back up their condemnation. . . . While in the exact centre of the square a canvas-shrouded figure stood as the concrete symbol of Greenway's chief objection to the second Mrs. Scobie. The canvas covered a memorial statue to Virginia Scobie, the writer—Greenway's great pride, and Matthew's first wife. To-morrow, at the memorial service, the canvas would come off. To-morrow "V. S.," as she was familiarly called, would have been dead just one year. And already Casey was a bride of five months. . . .

Mrs. Crothers, chairman of the Memorial Committee, said: "We're so sorry to intrude so early, but — Mr. Scobie hasn't returned from New York yet?"

"I'm expecting him this second. Will you come in?"

"Thank you. It's important—last-minute arrangements."

Casey, her little dark head high and her hands jammed into *crêpe* silk pockets, led them into the living-room. This was a long, heavily curtained room, massively dark even on a June morning blown as bright as a bubble. The only light was from the portrait of a woman dressed in sheer summer white and sitting in painted sunshine—V. S., luminous and *living* there. Her pose was easy and relaxed, her dark hair was built high in the old, gracious manner of hair-dressing, and her face—the face was lovely . . . one you would remember always . . . in its purity of outline, its gravity of expression, its dark, haunted eyes. Beside her Casey, standing legs apart in a swaggering pose, her body tense, her black hair clipped sharply, her little painted face screwed up as though in a young mockery of some one else's pain—Casey was like the young person on a cheap poster—an advertisement say, of snappy underwear.

She might have dashed upstairs and changed into a frock. But she held her ground. She felt their criticism of her, and she would make no concessions to it. "Something gummed the works?" Casey grimaced.

"Pardon?"

"To-morrow I mean — is there a hitch somewhere?"

"No — no — everything is quite smooth."

"Anyhow," said Casey, "she's got a face that will take the marble."

Miss Roche glanced at her in sharp uncertainty.

"Dear Virginia," murmured Mrs. Crothers to the portrait, and the emotion in her voice was genuine.

"But it isn't a portrait statue," informed Miss Roche seriously. "There's just a small portrait medallion of V. S. at the base. . . . The figure is an ideal one representing *Immortality*——"

"And the inscription," Casey recited glibly, " 'Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost.' Don't I know? I helped Mat choose it. Fact."

Silence. The women avoided her challenge. The eyes of the portrait gazed down at her with a kind of sad pride. They seemed to say: "You little thing—you child! You gnat of a moment! You are nineteen to my thirty-five years. You have lived with him a few mortal months; I lived with him fifteen immortal years. I am with him still, in spite of you. He is mine—forever——"

Or did they say just that? Wasn't there more in them—a reticence, even a veiled pleading?

Mat's step—at last! Casey flew, without apology. "You've been gone—a century! I've aged, Mat—d'you see?"

"Goosie!" He answered with his arms, holding her till it hurt; his quiet face, Casey knew, remained emotionless, schooled to reticence.

Those women—with a full view of the tableau, they ignored it. But now Mat glimpsed them, his arms dropped.

She sauntered into the room after Matthew. He looked back at her with a sort of harried pleading in his eyes. But Casey wouldn't be put out like a child. She would not! She perched herself possessively on the arm of his chair.

"And Mr. McKown's coming down on the six-ten train this afternoon," Mrs. Crothers was saying, "and Mrs. Blair says she'll put him up. But about a dinner——"

"McKown, the sculptor! You mean he's coming here for the—the unveiling act to-morrow?" Casey thrust in.

"Yes. But a dinner-party for him to-night—under the circumstances—?" Mrs. Crothers hesitated.

Casey understood that the "circumstances" were just she herself. "But Mrs. Blair can't have him!" she said quickly. "Of course, we'll take him—won't we, Mat? And of course we'll have a dinner."

She overrode them; agreed only that it should be a very quiet affair limited to the three members of the committee, with their two husbands and Mr. McKown for Miss Roche, and Mat and herself—eight in all. She saw them to the door with her arm through Mat's.

Back at the breakfast-table, opposite him, she tasted, not coffee and tender buttered toast, but his disapproval of her in his withdrawal, his absent-minded response to her headlong, trivial confidences.

"Say something!" Casey dropped abruptly.

"I will," he said. "Dear, this *is* a bit thick. Won't you cut it and go home—let Mrs. Blair do the honors? Afterward, we'll go abroad for the summer—anywhere you like——"

"Why?" she jabbed. "To spare you, or to spare me?"

"Don't you know I'm thinking of you?"

"That's what I don't know! Anyhow, I won't! You've asked me wouldn't I go here and there—wouldn't I get a decorator and do over the whole house. . . . Anything to change my environment! I don't want to change it—I want to conquer it! I've got to fit into your every-day life, or it's no go——"

"Did you ring, Miss?" asked Julia. (She had served the first Mrs. Scobie, and carried her resentment of the second like a sodden weight.)

"No, I didn't! And it's not 'Miss'—it's 'Madam'! Julia, do you hear me?"

Matthew's little whinnying laugh was too much for Casey. She burst into tears, fought against him when he tried to comfort her. . . . Then dug her head into his arm, loved him in her violent puppy fashion as the stately V. S. would never have done.

"Miss me? Tell me about it."

"Oh, Mat! Every time the clock struck—and it rained at night. Isn't it funny? Just seven months ago I didn't know you were alive—I was a kid—And now——"

"You're a kid now," he muttered, on a convulsive note of suffering. "I ought to be shot—by a whole firing-squad——"

"Why?" she wondered. "You're not leaving?" But Casey knew why. Mat was so terrified that he was too old for her. . . . Not for any other reason did he reproach himself. . . .

"Golf?" he called back. "At three, say?"

"Oh, yes! I'll stop by for you!"

Her day was set, like a Big Ben, toward the golfing date. Golf was one thing she did which V. S. hadn't done. She interviewed the cook, and gave very explicit orders about the dinner, pretending to a housewifely knowledge which she didn't possess and fooling no one. She ran up the stairs, flung garments about, and thrust herself into a sports frock of jonquil yellow as though she had a most pressing engagement—which she certainly hadn't. She assured herself, with a glance, that her new yellow roadster—the liveliest yellow which ever blazoned a car, and the scandal of Greenway—was waiting at the curb below. The roadster, color and all, was Mat's thought for her, without any hint from Casey. He had got it for her because he loved her. . . . Or because he didn't love her? . . .

No, no! Casey wedged her sleek black head into a little tight yellow hat, and clattered down the stairs. Slam . . . bang . . . questioning rip of the starter . . . and reassuring throb of the engine. She covered the square, waved a flippant hand to old Mrs. Pitman, who rolled past her in a shiny Victoria behind stepping bays, with a little black lace carriage-parasol tilted to the sun; Mrs. Pitman bowed rigidly. Yes, Victorias still existed in Greenway. The town, which had no slums and no factories and scarcely any business, was in the heart of those rolling green pastures of pure-blooded cattle in western New York. It consisted almost exclusively of the residences of landowners and retired farmers, and of summer homes. The pride in good horseflesh endured there.

Casey swept down Main Street. There the last of the Normal School girls, a little knot of them, bareheaded and in transparent, vivid-colored slickers on a rainless day. . . . Back home, Casey herself would have been one of that easy group. Here the first of the summer sojourners—the two Royce sisters, smart city girls in a quaint wicker pony-cart, who gave Casey's yellow monster a wide, unseeing berth, and waved tennis-rackets at a youth issuing from Matthew's bank. The pavement was broad and cleared—Casey broke the speed laws without making an impression. A far cry from the traffic-jammed Main Street of Bloomville, where you hailed every passing flivver, and jollied Joe, the traffic-officer, into letting you by with murder! Suddenly Casey was surcharged with homesickness . . . a body-aching nostalgia for the old self-confidence, the summer-dusted streets, the examinations of this June week—the last, they would have been, for her, a senior. Plenty of things for her to do at home! Not a darned thing to do in this groomed, awning-lidded park of a town. Lord, how she hated it—everything in it but Mat—her Mat!

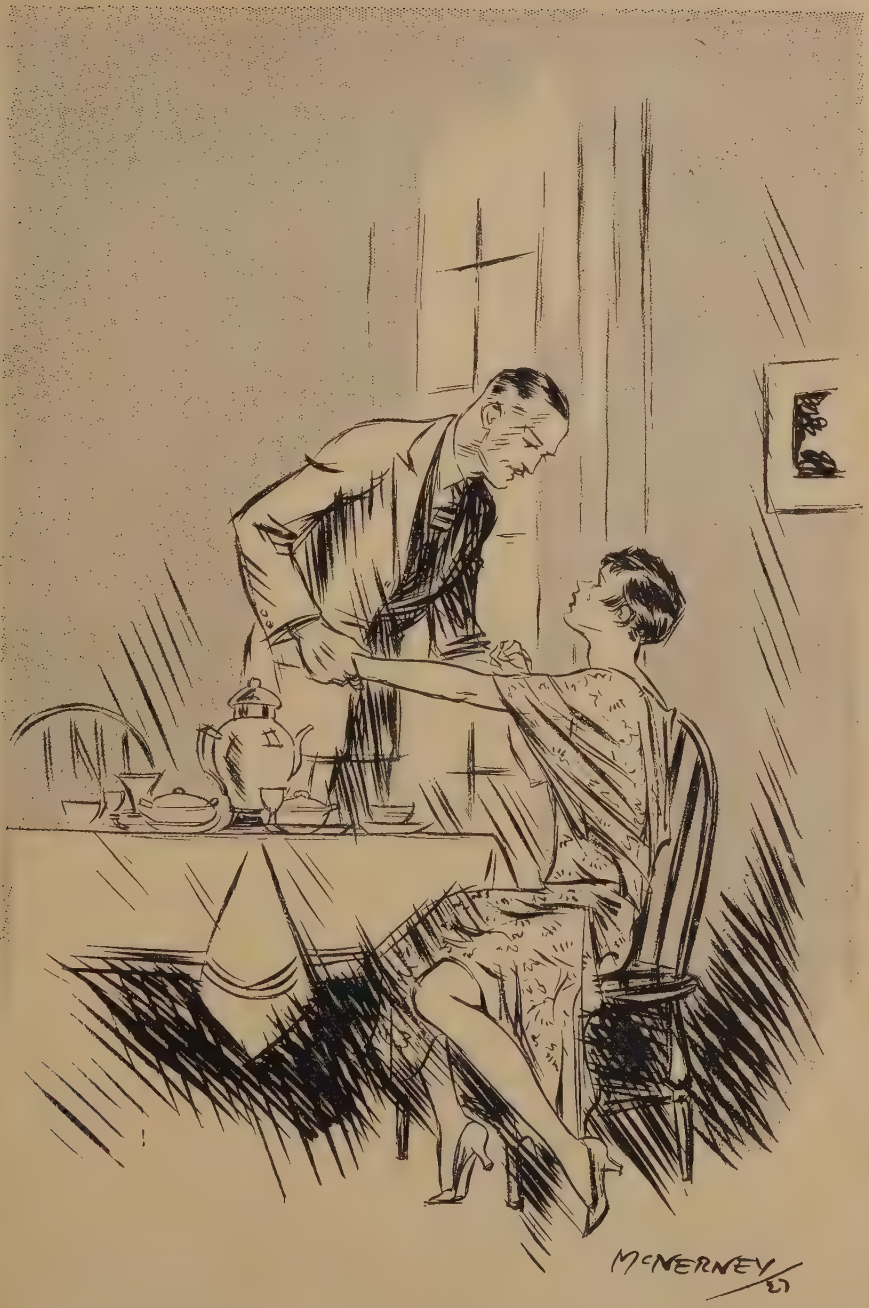
Even V. S. had recognized the snobbishness of Greenway . . . had captured it, for all time, lovingly but humorously in her indelible story, "Tableaux." In return for V. S.'s laugh at the town, Greenway had seized upon that story as one more evidence of its exclusive superiority. Other towns might have better water systems, larger libraries, more beautiful cemeteries—but Greenway had produced V. S. Even in her life, she must have been one of those rare persons who catches at the most sluggish imagination. . . . And in a death made poignant by the bright promise of her literary genius, she gathered legends as velvet gathers lint. . . .

V. S., eternally! Oh, damn—damn! —couldn't Casey ever escape from her? Even out here in the country, where the day was of shimmering, thin gold, stabbed with the silver needle-flash of the Genesee River off there. . . . The color of champagne just opened, and no more still.

Casey fixed her eyes on the hard glint of the State road and on the speedometer. Faster — faster — ! But even with Mat beside her, racing like a speed-maniac, she couldn't drop that other behind. Casey had tried it, she knew. The sequence of their trips: a wild drive, lunch in a wayside tavern, a playtime, a loving time. . . . And never —not when they were closest—were they alone. . . .

Depressed, Casey slowed. She stopped completely at The Blue Goose Gift Shop and Tea-Room. She strolled in, bought hand-painted place-cards for the dinner—were place-cards for just eight people silly? The tea-room was deserted, she could lunch here in peace. But no — mustn't let down — Casey snapped to.

She raced the time all the way back to Greenway, rolled up to the country-club, and breezed into the dining-room the fraction of a second before the doors closed on the luncheon hour. A week day, with the tables occupied chiefly by the wives and daughters of members, in sociable, gossiping parties. Casey paraded the length of the polished floor, smiling brightly and speaking to those she had met when she was with Mat. Would some one ask her to join them? No one did.


McNERNEY
27

She burst into tears, fought against him when he tried to comfort her.—Page 177.

From a drawing by Gene McNerney.

She accepted a seat, in solitary state, at a round table laid for four. She was aware of the waitress's impatience with her tardy arrival—was *glad* to annoy her. Casey's chin was up, her little dark face expressed a very fury of bravado. She didn't care—but a thrust of laughter at her right spiked her, brought the dark color rushing. She ordered coldly, ate slowly and fully down through the meal, tasting nothing.

Here at this table, the young crowd to which Casey belonged: the Royce girls, distinguished without effort in their sleeveless, white Helen Wills frocks, lolling after strenuous tennis; Rae Malloy, pretty in a lush way of frilled georgette and too many bracelets. . . . They were talking about some dance. . . . The same laugh which had greeted Casey's entrance—it belonged to the Malloy person! The latter glanced carelessly up, and met Casey's full gaze. Casey, who had been several times introduced to her, put on a tentative smile. But Rae Malloy's gray eyes passed her over—the cut deliberate. The little cheap fluff! Casey knew her type: shadow lace and chiffon chrysanthemums, chypre-in-the-hair, and a girly-girly lure.

There at that table, Mrs. Crothers, Miss Roche, and Mrs. Blair, members of the Memorial Committee. . . . Easy to guess what their talk ran to. . . .

She propped her elbows on the table, and smoked with a leisurely insolence, through her supply of cigarettes. Funny how they blamed *her*, not Mat, for the slight to V. S. of his second marriage. It was a weakness in a popular and influential man which they preferred not to acknowledge, Casey supposed. She *did* interfere with the romantic tradition—she could see that.

Now at last the room was almost cleared. Casey signed her check, and rose. But Mrs. Blair, who must have waited purposely, stopped her: "Won't you change your mind, and let me have Mr. McKown?"

"No," said Casey flatly.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Blair, with a gentle authority.

Without in the least intending to, Casey sat. She looked at Mrs. Blair, across the littered table, with a hard hostility. Mrs. Blair was a large woman with a sagging figure and a softly sagging, kind face; her hair was beautifully silvered beneath the massed purple pansies of her unstylish hat. She had been V. S.'s closest local friend.

"Why won't you let me help you?"

Casey tried hard for control, missed it. "That's it—because it's just 'help'—putting up with me—feeling sorry for me! Charity and tact— Oh, Lord! If you'd just once accept me, and then forget about me—talk about *her* as freely in my presence as you do in my absence— Doesn't it trickle through to you that that's the greatest kindness you could do me? Can't you even begin to believe that I might admire her, too—if you'd give me a chance?"

"You're right," murmured Mrs. Blair. "But allow us time. Meanwhile—Mr. McKown. Matthew, I'm sure, would wish——"

"You'll have to allow me," Casey snubbed her violently, "to know, better than you do, what my husband wants."

Mrs. Blair nodded in gentle acceptance of the reproof. But she continued speaking, as from some core of mellowness, not to the wilful child, but to a reasonable spirit of the child beyond her vision. "Your error, don't you see, is impatience. Don't—*don't*, my dear

—try to rush the situation. Give it a long, loose rein, and wait. If you could just go away for a little bit——"

"You've been talking," Casey accused her viciously, "to Mat about me!" And saw at once her error. . . . She should never, to a third person, admit a doubt of Mat.

"No, no." Mrs. Blair, with perfect taste, simply dropped away from the argument at this point. But Casey read, mirrored in her dispassionate eyes, the marvel that anything so half-baked, so utterly *raw* as the schoolgirl before her, could so quickly have supplanted Virginia Scobie in a man's life and—affections?

Casey scratched back her chair. "I suppose," she laughed harshly, "you'll tell me now that you won't come to my dinner to-night!"

"Oh, no. I'll come."

"Well, then—" But now Casey was impelled. She leaned sharply toward the other, jerked out: "Nobody has ever told me about her—really, I mean. You knew her best of all. Was she so—so beautiful?"

Mrs. Blair was far away, in a dream that softly illuminated her face. "Beautiful," she echoed.

"And so perfect? Flawless, like they say?"

"Her beauty," murmured Mrs. Blair, "was her personality shining through."

"She—they were as—as happy as every one says?"

Mrs. Blair met her with compassionate honesty. "Virginia had, more than any one I've ever known, a talent for perfect living."

"Well, thanks. Till to-night," blurted Casey. She beat a precipitate retreat, already furious with herself for showing Mrs. Blair her hand. Wouldn't she ever learn to act like a self-sufficient woman?

An hour and twenty minutes by her wrist-watch till she was due for Mat. She tooled down Elm Street, was hailed by Lon Cox. Casey had rejected his warm overtures before, but now, because she remembered him as Rae Malloy's property, she drew up. He came running, a tall youth with a loose-jointedness of body and an attractive, bold eye. He propped a foot on her running-board, let his gaze rove over her. "What's the personation — our native dandelion? Some'd say you don't get away with that color scheme, but *I* say you do."

"Thanks—your O.K.'s all I need."

"Hm. If you were medjum dark you wouldn't, see, but you're a total brunette. Let's go—the River Inn, what? . . . No? To-night, then—there's a dance at East Greenway. . . . Still no? Let's play, any old time, any old place you say. What's your present date?"

"My husband," Casey mentioned.

"No! Oh, come off that! Do him good to wait on you once in a while."

"What do you mean—that I 'wait on' him?"

"It's not your rôle. The older they are, the harder you can string 'em along."

"Are you speaking of Matthew's age?"

"Well, he's not quite contemporary, is he?"

"Contemporary with what? Thank the Lord he's *not* contemporary with you!"

"Ouch—it hurts! But look, you've pulled the loyal-wife gag long enough. You're not going just to sit through this business to-morrow? Let's step out and show them—what? They'll like you better if you give 'em a lever for criticism—fact. The old dames—even the husband——"

"Meaning," said Casey, "that the husband is deficient in—devotion?"

"Oh, well, everybody knows he was cut up over—over——"

"*Her* death! Say it! You've certainly got the nerve which the rest of this town lacks. Takes a person like you to point out to me that a speedy remarriage might mean, not love for the second wife, but misery over the loss of the first. I'm moving on——"

"Oh, hold on — just a second—I didn't *mean*——"

Casey laughed unpleasantly. But suddenly, looking down at his young, cynical face, it occurred to her that here was an absolutely impartial witness of V. S. She forced a smile for him, said easily: "No hard feelings. Busy just now; some other time, perhaps. The husband's first wife — what was she like anyhow?"

Cox draped himself more confidentially over her car. "Not up to the second——"

"No, seriously?"

"Seriously, huh? That's a large order for yours truly. Well—hm—tall, willowy, remote woman—always wore white. She had a smile . . . well, yes, a smile. Used it on me a couple of times, though, needless to say, I never got very next to her. Neither did anybody else, if you'd ask me. They only think they did, since she's dead and famous. She had 'em all in, every so often, to a big tea-jam. Mostly her friends were writers and artists down from the city—one or two of 'em, youngish fellows, came a lot. She didn't mix them much with the town people. She was away herself a good bit."

"Was she stunning-looking?"

"Oh, I guess so—I guess she was the goods, all right. Keen for the husband, and on the level with him. I've got a seventh sense for women, and I'd pass her— Heigh, you're not tearing yourself loose? All for to-day?"

"All," said Casey. "Thanks for the interview. 'By."

Casey drove slowly now, seeing nothing. She knew, of course, that a man might take a second wife simply because he had been intensely devoted to the first. The gesture indicated not faithlessness, but . . . lostness. She knew, too, that a man was often kinder to his second wife than he had been to the first, because of regrets. You were to him just a figure of atonement. . . .

She was dawdling along the cemetery road. On impulse, Casey parked her car, and walked down the grass carpet between the tombstones. She knew her way to the Scobie plot. There it was, a plain gray headstone with the simple inscription:

VIRGINIA

Beloved Wife of Matthew Scobie

1891-1926

Casey dropped, sat cross-legged like a little Chinese idol before it. How still it was—always Sunday in a cemetery. That dark drift of smoke off over the valley from a train that had passed minutes before, was a part of the silence. Only the far purr of a caretaker's lawnmower—like breathing, the long exhalation, then the gulp back.

Staring at those words, Casey was reminded of a row of headstones in the cemetery back home. . . . The three wives of Nathan Proctor, himself still living and married to a fourth. . . .

Martha, Julia, and Enid; and only Martha, the first, was "Beloved Wife." So it would be with her—just "Casey"—no, "Dorothy," she giggled—"Dorothy, Wife of Matthew Scobie."

Suddenly she flopped, dug her face into her arm, and sobbed fiercely, but without noise. . . . She wore herself out; then, lying there, went back over it from the beginning. . . .

Yes, practically they had been introduced to each other by V. S. The author's face, reproduced from a photograph on the paper wrapper of a new book in the drug-store, had moved Casey to buy the volume. Perversity had prompted her to remain in from a coasting party on a Sunday afternoon to be wilfully alone. It was only after she had read, and some sense of the delicate artistry of these little strange unfinished stories had sifted through to Casey's unliterary perceptions, that she discovered, in the foreword, together with a brief sketch of her life, the note of the author's recent death.

Casey's propensity for hero-worship had been touched off. She burned now to think of the gushing letter which, on that solitary Sunday afternoon, in the first flood of her tragic, posthumous admiration, she had penned to "Mr. Matthew Scobie, Greenway, New York." Among other things, she had begged for a photograph of Mrs. Scobie.

He had brought the photograph himself—actually on a business trip through her town. A quiet man, years older, yet from the moment Casey looked into his gray eyes she was bound. That was in December. He had come again—and again. They had talked a little about V. S.; Casey had read all her books. They had talked more about themselves. A great deal of the time they hadn't talked at all. Casey seemed to remember hours of just sitting silent with him in the study of her rollicking, noisy home—the gray eyes, tender and serious, on hers. Before that she had been a little wise girl, with a great many cynical rules of life. One of them was that she, Casey, would *never* commit the widespread folly of marrying the man she was crazy about—she would marry the one who was crazy about her. But now her wisdom crumpled. She knew that she could marry only Mat, for whom she would have died; that she must marry him at once— Oh, straight off! She flung herself upon Matthew, without shame. And she wore her parents down, overrode every objection. She married him in January. . . .

In the days of their brief engagement, she had still kept up the play of admiration for V. S. Her books she had passed around among the girls. She remembered Grace Cass's comment: "The people are all *moth-eaten!* Why doesn't she ever write about regulars?" . . . And her mother's objection to V. S.'s photograph on her bureau: "For heaven's sake, Dot, put that away! Those sad eyes give me the glooms. Besides, it's hardly decent——"

Bloomville had no literary taste, Casey assured herself passionately. But down underneath, hadn't she been pleased by their criticism of the other?

No, Casey truly believed that she had entered her marriage with a humbleness of spirit toward V. S.—a humbleness carefully concealed, of course, since she had nothing in her young generation's equipment by which she could express such a quality.

Settled here in Greenway, she had fought her growing hatred of her predecessor. Her code despised the old-fashioned melodrama of the jealous wife.

She lay quite still now, no longer thinking, only feeling. "She never realized her body until she loved," it was true. . . . "Christopher, can't I even feel things except in *her* phrases!" Casey jabbed.

The time! She'd have to hurry for Matthew! She snapped open her vanity-case. Not a shadow, not a line of pain—her face looked as tiresomely young as ever. Her letters home, she supposed, sounded like the same old Casey. They didn't realize how she'd aged. . . .

She drew up, honked for Matthew. Matthew sent a young clerk out to tell her that the golfing date was off—didn't even come himself. The young clerk would have chatted, but Casey pulled away. She was abandoned, the afternoon on her own head.

She drove soberly home, past the canvas-shrouded figure in the square. She went into the living-room, stood and measured herself against the portrait of V. S. Womanhood against her childhood. . . . Genius against her mediocrity. . . . The lovely inflection of words, like a modulated voice, against her own slang phrasing. It was just hopeless! Now, as last, Casey faced the truth. There was no rivalry between them because she, Casey, simply couldn't compete. This was V. S.'s town, *her* house, *her* husband.

Why, the very room was warm still with their love. That bulge in the stuffed arm of Matthew's old reading-chair was made, not by five months of Casey's weight, but by fifteen years of Virginia's occupancy. Matthew's ways of loving her, his very endearments for her, were just repetitions of the other love. . . .

Even the times when his love for Casey had seemed most real— She remembered his holding her here in the twilight one evening. Casey had taken a spiteful pleasure in showing *her*—being seen by those proud eyes which mourned: "He is mine. He never can be yours." . . . And, curiously, the eyes had seemed to draw her into themselves. . . . Casey had felt herself changing, metamorphosing into V. S.! And Matthew's sudden passionate kisses— Oh, but there in the half-light, hadn't his eyes, his senses been tricked, too? Hadn't he been holding, in imagination, his "*beloved*" wife, reliving the first honeymoon?

Casey could no longer endure it! She had been fooled by the perfect moments. . . . But those were somehow just illusions, too—reflections of the other perfect marriage.

"If I could only believe," Casey told the portrait, "that *I* love him more than you did, then I'd stick till judgment! But I can't." No, the terrible wisdom of love in V. S.'s stories was too convincing. Beside it, Casey's ecstasies and agonies were adolescent. But the *pain* in V. S.'s writing—Casey couldn't quite tie that up. Surely there had been no pain in her sheltered, happy life with Mat. And the sad secret of her eyes!—A reservation, an entreaty: as though she were trying to keep something from Casey, and at the same time to tell her something.

Casey would have liked to strike out at those unchanging eyes—but now, in this final moment, she couldn't even hate V. S. She was constrained by the other to mature acceptance. She made her decision, quietly and irrevocably.

Casey turned and sped up the stairs. She quickly gathered some clothes into her alligator hat-box. She would be off, in the roadster, at once. Home! Mat had wanted her to go home; he didn't know that if she ran away from to-morrow's memorial service, she would be gone forever.

She would leave a note. The dinner to-night would be easier without her. . . . She giggled as she pictured the announcement in the Bloomville *Weekly Star:* "Mrs. Matthew Scobie, popular young matron, has returned to her home for a brief——"

A rap. "Who is it?" Casey called. It was Julia. She brought up a box of strawberries for Mrs. Scobie to see for herself that cook couldn't serve those mashed things at a dinner-party. "I'm busy. You'll have to go," Casey instructed her. "Go to Parker's, and get the best, and charge them. What? Oh, I'll answer the bells."

Funny how a man could be your husband, and still remain aloof. In her excruciatingly wise young girlhood she wouldn't have believed that possible. . . . Delving in the clothes-press for her warm coat, Casey caught the far tingle of the door-bell. Damn! She hadn't too much time! . . .

She faced a stranger, a tall lean man as nervous as wire, with a face deeply burned by no northern sun. He said violently, passing over Casey as though she were a shadow in his path: "I want to see Mrs. Scobie!"

Casey straightened. "I am Mrs. ——"

Some instinct stopped her. She knew in a shudder of unreality, it was V. S. this man was asking for. Something feverish, desperate in his burning eyes made her say quietly: "Won't you come in?"

She seated him, hesitated. "You don't live in Greenway?"

"No."

"You came in on the afternoon train?"

"Yes."

"You've been away—out of the country—a long time?"

"Africa," he said indifferently.

"How long?"

"Eighteen months. For God's sake, do I have to wait all night to see Virgin——?"

"You—you were a close friend of Virginia?"

He laughed—really looked at Casey for the first time. He had a high, backward-sloping forehead, a thin, long nose, and the full, curved lips of a passionate and weak man. But the laugh died; Casey's past tense drove home to him.

She let him have it then, gently: "*I* am Mrs. Scobie—now."

"You—? Divorced?" he asked, unbelieving.

"No, not divorced."

"You mean she's——?"

"Yes. She's been . . . dead a year."

The man's collapse was complete. His laughter was more profane than his oaths. . . . And his subsequent wracking sobs were the worst of all. Casey got him a stiff shot of whiskey. She had him by both shoulders, holding him together. She pulled him out of it with an actual physical exertion of her own muscles, lit for him the rather effeminate monogrammed cigarette which he shakingly produced from a silver case.

"You—you loved her?" Casey struggled.

"It was mutual."

"You mean—she loved you? Not Matthew?"

"Matthew!" The name was a whiplash to this man. He broke, like a hysterical girl, into an egotistical tirade. "Any other man would have seen—not *him!* I wanted Jinny to let me tell him, but she wouldn't. Sent me away—she'd no right to send me away, after years—

Quoted Maeterlinck at me—'Blue Bird' stuff about beauty—consecration—pah! Said Scobie loved her. I'd say he did! You—*you*—" (His glance summed up Casey's youthful inadequacies to the full, as not even Greenway had done.) "—in less than a year—! I'll tell Scobie—wait and *tell* him——!"

But now, at last, Casey took a hard and masterly command of the situation. "You'll not tell him! You'll get the brakes on your slipping emotions, and get out of my house—you hear?" She informed him that he would take the five-six east bound, which was due in just twenty minutes, out of town. And she told him other things, with a crass, driving straightness which was calculated to knock some resistance into his inert figure. . . .

Casey lashed him out the door. The very force of her final injunction, stronger than any impulse of his own in his present dazed state, would carry him to the station and aboard the train. . . . Afterward, when he came to his senses, Casey could only trust that whatever of decency and manhood he had would keep him away. . . .

She came back into the living-room, faced the portrait with her hand closed as on a knife. V. S.—the perfect, the incomparable V. S.! Oh, she might have guessed that such flawlessness had a mortal heel! "Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost." And tomorrow all that flummery of the memorial service! Casey could wreck that immortality—she had her bomb in hand! She had only to hurl it—wait for the smoke to clear——

But the eyes looked steadily down at Casey. Their sadness was the sorrow of V. S.'s own life. . . . And their entreaty was her gentle plea of Casey to spare those others their illusions. The eyes seemed to say: "He is yours, not mine. Only be merciful—leave me my thin gray veil. Haven't I earned that by my renunciation?" And the pride — the pure gravity of the face? That was the dignity of a woman who had been true to self against fearful odds. The immortality of V. S. still endured. The spell of her portrait still held for Casey; Casey would never escape it — she would never want to escape it now.

She had V. S.'s copy of Maeterlinck, and stood against the window, in view of the shrouded statue, reading on from the marked lines of the inscription:

"It is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. . . . Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty . . . lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things?"

"Where are you?" called Matthew's voice. . . . "A board meeting; I couldn't get loose. Hm—you've not been alone?"

"Oh, yes!" Casey lied brightly.

"That smoke's Neal Devine! He's come back! What—where—?"

"He's gone now," Casey assured him.

"He never knew—I had no address to cable him——"

"I broke it to him," said Casey unskilfully.

"Broke it—? Look here, what's he been telling you?"

"N-nothing."

"Dear, if you're . . . shielding me, I know! I've always known. What——?"

"Everything, then," breathed Casey. "But you mean you knew—and you never let *her* know you knew! Why?"

"Because he would have made her even less happy than I did. I couldn't risk it."

"Protecting her against herself! How many years, Mat?"

"Eleven."

Staring at him, Casey at last understood that his manner of aloofness was no more than the outward growth of long years of habitual control. "Before that," she asked, "—she loved you at first?"

"She never loved me."

"But—but why——?"

"She liked me; she never expected to like any one else better."

"And you—loved her?"

"Yes."

"Poor you! But tell me, Mat—Mat, darling dear!—it was a long time between V. S. and me in your life? You didn't marry me p. d. q. just to stop a gap? No? And you didn't marry me because I drove you to it? Or because I was a girl—*any* girl—but just because I was me myself——"

He looked at her in slow wonder. "Can you still doubt me? I'm the one to doubt you——"

"But why?" begged Casey, in his arms now. "Because you're not used to being loved! Oh, but Mat, you're adored—*adored*, I tell you!"

"Beloved," he said.

"Oh, call me that again!" begged Casey.

* * *

Old Age

By Bernice Kenyon

When I am old I shall sit quietly
With folded hands, under the noonday sun;
And never let the past drift back to me,
And never hope for years not yet begun;

But watch, as I do to-day, ants in the grass,
And spiders patiently renewing webs,
And the unweary flight of gulls that pass
Along the river, while the slow tide ebbs;

And see how bees take honey and wing out
In perilous winds, back to their secret hive;
And watch the flowers opening all about,
And clouds of gnats that dance to be alive;

Until I find myself grown less than these,
Heedless as they, and happy, at high noon,
Where all unmindful of grim mysteries
I can forget that death must take me soon.

Gas and the Games

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

The author of "Spread Eagle" dissents from the prevailing optimistic attitude concerning the American love of sports and what some people refer to as "the great out-of-doors."

MORE profound blah has been scribbled and spoken about the significance of our national vogue for sports than upon almost any topic, including Fundamentalism, Freud, the League of Nations, and the hot weather. Every after-dinner orator, conducting drives for college or Y. M. C. A. gymnasium funds, has pointed with pride and fountain pen to our outdoor enthusiasms as a convincing proof of racial and social vigor.

It has made good advertising copy, excellent publicity material for the press-agents for automobile manufacturers and for Spalding, Reach, and others who make tennis-rackets and golf-balls.

"Gas and the games" has become the motto of these United States. It has replaced "E Pluribus Unum," "A penny saved," "To hell with the public," "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," "He kept us out of war," "Normalcy," "The full dinner-pail," "The hard-cider candidate," "I want to see a phonograph in every American home," "54-40 or fight," "It floats," and other honored slogans for which men have dared their all. While the *Spirit of St. Louis* flew to Paris, the spirit of America went by subway to the Yankee Stadium to pay $27.50 each for a ringside seat at a mediocre if not a fixed fight.

Contrary to the opinions of professional and amateur sport-promoters, the writer contends it is doubtful if the tremendous furor over motors and sports proves anything—except that our civilization has reached a highly artificial state, and that most of our citizens are bored with their jobs.

Certainly the judgment of comparative values has become warped. The head-lines of to-day, recounting, as this is written, Babe Ruth's thirty-third home run of the season, will scarcely be perpetuated by historians. About the time that one and one-half millions of our fellow citizens lined the sidewalks from the Battery to Central Park to cheer for Gertrude Ederle, a modest, unassuming chemist came to town. He was unheralded by the Vienna papers when he left, he was unnoticed by our metropolitan dailies when he arrived.

He came to this country to work in a research laboratory for seventy-five dollars a week. And he had been invited to continue his research here, because his discoveries of the secrets of cell growth and cell change may lead to the conquest of cancer, drug addiction, and tuberculosis. Cheering multitudes have not disturbed his work, although six surgeons gave him a table-d'hôte dinner at a second-rate club.

John Smith, driving to his golf club in his Whosis Eight sedan, is quite properly more interested in Bobby Jones's putting and the mystery of Detroit—Will Henry put steam heat and bath in his new model?

The figures in the World Almanac, which represent the nation's expenditure for baseball, gas, football, tires, tennis, new cars, golf, old cars, poker chips, rebuilt cars, and for Work or Street "On Bridge," contain so many ciphers that they pass the comprehension of the salaried man. From the Summer White House come Republican boasts about the number of automobiles in Kansas. Those figures, say national committeemen, demonstrate the flood of Coolidge prosperity in the corn belt; the same statistics for New York City are quoted by the Rockefeller Institute to show that 73.95 per cent of our citizens are leading purer lives; and, to this reporter's way of thinking, they prove only that no evidences of birth-control have been observed in the Ford factories.

Henry Ford himself, having apologized his way back into Abraham's bosom, is now running neck and neck with Tex Rickard, Harvey Firestone, Cash and Carry Pyle, Mr. Rolls-Royce, and Gene Tunney as popular candidates for the Nobel Prize as outstanding benefactors of mankind. It in no way diminishes the regard in which they are held by the public if one mentions that their service to humanity has been paid for at astonishingly high rates.

A most casual study of the relationship of sports to the life-cycles of various civilizations seems to show that twice in a nation's history are sports the subject of considerable popular interest.

The first period is during the primitive, pioneer days when the overflowing of strength, vigor, and skill leads to competitive contests in the village square, in the walled fortress, on the deck of a flatboat as it drifts down the Mississippi, on the heights above the field of Marathon just before the wrestlers were summoned to charge the invading host.

These were the "tournaments" of the Middle Ages, or, more exactly, the tournaments had their beginnings in such friendly contests; friendly, although they often led to death. Such were the games upon the sand that Homer and Livy described. The hatchet-throwing of the boys in New England pioneer times, Lincoln's broad-jumping contests on a summer afternoon, the baseball games behind the Northern lines during the Civil War, were all examples of these primitive high spirits.

But this is not the athletic interest which shouts: "Gas and the games"; "Bread and the circus." The paid athlete and the interest in athletics on a wholesale scale have been, in other ages, contemporaneous with an economic or political development that gathered the power of the state into the hands of one man or one group.

The athlete's golden age, in Greece and Rome, followed the establishment of dictatorships. One may fancy the haughty Romans of the equestrian order, stripped of their last real authority, pitching horseshoes in the Forum for lack of treaties to debate. Augustus Cæsar must have developed some fine golfers when he took the few remaining responsibilities of government off the venerable shoulders of the senators who, from Augustus's time on, appeared in public only to satisfy the pageant-love of the crowd.

Then, since it was manifestly pleasanter to sit in the shade and watch a Gallic champion horseshoe-pitcher matched against the Sicilian champion than to pitch horseshoes oneself, the paid athletes became a feature of Roman life. After that it was only a question of shrewd promotion by the Pyles and Rickards until the great gladiatorial spectacles were presented to thunderous applause in the Colosseum.

Athenian philosophers, restrained by an imperial injunction which enjoined them from thinking aloud lest they disturb the political foundations of the nation, doubtless took to betting on Marathon runs, javelin-casts, hammer-throws, and Hellespont swimmers. Sculptors and painters immortalized the winners of the game, for the same reason that a contemporary sculptor modelled Ty Cobb. He thought the statue would be easy to sell in Detroit.

One might say that the world has seen three great conquests, each bringing in its train, along with the political inactivity which followed a concentration of governmental power, a tremendous interest in athletics.

The first of these was the military conquest, the political supremacy of Rome, built over the bodies of her legionaries. And as the ruling power passed from free men to senate, from senate to triumvirate, and later was vested solely in the emperor, there was little for the leisure classes, both upper and lower, to busy themselves about, except professional entertainments. Among these, sports became the most popular.

Upon the collapse of this military power rose the spiritual. Rome ruled again, but this time through the church. Over Roman paved roads marched the new conquerors, sackcloth-clad monks. Before them crumbled princeling and city-state, for all men paid their tribute again to Rome. And as the church, through its temporal and secular princes, gained the ascendancy, the people, serfs and nobles, lost their last vestige of governmental power. They cried out for jousts and tournaments. It was little enough to ask to be entertained.

Even when a reformation threatened, actual readjustments of political institutions were not possible until a shrewd Venetian banker discovered that power, comparable to that once held by the Cæsars and the church, could be bought with money; and that money, put out at interest instead of usury, could breed money, while preserving the principle. The bankers followed the popes as the popes had succeeded the Cæsars.

Devotion to sport in our day may be said again to have followed a concentration of power—in this present instance, the concentration of money.

Comparatively young men can remember when each store along each Main Street was a separate, competitive business, whose details occupied the life and the thoughts of its owner. John Curran or John Donovan (and their experience is quoted, for it happened that they survived the business transformation of this quarter-century) began the retailing of tobacco when a dealer bought carefully and shrewdly of Connecticut and Havana and Manila leaf, hogsheads of choice Burley, which he treated and seasoned for the trade. His business day was a succession of guesses to hit the buying and selling market, to please the public taste.

In corner stores such as those that have replaced their shops a youth of twenty-five now makes change and, reading his instructions from the New York office which arrive each morning, boosts *Corn Husk Cigarettes* or *Burdock Leaf Plug* "as per instructions of the 26th inst."

All up and down Main Street, as the chain stores increase from tobacco to hosiery shops, from knitted goods to shoes, and drugs, and books, and furs, and suits, and coats, thinking executives have been replaced by routine clerks, directed and dominated from a central office.

Nor should one suppose that these conditions apply only to the retail-business field. The local foundry is now owned and directed from another city. The shoe-factory, where an owner once labored with adverse markets and perverse cutters, is now administered by wire and letter from Boston. The resident executive, whatever his title may be, has only to worry if the postman should not arrive.

You need not imply that these figurehead managers receive less for their routine duties than the owner-manager of the 1900's. There is no particular scarcity of money. So long as capital is not frightened or rendered coy by injudicious exposure of personal initiative, the managers are very comfortable. They usually have money to spend for anything that will entertain them.

But the ritual of business permits no innovations. That ritual is now set in the directors' meetings in New York as surely as the pope in Rome fixes the order of service for the mass.

It may be that the pope himself cannot now change a word or syllable of the collect. And perhaps the directors of the Amalgamated Cork Screw and Bottle Opener Company, Inc., also would be powerless, should they face the necessity of revising the Merchandising Plan No. 1 as set down by Jones I, the Cork Screw and Bottle Opener king.

As the cities fill with routine workers, whose each day is a monotony of repetition, so fast does the desire for motor, movies, and sports increase. The car makes possible a variety of scene; the movie and the games give a blessed oblivion to the realities of the standardized job. For capital desires obedience instead of originality, and young men afflicted with intelligence have to exist as best they may. Initiative is as misplaced in modern affairs as in the army.

In other words, golf is not an "instinctive seeking after health in God's great outdoors," as a romantically minded advertising writer for clubs and balls puts it. Motor tours to the national parks are no newly awakened yearning after nature. The canonization of a swimmer, a fighter, an outfielder, a quarter-back is not entirely a universal tribute to a properly developed body.

Business and occupation become duller as the central control increases. Motoring, motion-pictures, camping out, playing or watching games are merely an escape from the circumscribed routine of factory, store, or office.

Nearly two generations of compulsory education, a multiplicity of colleges, universities, and educational endowments, a mass of publications and books and free libraries, one hundred and fifty years of self-government, the refining influence of the radio, the educational ditto of the cinema, the best efforts of the best minds in Washington, and the Anti-Saloon League have succeeded in educating us to the point where a dull, questionably manœuvred non - championship "boxing bout" draws more than one million dollars at the gate.

Last week, in the Breakfast Club, the writer heard a very intelligent and successful metropolitan editor admonishing a young college graduate who was "going into journalism." The youngster was quite happily unconscious that he will call his profession "a job of hustling news" inside of twelve months.

"See if they won't let you break into the sports department," advised the editor. "It's the only editorial department that pays anything nowadays. And the sports writers are the only ones who have a personal following."

It is obvious that the monotony of existence is more oppressive in the smaller cities than in rural or metropolitan districts. And it is the people in the cities who are the real devotees of "gas and the games." The farmer, gambling with prices, weather, and labor, has no need for an athletic safety-valve and his pleasure automobile is really a business machine which takes him quickly to the grocery-store. In New York or Chicago and the half-dozen of the larger urban communities there is always a kaleidoscopic pageant which seems to be all-sufficient for a great part of the population that makes it. The group becomes a perpetual Narcissus, always entranced at watching its own image.

But in those cities where driving one's own car to work is still a possibility, golf-players, the Sunday drivers, the tennis, fight, football, baseball fans flourish and multiply. As mankind and womankind, they are divided into two parts. The cleavage is sharp and distinct. The botanical name of the first group is *Americanus suburbanitus*. It grows luxuriantly and its habitat is just outside the one, two, three, or four mile circle whose centre is the court-house steps. The second or opposing group has for its habitat the space within the one, two, three, or four mile circle, and naturalists call it *Americanus apartment-housitus*.

The suburbanites do their own cooking. The apartment-dwellers buy cooked food from restaurant or delicatessen-store. Both complain of the incompetence and scarcity of maids and both cliques have indigestion.

The suburban citizen owns his own car, or will as soon as the last three payments are made. The apartment habitant calls a taxi. And, as in their attitudes toward automobiles, which one drives and one hires, so do they differ in their relationship to sports. In a broad sense the apartment clique hires its sport. From its ranks are drawn the inveterate patrons of the professional paid athlete, whether he be playing as a college, amateur, or admittedly commercial star. They take their sport, as the great Bismarck took his beer, sitting down.

The suburbanite, if bred true, holds loudly that one must play the game oneself if one is to derive benefit therefrom. So he wastes away over tennis for exercise, toils over his golf for social and business reasons—or to wear funny-looking stockings, one never knows which. He makes a great point of keeping himself "fit." He usually dies a few years sooner than his apartment-house cousin who violated every rule of health and common sense.

Sporting enthusiasms mean that business, like society, is as dull as was English country life in the days of Tom Jones. No parodies on popular songs sung at semiannual "salesmen's banquets" or "let's-sell-a-hundred-million-dingeses conventions" can make it anything else.

If this be heresy, make the most of it.

* * * * * * *

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

BY CONRAD AIKEN

MARGARET O'BRIEN dreamed that she woke up late—the alarm-clock on the table by her bed said eight o'clock—she couldn't account for it, and jumped out of bed in a panic. The Converses expected breakfast at eight-thirty. She flew down to the kitchen, without stopping to put up her hair or wash her face, and rushed to the stove. It was out. The grate was full of half-burned coal and ashes, cold, and she dumped out the whole thing: a cloud of dust filled the air, and she began to cough. Then she found that the kindling-box was empty, and that she would have to go down to the cellar and get some. She stuffed newspapers into the grate, flung her hair over her left shoulder, and went to the door which led down to the cellar. It was locked or stuck. She pulled at the knob, wrestled with it, shook it violently; and just at that moment she heard Mrs. Converse's voice in the distance, calling her: *"Margaret! . . . Margaret! . . . Margaret!"* The bell began ringing furiously and prolongedly in the indicator over the sink, and she turned around and saw all the little arrows jumping at once. Some one—perhaps Mr. Converse — was running down the front stairs, running and singing. The voice trailed off forlornly, with the sinister effect of a train-whistle. A door slammed—Mr. Converse had gone off without waiting for his breakfast—and she woke up.

Sweet hour, what a dream! She rubbed her hand across her forehead, looked up, and saw something unfamiliar over her head: it was the upper bunk of the stateroom, with long leaded slats of wood to support the mattress. Then there was a rack with a life-belt in it. Of course: she was on a steamship, going to Ireland. How funny! She relaxed, smiled, turned her head on the hard little pillow, and looked across to the other bunk; and there was Katy looking back at her and grinning. The ship gave a long, slow lurch and the hooked door rattled twice on its brass hook. She put her hand quickly to her mouth.

"Gosh, what a dream I had!" she said. "I'm going to get out of this, or I'll be sick."

"Me, too," said Katy. "You could cut the air with a knife."

"What time is it, I wonder?"

Katy slid a bare leg out from under the bedclothes.

"I don't know," she said. "I heard a gong, but I don't know if it was the first or the second."

II

It was a lovely day, and the ocean was beautiful. It was much smoother than they had expected it to be, too—a lazy blue swell with fish-scale sparkles on it. A sailing-ship went by on the south, with very white sails, and tiny rowboats hung up on the decks, and one hanging over the stern. They could see a little man running along the deck and then hauling up a bunch of flags, some kind of signal. It was the kind of day when it is warm, almost hot, in the sun but cold in the shade. They walked round and round the decks, after eating some oranges, and wished there was something to do. At eleven o'clock the band began playing in the lounge, and they went in for a cup of beef tea. The room was crowded, and children were falling over people's legs. Some women were playing cards at a table. The deck-steward went round with a tray of beef-tea cups and crackers.

While they were drinking their beef tea they saw him again—the gentleman who had the room next to theirs: he just looked into the lounge for a minute, with a book under his arm, and then went out again. He was the nicest man on the ship: so refined-looking, so much of a gentleman, with a queer, graceful, easy way of walking and such nice blue eyes. He reminded Margaret a little of Mr. Converse, but he was younger; he couldn't have been more than thirty. She thought it would be nice to talk to him, but she supposed he wouldn't come near her. He had been keeping aloof from every one, all the way over, reading most of the time, or walking alone on the deck with that book under his arm, and never wearing a hat.

"I'd like to talk to that man," she said, putting down the cup under her chair.

"Well, why don't you?" said Katy; "I guess he wouldn't bite you:"

"He looks like Mr. Converse; I guess he's shy."

"I don't see what's the matter with Pat, if you want to talk to somebody."

"Oh, Pat's all right. . . ."

Pat, however, was in the steerage, and when she wanted to talk to him they had to go down the companionway to the forward deck. It was all right, but it did seem a pity, when you were in the second cabin, to be spending so much time down in the steerage. And Katy had taken up with old man Diehl, the inventor, who was in the second cabin. He was after her all the time to play cards or walk on the deck or sit and talk in the smoking-room. It was all right for Katy, but not much fun for herself. She couldn't always be tagging along with them, and she didn't like to feel that Mr. Diehl was paying for her glass of Guinness every time they had a drink.

A crowd of people rushed out to the decks, and others went to the windows, pointing; so they went out too, to see what the excitement was about. It was only another steamer coming from the opposite direction, with black smoke pouring out of its smoke-stacks. They walked along to the place where they played shovelboard, but some kids had it; so then they didn't know what to do. They looked down at the steerage-deck, and there were Pat and the girls having a dance. Pat was playing his concertina. His black curly hair was blowing in the wind, and he looked up and saw them. He jerked his head backward as a signal to them to come down, so they did. They danced for a while, and one of the girls passed round a box of candy.

"I guess you think you're too good for us," said Pat, grinning.

"No, we don't," Margaret said. "But they don't like to have us going up and down those stairs. It's against the rules of the ship."

"Ah, tell it to the marines," said Pat.

He shut up his eyes and began playing "The Wearing of the Green," beating time with his foot on the deck.

"I hear Katy has a swell sweetheart," one of the girls said.

They talked about old man Diehl, and how he always carried around the blue-prints of his inventions with him, and showed them all the time to everybody in the smoking-room. Katy said she liked his voice: such a deep rumble, it carried all over the dining-room—you could hear it above everything else, even the music. And it wasn't that he was talking loudly, either. He seemed to have lots of money. His daughter was with him, very pretty, but with a bad heart. She was kind of stuck-up, and wouldn't have anything to do with Katy, and was always dragging the old man out of the smoking-room on one excuse or another. But she looked very pretty at the dance, in that orchid dress.

"I guess he made a lot of money out of those inventions," said Katy.

"What did he invent?" one of the girls asked.

"One of those amusement things they have at Coney Island," said Katy.

Just then the whistle blew for noon, deafening everybody, and the steerage-passengers had their dinner at noon, so they began going away. Pat strapped up his concertina and ran his hand through his hair.

"So long," he said. "Give us a look again, when you haven't got any swell company."

He dived down the dark little companionway, and they were left alone.

As they went up the stairs Margaret said that Pat gave her a headache. He made her tired. He made her sick.

III

At lunch there was something of a treat. A special table had been put on the little platform where the band usually played—the piano had been pushed back—and a swell party was being given there. It was, in fact, the wedding-breakfast, after a mock wedding which had taken place in the dining-saloon just before lunch. They had come in just as it was over and old Mr. Diehl was in the act of kissing the bride, who was Mr. Carter dressed up in a girl's dress. The bridegroom was Miss Diehl dressed in a man's tuxedo. They all sat, eight people, at the round table on the platform, and they had several bottles of wine. Miss Diehl was wearing a white yachting-cap to keep up her hair, which was pulled up to look like a man's.

"Your friend is there," said Katy, giving Margaret a nudge with her elbow.

And, sure enough, he was. He was sitting at the opposite side, next to Mr. Carter, and he looked as if he weren't enjoying himself at all. He kept sipping his wine and smiling in an uneasy sort of way, as if he were very much embarrassed. Most of the time he was looking down at the dishes before him. The rest of the party were making a lot of noise, talking and laughing and making jokes and slapping each other on the back. Then Mr. Diehl made a speech, toward the end, and the bridegroom got up and proposed a toast. Several toasts were drunk and speeches made, and they tried to get the nice man to get up and speak, but he blushed and resisted and sat still, though Mr. Carter tried to push him out of his chair.

"He's awful good-looking," said Margaret.

"Suit yourself," said Katy. "To my idea, he's too quiet-seeming."

"I wish he'd look at me once."

"Well, if you keep on staring at him like you are, he will, and then he'll be scared to death."

All the same, she felt as if she couldn't keep her eyes off him, she didn't know why; there was something very appealing about his face. His blue eyes were very kind and wise-looking, and he had a way of smiling to himself all the time as if he were having all sorts of humorous thoughts. She felt that he was very superior to all those other people, but he was too nice to show it. In fact, he was superior to every one else on the ship. There was something important about him.

And then, all of a sudden—she didn't know just how it happened—he was looking at her. There were two tables in between, and lots of other people he might have looked at, and a branch of a palm-tree that almost got in the way, but in spite of all these obstacles there could be no doubt about it: he was looking straight at her. A sort of shock went through her, and she felt herself blushing. But she kept her nerve, and looked back at him without in the least changing her expression, which she knew had been one of frank admiration. In fact, she felt her eyes widening a little, and a special kind of brightness going into them. And the strangest thing of all was the way he met this: he looked quickly away, but only for a moment; and then he looked right back again, while with one hand he fiddled with his glass of water. He looked at her almost as if he had suddenly recognized her, though of course they had never met before. His eyes brightened, in fact, in exactly the same way that hers had done; they brightened and widened, and he seemed to be unable to look away again. So they looked at each other for about two or three minutes like this, as if they were the only two people in the whole room. It was almost as if they were signalling to each other. Then Mr. Carter apparently said something to him, and he turned his head away.

"Well, he looked at me," she said to Katy, "and something happened."

"What do you mean, something happened?"

"I don't know, but it gave me a funny feeling. I think he likes me the same way I like him."

"Don't be too sure," said Katy. "Anyway, he isn't looking at you now."

"No, I know he isn't; but he was, just the same. It was a long look, and I felt all over as if I was melting."

"I guess what you need is some air," said Katy, "or else both of you'll have to be locked up."

IV

They roamed the decks again after lunch, and sat for a while in the sunparlor at the back, in wicker chairs, watching the stern of the ship swoop up and down in quarter-circles against the sea, which seemed to be coming right up over the ship but never did; and for a while the old deck-hand, a sailor with a nice white beard, stood with his pail in his hand and talked to them about the "old country." He also told them about a hawk that had been blown on to the ship. It was exhausted, he said. It had probably been chasing some other bird and followed it out to sea, and then didn't know how to get back. It stayed on one of the masts for a while, and they put out food for it, and then the next day they found it on the bow, huddled up against an iron thwart. It fought when they came near it, and it wouldn't eat, so they decided they'd better kill it. Finally one of the sailors threw his hat over it and jumped on it, and killed it.

"Oh, what a shame!" said Margaret. "I think that's a shame!"

The old sailor grinned, half embarrassed.

"We get hardened to it," he said. "There's always birds like that coming aboard, you know, and they never live. Those little yellowbirds, for instance. You can feed them, but they die just the same, and you might as well heave 'em overboard and be done with it. They get so tame, or scared maybe, that they'll come hoppin' right in here amongst these chairs."

After a while he went away, carrying his sponge in one hand and his pail in the other, walking very slowly, as if there was lots of time. Katy opened her magazine and began reading. Every now and then she turned a page, but she hadn't turned many when Margaret noticed that she was fast asleep. The twins went by, with their short skirts blowing way up round their skinny little legs, and then came Mr. Carter and Miss Diehl, in their proper clothes again. They brought the peg and began playing quoits. They were having a good time—just as they were going to throw the quoit the ship would give a slant and the quoit would go wild. They would laugh and stagger about. The noise finally woke up Katy. She yawned and stretched, and wanted as usual to know what time it was. The sky was clouding up and the wind seemed colder, so they decided to go and sit in the lounge. Margaret wanted to be doing something, but she didn't know what there was they could do.

"What are you so restless for?" said Katy.

"I'm not restless; only I get so sick of just sitting round and watching the water go by."

"Well, it *is* kind of of monotonous, at that," said Katy.

They took a look down at the steerage-deck, but there was nobody there, probably because it was getting chilly. In the steerage you got all the wind.

"I don't feel like seeing that gang anyway," said Margaret.

What she really wanted was to see the nice man again, but she couldn't exactly go looking for him. She hoped he would be in the lounge, and when she saw that he wasn't she thought of suggesting to Katy that they go to the smoking-room, but she didn't quite have the nerve to do it. Instead, they settled down in a corner and listened to the music and had their tea and watched the people and yawned. Margaret felt unhappy. It wasn't only because she wanted to see him; it was just as much because she was bored with being on a ship. Every day was like Sunday. After a while you got tired of walking round the decks and sitting here and sitting there and drinking tea or beef tea and going to the dining-saloon for another meal that was just like the last. The stewards were all the time trying to flirt with them, too.

All the same, she didn't see how it could just end there, after a look like that—it didn't seem natural at all. But would he do anything about it? Most probably he was too shy. He might even be so shy that he would try to keep out of her way. Or he might think that she was trying to kidnap him or something. She thought of that look again, and felt herself blushing just the way she did at the time. If any look had a meaning, that look did. There was no getting away from that.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, suddenly jumping up.

She walked quickly out of the lounge without knowing at all where she was going—she just felt that she had to be doing something, going somewhere, anything but just sitting still. She felt excited, too, as she pushed open the door that led out to the deck—it had been shut for the night—and launched herself out into the wind. It was just getting dark. The water was black, with patches of moving white, and seemed to be sliding past the ship much faster than it did in the daytime. She walked briskly round the deck, keeping an eye out for other pedestrians, but there was nobody about. She tried the other two decks, but they too were deserted. Then she stood hesitating. After all, she didn't have the least idea of what to say to him if she met him—or whether she would find any excuse for it, or way of doing it. In fact, she wasn't sure that that was what she wanted. She just wanted to see him. Perhaps he was in the smoking-room. She turned and went down a companionway to the lower deck again, and then round the sun-parlor to the smoking-room. She went in and stood near the door, as if she just wanted to look round for some one, and surveyed the whole room. Old man Diehl was standing by the bar with Mr. Carter and two other men; he seemed to be a little drunk. They were telling smutty stories. The bar-steward saw her and warned them, and they lowered their voices. Two other men were sitting in armchairs facing the artificial fire; neither of them was the man she was looking for. And there was no one else in the room. She returned to the sun-parlor, which looked very forlorn with its deserted wicker chairs under electric lights, facing the darkness and emptiness of the sea, and sat down. Suddenly she felt defeated and miserable. She didn't want to see Katy or anybody—she didn't want to go down to dinner. She would excuse herself with a headache and go to bed. . . .

V

At lunch the next day she said she was going to speak to him if she died for it. She would ask him to join them in a game of whist. They could get old man Diehl to make the fourth, in case he accepted. Katy was sceptical but resigned.

"Anybody'd think you were in love with him," she said.

Margaret laughed and blushed.

"Oh, no," she said. "But I'd like to talk to him just the same. After lunch I'm going to find him if I have to comb the whole ship. He must be somewhere."

They had seen him only once in the morning—as usual he was walking the deck for his half-hour's constitutional. He passed them several times, and looked at them with interest but without speaking. Margaret said she thought he wanted to speak but was too bashful. He had that everlasting blue book under his arm, and his fair hair was all on end with the wind. Then he had disappeared again.

After lunch, accordingly, they went straight to the lounge and got a table, and Katy spoke to Mr. Diehl. Mr. Diehl said he would be in the smoking-room, and they could find him there any time in case they wanted a game. Katy got the cards and sat down at the table, and Margaret started off to make her search; and just at that very minute he came in and sat down at the other side of the room and opened his book. She didn't know whether he had seen them or not.

She walked right up to him, smiling,

and stood in front of him and looked down at him.

"Would you care to join us in a game of whist?" she said.

He closed his book and looked up. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he said, smiling.

She gave a laugh.

"Yes, it's me, large as life and twice as natural!"

He stood up, tucking the book under his arm.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I never played whist in my life. Is it anything like bridge?"

"I don't know, but I guess if you can play bridge you can play whist."

They stood very close to each other, swaying with the ship, and again they found themselves looking into each other's eyes as they had done the day before at lunch. Margaret almost regretted that they had planned the whist game, for it was now obvious that otherwise she could have him all to herself.

"All right," he said, again smiling; "if you can stand it, I can."

She led him over to the table and introduced him to Katy. He said his name was Camp. Katy got up and went in pursuit of Mr. Diehl, and they sat down.

"You'd better be my partner," she said, "and then I can show you as we go along."

She took the chair opposite his and began shuffling the cards, at the same time looking at him. A feeling of extraordinary happiness came over her—she had never in her life felt so happy, or so much as if her whole happiness was in her eyes. And the queer thing was that she somehow knew that he was in the same state of mind.

"What do you do with yourself all the time?" she asked. "You hardly ever seem to be anywhere round."

"Most of the time I've been in the smoking-room playing chess," he said. "But I've also been working a good deal in my stateroom. I've got some work that has to be finished before we get to Liverpool. And there's only two more days."

Margaret felt a sharp pain in her breast.

"I get off at Queenstown," she said. "To-morrow night."

"*Do* you?"

He accented the first word, and looked at her with a curious helplessness. They both dropped their eyes and became silent.

At that moment Katy brought Mr. Diehl and introduced him, and the game began. Margaret and Katy explained how it went to Mr. Camp, with a good deal of laughter. Mr. Diehl gave Mr. Camp a cigar.

"What's your line of business, Mr. Camp?" he said.

Mr. Camp said that he was an architect. He was going over to superintend the construction of a new office-building that an American firm was putting up in London. Margaret felt a thrill. She slid her right foot forward under the table, so that the toe of her slipper touched something. Then Mr. Camp, after a moment, caught her foot between his two feet and squeezed it firmly, and they looked at each other and smiled.

VI

At four o'clock the deck-steward brought them tea, and Mr. Diehl began telling them in his deep voice, with a slight German accent, how he had come to America at the age of sixteen and worked in railroad repair-shops. He said he was sixty-eight years old and strong as an ox, and he looked it. He told Mr. Camp about his Whirligig Car, at Coney Island, and how he had got the idea for it in his work on trucks in the railroad yards. Now it had made him a fortune, and he was going over to Blackpool and Southport to put them in there.

Margaret couldn't listen. She was impatient. She wanted to go off alone with Mr. Camp. She pressed his foot hard, under the table, and smiled at him. But he didn't take the hint, or couldn't think what to do. It was Katy who saved the day. She got up and suggested that they all take a stroll—it was such a lovely warm day and a shame to be indoors. Besides, the lounge was getting stuffy.

"Come on, then, Katy!" said Mr. Diehl.

He jumped up and gave her his arm with mock gallantry—the sort of thing he was always doing—and they started off.

"Shall we walk too—or shall we stay here?" said Mr. Camp.

"Whatever you like," said Margaret.

"I feel terribly separated from you, without your foot," he said, laughing. "But I suppose we ought to get a breath of air."

They climbed up to the top deck and began walking to and fro. He didn't offer to take her arm, but walked rather distantly beside her. At first they couldn't think of much to say—they talked about the whist game and Mr. Diehl, but not as if they were really interested in these things. Margaret felt as if she wouldn't be able to think straight till she took his arm, so after a few turns on the deck she did so.

"That's better," she said simply.

"Much!"

"Tell me," she said, "if I hadn't spoken to you, would you ever have spoken to me?"

"That's what I came into the lounge for," he answered. "Ever since lunch yesterday I've been wondering what on earth to do about it. I'm kind of shy, and these things don't come natural to me. But I thought, if I went into the lounge, some kind of opportunity might occur. That's what I was there for. But I was terribly relieved when *you* started it off."

"You must think I'm very bold."

"Good Lord, no! You had a little more courage than I did, that's all."

They talked then about Ireland, and she told him that she was going back to visit her mother for the summer. She was a cook, she said, and her employer, Mr. Converse, who was very nice, had given her three months off and paid her passage to Queenstown. She had been in Brooklyn for ten years. She was twenty-five. He asked her if she was married, and she said no.

"I am," he said.

She felt again that pain in her breast.

"I thought you were," she said, looking intently at him.

He wanted to know why she thought so, and they stood and leaned against the railing, with their shoulders touching and their faces very close. His eyes, she noticed, were even bluer than the sea. She couldn't tell him why she thought so, exactly—it was just something about him.

"A woman can almost always tell when a man's married," she said. "But I'm glad you told me, all the same."

"I believe in being honest, especially at a time like this."

"How do you mean, at a time like this?"

He gave her a queer look—the corners of his mouth were twisting a little, as if he were under a strain, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"No, honest, I don't!"

"Well, you certainly ought to," he said. He turned around and put his arms on the railing and stared down at the water. "I mean the way we feel about each other."

She held her breath. He had said it so nicely and so quietly, and without even trying to hold her hand.

"How do you know we do?" she said, smiling.

He smiled back at her.

"All right—let's see you look me in the eye and tell me that we don't!"

She looked away from him, sobering.

"We oughtn't to be talking like this," she answered. "What about your wife? You know it isn't right."

"Of course it isn't. . . . Or is it? . . . I don't know."

"What does your religion tell you?" she said.

"I haven't got any."

"Well, *I* have. I'm a Catholic."

"Do you go to confession?"

"Sure, I do."

They were silent. She was half sorry she had rebuked him, and half glad. But he had to know how she felt, even if it hurt her to tell him. She didn't want him to get any false ideas. After a minute, as he didn't say anything, but just went on staring at the water, she turned and looked at him. He was resting his chin on his hands.

"Would you like to walk some more?" she asked, almost timidly.

They walked round and round the deck, while slowly the sunset behind them faded and the sky darkened. He said that he always thought the sea sounded louder at night, and she stopped and listened to it, to see if it was true. She said she couldn't see any difference, or any reason why there should be any. They talked about Katy and Mr. Diehl. Miss Diehl, she said, was likely to die most any time—she had a very bad heart. But she insisted on doing everything just as if there wasn't anything the matter with her. Everybody at the dance had been scared that she would just drop down on the floor all of a sudden. Her face had got very white.

"Let's go down and find Katy," she suggested.

They went down the ladder to the lower deck and found them sitting in the sun-parlor, holding hands.

"Is *that* what you're doing!" said Margaret.

Mr. Diehl gave his deep rumble of a laugh.

"I've got a pretty nice little girl," he said, patting Katy's shoulder.

Margaret and Mr. Camp sat down at the other side of the veranda. He pulled his chair up close to hers and she dropped her hand on her knee, where he couldn't help seeing it. He put his own on top of it after a moment, and they just sat still without saying anything for a long while. He stroked her thumb with one of his fingers, to and fro, and the smooth hollow between the thumb and forefinger, and she felt as if she were being hypnotized. Once in a while he would slip his finger up her sleeve and touch the inner side of her wrist. And once in a while, as if accidentally, he would stroke her knee. She knew he wouldn't try to kiss her.

"My stateroom is next door to yours," he said, after a time. "If you should want me for anything in the night, don't hesitate to come in."

There was a pause.

"I don't think there's anything I'd

want," she answered. "Unless one of us was to be sick, or something like that."

"Well, if there's anything at all," he said.

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held on to it. She gave up struggling and allowed it to remain in his. She felt unhappy again.

"I always try to think the best of people," she said. "I'm sure you didn't mean anything wrong by that."

He didn't reply, but instead, after a pause, put his other hand on her forearm and gave it a squeeze.

"You're awfully nice, Margaret," he said. "If I were free, I'd like to marry you."

She shut her eyes, and didn't know whether to believe him or not.

VII

After dinner she had a good cry in her bunk, while Katy sat and talked to her, and from time to time wet the wash-cloth to put on her eyes. The ship was making a terrible noise, blowing off steam, which was a good thing, as it prevented the neighbors from hearing her. Two of the bedroom stewards were hanging round in the corridor outside. Now and then she could hear them laughing. Katy sat on the camp-chair and argued with her.

"You just put him out of your mind," she said.

"But I can't. You think it's easy, Katy, but it isn't."

"I told you how it would be from the beginning, Peg, and you wouldn't listen to me. He doesn't care anything for you—don't kid yourself. He isn't our kind at all. You know how it is with that kind of man. He may soft-soap you, but if he met us anywhere at home he wouldn't even speak to us."

Margaret moved her head from side to side on the pillow—back and forth, back and forth.

"No," she said, "he isn't like that. He's in love with me. He doesn't despise me because I'm a cook."

"Don't kid yourself. He might think so right now, when there's nobody else for him to fool with, but that's all there is to it. What's the use getting all upset about it, anyway, with him a married man?"

Margaret blew her nose and sat up.

"It's awful hot in here," she said.

"I tell you what—you need a little excitement to take your mind off this business. Let's get a glass of stout and then go down and have a bit of a dance with Pat and the girls."

Margaret was helpless, apathetic. She didn't care one way or the other, and she was too tired to resist. She bathed her eyes in the wash-basin, rubbed her cheeks with the towel, and tidied up her hair. Maybe Katy was right—maybe he really didn't care for her at all. He shouldn't have said that about her coming to his stateroom; though, of course, men's views were so different about those things.

She felt better after the glass of stout, and they went down the dark companionway to the steerage-deck—the whole crowd was out there in the moonlight, Pat with his concertina, another boy with a mouth-organ. Two of the men were whirling a skipping-rope, and the girls were taking turns in seeing how fast they could skip and how long they could keep it up. A lot of people were sitting along the canvas-covered hatch. Katy had a try at it, and the very first thing the rope caught her skirt and lifted it way up so that her knickers showed, and everybody laughed. Katy didn't mind at all. She laughed as much as anybody did. She was a good sport. There was an English girl, about eighteen, who was the best at it—she would take a running start into the rope and put her hands on her hips and jump as if she was possessed. They couldn't down her at all, and everybody clapped her when finally one of the men dropped his end of the rope.

Pat tuned up on his concertina and they began to dance. A tall young fellow named Jim, who was a carpenter, asked Margaret to dance with him, and before she had time to make up her mind about it he had grabbed her and she was dancing with him and having a good time. They had a fox-trot first, and after that there was a jig, and in the middle of this, just when she had bumped into Katy and they were both laughing, she happened to look up at the second-cabin deck, and there was Mr. Camp, looking down. She waved her hand at him.

"Come on down!" she shouted to him.

He shook his head and smiled; Mr. Carter was standing with him. Jim yanked her hand and whirled her round, and when she looked up again he was gone.

VIII

They spent the morning in packing, and getting their landing-cards, and writing letters. He wasn't at breakfast when they were, and she took Katy's advice and kept out of his way. At lunch she avoided looking in his direction—she knew he was there, and Katy said he kept looking toward her, but she wouldn't look back. She guessed Katy was right. If he had really cared, he would have come down and danced with them. He was probably a snob, just as Katy said he was. After lunch she went back to the stateroom, and didn't go out till she heard they were sailing along close to the coast of Ireland; so she went up on deck. There was a crowd all along the railing, and she and Katy wedged themselves in and stared at the cliffs and green slopes and watched the little steam-trawlers wallowing up and down in what looked like a smooth sea. A tremendous lot of sea-gulls were flying over the ship, swooping down to the water for the swill that was flung overboard, and all of them mewing like cats. The idea of landing at Queenstown was beginning to be exciting. Her mother and uncle would probably come in from Tralee to meet her, and she supposed they would all spend the night in some hotel in Queenstown.

When they went in for their last tea she rather hoped that Mr. Camp would turn up, but he didn't. By this time, most likely, he saw that she was avoiding him, and was keeping himself out of her track. Maybe his feelings were hurt. She was restless, unhappy, excited, and, try as she would, she couldn't stop thinking about him. She gulped down her two cups of tea as if she were in a hurry; but then she couldn't find anything to be in a hurry for. Her trunk was packed, her bag was all strapped up and labelled, there was nothing to do. The orchestra came in and began playing. The sound of the music made her feel like crying. Katy said she was going to see if there was a night train out of Queenstown for the north. She got down a time-table from the shelves and looked at it, but couldn't make head or tail of it. Then two of the ladies at their table came with menus on which they were getting all their acquaintances to sign their names. She and Katy signed their names and said good-by, in case they shouldn't meet again, for it wasn't certain whether they would have supper on board or not. The rumor was that they would get into Queenstown harbor about six o'clock, in which case the Queenstown passengers would have to wait and have their supper in Queenstown.

It was after dark when finally the ship swung into the harbor. They felt the engine stopped, and ran out on deck. They could see the lights all round them, and a long row of especially bright ones, where the hotel was, and another ship waiting a little way off—waiting, as they were, for the tenders to come out. Everything seemed very still, now that the engines were stopped; it was almost as if something was wrong with the ship, unnatural. Everybody seemed to talk in lower voices. The harbor water was quieter than the ocean: it just lapped a little against the side of the ship, and there was a long narrow rowboat which had come out and was lying against the bow with two men in it, one of them giving an occasional flourish with a long oar. A light was played on them from the ship, so that they stood out very clear against the blackness of the water. Then at last they saw the tenders coming out, and they decided they had better go down and see about their things.

It was just after they had tipped the steward, and he had gone off with the trunks, and just when they heard the tender coming alongside, that Mr. Camp suddenly came to their stateroom door.

"I've just dropped in to say good-by," he said, putting his hand against one side of the doorway.

Katy saw how it was, and said she had to go out for a minute, leaving them alone. Mr. Camp stepped in then, and shut the door behind him. He put out his hand and she took it, and they shook hands for a minute, feeling embarrassed.

"Good-by, Margaret," he said.

"Good-by, Mr. Camp."

"I've been hunting for you all day," he said. "Why did you hide yourself from me?"

"I thought it was better," she said.

She felt the tears coming into her eyes and was ashamed. He suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her. She tried to turn her face away from him, and he just kissed her cheek two or three times, lightly. His arms were holding her very hard. Then he kissed her once on the mouth.

"You mustn't," she said. "You're a married man."

They looked at each other for what seemed like a long while, and then they heard some one coming to the door and he let her go. Katy and the steward were there. It was time to go. Mr. Diehl came running up too, and she hurriedly put on her hat and coat. Mr. Diehl took Katy's bag from the steward, and Mr. Camp picked up hers from the camp-chair.

They followed the other passengers and stewards with bags along the corridor, went through the first-cabin dining-saloon, and then came out on to a deck where an iron door had been swung open and the gangway made fast. There was a great crowd there, and two officers standing at the top of the gangway taking the landing-cards. Mr. Diehl gave Katy her hand-bag and tried to kiss her, right there before everybody, and she gave a screech and tried to run, but he caught her and kissed her. Then she started down the steep gangway under the bright lights.

Mr. Camp handed Margaret her bag and shook hands with her again.

"Here's my address," he said. "Write me a letter some time, if you feel like it."

He gave her a slip of paper, and she tucked it under her glove.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by."

She turned and went gingerly down the gangway, taking short steps. When she got to the deck of the tender she didn't look for Katy, but walked right to the stern of the boat, where there was a semicircular bench, and put down her bag, and then stood and looked up at the ship. It seemed enormous, and at first she couldn't make out where the second-cabin decks were at all. The band was playing somewhere above her, in the night, and the decks were lined with people waving handkerchiefs. They were shouting, too. She ran her eyes to and fro over the crowds, looking for Mr. Camp, but she couldn't find him anywhere. Maybe he wouldn't come. Then the gangway was hauled down, the bells rang, and the tender began chugging.

Just at that minute she finally saw him. He had got a little open space of railing all to himself, and was leaning way out, waving his arm. She felt as if her heart was going to break, and threw him three long kisses, and he threw three kisses back. The steamship-whistle began blowing, the tender drew away very fast, but she could still see him waving his arm. Then she couldn't see any more, because the tears came into her eyes, and she sat down and waited for Katy to come, and turned her head away from the ship and wished she were dead.

* * *

At Tintagel

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Men dreamed a dauntless dream on this old shore,
Well worth the years' remembering, but to-day
Among gaunt ruins the ageless wind makes way,
A querulous ghost, from door to crumbling door.
Old desolation, now, old dust, old scars,
And one old whisper grieving: *So they passed . . .*
So, blind with bright desire, they failed at last
As all things fail and perish beneath the stars.

Nay, not while Arthur's England fronts the sea
They fail!—Not while this chalice in the hills
At every dark with wine of mystery,
At every dawn with brimming beauty, fills!
Their dust blows deep where Galahad's vision gleamed;
Somewhere they wake and know how well they dreamed.

Nigger to Nigger

BY NED ADAMS

Author of "Congaree Sketches"

THESE sketches, the second group by the author of "Congaree Sketches" to appear in SCRIBNER'S, are typical of the negroes of lower Richland County and the swamps of the Congaree River in the heart of South Carolina. They show the influence of slavery combined with the superstitions brought from Africa and terrors created by the jungles and cane-brakes of the Congaree, making up the psychology of the negro of this section.

The King Buzzard

A Group Around the Camp-Fire

Tom: I wonder wey Tad.

Cricket: I ain' know. Look like he wants to git out er draggin' dis here seine. He leff here ever since 'fore day. Say he guh see kin he kill a turkey.

Voice: Who wid him?

Cricket: Ain' nobody wid him. He leff here by his self.

Tom: I sho' ain't loves to wander 'round dese here swamps by my lonesome.

Cricket: Tad is a ole swamper. I reckon he know wuh he doin'.

Voice: He ain' tooken nothin' to eat wid him, an' it atter midnight. I reckon he must er had some kind er trouble.

Cricket: Looks to me like I hear sump'n comin'.

(Tad approaches, his clothes badly torn. He is wet and covered with yellow mud.)

Tom: Tad, wey you been? You sho' looks like you loves to wander 'round dese here swamps by you'self.

Tad: Look at me. Is I look like I been enjoyin' myself?

Tom: You sho' is tored up. A bear must er had you.

Tad: I seen sump'n wuss 'an a bear.

Voice: Wuh it been?

Tad: I been walkin' 'long on de edge er Big Alligator Hole, an' de air been stink; an' I walk on an' I see sump'n riz up in front er me bigger 'an a man. An' he spread he whing out an' say, "Uuh!" He eye been red an' he de nastiest lookin' thing I ever see. He stink in my nostrils. He so stink, he stink to my eye an' my year. An' I look at him an' see he been eat a dead hog right dere in de night time. I ain' never see buzzard settin' on a carcass in de night 'fore dis. An' he look so vigus, he look like he ain' care ef he stay dere an' fight or no.

An' I been so oneasy an' frighten, till I ain' kin do nothin'; an' 'fore I knowed it, I jump at him. An' he riz up —makin' dat same dreadful sound— an' start flyin' all 'round me. Look like he tryin' to vomick on me. An' I dodge, an' dere in de moonlight dat ole thing circle 'round—look like he guh tackle me. An' he spewed he vomick every which er way, an' I see de leaf an' de grass wuh it fall on dry up. All de air seem like it were pizen.

An' I turned to leff, an' it keep on gittin' nigher an' nigher to me. An' I ain' know wuh would er happen, ef I ain' git in a cane-brake wey he ain' kin fly. An' I crawl 'round for God knows how long, an' when I find myself, I been lost. Jesus know I ain' never wan' see no more buzzards like dat.

Cricket: My God!

Voice: Wuh kind er buzzard dat?

Tad: God knows.

Tom: Dat ain' no buzzard. I hear 'bout dat ole thing 'fore dis.

My pa tell me dat 'way back in slavery time—'way back in Africa—dere been a nigger, an' he been a big nigger. He been de chief er he tribe, an' when dem white folks was ketchin' niggers for slavery, dat ole nigger nuse to entice 'em into trap. He'd git 'em on boat wey dem white folks could ketch 'em an' chain 'em. White folks nused to gee him money an' all kind er little thing, an' he'd betray 'em. An' one time atter he betray thousands into bondage, an' de white folks say dey ain' guh come to dat coast no more—dat was dere last trip—so dey knocked dat nigger down an' put chain on him an' brung him to dis country.

An' when he dead, dere were no place in heaven for him an' he were not desired in hell. An' de Great Master decide dat he were lower dan all other mens or beasts; he punishment were to wander for eternal time over de face er de earth. Dat as he had kilt de sperrits of mens an' womens as well as dere bodies, he must wander on an' on. Dat his sperrit should always travel in de form of a great buzzard, an' dat carrion must be he food.

An' sometimes he appears to mens, but he doom is settled; an' he ain' would er hurt Tad, kaze one er he punishment is dat he evil beak an' claw shall never touch no livin' thing. An' dey say he are known to all de sperrit world as de King Buzzard, an' dat forever he must travel alone.

Ruint

Tad: Is you hear de tale 'bout Ella?

Voice: Wuh Ella?

Tad: Ella up to de white folks' yard.

Voice: Wuh 'bout Ella?

Tad: You know Ella been raise up mighty proper. She ain' run 'round wid no mens. Ack like she ain' got no nuse for 'em.

Scip: I ain' never pay no 'tention to no lie like dat. She ooman, ain't she? Mens is mens, ain't dey?

Tad: Well, she ack dat er way.

Scip: She ack dat er way.

Voice: Wuh de tale?

Tad: It ain't no tale. Ella been a apple in de white folks' yard. Dey 'pend on her. An' atter she been dere God knows how long, she disappear an' ain' say a word an' ain' nobody know wey Ella.

Well, all dese niggers had a excursion an' went to Wilmington, an' Janey—you know old man Jube' gal Janey—say she went on de excursion an' been standin' on de street cornder waitin' for de street-car. An' she say she see a ooman all dress up wid fine clothes an' high-heel shoes wid ribbon all over her, an' more paint an' talcum powder 'an you ever heared of. An' she look at her an' she say it look like somebody she know. An' Janey say she walk up a little closer an' take her time an' look good. An' she say she walk up to de ooman an' say:

"Ain't dis Ella?"

An' de gal say:

"Sho', dis Ella."

An' Janey say:

"In de name er God, wey you been? Everbody been axen 'bout you."

An' Ella say:

"Ain't you hear de news? I been ruint."

Big Annie

Tad: Tom even wid dat ole gal er he ownt now.

Voice: Wuh ole gal?

Tad: Annie. Ain't you know Big Annie, he wife?

Voice: How come? Wuh she do for him to git even 'bout?

Tad: You ain't know 'bout de time Tom tooken a ham over an' guin it to Bella? Somebody tooken de news to Big Annie, an' she git so mad she were b'ilin'. She git de news when she were takin' Tom' breakfast to him wey he been cuttin' cotton-stalks 'side a rail fence.

When she git to wey Tom been, he were settin' in he seat on de stalk-cutter. Annie come up, put de pot wid he breakfast in it on de ground an' look at Tom a minute, an' den reach over an' pull a rail off dat fence an' sweep Tom from de stalk-cutter on to de hind foots er one er he mule. Well, you know how a mule is. He ain't never loss a opportunity to use dem foots er he ownt. Dat mule lay he years flat back on he head an' neck an' squeal like a pig, an' lift Tom back over de stalk-cutter an' he drap 'gainst Annie.

Well, she look like she tooken dat for a personal insult. She git so mad she reach over an' grab dat pot wid Tom' breakfast in it an' poured hot hom'ny an' bacon grease all over Tom' head an' neck. Tom ack like she set him afire, an' I reckon she is. He ain' know ef he comin' or guine, but it ain't take him long to find out he guine. He twist 'round two or three time very actie, an' it look like he think two foots ain't 'nough to take him from dere. He went down dat road on all four for fifty yards, pacin' like a coon, 'fore he straighten out an' stretch he self. It look like hot hom'ny an' a rail teach dat nigger sump'n 'bout runnin' ain't nobody ever knowed 'efore.

He run in de house an' tored 'round it for a while, an' den he spy Annie comin' an' bu's' out de other side er de house an' kep' on guine. It been a good thing, too, kaze Annie look like she was jes gitten right to make her meanin' known to him. She run in de house an' broked up chairs, th'owed Tom's clothes out in de yard, took he mattress an' rip it open an' made a pile er de straw in it wid he clothes an' other thing an' set 'em afire.

She 'larm everything. A ole cat wha' been in de house sachayed out er dere an' 'round de yard like somebody been swingein' him. One er dem chillun goat th'owed he head an' little nub tail up in de air an' bl'ated two or three time an' leff dere bouncin' on dem stiff leg er he own like a rubber ball. An' dat ain't all. You oughter see Tom' cow. She curl she tail up an' bu's' out de barnyard bellowin'. Even a ole plymouth rock rooster stretch he neck an' whing an' leg, an' tooken to de creek wuss 'an he would er done in de big Sunday when de preacher guh take dinner dere.

Lord! Lord; it were a time.

Voice: She sho' is raise a rookus 'bout a little piece er meat.

Tad: She say it she meat.

Scip: Is you talkin' 'bout Tom or de ham?

Tad: Annie say she ooman 'nough for Tom. He ain' needs no other ooman. He ain' kin manage de one he got.

Scip: It look like Tom got poorly judgment.

Tad: It ain't so poorly all de time.

Scip: It do look like he gits ideas 'bout movin' sometimes.

Tad: Luh me tell you de end on it.

Tom heared Annie were sick, an' he say he were badly in need er labor in he field; so he tell he boss Annie were failin' fast. He reckon he guh loss her. An' he axe he boss which ooman he think de stoutest, Bella or Chainey.

Scip: Look like he oughter have a belly full er stout womens.

Tad: He tell he boss he mighty nigh fret he self to death 'bout lossen Annie, an' he got to have a ooman to work an' take care er he poor little motherless chillun.

When de news git to Annie, she crawled out er dat bed right now an' hoed a acre 'fore sundown.

Scip: I ain' change my mind 'bout Tom' judgment.

Gullah Joe

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN SLAVE

Tad: Joe, 'fore you come here wey did you originate—wey was you' home?

Joe: I come from Africa.

Tad: How come you come here?

Joe: When I been a boy, a big vessel come nigh to my home. An' it had white folks on it an' dey hab all kind er bead an' calico an' red flannel, an' all kind er fancy thing. An' dem white folks gee a heap er thing to de people er my tribe an' entice 'em on de boat. An' dey treat 'em so good for two or three days, till atter while de people ain' been scared. At first start off, ain' but a few on 'em git on de boat when dey were invite; but atter de other people see 'em git on an' git off an' come back wid all kind er present, dey git so dey ain' been scared.

An' one day dey hab de boat crowd wid mens an' womens an' chillun, an' when dey find dey self, de boat was 'way out to sea. An' some er dem niggers jump off an' dey was drownded. But dem white folks overpowered dem what was on de boat, an' th'owed 'em down in de bottom er de ship. An' dey put chain on 'em an' make 'em lay down moest of de time.

Dey been pack in dere wuss dan hog in a car when dey shippin' 'em. An' every day dem white folks would come in dere an' ef a nigger jes twist his self or move, dey'd cut de hide off him wid a rawhide whip. An' niggers died in de bottom er dat ship wuss dan hogs wid cholera. Dem white folks ain' hab no mercy. Look like dey ain' know wha' mercy mean. Dey drag dem dead niggers out an' throw 'em overboard. An' dat ain' all. Dey th'owed a heap er live ones wha' dey thought ain' guh live into de sea.

An' it look like we been two or three month in de bottom er dat ship. An' dey brung us to dis country an' dey sell us, an' a slave-trader brung me here an' sold me to ole Marster.

Tad: Is you satisfy?

Joe: It seems to me I would be satisfy ef I jes could see my tribe one more time. Den I would be willin' to come back here. I is a ole man now an' de folks here been good to me. Anything good atter dat vessel.

Tad: You reckon ef you was to go back to Africa you'd know any er dem people?

Joe: Ef dey would jes take me an' set me down on Africa shore, I could walk right to my tribe, for I know everybody. My daddy was a chief an' I got aunt an' heap er kin folk an' friend, an' I know dey'd be glad to see me.

I is a ole man now, but I has a longin' to walk in de feenda.* I wants to see it one more time. I has a wife an' chillun here, but when I thinks er my tribe an' my friend an' my daddy an' my mammy an' de great feenda, a feelin' rises up in my th'oat an' my eye well up wid tear.

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* Feenda: an African word used by Gullah Joe meaning forest.

A Peacemaker

Tad: Dey had ole Bung to-day.

Voice: How dey have him?

Tad: Had him 'fore de judge.

Voice: Wuh for?

Tad: For peacemakin', he say.

Voice: Wuh dey do wid him?

Tad: Fine him five dollars.

Voice: How come dey fine him five dollars for peacemakin'? Wuh kind er peacemakin' he been doin'?

Tad: Bung tell de judge he brother-in-law, Tom, an' annudder nigger git in a argiment an' mighty nigh fou't, an' he try to quiet 'em. An' de judge axe Bung wuh he do, an' Bung say he ain' do nothin' but try to pacify dat nigger. An' de judge axe him how he try to pacify him—wuh he do—an' Bung say he ain' do nothin'; say he merely slap dat nigger 'cross de face wid de back er he shovel—dat all he been atter, was peace an' quiet.

Voice: Is he git it?

Scip: Look like he calculation been good.

Old Man Hildebrand

Ole man Hildebran' was a bad ole man,
He live in slavery time.
He heart been iron an' he head been stone,
An' he pleasure been a nigger's groan.
He eye been yellow, an' he soul been dead,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

A rawhide whip he hold in he hand,
For he love a chain an' he love a whip;
An' he been a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

He nose been split an' he face been cut,
An' he neck been short;
Wid teet' like a hog, an' a mind like a dog.
He smile been a frown, an' voice a growl.
He been a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.

Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!
An' he ooman was a nigger wench
Wid ways crooked as de trail of a black snake;
An' she'd grin at we trouble an' laugh at we pain,
An' she live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!
Ole man Hildebran' was a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
He's equal wid de niggers now;
De worrums crawls through de holes in he head.
He was a bad ole man,
An' he live in slavery time.
Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'! Ole man Hildebran'!

Esprit de Corps

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

Captain Stallings relates the seventh of the high moments of the war as seen by fighters. The author of one of the first of the realistic war novels, "Plumes," Captain Stallings then successfully put war on stage and screen with "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade."

They were a crowd of wounded officers and they lay in a tent near La Ferté. The tent had tender June grass for a carpet and a big red cross painted on its canvas top. A man coming out of ether vomited into the grass and then lay back and studied the cross. The cross stood for humanity as defined by the Geneva convention. It also served as a marker for airplanes that came over the Marne on the way to Paris. Sometimes during an air-raid a Baptist preacher gave away sticks of Adam's Blackjack chewing-gum. Nobody minded him, for he was a well-meaning man and did not inquire about a wounded officer's soul.

The officers were all quiet in the tent, for a marine major, whose white iron bed was in the centre, under the ridge-pole, was dying of a gangrened shoulder. The officers were still angry because a nurse and a mule had screamed half an hour gone when an airplane returning from Paris with a left-over bomb had dropped it into the hospital yard for a lark. Many of the wounded were marine officers from the major's own battalion.

The major sat upright, smoking and trying to get it over with. A marine lieutenant with a gangrened groin made an occasional loud cry, but his brother officers knew he could not help himself. Once after an outcry he apologized to his major, his words trailing until the last syllables swelled into another outcry. Then the major's free hand trembled as it lighted a fresh cigarette from the old stub. The lieutenant was his adjutant.

The major had known sorrow in his young years, and it had made him stern with his battalion mess. Having kept to himself in his life, he was now strictly reserved in his death. He was dying impersonally, occasionally lifting bandages at his shoulder to observe the progress of the gas bacilli. The gangrene spread downward. It was a dark shadow moving around the dial of his left nipple. The major was observing the progress of enemy troops against the citadel of his heart. He did so with the keen detachment of a battalion commander. One almost expected him to say to his adjutant:

"Mr. Green, the enemy is making progress against the carotid artery. Please tell the 74th Company of white corpuscles to form line of skirmishers to the left and dig in. They must hold Collarbone ridge at all costs."

It was clear that the major wished to be alone. The junior officers ached to rise and tiptoe on their broken legs silently through the soft grass, saluting precisely with shattered arms as they left his presence. The major, to preserve his impersonality, kept his eyes on the cot by the door; just as he had often made a battalion inspection without suffering his consciousness to be aware of any file. This cot that he continued to inspect with cool and passionless intention was supporting two nurses, who sat upon its rim and rolled gauze bandages along its canvas belly.

The nurses were brawny women with bursting arms and great thighs that bulged the starch of their uniforms into broken patterns. Their ugly little white caps were set on worn, splintery hair and were cruel to see. Deeply shadowed eyes had almost disappeared into their tired fleshy faces. Their blue capes were tossed back, red linings striving for all the candle-light from the single taper that waned upon an inverted canteen. The grouping suggested madonnas. But the major, imperturbable, saw two women who exhaled the odorless aura of spinsters in the still diffusion.

Night wore on and the lieutenant with the groin was soon getting his over with. The bigger nurse, who had shifted his wrappings a hundred times since twilight, arose and came to his cot. She stood; listened. The other officers lifted heads from pillows, but none could hear an emanation from the adjutant's narrowing breast. The big nurse placed her hand beneath the adjutant's ear, anxiously holding her own breath so long that she swayed gently from the tops of her high tan shoes until the laces creaked. While she stood thus groping for a pulse, she fainted slowly and her body collapsed with heavy resignation onto the grass; so silently that the major, back to hers, held a fresh cigarette to his mouth and dropped the smoking butt of an old one into her hair.

The other nurse brought two orderlies with a flapping litter, but the big woman had regained her knees. When the orderlies raised her she thrust them off. She caught the arm of her sister and walked slowly by the major. At the end cot she sat down and feebly resumed her work with the spools of gauze. The somnambulent orderlies placed the adjutant's body on the litter and lurched in faultless tempo across the grass, a long piece of three-inch gauze trailing the pall. It collected bits of grass on its vaseline-soddened edges. The major saluted vacantly as it passed, gravely lifting his free arm from blanket to eyebrow and down again. The mechanical excellence of the salute dispelled any gathering emotionalism in the tent. Only an old fellow, a marine gunner, sat upright and peered at the pall. Presently he wiped his nose on the back of his hand. His mouth was sealed with strips of adhesive tape, but the old gunner burned the end of a cigarette into a match flame until sparks fell from the tobacco. He placed the cigarette in a nostril and inhaled deeply. He sat slowly drawing the smoke down into his lungs, his swollen old face trussed in a bandage that ended in small white tags like rabbit ears on a bald dome. These tags were attentive, as if listening now for the major's breathing. Meanwhile their owner continued to inhale, exhale, and wipe his nose. The officers on cots next to that of the dead adjutant began snoring gratefully. The old gunner finished his smoke and joined them.

A naval doctor, odd in his blue broadcloth tunic with purple-and-gold paddles at the shoulders, filtered through the tent-flaps and came to the major's bed. He, too, looked at the movement of the blue hosts around the nipple. Then he drew from a side-pocket an aluminum case, chose a morphia syringe, and leaned over the major. But the major shrank from surcease, and slowly made a negative gesture.

As the major gestured, the roof of the tent became rose-colored, and a close thunder rolled in through the canvas. For a brief instant there was a sharp white flare. The major put the doctor at his ease.

"Ammunition dump," he said—his first words of the night. The doctor nodded and looked at his watch. "On time," said the doctor. He professionally diverted the patient's mind. "The infantry starts at four, and we'll have some of them at six." The doctor looked about the tent and counted the two empty beds.

"Some one," said the major easily, "can have my bed."

The doctor was embarrassed, and he talked himself to cover. "The army brigade of this division has been itching for the chance," he said. "You marines have been featured in all the despatches. Not a word about the infantry yet."

A giant reared up, his two bandaged feet slipping beyond the edge of his cot. "You're goddamned right those Heinies know the army's coming." His ears picked out the high explosives and measured their distances. "Half that stuff is retaliation. When I left yesterday they were swinging guns up back of Vaux to answer this barrage."

The major, politely deflecting his head toward the speaker, said:

"Yes?"

The cannon died away, gun-fire ending abruptly. For a moment the shrill singsongs of dawn were heard, and the tent walls faded into cold gray. Morning had stolen past the barrage. The rainy staccato of small arms rapped faintly upon the tent walls. The giant looked at his wrist-watch.

"They're right on the dot," he cried across to the major. "Those doughboys'll just naturally kill themselves some Heinies this morning, sir." He grinned. "They want to be in the newspapers, just like the marines." He lay down again.

An orderly came for the doctor. The nurses gathered the sponges in a blanket and followed after him. The machine-guns were silent. The heavy guns began again. The giant was up again. "Second wave!" he cried. "God damn." The officer next the giant pulled him down to quietness.

The major was soon alone. He carefully surveyed the battle around the citadel of his heart. Small detachments of the blue troops had crossed Collarbone ridge. The major sighed. The sun was bringing out the red in the cross when the first Fords came clattering up, spluttered, and came to rest outside the receiving-line. The major looked fixedly at the tent-flaps and breathed in great swallows.

Two bearers came through the opening, lurching in the green grass with a sodden stretcher. The man on it was without covering. He wore the brown tunic and silver bars of an army captain, but his face was obscured by cotton wrappings. He was talking angrily through a crimson screen.

"Why goddam their publicity-seeking souls, I knew we could do it better than they." He was placed, litter and all, on the cot next the major's bed. The bearers stooped to lift him free. "The lousy little marine brigade," he was beginning. He was swung into the cot. "Where am I?" asked the mouth under the crimson screen.

The marine major sat forward smartly as other men on litters began filing into the tent, the big nurse following. The major from somewhere within him found a parade-ground voice. "Too many foot-sloggers around here," he shouted to the nurse. "I guess I'll be shoving off." He came back easily against his pillows.

"Who the hell was that?" cried the army captain. He tugged at the bandages over his eyes.

"Shhh . . ." rasped the big nurse.

The cigarette on the major's lip burned an arid blue smoke that floated before his face and curled around his nostrils. The woman removed it, and stamped out its fire in the grass.

* * *

Had I Been Only

By Edith Wharton

Had I been only that which you enjoyed,
Nought were I now but old grimacing bones,
Masking with painted lips rheumatic groans,
The spectre of past pleasures that have cloyed,
The blossomed shade where Amaryllis toyed
Turned to a wilderness of stumps and stones,
Or gaunt Næera, among kindred crones,
Superfluous, meddlesome and unemployed.

Best comradeship, how frail a tie it is,
Though we entreat of it its sure delights!
Can any love our days that loved our nights,
Or feign contentment who has fed on bliss?
Not lips alone become too old to kiss;
Yet, O my other soul—was I but this?

Beatus Rex

BY STARK YOUNG

When we left Rimini we had no idea of seeing Florence. Miss Hutchinson's and my scheme was to do certain cities and towns, I to make the drawings, she to write what she called in her journalese the story. And Florence, as she said, had been sketched, painted, described, and recounted till it was black in the face; it was exactly the sort of subject we meant to avoid. There were plenty of other towns in Italy.

But it turned out after all that our best trains to the south would go by Florence and Chiusi. I begged my companion to let us stop off one day at least; there were reasons that made me want to revisit the convent at Fiesole once more before I died, if only for an afternoon. Well, she said, very well; I could have Florence this time, provided—did I remember the doctor in Molière who said if the other doctor would only agree to an emetic for this patient, he could give anything he liked to the next?—provided she was at liberty to stop wherever she chose after this. We were in Florence soon after noon, and later we took the tram that left the Duomo at four o'clock for Fiesole.

The little sister who met us at the door and was to be our guide through the convent had never seen me before, and I was glad of that. I was hoping not to see the mother superior again, but to make this visit like a stranger to the place. We saw first the chapel and then the fresco of Saint Jerome and his lion outside in the portico, where Cosimo di Medici's stair ascended from the road below. It was a stair with a high wall on one side; on the other a solid balustrade from which you looked down upon the valley where Florence lay and, beyond that, Samminiato and the line of hills. Up the stair, as it mounted, there were cypresses; there were two rows of them—on each step in the middle a cypress stood and one at the end near the balustrade; their shadows fell on the flagstones of the steps and on the wall, and the light under them was soft and quiet. Afterward we saw the cloister with the pots of coleus crowded on the low wall between the columns, and the arms of the Medici on the well-head, and after the cloister the court with the date-palms, the balcony where the nuns gather for recreation in the evening after dinner, and the long wall covered with yellow roses. Then we came to the garden, the geranium terrace, the cypress avenue below, the rondel with bay-trees and oleanders. The oleanders were in blossom and the whole place was sweet.

We came along the path to the olive-orchard, where a gate is and the statue of Saint Joseph. Under an olive-tree seats were arranged, where you could rest—two iron benches and some wicker chairs; and there the sister left us. It was time for benediction, she said, and we must excuse her. If we wished to come to benediction, or after benediction, we could go out by the stair; or, if we liked, there was the rose walk, half-way up the hill, to the gate on to the piazza; Cherubina would let us out.

We sat down and Miss Hutchinson lit a cigarette.

"Now tell me about your cousin,"

she said. "You promised you would, if we came here, though I generally hate stories about people's cousins; it tangles things up."

I said: "About Rex?"

"Yes, who was here. That's the point, isn't it—he was here?"

"Yes, that's the point."

"But, see here, why's our Saint Joseph got a Phrygian cap? I just noticed it." She burst out laughing, and pointed gaily to the saint on his high pedestal. "Considering the Phrygian significance."

"It's Phrygian all right," I said, "but nobody'd know why. Look how quiet the statue looks in the shadow. It's in a poem Rex wrote: 'Thou art as alabaster filled with wine'——"

"To Saint Joseph, is that?" She was still gay over the Phrygian business; it involved her precious Freud.

"No," I said, "it's not Joseph; it's a love-poem."

"Then go on, *caro mio,* tell me about Rex." She settled her quick little body, like a lean bird, in her chair.

It was not so easy to do, I said, making Rex intelligible, but I would try.

"The first time I saw this cousin was in the spring, in Texas, two years before the war broke out. I had been in New York all winter painting. They were baroque murals that I was doing, in the grand style, all the sumptuous curves, the rich variants on the circle, the magnificence of the baroque tradition in anatomy and architecture, fruits and flowers. I finished my commission in April, and all of a sudden, one day soon after, I knew that I wanted to be in another country. New York was all very well, but I wanted to see the light flooding down from a far, bright sky, to see white roads going off over the hills, stretches of white rocks and sharp, black greens, to see the morning in that world, the full, white noon, and then the breathless spring nights, with the starry mists and the tiers of bright, hard stars above that sad, sweet land.

"I would go to Austin, already familiar to me, and walk about the country and paint. Miles of purple winecups and wild verbenas, the color of lilacs, would be in blossom; and the blue lupines would spread so thick in places that travellers on the train would ask if there were lakes.

" 'But if you are in Austin, you must meet your cousin Rex Drouillard,' my aunt, who takes the family very seriously, wrote me from New Orleans. 'His mother is here now for the winter with her brother, your cousin the doctor. Cousin Emma is the same as ever, still waltzing all night if she gets a chance.' My aunt told me things I had heard all my life but might have forgotten about his mother and about Rex. And after all, too, she reminded me, his great-grandfather, Uncle Charles McGehee, was my great-grandfather's brother, which makes him kin. My cousin Emma McGehee had married Henry Drouillard, a gentleman much older than herself, and the head of a great Creole family in Louisiana. Till his death she was a leader in New Orleans society. But after he died the house was sold, for they had spent most of his money. Cousin Emma took Rex, who was about fifteen at the time, to Paris with her and spent whatever was left.

"Mother and son were in Paris five years, which made Rex twenty when they came back to live with his uncle. For a while he tried tutoring in French, since he was by now more French than American, and spoke French better than he spoke English; but his manner toward the young ladies was such that fathers put an end to the lessons, and the tutoring was soon all over. And yet, my aunt observed, doubtless quite shrewdly, this would shortly have taken care of itself, if people could only have a little sense. Rex had not seemed so fiery to her, not as all that; she took his behavior to be really only a French notion he had, by which you consider it the manly thing to do, when you are left alone with a woman, to make love to her. However that might be, Rex had come to the university at Austin—the French professor there had been a friend of the family—and had burrowed his way into the classes, or had it burrowed for him by this family friend, and in two years had got himself graduated, just how God alone knew. He had supported himself by a little translating for the university library and by a monthly comic paper that he had established and that had not only paid expenses but made a profit; it had even begun to pay for contributions—people would have gladly donated their writings for the sheer pleasure of seeing themselves in print, but Rex as editor had a taste for doing things up in professional style—when the dean of the college heard too much of its Parisian note and closed it down.

"The second year Rex had an assistantship not in French but, of all things, in political economy, which he won not so much through his study of the subject as of the professor, who was all temperament. Rex had written his mother an amusing letter about him, and how, from the time he heard him burst out at Christmas dinner on the love life of North American lizards, he knew he should get on with the economist; Cousin Emma had read the letter aloud one afternoon at a card-table, and all the family had given their opinion on the subject of its propriety. His mother tells me also, my aunt wrote, that there are several young ladies who are not perhaps in love with Rex but who seem to make him silk shirts and have him to suppers.

"The first time I saw Rex he was sitting at his table naked with a gilt-paper crown on his head. He sat at the table writing, with the crown on his head and a towel round his loins. His room was in a sort of outhouse in a back corner of his landlady's yard. It was a two-room place with a porch running along in front, and had doubtless once been meant for the servants' quarters. By the porch there was a locust-tree in flower; the white blossoms were scattered on the floor of the porch and on the steps. It was early in the afternoon and the sun was blinding. The shade of the porch and the shade in the room were very distinct. The air was full of the drowsy sweet of the locusts.

"We shook hands, and Rex, before he sat down again at his table, reached for some white cotton trousers and put them on. He had taken off the crown.

" 'I don't suppose you mind,' he said, 'but I'd better put some clothes on. I like to wear the crown sometimes, got it at a *bal poudré*.' The simple explanation seemed to serve our purposes.

"I took the only other chair to be seen. There was nothing else around but the white iron bed and the table; the room was bare as only a room in Texas can be. He was tall and blond, and spoke English rather precisely, like a foreigner, but had so much of a sort of half-laugh when he talked that he sounded careless or loose. You might set this little laugh of Rex's down as shy, or nervous, or silly, or as ironical, or as defensive. Whatever it was, it did not improve the impression he gave people.

" 'My mother writes to me about three times a year,' he said, 'and I write to her about three times. But she's broken the rule to tell me you were coming. She says you're a fine painter. She adores painting. Everybody in Paris painted her, you know. Immortal Helen and all that.'

"I said: 'We'll pray at least that I'll be fine some day.'

" 'You see while she is the painted swan I'm only a good man Friday to a college professor. These are his quizzes I'm reading. It's all rot, and I wouldn't do them if the course were mine. But he believes in it, so I'm doing it.' "

"Well, now that, I should say," Miss Hutchinson grumbled, interrupting me for the first time and beginning to turn the emerald round and round on her finger, as she did when about to be dubious, "sounds a little dutiful and tiresome."

"Not at all," I said, "it's only using his imagination about the other man."

"My mistake. What did he say?"

"He said: 'But it gets me my six hundred bucks and I can live on that, the college year. Especially since, being a professorito now, I'm invited to all the dances instead of having to chip in. And I've gotten even a little by wearing my crown and getting the air on my skin. And gotten even a little with this—' He reached over for a sheet of paper; it was a poem."

Miss Hutchinson crossed her legs.

"That's better," she said; "that's better. Did you see it?"

" 'I'll give it to you,' Rex said; 'I've a carbon. I'm that efficient.' For that matter you could see by his eyes and hands that he could show efficiency enough in case he cared to bother. In his own affairs there were spurts of it when it seemed worth while."

Miss Hutchinson turned and looked me in the eye.

"And tell me—was the poem good? How was it?"

I nodded. "I know it by heart," I said.

"Well, then, say it for me."

I repeated the poem to her:

" 'Across the marble ledges of the dawn,
Rose-tinct and gold, like a Venetian's hair,
Day cometh now, and from the argent lawn
Of Paradise leans down upon the air.

And the white Artemis grows pale and fades,
She who with splendor drowns the unbosomed night,
Her twinkling flock asleep, folded in shades;
The larks are singing on the hills of light.

Waken, O lovely eyelids, waken slowly,
The dew on these green slopes trembles for thee;
This morn is one, but thou art all, and holy,
And holier with the dawns that are to be.' "

My companion heard the poem to the end without moving.

"But look, *caro mio,* poetry's the only thing I can stand rich. That's rich."

She could be very nice sometimes.

"When the light had faded and I was through with my painting, I used to drop in for Rex and take him somewhere for supper—he had no regular place. Afterward we walked in the country. People along the road to Mount Bonnell used to see from their porches and little front yards two young men walking past, talking busily, one of them laughing a great deal, not very loud. Rex was not as strong as a horse, but he could walk forever, as long a time as he could talk; he had the kind of endurance that women sometimes display; a mysterious vitality fed his slight body with some sort of deathless elixir.

"One night, walking, we met some acquaintance of Rex's, who joined us and began to talk about his troubles. He was a solemn-looking young man, almost at the end of his college course, and he told us that he was trying to decide what he ought to do. He had seen a student cheating on examinations, looking at notes that he had hidden in his coat-pocket. Here we were with the honor system, he said, and under the honor system you were pledged not only to be straight yourself but to see that other men were straight. And yet he hated to report the chap, and get him expelled and all. What ought he do?

" 'Do you remember Jeannie Deans?' Rex said. The senior shook his head. " 'Well, anyhow she's a Scott heroine, and she wouldn't tell a lie even to save her sister from hanging. No, right was right, and Jeannie preferred an easy conscience for herself.'

"The student was silent, in consternation, I suppose, and walked along with his hand up before his mouth. I said: 'Yes, but doesn't there come a point sometimes in your living, a point on whose rightness your whole existence afterward will depend?' "

"My God, you're elaborate, darling!" Miss Hutchinson said.

"Well, how else can you say it? I mean a point where your decision goes down to your very elements."

"I get you, sweet. They're what people used to call crucial moments, morally, the sweet old things! What did Rex say?"

"He said: 'If your precious existence hangs on that moment, well, let it hang.'

" 'Like Jeannie's sister,' I said.

"That was about all the religion Rex had. From his careless prattling you gathered at length perhaps that he saw life as a flux. Something on the whole pathetic, something set in darkness. Filled with little bodies of men who were confused, warm-hearted, transitory, and touching. You can give others whatever good or daring or brief audacity you have in you to give; for yourself, meantime, you can admit life's beauty and fatalism. He was a sort of voluptuous mystic."

"And the soul?" my companion asked.

"I fancy he never thought he had one."

"Whew! I'm damned devout myself. I wouldn't risk it," she said.

I said: "I don't suppose the notion of a risk of any kind was very clear to Rex."

"Well, what I'd like to know is where he thought he was headed."

"There, I suppose, he did variations on Einstein."

"Space all bent up?"

"Yes, and thought that the shortest distance between two points was in himself."

"That's a whang of a thought. But I don't skip around about my little soul."

"Perhaps Rex had his mother's feet in his brain."

She made no answer to that, thinking perhaps of her soul, which she must have risked plenty of times; and I said nothing more. We sat following our own private thoughts.

"Obviously there's one other department," my friend observed presently.

"You mean love? He was shy about it. He spoke of it once. Not anybody there in Austin, not the loyal shirt-makers he lounged around with. I met one of them; she overdid the comrade note so that I wondered. But I never wondered about Rex. He was in love with a girl he had met on the steamer coming home the year before. Sometimes he wrote to her and she to him, but not regularly. They were both in love with one another. I don't know any more."

She complained of the poor data I offered her, and I continued:

"After all," I said, "I was in Texas for only a fortnight or three weeks at the most. Then that next autumn the War broke out and in a month Rex had left Texas and was on his way to enlist for France. I did not see him, but I had a letter from the boat, mailed at Cherbourg. He was on his way to Paris, he said, and was sorry not to have seen me; but a week in New York was so short. The rest was about seeing the girl again during that week before he sailed. I could see he had to talk of what he felt. All of it was about love. But the way he said it was satirical. All of it satirical, which was like him.

"I heard nothing else from Rex, either at that time or later, when I was in camp, and then five years afterward he wrote me from Fiesole here. The letter was not very long. He had been gassed in the Argonne and his lungs were not so good. He was here at the convent rather indefinitely. The sisters nursed him; they were like mothers and saints. He had never seen goodness like that. He enclosed a poem he had written. I might like it. That was about all."

My companion threw away a cigarette that had gone out.

"And what about the woman?" she asked—"that he loved."

"Nothing."

"Not a word?"

"No, I don't even know her name."

She thought a while. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, after all, he was your friend, not mine."

"I had answered the letter in good time, and then, after two months, my letter had been returned to me with a note from the mother superior informing me that Rex was dead. He had died the 24th of April.

"That summer, when I was in Italy, I went to Fiesole to the convent to ask about Rex and to thank the nuns for their kindness. They were nearly all English and Irish sisters, and had made their convent into a sort of home for convalescents.

"Mother Theresa seemed glad to see me; we sat down in her little drawing-room and she told me about Rex. He was a good young man, a kind heart; always in her prayers she had said: 'God bless him and keep him what he is.' He was considerate of the sisters' feelings, but he was not religious. He used to say that the sisters were holiest when they knelt in benediction, because then their veils hung in the best lines, and they were most human when they gathered on their balcony for their recreation, the half-hour allowed them after dinner, laughing and chattering and noisy like birds. He used to pit the saints in the garden against one another. He would come in and say that Saint Joseph was furious because the Madonna got all the flowers. He would say: 'Saint Anthony is pouting this morning; he thinks Saint Joseph has had too much attention.' That made the sisters laugh heartily and shake their fingers at him for his wickedness, but he only laughed the way he always did—that sort of little half-laugh.

"Mother Theresa herself was grieved

that he was not religious, but especially so since he was not going to live; the doctor said he would not last much longer; it was his lungs, from that dreadful war. Where could the poor young man's mother have been, leaving him over here alone like that? 'His mother,' thought I, 'was dancing in Louisiana'; but I said only: 'She doubtless had no idea he was sick; he hadn't told her.'

"The sisters made prayers for him, the reverend mother went on, but of course they said nothing of that to him, not liking to intrude. Then, when you could see he was not going to live much longer, Mother Theresa thought she herself must speak to him a little. 'Has the doctor been telling you how you are, dear?' she asked then; that was what she said. And Mr. Drouillard said: 'You mean, has he told me I'm going to die?' 'Yes,' she said; 'God help us.' 'And so, mother, you think I'll be damned?' he said. And she said: 'Only God can know what is in our hearts. You must pray.' 'No,' he said, 'you make the sisters pray for me—Sister Stanislaus, Sister Gonzaga, Sister Agnes, Sister Anastasia; tell them, if they'll pray for me, I'll bring them some Turkish paste, when I'm well again, from Gilli's, to eat at recreation—that's an idea, Turkish paste for nuns!' He was smiling, but had not taken his eyes off Mother Theresa's face. No one would forget his eyes.

"The next evening, after benediction, when the convent guests were at dinner and Sister Agnes came to rub his arms for the neuritis, he sent her for Mother Theresa, and when they came in he called them to the bed and told them that he had been thinking of religion and that he believed at last. How their hearts leaped for joy! Mother Theresa hurried the sister off to catch the priest before he should have left the sacristy. He came and was there for a long time talking with the poor young man, leaning down to hear. Then he baptized him, and said the prayer *Absolve, quaesumus, Domine,* and gave him the sacrament. Sister Agnes, who had lost control of herself, knelt at the foot of the bed crying and thanking God. In the night he died. It seemed a beautiful thing in God to grant them this blessing, that he died in the church."

When I stopped, Miss Hutchinson went on smoking in silence for some time; then she threw down her cigarette on the gravel and put her heel on it.

"That's all," I said.

She began turning her ring round and round.

"That taste for paper crowns he had—that's what I'm thinking."

I did not argue the point.

"Poor devil!"

"Look," I said, "you see the lights coming on there toward Santa Croce; it will soon be night; let's go up to Mother Edith's parlor. It's the ring of cypresses there just under the brothers' wall."

We rose and passing through the gate began to ascend the path up the hill. It wound along among the olives and fruit-trees and the vines, grown as they were in Virgil's day in festoons between clipped elms. At last there was a broader path, an incline that led into an open space. Cypresses bordered this path, and stood in a ring about the open, and climbed on up the slope to the rock cliffs below the wood of San Francesco. On the ground among the straight trunks the late golden light spread in long rays. You could see the Virgin's shrine against the rock, the dark ivy leaves about it. The edges of the leaves were shining. Under a cypress at the edge of the path I saw a red-purple iris standing up from the stones; there was the white ground, the dark tree, the purple flower—that elegiac, passionate beauty.

We stood there looking down over the fading valley, and Florence and the hills.

"He's too much for me," Miss Hutchinson said presently; "I mean putting him together. You can usually get a sort of outline of any creature, and sort of fill it in. But this beats me."

I said nothing, but lit another cigarette. She spoke again, to herself mostly.

"So he said he was converted, to make these people happy, these nuns! They'll talk about it the rest of their lives."

At last, when I had only nodded my head and still had said nothing, she turned to me. "Well, then, what about that second poem? Was it the one with the alabaster?"

"Yes," I said.

"Can you quote it too? You knew all of the other one."

"I can if you like."

"I'd like to hear it; say it."

I said Rex's poem:

" 'Thou art as alabaster filled with wine,
Wherein the sun of summer shineth through,
Tinged with the sound of bees when the rich vine
Shakes down its garlands in the diamond dew.

Thou art a gleaming saint amid the trees,
Whereon the holy moonlight lieth white,
In some old garden where the centuries
Trail their dark mantles in the silent night.
And songs of lips dead long ago I hear,
Of them whose holy dreams were fraught with pain,
And if I have or have thee not, it were,
O Saint and Shrine, O Life in Life, in vain!' "

Miss Hutchinson waited for me to finish, then turned on me.

"But I thought you said he didn't mention the woman he loved?"

"He didn't."

"Well, what else do you think he meant by all that poem? Not that it would change matters any; look how this last poem declines from the first; it would have been the same whether this love-affair turned out well or turned out badly. All in vain anyhow, as he says. With a man like that."

"If you mean Rex was shallow, futile," I said, "I'd say no; he was deep enough—he just had no anchor."

"Well, what's the difference?" she said.

"All the difference. He gave me a lot."

"Oh, yes, and the nuns a lot."

"And, besides, I'd say Rex's story is not a love-story."

"You men are funny."

She turned away from me and stood there leaning against one of the trees, looking down at Florence, as if she were alone.

In the stillness I could hear far down in the valley a stream running, and above the cypresses the first stars had come out. Presently the night would deepen, the nightingales in the laurels down the slope would begin to sing, and the sky be thick with stars. I was thinking of Rex and what he thought of their splendor and certainty.

But I only said, "It's time we started," and we said nothing more till we came to the convent gate and out into the piazza.

* * *

The Bad Influence of Good Homes

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The author of the comedies of marriage "Why Marry?" and "Why Not?" finds a friend who has the dangerously radical idea that family life can be made interesting.

I PLAYED golf with my old friend Caldwell last Sunday, and he beat me two up. Perhaps that had something to do with my desire, during our excellent lunch on the terrace, to show him his place in the great game of life. For his cynical attitude toward the subject of the family, our oldest and most important institution, annoyed me that day. I reminded him that he was nothing but an old bachelor, a mere "amateur of life," and I told him that his satirical comments were prompted by his subconscious desire for compensation, his Defense Mechanism.

"Strange as it may seem to you, who know nothing about it," I remarked crushingly, "there are plenty of people, even in these degenerate days, who not only love their homes but enjoy nothing better than having members of their own families around them. Astonishing state of affairs, isn't it?"

His "defense" against this bantering attack, however, surprised me.

"Why do you say in these degenerate days?" Caldwell began, with his disarming smile.

"Because I admit that the family is undergoing an alarming change. It is very unfortunate, but we might as well face the fact that we no longer have the Home Life of the good old days."

Caldwell looked at me a moment and then shook his head soberly. "Such a pessimist—and you a happy married man!" He sighed. "I didn't think it of you." Then he smiled and added: "There probably never was a time in the history of the home when members of the same family had such excellent opportunities to enjoy being together as in what you call these degenerate days. One of the greatest improvements of all is that we no longer have so much home life, nor the same sort, as in the good old days, which, by the way, were terrible."

"Interesting, if true," I replied, "but where can you show me some signs of this wonderful improvement?"

"Oh, 'most any place," said Caldwell. "Look out there." He indicated two men teeing off—Charlie Godwin and his twenty-year-old boy. "How often would you have seen that sort of thing in the good old days when sons always arose and usually kept silent in the disquieting presence of their parents, and addressed them in their letters as 'Honored Sir' instead of 'Dear Charlie'?"

"Oh, I admit that there was less frankness and friendliness. They seldom used to play games together."

"They seldom did anything together," interjected Caldwell, "if they could avoid it. It made them so horribly self-conscious—both of them. In what you call these degenerate days many of them not only play together but some of them actually enjoy it. I admit that they don't very often enjoy a Quiet Evening at Home in the Family Circle. But who ever did—very often? Once in a while that sort of thing is not so bad, I suppose, when you have nothing better to do, or are too tired to do it. But ordinarily I can imagine few things more dreary and depressing than the long winter evenings with a good book by the fireplace, usually made of asbestos. That is, for energetic, healthy-minded young men under fifty or sixty, who are and ought to be more interested in life at first-hand than in literature, which is second-hand life."

I merely smiled knowingly, and told him that he never had a wife or a home. Defense Mechanism.

"And for the modern, self-respecting wife, full of spirit and education," he went on imperturbably, "domesticity must be even more deadly, especially if their work is in the home, as fellows like you tell them it ought to be. Think of the poor dears! Imprisoned all day in the workhouse called home and manacled all evening to a domesticated animal yawning beside the asbestos. No wonder they break their chains and run wild."

Again I had to remind him that he knew nothing about domestic bliss.

"True," said Caldwell, "I know nothing about it, thank God. I only know that modern wives and daughters are rebelling against domestic bliss in such numbers that fellows like you who know all about it are greatly alarmed. But women know something about it, too. They know what's good for them. Boredom is not good for anybody. It poisons the system, prevents sleep, and interferes with usefulness the next day."

"All the same," I rejoined hotly, "our grandmothers stood it—I mean, they enjoyed their homes."

Caldwell laughed. "Don't correct yourself; you had it right the first time. Our forbearing forebears of both sexes stood it—not because they wanted to but because they had to. Most of them had no place to go but home. The dear old-fashioned family life you preach, though I notice you don't practise it, was a necessary nuisance. It is still a nuisance, but is no longer so necessary. Hence, to many people, home is merely a place to leave your clothes."

This was dangerous doctrine. So I called Caldwell a Bolshevik, which ought to have silenced him, but it didn't. "All right," he said, "that fixes me, but that doesn't fix the home."

"The home doesn't have to be fixed," I said; "it's sacred."

"I see," he replied, smiling. "So is the church. But a growing majority of people nowadays don't happen to care for sacred things."

"But they ought to."

"All right, then, perhaps they ought. How are you going to make them? You can't make people respect or enjoy what they don't like or believe merely by telling them they must. You can only make them hate it. You can no longer force people back into the home or the church or even into marriage. You can only drive them out of all three. And that precisely is what you and the church and the rest of the reactionary elements are doing to-day with success worthy of a better cause."

"Oh, come," I protested, "we conservatives are practical men. We are merely trying to save civilization from the destructive radical elements of society. You know that."

"Your intentions are admirable and idealistic, but your methods are impractical and theoretical. You are conserving nothing but empty shells. You can't save anything by leaving it alone and refusing to think about it, whether it be a flat tire or the failure to follow through, which licked you this morning. The destructive element of society is made up of people like you, not me. You are trying your damnedest to suspend the one unchanging law, which is the law of change. Hard luck, but it can't be done."

"But we've got to keep the home," I declared vehemently. "The family is the unit of the state, the fundamental institution of society." I had learned that at college.

"All right, then, you've got to keep it interesting."

"Interesting? The home?"

"Well, don't look at me as if I were a dangerous radical," he cried; "it won't destroy the home to make it agreeable." Caldwell was lighting a cigar—apparently with difficulty. He had the effrontery to be laughing at me. Finally he said: "Do you know the Du Mauriers?"

I did not know what he was driving at, but I was glad to change the subject. The Du Mauriers are a large and rather too brilliant family, of French extraction, who cling to their curious Gallic tradition of sticking together, three generations of them all in one house. "What about them?" I asked. "They talk too much and too fast."

"The Du Mauriers even enjoy breakfasting together."

"Breakfast?" I asked, laughing; "do you expect me to believe that?"

"Not in the least," said Caldwell. "You're too cynical to believe anything really good of any family."

Of course, I am not cynical, but I always suspect people who have ideas. Some of them may be new and therefore dangerous. And to enjoy breakfast—well, it did not seem right to me, sort of unnatural.

"But they do, all the same," Caldwell insisted; "instead of hurrying through their morning meeting, as most Americans do, for fear of being late at business, the Du Mauriers hurry to it, for fear of missing some of the fun."

"Fun," I asked, "at breakfast! What fun?"

"Oh, just the talk and banter and laughter and smoking together over the second cup of coffee. All three generations of both sexes talk and smoke a good deal."

I reminded Caldwell of an old friend of ours who once remarked to his wife at the conclusion of a week-end party: "Nellie, never invite those people again. They talk at breakfast."

Caldwell smiled. "Yes, that's one of the absurd traditions about home life cherished by people who think they're sophisticated or humorous, or who pride themselves upon being reserved because they don't know how to talk. But of course the Du Mauriers, being French, have a *petit déjeuner* in bed before they get up, as every civilized person ought, especially you married men, unless you prefer to remain savages at breakfast."

I said: "Everybody ought to keep a valet to serve him coffee in bed, I suppose."

"Nearly every one can afford to keep a thermos bottle," said Caldwell. "It is a life-saver—a home-life-saver," he added. "I always take one to bed with me, even in camp and on Pullman cars, and I have no home to save, merely my own selfish comfort."

"Tell me some more about this extraordinary family," I said. "They sound interesting to me."

"What's more to the point, they're

interesting to one another. They take pains to be—quite as much as to be interesting to any other charming people they would like to please or impress. It is their family custom, like their smoking and drinking together. They hunt up new stories, just as they do old wine, to bring to the table, knowing how such things will be appreciated by people of humor, intelligence, and cultivated palates. In fact, I might say that it has now become instinctive with them, this thing of being at least semicivilized in that relic of barbarism called the family. They treat one another with as much deference and consideration as if they were casual acquaintances instead of beloved brethren. They listen and do not interrupt, even when they do not agree or are not particularly entranced. And if one of them springs an old story, they don't tell him it's old, they tell him it's good."

"They lie, you mean."

"Certainly. Just as you would to a stranger in the smoking-room. Because by nature you'd rather be kind than candid. Most of us would—except in the home. Honesty is the worst policy. It kills conversation. Nobody really enjoys such crudeness except the new generation and other selfish boors. Sacrificing the truth for others is founded upon the highest Christian principles."

Of course, I am a strong upholder of the home, but I am a practical man and I know human nature. These Du Mauriers sounded too good to be true to me. "Oh, they are not a typical family," I said. "They are people of leisure and can afford to make a graceful art of living."

"Not at all," said Caldwell. "They have very little money and less leisure than you have. They all work like the devil, even the old maids. They inherited nothing but breeding and certain tastes they can seldom satisfy. But on the same simple basis of sheer kindness and inherited tastes, not mere etiquette and ceremony, the Du Mauriers' parents and grandparents and great-grandparents long ago established a family habit of smiling disapprobation for petty personal gossip, not because they consider it bad, but a bore, like bridge."

"Like bridge?" I put in. "Huh!"

"Yes, so many French people are more interested in causerie than in cards, the last resort of a vacant mind, a diversion originally prescribed for an idiot—one of the kings of France, by the way. The Du Mauriers get more kick out of playing with opinions, batting ideas back and forth from one side to another after the manner of tennis, a game which France also gave to the world and is now successfully welcoming home again."

"Oh, then they are nothing but highbrows!" I exclaimed with some satisfaction. I had suspected all along that there was something queer about them. But I tried not to smile too jeeringly before Caldwell.

"I am terribly afraid," said Caldwell, dropping his eyes, "that they are not regular fellows. They are more fond of talking to people than of winning money from them. Deplorable preference, isn't it? Fortunately, people are fond of talking to them, too. They have rare social gifts. They are in great demand."

"Oh, society people, are they? That sort."

"Well, yes, they even treat their own people as society. In that respect they are great climbers. They not only enjoy one another's society but actually seek it. Such things have been known to happen, even in the best-regulated families."

I couldn't help feeling that there was a catch in it somewhere, because, although I did not like to say this to Caldwell, I had a secret belief, shared by many, that no one really has what you might call a good time at home. I know some of the nicest people in town, much finer families than these frogs, but while many of them have beautiful manners—well, it did not sound natural to me.

"But see here," I said, "you and I know that when people get too well acquainted—I mean, when they see so much of each other—that is, when they get used to having each other around they're not so keen all the time——"

"You mean," Caldwell interrupted, "how is it possible for the Du Mauriers to enjoy being together so much? Well, I'll tell you the secret. It's because they are apart so much. With or without the other causes of congeniality, that tells the whole story. They are always going away, therefore they are always glad to come back. Their business and their pleasure have made them great travellers. Their social popularity has made them great gadabouts. They come home to the family refreshed and rejoicing, sure of an enthusiastic welcome and teeming not only with old affection but with new impressions, which they share as generously as some families lavish costly presents. Affluence of that sort is always increased by being shared."

"Sure," I said, "lots of people do that sort of thing."

"But nobody can stand seeing too much of anybody," Caldwell went on. "Mating is natural, and begetting offspring is natural, but the home, as we idealistically conceive it, is not natural. It is one of the most artificial arrangements we have ever devised. It is founded on a fallacy—or rather on feudalism. That conception of the close-quartered, walled-in community may have fitted into feudal conditions pretty well. Mutual protection, not mutual esteem. Everything else has changed since then, from medication to transportation, but we still try to hang on to our archaic notions about 'the home' and so produce mutual boredom and the family familiarity which breeds the most unfortunate kind of contempt."

"You oughtn't to say such things," I protested.

"I know. I ought to sing the praises of home, sweet home, and shut my eyes to the facts, like the preachers and other idealists, meaning those who believe what they know isn't true and claim credit for it. Well, they still sentimentalize about the blessed joys of domesticity and the sacredness of the home enough to make it all the more abhorrent to our young people. They have a right to do that if they like, but they never say a word about the psychological necessity for separation. They are afraid to do that. It is too true. Yet, if we are going to redeem the home and save the family, we'll have to debunk the one and civilize the other. Why not? There is nothing inherently abhorrent in the idea of the family as a basis for social intercourse. It is due to the adventitious circumstances of home life. Consanguinity in itself does not prevent congeniality. It is because we have tried to fit ourselves into the home instead of making the home fit us. It's nothing against human nature to try to render human institutions worthy of it.

"But, of course," he added, with a bantering twinkle in his wise old eye, "people like you always think that people like me are trying to destroy marriage and the home merely because we are trying to salvage them. Simply because 'it is not good for man to be alone,' that does not mean that it is good for man and wife to be alone either. Or parents and children. Or any other group. We are all gregarious. God made us so. Did I ever tell you how near I once came to being a murderer?"

That amused me. It would amuse anybody who knew Caldwell. Under his cynical manner and outrageous views he has the kindest and most understanding heart. "That would be interesting," I said, "even if untrue."

"It's a true story, all right," said Caldwell, "and it illustrates two basic characteristics of human nature. First, no one can stand much of his own society alone; second, nor of any one else's. This happened up beyond the arctic circle that time I went on the ill-fated Townsend expedition. He and I were cooped up together for eighteen months in a twelve-by-ten shack. If we hadn't been together we would have died — of sheer loneliness if nothing else. That much is easily understood, isn't it? I don't understand the rest, myself. But before that long winter was over, I sincerely wanted him to die."

"What had he done?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing he was always smiling and showing one of his gold fillings. Then, too, his lips were cracked, and when he cleared his throat to speak he aroused within me passions that would shame hell. I knew just what he was going to say before he said it and yet I couldn't stop his saying it. Almost as bad as married life, I suppose. 'If you make the remark I know you're going to make,' I would say to myself, 'I am going to throw this axe at you.' And then he would make it. But I postponed throwing the axe. For three months I debated with myself as to the best way, all things considered, of abolishing his objectionable existence. It was my favorite day-dream—except that we didn't have any daylight. I would probably have shot him eventually and with great satisfaction, too, but the relief-ship appeared on the horizon and spoiled my dream. I took particular pains to avoid him during the voyage down to civilization and, in fact, I kept on avoiding him for years, until we met right here in this very club the other evening. I couldn't avoid him then. I had to pretend to like him and invited him to dine with me. To my utter amazement I found that I did like him. In fact, liking is hardly the word. I loved him as only men who had been through hell together would understand. That is why I did such a queer thing."

"What do you mean? What did you do?"

"With the aid of a couple of drinks I told him how near he had come to remaining up there in the arctic forever. In fact, I told him the whole thing—how I had dreamed for three months of the blessed joy of destroying him."

"How did he take it?"

"He looked rather surprised at first."

I laughed at Caldwell. "Naturally, but what did he say?"

"I remember his exact words. 'For three months, eh? I was planning to get you for nearly six.' Then we both laughed and had another drink. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," I remarked to Caldwell, adopting his own idea, as I am apt to do. "We all need human companionship, just as we all need food, but too much of any one kind can make us sick. We need a balanced diet."

"Ah, you've got the idea," said Caldwell. "That is the chief trouble with family life."

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Jennings of Smyrna

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

An authority on the Near East in war or peace tells the remarkable story of how an assistant "Y" secretary bluffed the Greek nation into rescuing its people from Smyrna.

To have played the hero, and yet not to have posed the part; to have done a spectacular big thing, and then to have gone on to another unspectacular task—this is to have "acquired merit," as our Buddhist friends say. Asa K. Jennings, affectionately dubbed "Commodore" Jennings by the officers and men of the American navy who were on Mediterranean duty in 1922-23, won this distinction; as did also Miss Cushman, of Konia, who is another story.

If this were a book, instead of a brief magazine article, I would first set up the background for my amazing bit of biography. There would be the kaleidoscopic romance of Turkey as a place setting; and of Smyrna in particular: seat of King Tantalus, birthplace of Homer, plaything of Alexander the Great, one of the Book of the Revelation's "Seven Churches of Asia," burial-place of Polycarp, and known to the Early Church as "the gateway of the martyrs." Then the scene-setting would further show the deep racial and religious antipathies of the peoples of Asia Minor; their revolutionary plots and the famous Armenian atrocities. Next I would have to reveal the intrigues of the rival politicians at the Paris Conference, which set the jealous powers to plotting each other's discomfiture in the Near East; and how Lloyd George thwarted the audacious Italian project to make a landing in force at Smyrna, in March, 1919, by swiftly thrusting in a Greek expedition ahead of them. (Lloyd George's government later fell because of the consequences of this coup.) A grisly element would then appear in the atrocities committed upon the Turks by the Greek forces as they landed (*vide* the report of the Inter-Allied commission of investigation), and in tragic sequence there would follow the three years of war in Asia Minor between the British-abetted Greeks and the ragamuffin Nationalist Turks, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha. It needs the delicate pen of a satirist to picture this topsyturvy situation, wherein the Turkish Nationalists were shouting the Wilson slogans against two of America's war allies; and charging the Greeks with atrocities of all sorts.

Finally, to put the last touch of background in a paragraph, came the Greek debacle in Asia Minor in August, 1922, the British having already withdrawn most of their co-operation. Under pressure from the Turks, the overextended Greek line crumpled, the never-strong morale completely collapsed, and the army rushed to the sea. As they ran, with the Greek civil population of Asia Minor following them, they looted and burned and dynamited villages and towns and cities that they left or passed. I covered the route of that retreat a few months later, and even the eyes of a war correspondent accustomed to the devastation in France became filled with horror at this harvest of hate. (In passing, let me testify that, so far as my own careful investigations on the spot could show, the Greeks did not burn Smyrna, as they had threatened to do. Neither did the Turks, nor yet the Armenians; although the big fire which destroyed the better part of the city developed from lesser fires for which individuals of all three of these groups were responsible.)

This dreadful anabasis culminated in Smyrna. The Greek army and many lucky civilians got away on Greek ships which were in waiting for them. But three hundred and fifty thousand Greeks, mostly women and children, remained in Smyrna, with no ships to take them off. Here, then, is the stage-setting outlined, with a mob scene at the front centre, and a large slice of Gehenna crackling as a sort of back drop.

Enter Jennings. There was no cue for him in the script. No prompter called him. He really was not cast for any part in the play. Also, he had no histrionic gifts. Nobody would ever have picked him for the hero's part; he properly belonged among the "supes." Jennings was no "old hand" in Smyrna or the Near East, and no leading citizen. In fact, he was only a rather recent assistant Young Men's Christian Association secretary, an ex-Methodist preacher, who would never get any appointment on account of his size, his good looks, his "air," or his oratory. He was only the common or garden variety of Y. M. C. A. worker. Withal, though, he was Kipling's sort of American, who

> "Turns a keen, untroubled face,
> Home to the instant need of things."

Here were folk to be fed and doctored and counselled, and, if possible, delivered. It was Jennings who was one of the moving spirits among the resident Americans to form an American Relief Committee. (When our querulous "intelligentsia" stop their quibblings long enough for a clear voice to be heard, some informed American cosmopolite may arise to tell the tale, unmatched in all the sagas of time, of how Americans have ever been the world's big brothers; the helpers, the rescuers, the almoners, the friends in need. There is a great book in the theme of the American imperialism of altruism.)

One of Jennings's little stunts, to particularize, was to open an emergency maternity hospital for the refugee mothers. No, there is nothing about managing maternity hospitals taught in the Y. M. C. A. manual of instructions; neither are obstetrics a course at Annapolis—yet the young executive officer of one of the United States destroyers in the harbor acted as midwife for many emergency cases in Jennings's hospital. "It's a way they have in the navy."

All of the Americans in Smyrna during those dread days were working to the limit; only one—a casual visitor from Constantinople, who was so useless and in the way that the local folk got permission from Admiral Bristol at Constantinople to speed his departure—ever claimed to have done wonders; and that man wrote a magazine article about his exploits which almost made the American missionaries at Smyrna lose their religion, and the navy lose its morale, when they read the astounding "fake"—which consisted largely of telling as his own experiences the story of Jennings. Later, a proved propagandist of the Greek Government wrote a book indicting all Americans — the navy and the State Department in particular—for their "betrayal" of humanity at Smyrna; but by the time it appeared the average American was beginning to grow sophisticated and sceptical concerning propaganda about the Near East.

Individual stories of those days are legion. Theoretically neutral, the American naval force stretched and broke many a regulation in order to rescue refugees. There was not a war-ship that did not have its complement of Greek and Armenian Christians aboard. One night a head was seen swimming from shore. The ship's lights were switched off, so that the Turkish sentries might not find the escaping refugee an easy mark. From the rail where Jennings and sailors watched, the swimmer was seen to be in distress, as the figure drew near the destroyer. There was no order to lower a boat; there could not be, as it would have had to be entered in the log, evidence of a breach of neutrality. "Why don't you man a boat?" demanded Jennings of the men. "We can't do it without orders," replied the disciplined sailors, eager for action. "Well, I'll order it: push off that boat!"

The rescued figure, well-nigh exhausted, proved to be an almost naked young woman. Sailors' clothes and blankets quickly covered her; but there was nobody aboard who could understand her dialect. "Perhaps that boy up in the bow, whom we pulled overside to-day, can talk with her." The two were brought together—and proved to be brother and sister! They are now in America.

After the Greek army had gone, the Turks assumed full control of Smyrna; and soon decreed that unless the Greek refugees were out of the city by the end of September, they would be sent back into the interior. Jennings, one day, noticed that an Italian liner in the harbor taking off its nationals had plenty of empty deck space. So he negotiated with the commander to add refugees who could pay the passage-money. (Certain foreign ships, neither British nor American, reaped a golden harvest by exorbitant rates charged refugees.) Two thousand Greeks were crowded on the decks of the Italian ship, as they sailed for the port of Mitylene, only five or six hours distant. Jennings went along, to oversee the debarkation, and an American destroyer was to follow to bear him back to Smyrna the next day.

As the refugee-crowded ship drew into the lovely island harbor of Mitylene, a cry of execration rose from the throats of the deck passengers. Behold, riding high at anchor, twenty-five empty Greek passenger-ships—while only five hours away, on the Smyrna Bund, were three hundred and fifty thousand Greek victims of Greek imperialism, praying for deliverance. Back there was need; here was succor—idle. What the refugees thought, and said, about the failure of the Greek Government to send these ships to the rescue may best be imagined by one who knows the Orient.

Jennings lost no time in verbal fireworks. Ashore, he called together a conference of leading men—the Greek military and naval commanders, prominent citizens, the British consul, and others in positions of responsibility. This was rather a cheeky procedure; but, as events showed, Jennings is not the man to wait for the unwinding of red tape. As forcefully as a red-blooded man could do, he laid before the conference the appalling plight of the refugees—with the approaching dead-line of deportation back into the interior, where they would have to reckon with all the deeds of the Greek occupation and flight. Thereupon the assembled Greeks gave themselves to talk. Jennings waited and waited, listened and listened.

Then, convinced that the only outcome would be futile talk, he slipped out, and went aboard the flag-ship in the harbor, the old U. S. S. *Mississippi*, converted into the Greek *Kilkis*. He asked permission to send a message in code to the Athens Government. The sheer audacity of a private citizen's thus addressing the government carried his point; besides, the Greeks throughout seem to have assumed that "the American," as they called him, must have been some sort of plenipotentiary. Nobody would dare to act so high-handedly without the authority of the great American nation behind him. The nature of Jennings's message to Athens made that clear. For it was nothing less than an ultimatum that this Yankee sent—declaring that unless the government, before six o'clock that day, ordered the twenty-five idle ships in Mitylene harbor to proceed to Smyrna for the rescue of the refugees, he would broadcast the facts in open speech to all the world!

Quickly came back the answer, which, paraphrased, was that of Davy Crockett's coon:

"Don't shoot; we'll come down."

Five conditions were laid down by the government reply. First, the American must assume financial responsibility for the ships. That was easy: out of his salary of something like twenty-five hundred dollars a year, Jennings could readily accept personal responsibility for a few million dollars' worth of shipping.

Second, the American himself must assume the command of the fleet, and ride on the bridge of the first ship entering Smyrna—so that possible mines or bombardments would have a personal significance to him. Sure; where else would a Yankee be than in the front of an adventure? That trip on the bridge made Jennings a brevet "commodore."

Third, the American must secure the permission of the Turkish Government for the Greek ships to enter and leave the Smyrna harbor. Not so easy. By way of the American destroyer that had come for him, Jennings wirelessed the ranking naval officer in Smyrna to see the governor and get the permission demanded. Within an hour word came back that the Turks agreed to let the ships enter, but were non-committal about letting them leave. A wartime Y. M. C. A. conscience was equal to construing this as the necessary permission.

Fourth, an American war-ship must meet the Greek passenger flotilla as it entered Smyrna harbor and escort it to dock. Clearly outside the functions of a neutral navy! Still, Jennings knew his compatriots in blue, and he could make sure that there would be a destroyer quite accidentally in the channel offing the next morning that the Greek ships could follow. So, watching his words, that condition could be met.

Fifth, the American must take active charge of the evacuation and of the direction of the ships engaged in it. Naturally; what was the management of the embarkation of three hundred and fifty thousand panicky Greeks, mostly women and children, to an assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A.?

If these conditions were met, proceeded the Athens despatch, "the American" could have not only the twenty-five ships at Mitylene, but also twenty-five other ships from Pireus. "Done," replied "the American." To the admiral of the Greek navy the despatch was shown. Jennings was prepared to take over at once the Greek merchant fleet for immediate departure for Smyrna.

Straightway difficulties arose. When summoned to the Greek admiral's ship for instructions, all the captains of the Greek merchantmen began to make excuse—Smyrna and hell were synonymous words in Greek minds during those days. Not a single ship was reported seaworthy. Every one had some sufficient reason for being unable to sail. Then up spoke the Greek admiral —he had not been associating with "the American" for a whole day to no effect. Courage is as contagious as measles. So he forthwith reminded the merchant captains that it was a time of war, and that he was in supreme command in those Greek waters. He would send naval engineers aboard their ships, and in case of any one found fit to proceed to sea, although reported disabled, there would be a court martial of the captain that night, and a possible execution in the morning.

That bluff was as effective as Jennings's wireless to Athens. For that night at midnight all of the Greek ships were reported with steam up and ready to sail. So, with "Commodore Jennings" on the bridge of the foremost boat, the flotilla of mercy set sail for Smyrna. At dawn, as prophesied by Jennings, an American destroyer was found loafing about the entrance to the channel; and how could it object if "Commodore" Jennings and his fleet followed its course through the minefield to the inner harbor of burnt Smyrna, where the once-beautiful Bund was heaped high with a human cargo of misery?

After all, the work had only begun. How was this immense flock of frightened sheep to be shepherded onto the waiting ships, that it might be carried to Greek ports of safety? Problems of official relationship, of human inefficiency, of personal panic, of family unity, of luggage, of organization and of procedure, as well as of sheer physical effort in directing the embarkation, thronged upon Jennings and his fellow Americans, civilian and naval. Nevertheless, they mastered every problem.

No Homer was present to put the epic into deathless verse. It will never be told how the American navy, officers and men, did stevedoring work in getting that motley mass of misery separated and assorted and aboard the Greek boats. Not even a little chantey survives to tell of the children carried in the arms of American sailors. There was no help available ashore except American—the Greek merchant sailors dared not set foot on the Bund; the British were too closely identified with the ill-fated Greek military adventure to be free to circulate on shore. Only Americans—naval men, missionaries, teachers, and relief-workers—were at call for this huge task of evacuation for which Jennings had accepted the responsibility. They must ever share with him the glory of one of the most singular feats of human service in history.

As pledged by this landlubber "commodore," in his message to Athens, all of the ships were returned safely to Greek harbors, after the three hundred and fifty thousand refugees had been transported aboard ship without the loss of a single life. It was efficiency walking hand in hand with audacity and altruism.

Logically, Jennings should have gone to Greece to bask in the sunshine of Greek gratitude. He did become a member of the prisoner-of-war exchange commission. There he seemed not to hate the Turks hard enough to please the Greeks, and he was once roundly rated in the Greek Parliament. Such is gratitude. Now he is back in Smyrna, in charge of a new Turkish-American social-service work for young people. He might be on the lecture platform in America—that deadfall for more than one great doer—but instead he is quietly carrying on by helping to meet human needs; still "Jennings of Smyrna."

* * *

Time Comes to Arcadia

By Kile Crook

Strephon wore his youth like a black cock's feather;
  Strephon, he was lithe and gay.
Time met Strephon, and wove the lad a tether,
  And Time makes plumage fray.

Strephon let his lambs run and wooed slim Phyllis,
  And Phyllis couldn't say him nay.
A thrifty wife she made him, (and such she still is),
  Fretting when the sheep went astray.

Honey-sweet was Phyllis, and he was a glutton
  For honey-love and sweets and play.
Now, steady shepherds think about wool and mutton
  And how to make them pay.

Strephon, as a youngster, never liked to bother
  Garnering his oats and hay.
But younger eyes opened on Arcady, and "Father,"
  Young lips learned to say.

Strephon bought a cloak of silver and eider
  For Phyllis on her wedding-day.
. . . *A bent crone mutters, "—such a poor provider—"*
  And Strephon . . . is gray.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I SUPPOSE that every one who is reading this page has read Boswell's "Life of Johnson." But how many have read it during the last twelvemonth? How many believe they will have time to read it during the next few years? And yet, you know, it is the kind of book that should be read through every year. As neither you nor I have time for that, let me call your attention to two admirable abridgements of this immortal work—one by the English novelist Archibald Marshall, one by the Johnsonian scholar Professor Charles G. Osgood, of Princeton. An excellent idea would be to read each of these every alternate year, "if you know what I mean." I have just finished reading Marshall's condensed version; and what a book it is! Every sentence has charm. Boswell was the butt of the Literary Club and the greatest literary genius of them all.

Basil King, the hero as a man of letters, has recently published two works of fiction, both of which I find profoundly interesting. One is a novel, "Pluck," a portrait of a New England girl that no reader is likely to forget. Incidentally, while the story is so absorbing that it holds one's attention just as a story, it is a study of one of the most difficult economic problems of our day, the struggle for mere existence that the vast majority of Protestant clergymen have to face. His other book is called "The Spreading Dawn," and deals with the theme used many years ago by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her once-famous novel "Gates Ajar." Mr. King has here written a series of short stories on what happens to individual consciousness immediately after the death of the body. He has written these fantastic tales with remarkable skill, and without a touch of false sentiment.

The second volume of "Trader Horn" is sadly disappointing. I am among the most ardent admirers of the first book, which was in literature something new and strange. In the second volume we have Trader Horn telling a romance of Britain in Cæsar's time, which I find a bore. The clever Mrs. Lewis seems to suspect this, because she never lets him go on at any length, but interrupts with reports of his talk on life in general, where he is far more entertaining. Her introduction, giving an account of the original find, is interesting, and all readers will be grateful to John Galsworthy for his kindness and unselfish services. William McFee's Foreword is in his best vein.

John Philip Sousa, the March King, has written a lively autobiography called "Marching Along." It is filled with anecdotes and good stories, and the narrative moves as briskly as though it were written in musical notation. I thoroughly enjoy Sousa's music; I love to hear his band; I love to hear him talk. I remember an elaborate dinner given in New York some twenty years ago by Henry Arthur Jones to celebrate the success of his play "The Hypocrites." It is the only dinner I ever attended where nobody went home. It lasted all night. "Among those present" were Dan Frohman, Mr. Erlanger, Sam and Henry Harris, Charles Klein, Paul Armstrong, Frederic Thompson, John Philip Sousa, John Mead Howells, John Corbin, and of course our host, Henry Arthur Jones, called "Hank." Every one was compelled to make a speech, and along toward dawn several made these speeches in unison. Paul Armstrong excitedly condemned the whole company for talking about the theatre and not praising as he deserved "the Master of us all, William Gillette." (Bill, you should have been there.) Mr. Howells made a beautiful, modest, and graceful tribute to his father, the novelist. Mr. Erlanger amazed us all late in the night by giving an absolutely correct summary of every speech that had been made at the table, with an estimate of the character of each speaker, that would have left any psychoanalyst far astern. At about 5.30 A. M. John Philip Sousa conducted an oratorio—words and music extempore—the only time I have ever sung under his direction. It was a memorable occasion.

A very unusual and original tale of adventure is the novel "Tall Men," by James S. Montgomery. It deals with blockade-running in the American Civil War, winding up with the fight between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*. What is particularly good about it is the originality of the point of view and the constant excitement maintained.

I recommend to all tough-minded readers "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. This is a volume of strange and brilliant verse. The technical excellence is so high as to arouse continual surprise and delight; and the humor is rich and fruity. The pessimism is so cheerful and complete that I regard this book as a cure for depression. Among the parodies I like best the imitations of Housman, where his gloom is well discounted. There is no better recent book for reading aloud in a circle of those who are worthy to hear it.

Professor Samuel C. Chew, an accomplished scholar and literary critic, has done well to reissue in an attractive form his work on Thomas Hardy, called "Thomas Hardy—Poet and Critic." How it must have pleased Hardy to see the word *poet* placed first! It is the best critical work on Hardy that I know, and I have read many.

At Yale University, under the direction of Richard L. Purdy, of the English Department, a remarkable collection of Hardy manuscripts and first editions was placed on exhibition. The catalogue is of great value, as it contains complete descriptions of the items and reprints some of the letters. A copy will be sent from the Yale University Library on receipt of fifty cents.

A queer book on Carlyle, called "Carlyle—His Rise and Fall," has just appeared from the hand of Norwood Young, an Englishman. The astonishing thing is that he makes no mention of the voluminous, authoritative, and indispensable biography of Carlyle by D. A. Wilson, of which four huge tomes have already appeared. To write a new book on Carlyle without consulting Wilson is to waste the time of author, publisher, and reader. The chief thing I learned from Mr. Young's book is that Carlyle is largely responsible for the Great War.

The culpability of Carlyle cannot be explained away. In 1914 Germany could, and did, appeal to the authority of the man who had applauded in Frederick what they were then doing. While he encouraged Germany he blinded the rest of the world. If Carlyle, who was regarded as infallible in this matter, had shifted his weight from one side to the other, from the side of error to that of truth, we should have inherited a less incorrect view of the important facts. We should not have been completely unprepared for the events of 1914. The history of the world would have been different.

Now the war which engaged Carlyle's chief attention throughout his life was the daily war in every human soul between right and wrong. As Browning's Bishop remarks:

"No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!
Never leave growing till the life to come!"

To all students of German literature and to all who are interested in any literary movement that smacks of Romanticism, I recommend an admirable book—"Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance. Selections from the German Romantic Authors, 1790–1830, in English translation." This book is edited by Professors Frederick E. Pierce and Carl F. Schreiber. The former contributes an excellent Introduction on the German Romanticists and Anglo-Saxon Romanticism, and the latter an Introduction on the German and His Romanticism. Ten German authors are represented, and the book, within a compass of less than 400 pages, gives a truly comprehensive view of the whole movement, and helps us to understand the Teutonic mind as expressed in sentimental and romantic poetry and prose.

Burton J. Hendrick has made a valuable addition to the "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." The two volumes already published were of chief interest on account of Mr. Page's being Ambassador to England during the war, although I myself did not find his war activities abroad nearly so interesting as his years of literary and educational work in America. Mr. Hendrick, who has exactly the right temperament for a trustworthy biographer, has now written a preliminary volume called "The Training of an American," which gives us the life of Mr. Page from his birth to 1913. This is a very good book; it gives a clear picture of Mr. Page's early life and struggles for an education, and of his fierce energy as a magazine editor. By no stretch of the imagination can he be called a great man. What is interesting about him is his ambition, his energy, his capacity for work, his extreme positiveness, in other words what is interesting is his *representative* quality. He had the temperament of a captain of industry; but instead of devoting himself to commerce or manufacturing, he was all for education. Mr. Hendrick has hit upon precisely the right title for his book—"The Training of an American"—for that is what the book exhibits. Mr. Page had the rhetorical rather than the literary temperament; he had a curious dislike for literary essays. Now if literary essays are futile, then so is conversation on literary themes.

Professor Chalfant Robinson, Curator of Mediæval History at Princeton, has completed and published a work that has taken years of research—"The

Great Roll of the Pipe for the fourteenth year of the reign of King Henry the Third, Michaelmas, 1230." This huge tome is published at Princeton for the Pipe Roll Society, established in 1883 for the publication of the Great Rolls of the Exchequer, commonly called the Pipe Rolls. It is of profound interest to students of history and economics; the first and last sentences of Professor Robinson's Introduction show what it is all about. I merely record my feeling of pride that such a publication should come from an American scholar and from the press of an American university. The job of proof-reading must have been terrific. Well, anyhow, Professor Robinson writes:

> The event of political importance for England in the year 1229–30 is the invasion of France, and Portsmouth is the focus of national activity. . . . How far the revenue of the land was expended in providing men, munitions, provisions, arms, accoutrements, and ships for this enterprise is recorded in the Liberate and Close Rolls for the period. How the money, for the most part, was raised is recorded in the Pipe Roll of 1229–30, and it is to that, and to the other matter contained in our Roll, that attention will be directed. . . .
>
> On April 30th, the army finally set sail and landed in Brittany, May the second. The campaign ended in September. The king came home, having wasted his resources, and without honor.

The Roll shows how splendidly the royal person's comforts and luxuries were provided for, while many other people of high rank had to shift for themselves. It also shows the equipment of the army, etc. Incidentally it proves that war was the silliest and most wasteful of all methods of so-called statesmanship, and that we to-day are even bigger fools than the men of the thirteenth century, for which remark I do not hold Professor Robinson responsible.

One may learn a good deal from the Pipe Rolls. A pound of cheese was worth more than a cow. Why? Because there were no milch cows. Cows were used as draft-animals and for beef. No one knew they could produce milk. It was the Jews who were milked and milked with a vengeance. "The Jews of England, at this time, have been compared, fittingly, to a sponge, since by their activity they gradually gathered up the wealth of the land, which the king by a single effort squeezed dry."

Professor A. H. Thorndike recently delivered a lecture in England called "Shakespeare in America." It has just been published in pamphlet form, and is an interesting and valuable contribution to the subject. He brings out a good many facts of importance, facts not generally known. It is good to see also his tribute to the most scholarly edition of Shakespeare the world has even seen, the Furness Variorum, of which series "Coriolanus" has appeared this year. Let me urge all those who are able to do so to buy these separate volumes as they appear, and not wait until the collective price becomes too formidable. Three mighty works that I bought in that manner are the New English Dictionary, the Dictionary of National Biography, the Furness Variorum Shakespeare. I could not keep house without them.

Reverend Doctor Francis L. Palmer, of Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn., has added to my desired list of concordances, and acting upon his suggestion that I write to Mr. Paul W. Carhart, of the Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass., for further information, I am able to give the following list of concordances, for which I know some of my readers will be profoundly grateful:

AUTHOR	EDITOR	PUBLISHER
Browning, Robert	Broughton and others	G. E. Stechert & Co., N. Y.
Burns, Robert	J. B. Reid	Kerr & Richardson, Glasgow
Chaucer, Geoffrey	Tatlock & Kennedy	The Carnegie Inst., Washington
Cowper, William	John Neve	Sampson Low, London
Gray, Thomas	Albert S. Cook	Houghton Mifflin Company
Herbert, George	Cameron Mann	Houghton Mifflin Company
Keats, John	D. L. Baldwin and others	Carnegie Inst., Washington
Milton, John	Bradshaw	S. Sonnenshein & Co., London
Pope, Alexander	William Abbott	D. Appleton, N. Y.
Shakespeare, William (dramatic works)	John Bartlett	Macmillan Company
Shakespeare, William (poems)	Mrs. Helen K. Furness	J. B. Lippincott
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	F. S. Ellis	B. Quaritch, London
Spenser, Edmund	Charles G. Osgood	Carnegie Inst., Washington
Tennyson, Alfred	A. E. Baker	Macmillan Company
Tennyson, Alfred	D. B. Brightwell	E. Moxon, Son & Co., London
Wordsworth, William	Lane Cooper	E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

An American poet and classical scholar whose verses always say something worth remembering is George Meason Whicher, of Amherst. I particularly recommend his little book "Roman Pearls."

The series of small books on music called "Fundamentals of Musical Art," in twenty volumes, edited by Doctor Edward Dickinson and set forth by the Caxton Institute, is both interesting and useful. It supplies just the information that most listeners need. Take, for example, volume XI, "Who's Who in the Orchestra"; here is what you have been looking for.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, in collaboration with Doctor S. E. Bilik, has issued a small book on the manly art called "Boxing." It is illustrated with photographs from motion-picture films, and ought to enjoy a wide circulation. Boxing is a sport that interests nearly everybody.

A little light on the vexed question *how good is the best woman player?* was shed by an incident that happened in Paris last week. The average man can beat the average woman, that we know. We also know that the best man can beat the best woman. We also know that the best woman can beat the average man. But what we want to know is this: how does the best woman compare with the second-best man? I have been informed that when Suzanne Lenglen was in her prime and could defeat with ease any woman in the world, she took on Mr. Tilden in a private match, and that he beat her two love sets. I do not know whether this is true or not. But last week, in Paris, Miss Helen Wills played an exhibition match with Mr. Francis Hunter, second ranking American player. She won the first set, 7—5, and lost the second, 6—4. That is a very interesting result. My conjecture is that in the near future there will be tournament matches between men and women.

The death of Thomas Sergeant Perry, of Boston, which occurred on May 7, marked the departure of one of the foremost modern scholars in literature and the loss of one of my best friends. He was a Harvard graduate and more than fifty years ago an instructor in English there; for five years he was professor of English in Tokio. He was editor of *The North American Review,* and his publications include "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," "From Opitz to Lessing," "Evolution of the Snob," "A History of Greek Literature," and many other works. He knew intimately most of the leading writers in America of the latter half of the nineteenth century; Howells and James and Lowell were like members of his family; and owing to his prolonged sojourns in Europe and his familiarity with the Continental languages, which he spoke fluently, he had any number of interesting anecdotes of Turgenev, Daudet, De Maupassant, George Eliot, and others. I have never known a man of greater intellectual curiosity or of more uncompromising intellectual integrity; he could not be deceived by shoddy or superficial work, and was uninfluenced by any mere popular enthusiasm. After he was seventy years old he learned Russian, a more difficult task than Cato's learning Greek after eighty. He travelled extensively in Russia and met Andreev.

Although intellectually fastidious, he had a warm heart; he was simple and unaffected in manner, peculiarly lovable. His home in Boston was the ideal of what a home should be; full of the evidences of true culture and open-hearted hospitality. Mrs. Perry (Lilla Cabot) is a poet and artist; when I was a young man I was invited there, and was much amused because their baby cried *in French*. I did not suppose any American children took French as seriously as that. That baby is now the wife of Mr. Grew, American Ambassador to Turkey.

In an age when letter-writing has become almost a lost art, Mr. Perry was a master of it; his letters, of which I received at least one every week for the last fifteen years (how I miss them!), were full of charm. One day he had been reading Chekhov's letters to his wife (the famous actress Madame Knipper), and while he felt that they were too intimate to print, he could not help enjoying them.

> Since the letters are printed I most gladly read them. I find them touchingly delightful. You know my sworn devotion to Chekhov, and now it is renewed. They sent me the book from the Public Library, and along with it one that treats of certain states of mind among our fellow-citizens. Its title is "The Raven on the Skyscraper," by Veronica and Paul King. . . . It is a ghastly record of our sins, and a confirmed optimist like you will feel its injustice, but a professional pessimist like me will revel in it. Of course it is one-sided, but even then there is a lot of one-sided vulgarity and indecency and brag in this half-ripe, half-rotten country and we are all miserable sinners. Look however at the Chekhov book. It is delightful.

Concerning my notice of the new book by Arthur Hinds containing all the sayings of Jesus, Mrs. Anne C. H. Howze, of Washington, D. C., reminds me that the late Colonel Charles W. Larned, of West Point, who was a very good friend of mine, published forty years ago a little book called "The Great Discourse," which contained the sayings of Jesus as reported in the gospels, with a beautiful introductory essay of his own. Years ago I delivered a series of lectures to the cadets at West Point, and the happiest recollections I have of them are my conversations with General and Mrs. Hugh Scott, Colonel and Mrs. Larned, Colonel and Mrs. Howze, and the astronomer-librarian, the incomparable E. S. Holden.

Richard Lloyd Jones, the accomplished editor of the Tulsa (Oklahoma) *Tribune*, has written a charming essay on dogs called "My Dog's

Bequest," which has been translated into nine languages, including the Chinese. One touch of doglore makes the whole world kin.

I have received a large number of letters on the pronunciation of Thames—and while I am grateful to all my correspondents, whichever side they take, let me urge every Scribnerian to say *Temz.* Mrs. A. V. Dewitt writes from New London:

> My cousin, Mrs. H. C. Bunner, urges me to respond to your comments in the current SCRIBNER'S on the pronunciation of the name of our river.
>
> To the best of my knowledge and belief, the better educated and more interested of the "old inhabitants" of New London do not question that the early fathers of the town imported the English pronunciation with the English name, and do not waver in their loyalty to that pronunciation.
>
> Some—probably twenty—years ago an estimable but uneducated grocer, mentioning the Thames Café, called it the *Thāmes Caf,* and the two words were considered to be equally barbarously pronounced. Somewhat later I found, to my horror, that *Thāmes* was being taught in the public schools; and, to my still greater horror, that the Century Dictionary of Names authorized that pronunciation only.
>
> My uncle, Professor William Dwight Whitney, was not responsible for that volume of the dictionary. Mr. Benjamin Smith had already died, so I appealed to my uncle, Professor Henry Whitney (who prepared the synonyms for the dictionary) and he wrote to the Century Company. He was assured that the error would be corrected in the next edition, and in that we now read: "temz; locally also thāmz." We cannot claim that the objectionable form is not frequent locally; but we rejoice in every particle of encouragement that is given to what we consider the right form.

From Doctor E. K. Morse, of New York:

> Reading SCRIBNER'S last night, I was a good deal interested by your reference to the pronunciation of the river at New London. When I was a freshman, I went to visit my roommate in Norwich and I suppose the people there claim a kind of half interest in the Thames River. One of the first things that I was told was that the name of the river was pronounced Tames, like the verb, and that more important yet, the town was pronounced Norrich, not Norwich as it is in upstate New York, and not Norridge as it is in England. I think Holmes has something to say about this pronunciation of Norwich in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or one of the others.
>
> At that time at least, the Norwichites were pretty dogmatic about both pronunciations. It is impossible not to agree with you that Thames with a long "a" is an atrocity, but I think it is a good deal improved by changing the theta to a plain "t."

From Robert Nugen Wilkin, of Dover, Ohio:

"Inspired by your lines on 'Thames'
And your remarks on other names,
I hand you here three little verses—
A mark for anti-punsters' curses."

THE NAME OF SAMUEL PEPYS

"Full many men pronounce his name
In just as many ways,
But when his Alma Mater speaks,
I hark to what she says,
For well I know that Magdalene
The true tradition keeps;
And therefore I know how to say
The name of Samuel Pepys.

And then it fairly startles me
How readily I find
A confirmation of his name
In habit of his mind:
His introspecting intellect
Works even when he sleeps,
And into secrets of his heart
The mind of Samuel peeps.

Then all his thoughts he writes in code,
In manner quite concealing,
But then he leaves the key at hand,
His vagaries revealing:
We see his love, his amourettes,

His grief for wife that weeps,
Indeed, from his frank Diary,
The soul of Samuel Pepys."

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

From Mabel Vollintine, of Seattle:

> The use of "disinterested" when "uninterested" is meant (the first signifying "free from self-interest, unselfish, impartial"; the second "unconcerned, indifferent"). I find this error frequently of late in the work of writers who should know better. Example: "V—— listened disinterestedly to the discussion."
>
> The nominative use of "whom"—very frequent in "newspaper English"; also in the writing of F. Hopkinson Smith, to mention one delinquent. In a Lenten bulletin of the Church I find: "The ones who come are those whom one would ordinarily think needed it least of all." (!!!)
>
> I agree with you, Mr. Phelps, that nothing is much worse than "anyone's else"—unless, perhaps, the example last above cited.
>
> I am an Ailurian of the first magnitude, and therefore, if for no other reason, must adhere to Scribner's.

From Isaac Doughton, of State Teachers College, Mansfield, Pa.:

> I wish to nominate the political advertisements that desecrate the landscape prior to every election. Is it not at least possible by law or otherwise to require that every candidate, defeated or elected, shall clean up the trees, fence-posts, bill-boards, etc., of his advertisements? The only exception I should be inclined to make would be to allow the elected candidate to leave his advertisements in place for his term so that the voters may have a chance to check up on his unredeemed promises.

From Charles A. Hackney, editor of *The Owyhee Avalanche*, of Silver City, Idaho:

> The word "pulchritude."
>
> Could anything more ill-fitting, as a synonym for beauty and grace, be conceived?
>
> When I see a fat, greasy, unwashed squaw ambling across the desert on the back of a tick-bitten cayuse, the word pulchritude is the only one, according to my idea of the eternal fitness of things, which fully, forcefully and eloquently expresses the picture.

Here is an interesting comment from Ladd Frisby Morse, of Northfield, Vt.:

> If you haven't heard the word Rusk for some time you probably haven't been eating it either. What breakfast would be without tea and rusk I cannot imagine.

Other correspondents have sent me advertisements of rusks, and hotel bills-of-fare containing rusks. So the rusk is not obsolete. When I drink tea for breakfast it will be in a place where there is no coffee. If I could have only one beverage in the world besides water, it would be coffee.

Do any of my readers remember (as I do) the works of the novelist Amanda M. Douglass?

> It was in 1915 that I met her, the little withered old lady who had talked to Poe. She herself was not unknown to fame. One of the bookcases in the library of her old-fashioned home in Newark, N. J., was filled with her works. School girls still read the "Little Girl" series—"A Little Girl in Old New York," "A Little Girl in Old St. Louis," etc. Year after year she was mentioned in Who's Who, until, in 1917, came the final record: "Douglass, Amanda Minnie; author; b. July 14, 1837; d. July 18, 1916."
>
> She was a quaint little figure. Her brown wig, tied with a pink or blue ribbon, her rustling, old-style gowns, and the rings, beads, bracelets, and bangles with which she took a childlike delight in loading her tiny person made her noticeable wherever she went. Her bright eyes, alert step, and remarkable memory belied her nearly eighty years. Only the deep crisscross wrinkles in her kind old face gave evidence of advanced age.
>
> Although Newark had long been her home, her childhood was spent in Fordham, N. Y., with Mrs. Clemm, "Eddie," and his childwife, Virginia, as neighbors. Mrs. Clemm often ran in to borrow something of the Douglass family.

"Did you ever talk to Poe?" I asked with awed interest. "Oh, yes, indeed." "And can you remember what he said to you?"

"I was sitting in our dooryard with my book one afternoon when he passed. 'What are you reading, my little girl?' he stopped to inquire. 'About the Crusades. I think the men of those days were the grandest heroes that ever lived!' 'You'll change your ideal of heroes many times before you die, my child.'"

I received the following letter from John G. Becker, Yale '26, from Shiraz, Persia:

Although I cannot yet qualify for the Fano Club, I wish to offer my credential for charter membership in the Shiraz Club. This city of 40,000 rests in a valley 52,000 feet above the Persian Gulf. On climbing over the seven thousand foot pass from Bushire I was held up by tribesmen with rifles who relieved me of many silver tomans. The night after the robbery I lay in a mud caravanserai at Kamerun. "Mantrap" by Sinclair Lewis was the only book left in my kit and on its third page I read that "Ralph Prescott was as respectful toward all the Politenesses as he had been in college when he listened to Professor Phelps in literature classes." I am afraid that I had little respect for any politeness in the dark Persian plain despite my T. and B. discipline. The old lines, Persicos odi, puer, apparatus, achieve a new significance after an encounter with local gunmen.

But to return to Shiraz, I will quote a Persian of that city. The Shirazi says, "My city older by thousands than Paris is the Paris of the East. Its green gardens, sycamore, cypress, rose and palm delight me more than European barbarities. Live here, gaze at the snow mountains, laze in the sun, and taste the tranquil comfort of our older culture."

Being robbed ought not to be a requisite for club membership but I propose some verse, the Persian pastime, be mailed to you from this city—something like this:

"In the vale of Shiraz
Under sky and palm
Life seems a mirage
All colour and calm."

Benjamin Wallace Douglass, of Trevlac, Ind., writes:

In the May issue I note that you are accused of being S. S. Van Dine. Just in case you are (and I have read worse detective stories), let me make a suggestion. Potassium cyanide is not used in any photographic process in these days. It was formerly used to a very limited extent before dry plates were invented but never as a developer or re-developer.

I am surprised that "Van" let his foot slip in this one rather important particular after he had so carefully worked out his fine long list of crimes. In new editions of the book it might pay to change that little tablet of chemical to ferrocyanide of potassium. However, I would want to check that up for toxicity. I'm not sure it's strong enough to crock little Ada off as quickly as she should be crocked. Good old fashioned cyanide of potash (which we used to use to make "bug bottles") was certainly the ideal dope for the young lady to take—only, she could not have obtained it in the Doc's dark-room.

The following comment comes from Mrs. Edmund Key, Jr., of Marshall, Texas:

That Scribner's Magazine gives space to a letter such as the one quoted in your department of the April issue, from one Mr. Theodore Mack of Ft. Worth, Texas, propels me from a sick-bed as irresistibly as though I suddenly felt burrs between the sheets. I find it hard to believe that a magazine, compiled for a normally intelligent consumption, can so carelessly print an uninvestigated reflection of such sweeping application as the petty one made by this citizen of whom Ft. Worth must, indeed, be proud! But it seems really incredible, Mr. Phelps, that a man of your usual discernment should accept with such facility a criticism presented in a letter, itself not without obvious marks of want of education on the part of its author—even the simple question-mark being subjected to unconventional treatment. . . .

I have, indeed, heard people say, "I taken"; in a few instances, I have even heard white people say this. They were humble people, who would no more make a pretense of being educated to "average" than I would of speculating upon what one of Mr. Theodore Mack's degree of perception would define as "pure English."

THE FANO CLUB

Mrs. Ralph Catterall, wife of the late Professor Catterall, of Cornell, who was my roommate when we were graduate students at Harvard, writes me an interesting letter from Fano. She was there on a perfect day in May, and in the street met an Italian eager to join. Paul Seward, Yale '27, joined about the same time. Donald G. Wing, a recent Yale graduate who is now studying at Cambridge, England, spent fourteen hours on the train in one day in order to join the club, and is glad he did. On the train he fell into conversation with an Italian and talked in that language for two hours "before it occurred to him to ask if I was an American (a great tribute, I assure you). When I said I was he admitted that he had lived four years in New Haven. So had I—what a bond—on a train without a restaurant-car. I shared his basket lunch." The only cablegram I ever received from Fano came this month from Mrs. and Miss L. B. Terrell, of Derby, Conn., who were making their *second* pilgrimage.

The Faery Queene Club is enlarged by the admission of Mrs. Cramer Le Pierre, of Upper Darby, Pa. When a student at the University of Wisconsin, she read it through, and practically everything by Chaucer. She adds: "It was a glorious year. Do not think I did nothing but read. I was twenty and at the University!" Mary G. M. Winter, of Montichard, France, is eighty-two years old and writes me a charming letter saying she distinctly remembers the pleasure she had in reading the F. Q. at the age of eleven. J. Chesley Mathews, of Duke University, read it through last month. Edwin R. Leippert, of Kingston, New York, just finished it recently. Theis Roberts, of Huntington, Long Island, who had enforced leisure owing to a wound received in the war, read the whole F. Q., Chaucer, Kit Marlowe, and is looking for "Gammer Gurton's Needle." After all, the classics of literature simply mean those books that are read by the largest number of persons over the longest stretch of time. I know this is bad news for pessimists, but to be consistent, pessimists should revel in bad news. They don't, though.

An interesting note on baseball comes to me from Professor Arthur S. Phelps, of Berkeley, Calif.:

> As the baseball season opened, last week, I thought of Avery, pitcher at Yale when you and I were gathering nails around the Yale buildings to sell. Have you ever heard from him since? He used to *pitch* the ball, instead of throwing it. The reason the professional nines have ordered pockets out of their shirts, is because a ball on bounce in the field got caught in one, and while the fielder was tugging at it, the batter made a circle clout.

* * *

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

THE FIELD OF ART

Houdon, a Master of Special Interest to America

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When in 1784 the legislators of Virginia passed a resolution that "the Executive be requested to take measures for procuring a statue of General Washington," the enterprise was launched in a spirit peculiarly favorable to artistic success. "The intention of the Assembly," wrote Governor Harrison to Thomas Jefferson, then newly established as our Minister to France, "is that the statue should be the work of the most masterly hand." Himself a man of taste, and quickly sensitive to the judgment of the people about him, Jefferson replied: "There could be no question raised as to the Sculptor who should be employed; the reputation of Mons. Houdon, of this city, being unrivalled in Europe." In a letter to Washington he is, if anything, more emphatic, saying: "I find that a Monsieur Houdon, of this place, possesses the reputation of being the first statuary in the world." Benjamin Franklin was at Jefferson's elbow during the ensuing negotiations, and in the following year the old sage brought Houdon with him to America. In the upshot we gained the familiar bust and that stately full length which makes the capitol at Richmond a place of pilgrimage. The episode wakes, of course, lofty trains of thought, but for the moment I must pause upon a matter pointing to just the mutations of time. "The first statuary in the world," in the eighteenth century, received $5,000 for the Richmond marble. Consider, on the other hand, the fortunes of the little bust he made of his daughter Sabine. When the Doucet collection was dispersed at Paris in 1912 this fetched $90,000. At the Gary sale in New York, on April 22, 1928, it was sold for $245,000. Auction prices are no doubt sordid things, but in this case they indicate rather vividly the growth of the cult for Houdon.*

It is a cult around which one would expect to find that an extensive literature had gathered, yet the fame of Houdon, so wide-spread even while he lived, has received but belated recognition at the hands of the biographical fraternity. Minor contributions to the subject were made by Montaiglon and Duplessis, and then by Délerot and Legrelle, in the 50's, but no set, formal memoir of the artist was available until two Americans, the late Charles Henry Hart and his friend Edward Biddle, wrote one and printed it in a limited edition at Philadelphia in 1911. Since then, in 1918, the sculptor M. Georges Giacometti has brought out a work valuable for its critical acumen, its careful chronological indications, and its *répertoires.* His three little volumes are but indifferently printed, resembling the French novel of Browning's phrase, "on dull grey paper, in blunt type," but a recent prospectus promises a new edition in sumptuous form with quantities of

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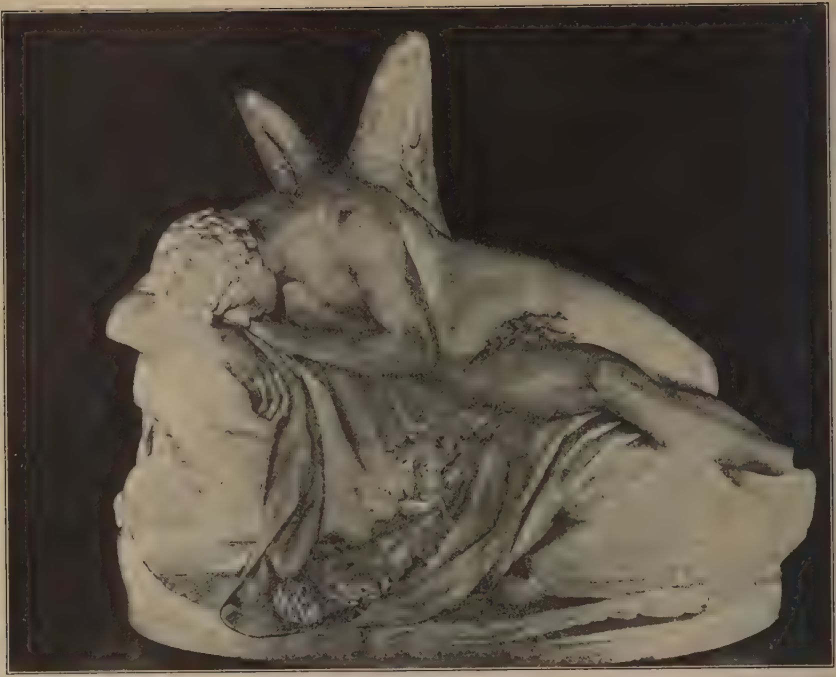
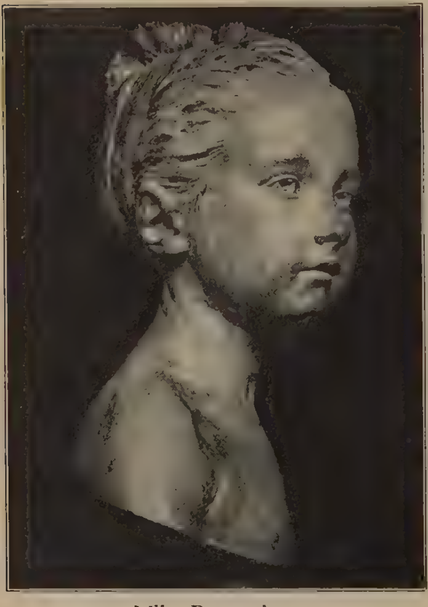
* See "The Field of Art" for July, 1928.

Voltaire.

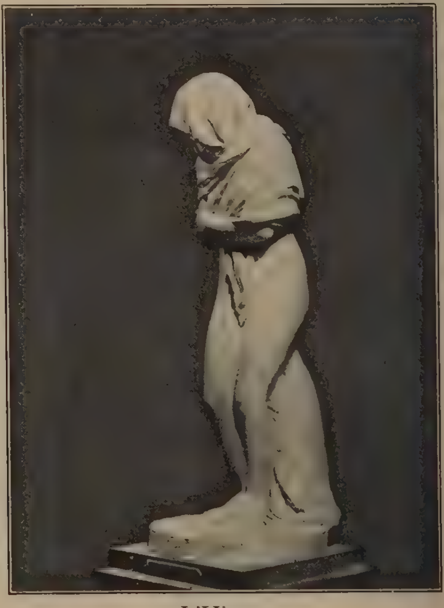
From the sculpture by Houdon in the Théâtre Français.



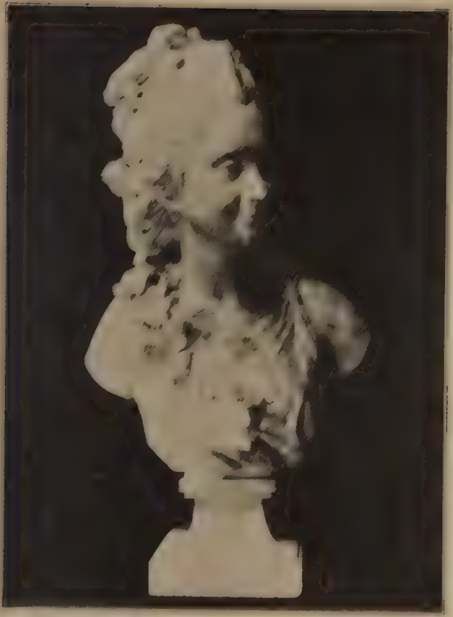
Morpheus.
From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.



Mlle. Brongniart.
From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.

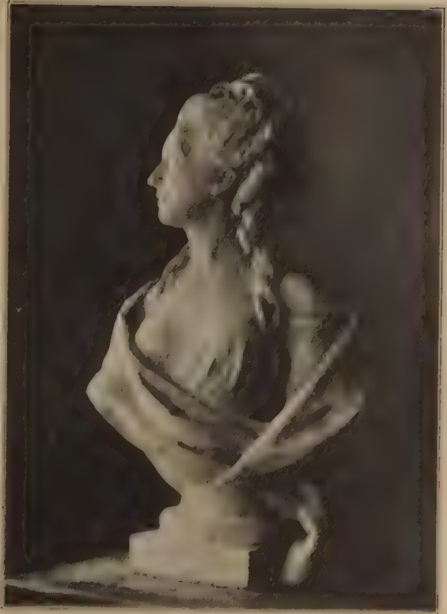


L'Hiver.
From the sculpture by Houdon at Montpellier.



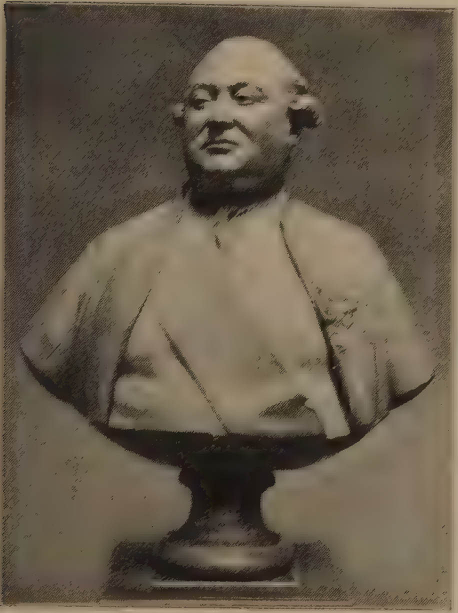
Madame de Cayla.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Huntington Collection.



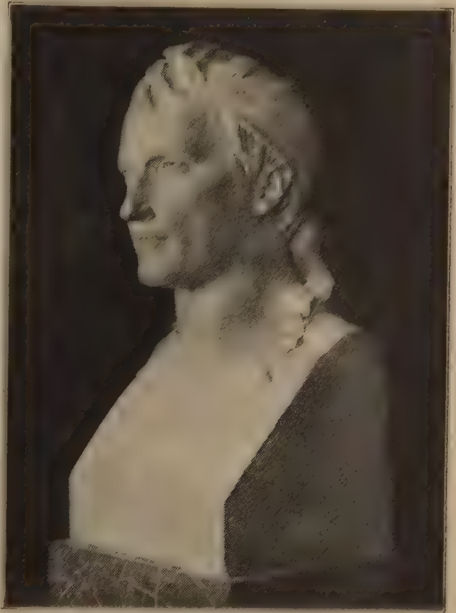
Baroness de la Houze.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Huntington Collection at [illegible].



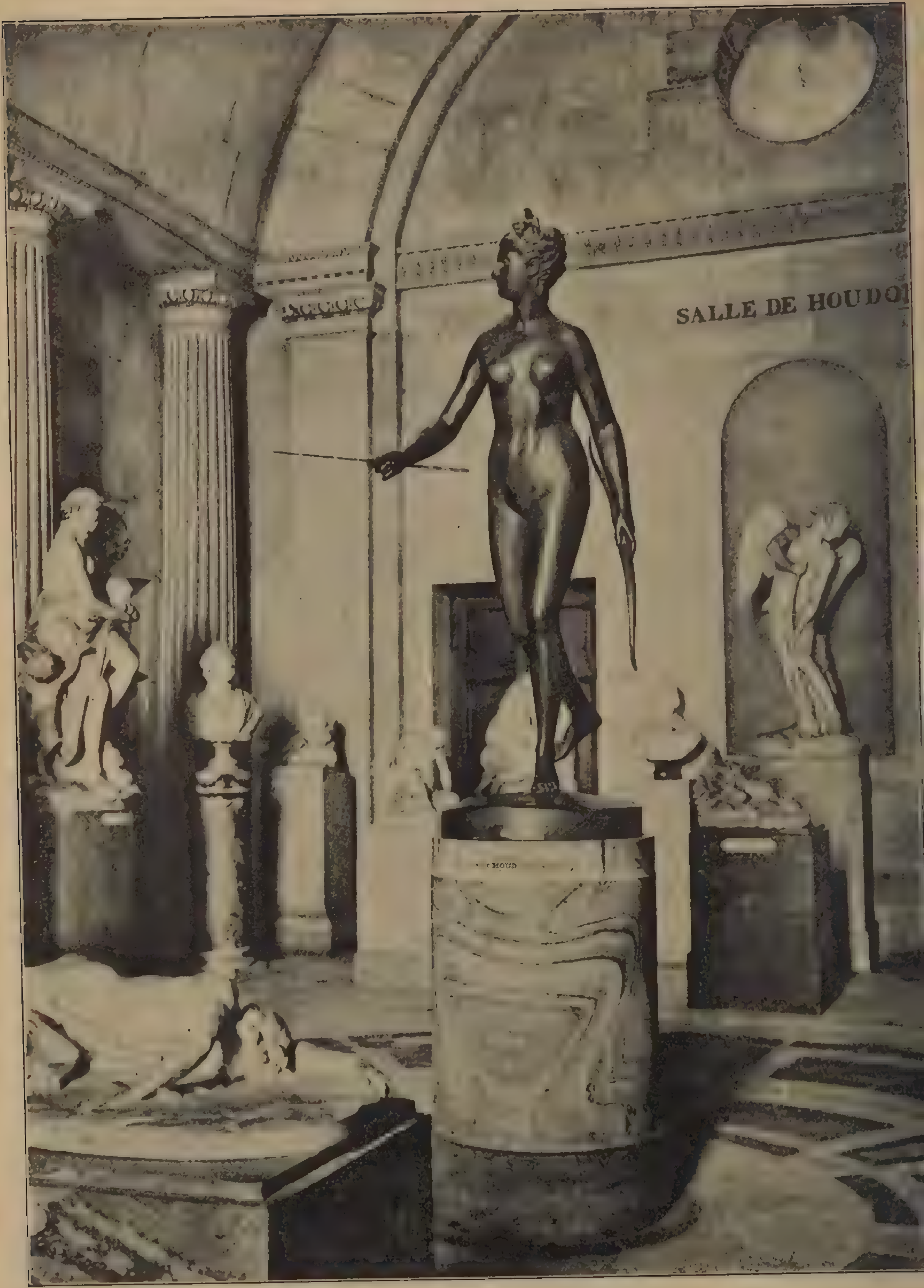
Le Bailli de Suffren.

From the sculpture by Houdon at Aix.



Napoleon.

From the sculpture by Houdon at Dijon.


SALLE DE HOUDO
HOUD

Diana.

From the sculpture by Houdon in the Louvre.

plates. This has been projected with a view to the commemoration of the centenary of Houdon's death, which occurred on July 15, 1828.

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He was born on March 20, 1741, in the full tide of an artistic movement which he was destined to share and at the same time to re-energize with a force essentially his own. He was of obscure origin. Giacometti notes that Houdon *père* was employed as *valet de chambre* by M. de Lamotte in his house in the Rue d'Anjou at Versailles. While the valet's son was still a child M. de Lamotte took his staff up to Paris, and there Jacques Houdon appears to have served him as concierge. He continued in that rôle when, on his patron's death, the establishment was taken over for L'Ecole des Elèves Protégés, the school created for the better training of winners of the Prix de Rome. Nothing better could have happened to the future master. From his earliest years he breathed the airs of the studio, and seems to have gravitated to his vocation by an irresistible instinct. In a letter written long afterward, in 1794, to his friend Citoyen Bachelier, he describes himself, without using the phrase, as a kind of infant prodigy. Messrs. Hart and Biddle cite a passage from Raoul Rochette, the sculptor's son-in-law, which piquantly suggests the nature of his beginnings: "He tiptoes into the classroom, and is happy if he can snatch a few pieces of moist clay in order to imitate the work of the students. The attention of the professors, especially of Pigalle, was attracted to the zeal and talent which his attempts showed, and he considered it worth while to give advice and encouragement to the boy, hardly more than ten or twelve years old at that time." He was only fifteen when a silver medal came his way, and by the time he was twenty he had won the Prix de Rome, though he did not actually go to Italy until 1764, three years later. His great gifts were by this time under extraordinary control, to judge from one early manifestation of them, the huge "San Bruno" which he was commissioned to execute for the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome. One of the few anecdotes that we have of Houdon relates to this monument. "He would speak," said Pope Clement, when he saw it, "were it not that the rules of his order enjoin silence." The papal *mot* drove straight at the core of Houdon's genius, his power of vitalizing his sculptures with searching poignancy.

It had been the genius of French sculpture from the days of the Gothic Primitives, whose great achievement was the endowment of their work for the cathedrals with an intense spiritual and emotional life. It was the genius of Pigalle, about whose "Mercury Tying His Sandal" (to be seen here in terracotta, in the Altman collection at the Metropolitan Museum) there is nothing more impressive than its eager nervous force. But I have spoken of Houdon's foreordained individuality. It is prefigured if not clearly proclaimed in the "San Bruno." That is a study in pure simplicity, its almost bare austerity governed to a certain extent, no doubt, by the monkish robe, with its few folds, but the important thing to observe is that this simplicity is organic, an element in Houdon's blood. He took to Rome, developed there, and exercised all his life long a passion for the direct expression of fact as distinguished from that predilection for the conventional decorative motive which is so characteristic of eighteenth-century French art. He dips into no artifice. He has no mannerisms. His entire work is based upon what Giacometti happily designates *cet immuable principe, tout pour la vérité et par la vérité*. Being a Frenchman of his time, true, as I have said, to the drift of the eighteenth century, he remained a classicist, even an academician. But he had the inspiration to strike a perfect balance between classical simplicity and a thoroughly modern realism. He gave the academic hypothesis an ebullient soul.

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With the power to do this, he returned to France and assumed at once a commanding rôle. Admitted to the Academy, a prominent and sometimes astonishingly copious exhibitor at the Salon, finding clients in the great world of European society and in that of the leading intellectual figures of the epoch, he proceeded to win golden laurels through the beauty of his imaginative designs and, even more, through the distinction of his portrait busts. The Empress Catherine was one of his patrons. Several German princes employed him. At home he rode the crest of the wave. He was not yet forty when he produced his masterpiece, the seated statue of Voltaire, which is the proudest possession of the Théâtre Français. In 1785 he made his famous visit to America, which I have already signalized. The Virginians had thought that they might sufficiently aid his development of the statue of Washington if they sent him a full-length painting of the general by Peale. But Houdon would have none of a secondary impression. He made the voyage with Franklin, and was rewarded soon after his arrival by these words from Washington:

> By a letter, which I have lately had the honor to receive from Dr. Franklin, at Philadelphia, I am informed by your arrival at that place. Many letters from very respectable characters in France, as well as the Doctor's, inform me of the occasion, for which, though the cause is not of my seeking, I feel the most agreeable and grateful sensations. I wish the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary in Europe; for thus you are represented to me. It will give me pleasure, Sir, to welcome you to the seat of my retirement.

To what ardor he must have been stirred by this noble greeting! He stayed at Mount Vernon for two weeks, modelled a bust of Washington, cast a life-mask of the great man, and went back to France amply equipped to carry out the design that is at Richmond. Life flowed on thenceforth industriously, peacefully, and prosperously until the Revolution. Then he barely escaped the sinister attentions of the Committee of Public Safety by turning an old "Saint Scholastica" of his into an image of "Philosophy," a bit of disarming diplomacy for which he is said to have been indebted to suggestions made by both his wife and the Conventionnel Barère. He lived on in circumstances which if not as brilliant as those he had known under the old régime were at all events not undistinguished. Napoleon, whose bust by him is at Dijon, made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He was one of the definitively recognized heroes of French art when he died, and the Salle Houdon in the Louvre heads a considerable list of the official testimonies that have been paid to his name and fame.

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It is the sheer power of his art that has defined his rank. There is also another element in his renown to which it is fitting to refer as we approach the strictly æsthetic value of his work. He was the incomparable interpreter of the great notabilities of his generation. I wish I could reproduce intact Giacometti's roster of the people he portrayed. Royal and noble figures loom large, but statesmen are as numerous, and he sculptured a veritable pell-mell of the men of mind it was his privilege to face. If he could model a "Louis XVI" and a "Catherine," a "Napoleon" and a "Washington," a "Mirabeau" and a "Franklin," he could model also a "Gluck" and a "Buffon," a "Voltaire," a "Diderot" and a "Rousseau," a "Lavoisier" and a "Robert Fulton," a "Sophie Arnould," a "Madame Du Barry," and, even, a "Cagliostro," which Lady Dilke, who saw it at Bagatelle, describes as "amazing." It is all amazing, this densely populated cosmos of Houdon's. He was one of the most prolific artists who have ever lived, and there is an even persuasiveness about the countless portraits he made that in its cumulative effect is curiously impressive. It is as though he unveiled the personnel of a period. The *œuvre* of no master of the Italian Renaissance is richer than his in variety and virility. His range is by itself one of the salient phenomena in the history of art. No nuance of character baffles him. Set side by side the serene dignity of the "Washington" and the dynamic, *malin* note of the "Voltaire." Recall, after the antique grace of the "Napoleon," the relentless prose of "Le Bailli de Suffren," the elevation of the "Diderot," and the fairly intimate realism of the pockmarked "Gluck." In each case, and in scores of others, he seems to me—like Velasquez in painted portraiture—to penetrate to the heart of his sitter and yet to maintain about his work a consummately cool objectivity. French sculpture before him was sometimes disposed to take a rhetorical line. Coysevox, for example, back in the seventeenth century, would bring off a bust with a fairly melodramatic flourish, giving to a billowing drapery its fullest and most *baroque* value. Houdon is steadily more classical in temperament, purer in style, more restrained, more delicate, and, by the same token, more piercing.

His delicacy tells above all things in his portraits of women and children and in his poetic conceptions, like the great marble "Diana" at The Hermitage, known also in bronze and terracotta, and like "L'Hiver" at Montpellier. These statues of his are lovely things, illuminating evocations of imaginative ideas, equally remarkable as compositions and as harmonies in the development of fine, flowing line. Houdon could make a contour an extraordinarily limpid, living thing. The blind enthusiasts who hail Rodin as the inventor of a new magic in the modelling of the nude would do well to look at Houdon's "Diana" and see to what degree of subtle felicity, and especially of linear distinction, the art had been carried by the earlier master a hundred years before. And yet, I confess, when I am thinking of Houdon the supreme technician, modelling with divination and an ineffable touch forms of lightness, grace, and elegance, I think quite as much of his portraits as I do of the glorious "Diana." I think of the superb "Madame de Sérilly" in the Louvre and of the no less bewitching "Baroness de la Houze" in the Huntington collection out at Pasadena. I think of the "Mlle. Brongniart" in the Louvre or the "Sabine Houdon," either in the marble which now belongs to Mrs. Harkness or in the terra-cotta owned by Mrs. Duke. The enchantment of childhood could not be mirrored with a tenderer sympathy, with a lighter, more caressing stroke, or with a more convincing clairvoyance than in these miraculous little busts. And what transcends their scale, what gives a fairly splendid immortality to the fragile motives they celebrate, is Houdon's note of style, the sign of his genius, and the stamp of his authority as a technician.

For he was a great craftsman, besides being a great artist. He made it his boast that he knew his *métier*. In the letter to Bachelier upon which I have previously drawn he speaks of *deux études* to which he has given his entire life, *l'anatomie et la fonte des statues*—anatomy and the art of casting. His craft contained for him no insoluble problems. He had mastered them all, in all the mediums, and whether in marble, bronze, terra-cotta, or plaster his work compels admiration by, among other things, its easy finish, its effortless rightness. No one could be more modest than he was. When some one bracketed his "Diana" with the "Apollo" of the Vatican he promptly demurred, saying: "My 'Diana' is not in this class." Nevertheless, he attained to something like perfection in his mastery, the perfection of an immeasurably accomplished workman. Add to that his truth, his feeling for character, his saturation in the tincture of style, and the fire of genius that was in him, and you have the explanation of why Jefferson found him enjoying "the reputation of being the first statuary in the world." He was surely that, in his time. There are some shining names in the French sculpture of the eighteenth century—Bouchardon, Pigalle, Lemoine, Falconet, Caffieri, Pajou, and Clodion. But Houdon remains, in a certain central power and a certain consequent richness of appeal, the greatest of them all.

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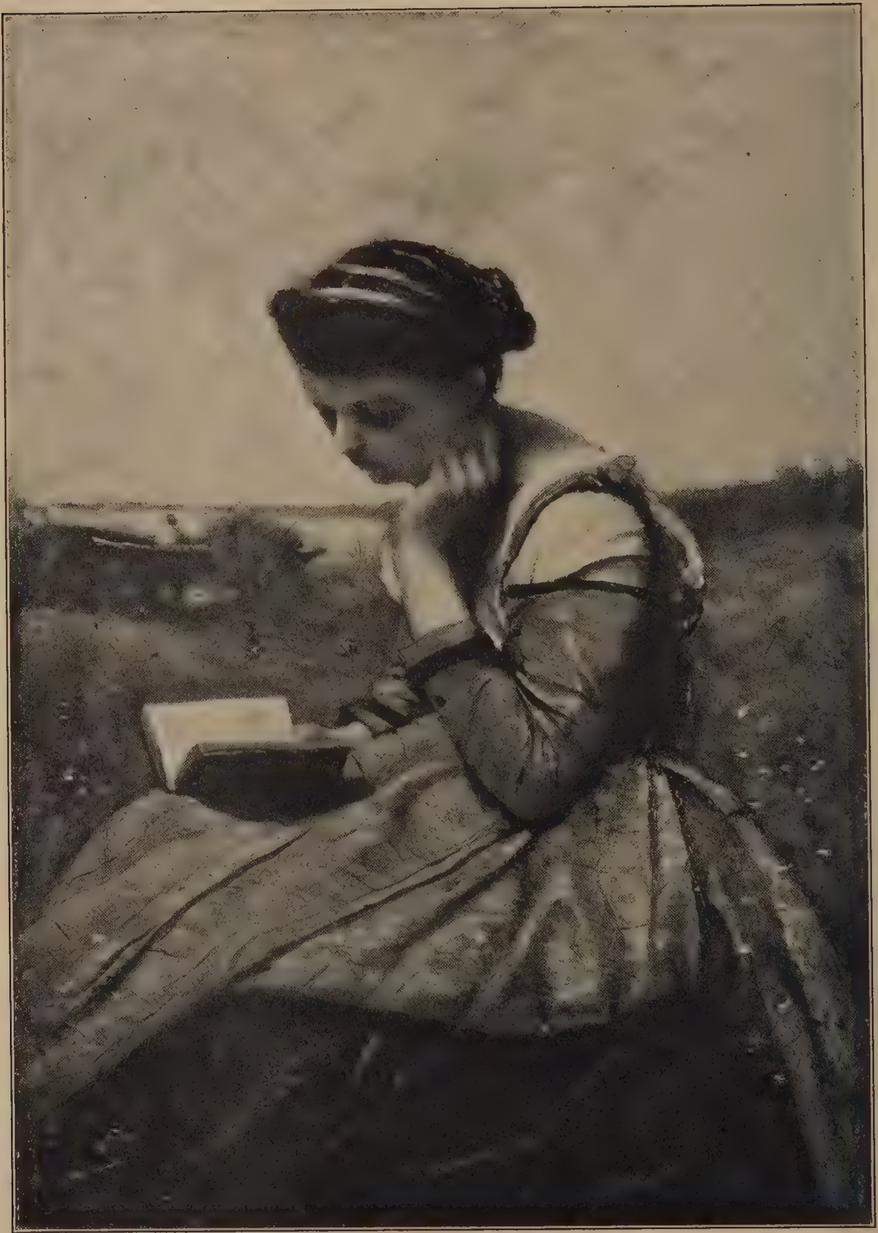
A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.



Woman Reading.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Senff Collection and now in the Metropolitan Museum.

—See "Field of Art," page 361.

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The Lost Novel

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

He said it was all like a dream. A man like that, a writer. Well, he works for months and, perhaps, years on a book and there is not a word put down. What I mean is that his mind is working. What is to be the book builds itself up and is destroyed.

In his fancy figures are moving back and forth.

But there is something I neglected to say. I am talking of a certain English novelist who has got some fame, of a thing that once happened to him.

He told me about it one day in London when we were walking together. We had been together for hours. I remember that we were on the Embankment of the Thames when he told me about his lost novel.

He had come to see me early in the evening at my hotel. He spoke of certain stories of my own. "You almost get at something, sometimes," he said.

We agreed that no man ever quite got at—the thing.

If some one once got at it, if he really put the ball over the plate, you know, if he hit the bull's-eye.

What would be the sense of any one trying to do anything after that?

I'll tell you what, some of the old fellows have come pretty near.

Keats, eh? And Shakespeare. And George Borrow and DeFoe.

We spent a half-hour going over names.

We went off to dine together and later walked. He was a little black, nervous man with ragged locks of hair sticking out from under his hat.

I began talking of his first book.

But here is a brief outline of his history. He came from a poor farming family in some English village. He was like all writers. From the very beginning he wanted to write.

He had no education. At twenty he got married.

She must have been a very respectable, nice girl. If I remember rightly, she was the daughter of a priest of the Established English Church.

Just the kind he should not have married. But who shall say whom any one shall love—or marry? She was above him in station. She had been to a woman's college; was well educated.

I have no doubt she thought him an ignorant man.

"She thought me a sweet man, too. The hell with that," he said, speaking of it. "I am not sweet. I hate sweetness."

We had got to that sort of intimacy walking in the London night, going now and then into a pub to get a drink.

I remember that we each got a bottle, fearing the pubs would close before we got through talking.

What I told him about myself and my own adventures I can't remember.

The point is he wanted to make some kind of a pagan out of his woman, and the possibilities weren't in her.

They had two kids.

Then suddenly he did begin to burst out writing—that is to say, really writing.

You know a man like that. When he writes he writes. He had some kind of a job in his English town. I believe he was a clerk.

Because he was writing he, of course, neglected his job, his wife, his kids.

He used to walk about the fields at night. His wife scolded. Of course she was all broken up—would be. No woman can quite bear the absolute way in which a man who has been her lover can drop her when he is at work.

I mean an artist, of course. They can be first-class lovers. It may be they are the only lovers.

And they are absolutely ruthless about throwing direct personal love aside.

You can imagine that household. The man told me there was a little bedroom up-stairs in the house where they were living at that time. This was while he was still in the English town.

The man used to come home from his job and go up-stairs. Up-stairs he went and locked his door. Often he did not stop to eat, and sometimes he did not even speak to his wife.

He wrote and wrote and wrote and threw away.

Then he lost his job. "The hell," he said when he spoke of it.

He didn't care, of course. What is a job?

What is a wife or child? There must be a few ruthless people in this world.

Pretty soon there was practically no food in the house.

He was up-stairs in that room behind the door, writing. The house was small and the children cried. "The little brats," he said, speaking of them. He did not mean that, of course. I understood what he meant. His wife used to come and sit on the stairs outside the door back of which he was at work. She cried audibly and the child she had in her arms cried.

"A patient soul, eh?" the English novelist said to me when he told me of it. "And a good soul, too," he said. "To hell with her," he also said.

You see, he had begun writing about her. She was what his novel was about, his first one. In time it may prove to be his best one.

Such tenderness of understanding—of her difficulties and her limitations, and such a casual, brutal way of treating her—personally.

Well, if we have a soul that is worth something, eh?

It got so they were never together a moment without quarrelling.

And then one night he struck her. He had forgotten to fasten the door of the room in which he worked. She came bursting in.

And just as he was getting at something about her, some understanding of the reality of her. Any writer will understand the difficulty of his position. In a fury he rushed at her, struck her and knocked her down.

And then. Well, she quit him then. Why not? However, he finished the book. It was a real book.

But about his lost novel. He said he came up to London after his wife left him and began living alone. He thought he would write another novel.

You understand that he had got recognition, had been acclaimed.

And the second novel was just as difficult to write as the first. It may be that he was a good deal exhausted.

And, of course, he was ashamed. He was ashamed of the way in which he had treated his wife. He tried to write another novel so that he wouldn't always be thinking. He told me that, for the next year or two, the words he wrote on the paper were all wooden. Nothing was alive.

Months and months of that sort of thing. He withdrew from people. Well, what about his children? He sent money to his wife and went to see her once.

He said she was living with her father's people, and he went to her father's house and got her. They went to walk in the fields. "We couldn't talk," he said. "She began to cry and called me a crazy man. Then I glared at her, as I had done that time I struck her, and she turned and ran away from me back to her father's house, and I came away."

Having written one splendid novel, he wanted, of course, to write some more. He said there were all sorts of characters and situations in his head. He used to sit at his desk for hours writing and then go out in the street and walk as he and I walked together that night.

Nothing would come right for him.

He had got some sort of theory about himself. He said that the second novel was inside him like an unborn child. His conscience was hurting him about his wife and children. He said he loved them all right but did not want to see them again.

Sometimes he thought he hated them. One evening, he said, after he had been struggling like that, and long after he had quit seeing people, he wrote his second novel. It happened like this.

All morning he had been sitting in his room. It was a small room he had rented in a poor part of London. He had got out of bed early, and without eating any breakfast had begun to write. And everything he wrote that morning was also no good.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, as he had been in the habit of doing, he went out to walk. He took a lot of writing-paper with him.

"I had an idea I might begin to write at any time," he said.

He went walking in Hyde Park. He said it was a clear, bright day, and people were walking about together. He sat on a bench.

He hadn't eaten anything since the night before. As he sat there he tried a trick. Later I heard that a group of young poets in Paris took up that sort of thing and were profoundly serious about it.

The Englishman tried what is called "automatic writing."

He just put his pencil on the paper and let the pencil make what words it would.

Of course the pencil made a queer

jumble of absurd words. He quit doing that.

There he sat on the bench staring at the people walking past.

He was tired, like a man who has been in love for a long time with some woman he cannot get.

Let us say there are difficulties. He is married or she is. They look at each other with promises in their eyes and nothing happens.

Wait and wait. Most people's lives are spent waiting.

And then suddenly, he said, he began writing his novel. The theme, of course, was men and women—lovers. What other theme is there for such a man? He told me that he must have been thinking a great deal of his wife and of his cruelty to her. He wrote and wrote. The evening passed and night came. Fortunately, there was a moon. He kept on writing. He said it was the most intense writing he ever did or ever hoped to do. Hours and hours passed. He sat there on that bench writing like a crazy man.

He wrote a novel at one sitting. Then he went home to his room.

He said he never was so happy and satisfied with himself in his life.

"I thought that I had done justice to my wife and to my children, to every one and everything," he said.

He said that all the love he had in his being went into the novel.

He took it home and laid it on his desk.

What a sweet feeling of satisfaction to have done—the thing.

Then he went out of his room and found an all-night place where he could get something to eat.

After he got food he walked around the town. How long he walked he didn't know.

Then he went home and slept. It was daylight by this time. He slept all through the next day.

He said that when he woke up he thought he would look at his novel. "I really knew all the time it wasn't there," he said. "On the desk, of course, there was nothing but blank empty sheets of paper."

"Anyway," he said, "this I know. I never will write such a beautiful novel as that one was."

Of course when he said it he laughed.

I do not believe there are too many people in the world who will know exactly what he was laughing about.

* * *

Four Hearths

By Lucy Barnard

Spring's wood was all too green to burn,
But fires in summer hotter grow,
And autumn's flames leapt up to set
These stern hillsides aglow.
Now through the silent valley drifts
The winter smoke of snow.

The Vote: Our First Comeback

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING

Director Industrial Inspection, Labor Department, Missouri

Are women to continue to be fed with honeyed words and small jobs while they work for the men politicians? Mrs. Moyer-Wing, whose other articles in SCRIBNER'S on women in politics have attracted wide attention, here goes to the bottom of the problem.

IT was early morning in our St. Louis office. The phone rang. "Hello," said a voice. I recognized it as belonging to a woman prominent in a political organization. "I've just read your article," she continued; "do you want me to tell you just what I think about these political things you are writing?"

"Yes," I said; "tell me."

"Well"—she hesitated a moment—"they're too—true. That's the trouble—too true."

"Don't we want truth?"

"Of course we want it. But we mustn't have it. You better watch your step, old dear. I hear that the men aren't a bit pleased."

"What men?"

" 'The' men."

"Because I'm truthful?"

"Yes. It takes molasses and honey to catch flies."

"Honey," I replied, "has been woman's age-old weapon and see how slow she has been."

"Yes. They even recognized the honey as bait, and steered clear of it, except when they didn't wish to."

"Won't they do the same thing in politics? Aren't they doing it?"

"Yes."

"Then whether we do or do not speak up, our political fate is settled."

"Yes."

"Thanks for the information. We're damned if we do and we're damned if we don't."

"Exactly."

"But I worked for woman suffrage, believing——"

"That's another thing they have against you. Watch the few women that have been elected to something. See how almost every one of them disclaims all former interest in the vote. Never, oh, never, did they ask for it. But now that they have it . . . you know the line."

"Yes," I replied, "I do know. It reminds me of the viper that bit his rescuer after having been warmed in his bosom."

"Yes. And you notice how these women talk about the 'chivalry' of the men that 'selected' them, don't you? Always they are selected by chivalrous men."

"Yes."

"Well, that's the kind of talk that catches 'em."

"Can't the women ever hope to do anything about this selecting business?"

"Were you born yesterday?"

"But I have the vote, haven't I? What is it for—the vote?"

"Well—to elect the ticket, of course, for one thing."

"Whose ticket?"

"The party's."

"Isn't the party mine?"

"My dear, my dear! Maybe it is today that you were born. Good-by. See you soon—wait a moment. 'Honey versus Fact' might be a good title for your next article—or turn it round and call it 'Fact versus Honey.' "

Again the phone was ringing. The voice of a little woman from the north side greeted me—precinct worker.

"You've been at it again I see—writin' 'em up."

"Well?"

"Watch your step, honey. The legislator from my district says there's others wantin' your job. I told him you were tellin' nothin' but the truth, and he said that if I wanted to canvass my precinct again at three dollars per day I'd better keep quiet myself; so you see how it is."

"What do the men get for canvassing?"

"Five dollars."

"Why this two dollars more for the same kind of work?"

"They're men."

"What, in your opinion, is the purpose of the vote?"

"To elect the ticket, of course, and to——"

"Whose ticket is it?"

"Why—why——"

"How many women have there been on the ticket?"

"Why—you know what the men say—that it is still too early in the game for women to try for office."

"Very interesting."

"This legislator is the man, you know, that got himself into the papers, on his fight against class legislation. Remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked him who was goin' to take up the cudgel against class organization, which reminds me: 'Class Organization in Party Politics' would be a good subject for another article. When I explained to the legislator what I meant by class organization he was hoppin' mad. I told him that the men are hinderin' themselves by gobblin' up everything in sight and that the party that sees this first will be the winner. But you see how I am placed. I have to keep still if I want that job again."

Before the hour was gone I talked with a third person on the same subject—my most recent article appearing in SCRIBNER'S. This woman had no position to hold in any party organization. She had no political place to fill except the free and independent position of a voting citizen.

"I am not advocating a separate organization of women as women," she said in the course of our conversation. "What I hope to see is a realization by women of what the vote can mean to them. For one thing it ought to mean working with the men; not everlastingly for them. When I, merely an interested voter with no strings tied to me, can see this, surely those of you in or near the organization should be awake to it. The trouble is, women are blindly afraid of their shadows. The vote is the first genuine comeback that we have ever had—and somehow we don't see it. Politics is the great, glorious wide-place-in-the-road where we may face about and head in another direction, and we aren't making the turn. By the way, 'The Great, Glorious Wide-Place-in-the-Road' would be a good title for an article when you write another."

The hour had furnished the inspiration. Whether I shall be able to put honey in my ink or bathe my typewriter in molasses will depend upon how much truth I shall dare put into the article, or how much I can keep out of it. Then there is the problem of the editors. I am told that the truth about certain things scares the few women among them half to death and makes the men tearing mad. Serious for the writer.

It's a fact that comebacks for women have been few and far between. We all know that men have "got by" in their opposition to them in business, in the professions, in the arts and sciences, to such a degree as to have made women's progress slow, cruelly slow. Sometimes this opposition has been open antagonism, but very often it has been a seeming quiescence so deceiving that an individual woman has awoke to it only after a long period of servitude has advanced all her male associates and left her own position the same as in the beginning. And there has been no direct remedy—nothing but slow, torturing, heart-break.

With the influence of the centuries heavy upon us, it is not surprising that we have been slow to believe that the same undercurrent of determined resistance is against us in politics, and particularly are we slow to see the remedy—the first concrete, workable remedy that women have had. So accustomed have we become to playing second fiddle, so borne in upon our consciousness is the thought of inferior positions, so ready are we to wonder with the world's head-lines over a forward step for women, that not only are we not quick to recognize opportunity; we do not even believe it when we see it.

The cheaper grade of the male in things political, and even some of those from whom we have a right to expect something better, are keeping their fingers crossed, hoping that we shall never open our eyes to this comeback in politics; praying that we shall never come into a realization of just what the vote can mean to us, that we shall not recognize it as a lever. And their prayers are being answered their way to an amazing degree, for these men are engagingly clever. Nobody makes quite such a display of regret over women's non-participation at the ballot-box as do they, nor in quite such a disarming manner.

I do not say that they are insincere in their wish to have us vote, now that we are voters. No matter how opposed they may have been to woman suffrage, when it came in spite of them they climbed into the very front seat of the suffrage wagon. They were among those who "welcomed" us most heartily into party affiliations—"full participation in the privileges and responsibilities of party membership." Wonderful words! How we thrilled to them!

Yes, they do want us to vote, now that we are voters. But here is the "fly in the ointment": we are invited only to vote. And the reason we are invited to vote is because each party fears the voting strength of the women in the opposing party. Nobody invites us to any sort of an equal opportunity. No, indeed. Our duty as voting citizens is to work ourselves to a frazzle getting an all-men ticket elected. Our job then is to sit down and wait till they need our votes again.

Oh, of course, in the meantime a few crumbs will be dropped on the floor for us to pick up. The honor of a place on a committee of hard work and no pay will be thrust upon us, and we must be very grateful and humble. I have in mind, as I write, the picture of a man standing in the rain, head bared deferentially, as he talked to some women in an automobile. There was a movement on to secure a political place for a friend of his, a relative, in fact. Would these women form themselves into a committee to work for him? Nobody, he assured us, could do it so well. This "nobody-can-do-it-so-well" salve has a most lavish spread.

I was one of these women. We got the place for the relative. Later, when one of the women wanted something for herself—and she was entirely qualified, needed the job, and was entitled to it—this man again stood in our presence, this time with his hat on (though it wasn't raining), "explaining" why it should go to a certain man, another friend of his—in fact, another relative.

We are getting a lot of advice and criticism along the way—we women. Men writers and speakers are telling us all about our faults, our failures, our possibilities—but there never was a time when men have not told us all about our faults, our failures, our possibilities.

Party men among these writers and speakers declare that women are too prone to vote their individual convictions. To reach the best results, they tell us, we should choose a party and stick to its ticket. Other writers and speakers, less partisan, are imploring us to step out and away from party organization and register as independent voters. But there is one point on which all of them agree: for the present, and yet for many years to come, women are to spend their time merely in the education of women, educating them along political lines. And not by any means—oh, no, never—should women, at this time, try to get "nominations" or "jobs" or "recognition"!

Somehow they expect us not to notice how men welcome a man to a job, push him into a nomination, heap recognition upon him, without ever asking how much political education he has had or how well qualified for the job or the nomination or the recognition. He's a man.

They expect us not to see how these men who have just welcomed the man face about, then, and push a woman out of a job or nomination or recognition without a thought of appreciation for her qualifications for said job, nomination, or recognition. She's a woman.

A woman member of a party organization didn't know any better than to question the education and qualifications of a man selected by men members for a prized position. She was glared at. "How do you expect a feller to learn if he don't get a chance?" roared the leader.

"Exactly," replied the woman. "That is what I was thinking about the woman that wants the place."

The artist learns to paint by painting; the writer by writing. We have got to learn politics from politics. There is no other way. Men know there is no other way, but to discourage women and turn them away from political aspirations is a part of the class-organization process the little north-sider referred to.

We have heard a great deal about and against a species of legislation designated as "class legislation." It is an old subject, having to do with things political. Maybe it ought not to be surprising that a new subject is arising, also in things political, with a "class" label. Subjects designated "class" are frequently things to stay away from. This new class organization is equally dangerous, favoring as it does just one-half of a party's qualified voters.

I have opposed the non-partisan or

all-partisan women's parties as separate from men's. I am a strict adherent of "party" organization. But class organization in the parties cannot fail to force women eventually into an understanding among themselves. Indeed, I do not know of any other existent reason or force with equal power, at this time, to bring about that unhappy state. And if it must come—if the men-controlled organization cannot be brought to a sense of the situation by any other method, even then let us hope we may not need to resort to a party, separately and distinctly a women's party, embracing the women of all parties.

As a party woman, I would wish this to be, if we must have it, an understanding among the women of each party—women of one political faith; and then only in case the regular party organization, with its "class" methods, continues to fail its women members. I am not referring to a temporary campaign club for an immediate campaign only. I refer to something permanent—as the regular organization is permanent.

Already there has been some party-organization work among the women that is separate and distinct from the regular party committees, in the formation of Democratic women's clubs and Republican women's clubs. But the trouble with these clubs is that they are organized for the sole purpose of working for the men, the very same purpose for which women are permitted on the regular committees of the regular organization. Note the preposition. We do not work "with" the men. They won't let us. We work "for" them: to carry out their plans, to elect their men, to listen to and agree to their excuses against women for office, etc.

Party women want party solidarity. They love their party. They love peace. But the boiling tea-kettle eventually pushes off the lid.

When women recognize the power of the ballot, when they shall have gotten their fill of all this manœuvring, when they have become fully fed up on working "for" instead of "with," then and then only will we uncross the fingers of the political pilferer. And if we must have a visible or invisible Republican women's organization, a visible or invisible Democrat women's organization, to bring this about—whichever it may be, a visible organization or an invisible agreement, whether the women of the regular, political, elected committees or a separate women's organization within each party—it will actually represent women just as all political organizations have so far represented men.

These women's organizations, through their representatives or committees, will be heard with respect in party councils and will treat on an equal with the party men. There will be a satisfactory division of party honors and party candidates—and the men will work for the women candidates just as women work for the men candidates. That is all that is necessary to elect women—just that the men work to elect them the same as women work to elect men. And the men must do this, when women have opened their eyes.

"Hard-boiled?" Yes. A hard-boiled solution for a hard-boiled problem. It would establish a hard-boiled precedent, and the party women don't want to do it, objecting as they do to party "class" organization.

But as long as we permit ourselves to be wheedled and flattered and argued out, just so long will we be flouted after we have done the men's bidding and got them all in office.

The operation necessary to the change needn't be a cataclysm. It won't break the earth's axis. Men, the majority of them, are good sports, and when they see that we mean business they will again sit with us on the front seat of the wagon—this time in fairness and frank sincerity. For they will know that the meaning of the ballot, our first lever, has finally dawned upon us.

And that's that. It can be—will be, if it must. But why must it? Why need we have this test-out? Why must we fight? In the old pre-suffrage days I never could understand why we had to ask and plead and fight for something that nobody had a right to withhold from us. A little farther back the women could not understand why they had to beg and fight for permission to attend college. And away, way back women could not understand why souls were denied them.

And now why must we plead or fight, or both, for political recognition, withheld for no reason on earth except that we are women? With the vote in our pockets the fight will be swifter and shorter once we make up our minds to it, but why must we do it? Cataclysmic or not, the operation need not be.

Let me again quote the little northsider. "Men," said she, "are hinderin' themselves gobblin' up everything in sight"; and she continued by remarking: "The party that sees this first will be the winner."

How I should love to see my party step out into the open, lay its cards on the table, and "divvy up." As an ardent Republican I should like exceedingly to have us beat the Democrats to it. There are some superb leaders in the Republican party. How easily they could lead the way from out this morass of party class organization to the safe and sane method of team-work. Uncle Sam *does* need a wife. The double harness makes for better work and farther going than the single driver. Class organization is the single driver, or, in what is possibly a more understandable language of the day, class organization is something hitting on none of its cylinders.

How joyously—and gratefully—women would face about from the old molasses route that has meant but little to them and nothing to men! Politics *could* be the great, glorious wide turn in the road, leading to a more self-respecting highway, all of us going better and going farther in the use of a different preposition—"with" instead of "for."

When this article appears the two great national conventions will have taken place. We will have seen how many women were sent as delegates to these conventions.

All the primary elections and other preliminaries, probably, will be occasions of the past and we will know how women fared in them.

There will be, yet to come, the general election in November, when we shall see how women not lost in the shuffle will be treated.

All that is necessary to elect women to official positions is that men work to elect them just as women work to elect men.

Writing and Playwrighting

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The agonies of a playwright as seen by the author of a Pulitzer Prize play, who has also achieved success in fiction-writing.

THE difference between writing a story for publication and writing (the same story, perhaps) for theatrical production is like the difference between painting a picture of a house to be looked at and designing one to be built.

When an artist completes his canvas —there is his finished product, ready to be framed and exhibited. And when a novelist delivers the MS. of his book to be printed and published, that, too, is a finished product, exactly as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewriting instead of in type.

But a dramatist's script is no more of a play than an architect's blue-print is a house for people to live in. Plans and specifications, dialogue and stage-directions, are conceived and executed not as ends but as means to a happy consummation as yet non-existent. House and play are still on paper.

Potentially they are all there, or ought to be. The architect, if a good one, has provided practically and beautifully for every square inch of the building to be erected, inside and out, from cellar to attic. In his architectural imagination he can already visualize what we may behold later, even to the shadows under the eaves and the vines clambering up the walls, and the tone of time over all. But no one else can see it as he sees it—not yet.

Likewise, the playwright, if he knows his job, not only plots out the crossings, the groupings, and the stage business, he premeditates and provides for every effect that is to be produced in the theatre from the wording of the programme to the ringing down of the final curtain in time for the commuters to catch their trains. In his theatrical imagination he visualizes each scene and the lighting of it as beheld from the front. He hears his lines as they should be spoken, with proper emphasis, timing, and tempo. But no one else can see and hear all this—not yet. The author even hears laughter and wild applause in his imagination, and sometimes never elsewhere.

Now, an architect does not exhibit his flat, two-dimensional drawings as works of art, though he hopes that his three-dimensional finished product may prove to be one, a different kind of art. Neither does a playwright regard his MS., even after he releases it for publication, as a literary effort or as reading matter at all. If he wanted to tell his story in type, he would not use such an awkward, inflexible form—two-dimensional dialogue, colorless, toneless, often ambiguous until incorporated in the finished three-dimensional production. He would not sprinkle his text with italicized stage-directions which interrupt the rhythm, even when they do not confuse the reader to the skipping-point. Such work is not done as writing but as playwrighting.

I am using that phrase to emphasize

the difference between what is wrought out for acting and written out for reading. Those who have worked at both crafts find, when we dramatize our fiction, that we seldom save so much as a line of the original dialogue, though written and approved by ourselves—as fiction. Plays are not written to be read, any more than the score of an opera is composed for perusal. They are written to be played. That is why they are called plays. Drama means the thing done, not the thing told.

In one of Clyde Fitch's comedies, I don't remember which, there was a nursery scene. In those days it was not such a universal custom for dramatists to publish their work, and literary reviewers did not know what to make of them. This one came to the desk of a caustic young critic on the New York *Sun*. "So this is what they call Clyde Fitch's brilliant dialogue, is it?" he said, and quoted the following bit, or something to this effect. I myself am quoting from memory:

GRANDMOTHER. (*To 1st child*) Now tell Grandma whose boy you are. (*She kisses him. 1st child is silent.*) Whose boy are you? (*1st child same business. She X-es to table, kisses 2nd child. He does not respond. To 2nd child:*) Good-night, sweetheart. (*2nd child silent. To both:*) You must eat your little suppers now. Good-night. (*Exit* GRANDMOTHER.)

1ST CHILD. Grandma's gone! (*Beats on table with spoon.*)

2ND CHILD. Grandma's gone! (*Beats on table with spoon.*)

Quite right, nothing very distinguished about such dialogue, as read in print. But if the supercilious *Sun* man had seen it on the stage as directed by the author—the dour little faces scowling while the sentimental old grandmother gushed over them, the glad relief and sudden transformation when the old lady left the room; if he had heard the comic clatter of the spoons upon the resounding table while the shrill treble voices shouted joyously at the top of their lungs, "Grandma's gone! Grandma's gone!" and if he had heard the audience roar—he might have had a better appreciation of stage dialogue and of the difference between writing and playwrighting.

Presumably, the art critic of *The Sun* would not have been so stupid as to seize upon an architectural drawing—say, the full-sized detail of a newel-post made for the boss carpenter—and jeer at its lack of luminosity. To this day, however, there are still those who naïvely try to appraise dramatic writings by literary standards, including some who profess to teach writing to our impressionable youth.

Very likely this traditional confusion arises from the historical fact that once upon a time playwrighting was indeed mostly a matter of writing. All drama, of course, used to be done in verse. But for that matter, it used to be done in church, too. Neither metre nor morality seem to be requisites for modern drama. When the theatre was evolved, plays and piety were separated, like Church and State. Later, plays and poetry also became estranged, and now, for better or worse, have been divorced.

All through the evolution of the arts we see similar separations and specializations of function, due to natural selection and the acquired characteristics of changed environment. Finally, a clean-cut differentiation comes about and, behold, the origin of species. Those interested in such processes can watch a new one forming to-day before their very eyes. Look at the cinema—the despised movies.

At first, picture plays were pale pantomimic imitations of the spoken drama —an incongruous attempt to reproduce in silence things conceived in sound. Soon, by the process of trial and error, they began specializing in material which could be utilized more effectively with camera and screen than in a medium as small and limited as the stage. And now, more and more, they are going in for things the spoken drama has never used at all and never could. Eventually, they will have evolved something not only strange and new but great and beautiful, and they can call it an art, if it makes them feel good. Both stage and screen will be better, not worse, for the survival of the fittest of the other species, because each will thus be compelled to stick to what is inherently its own stuff.

When laymen inform me that they "get more out of reading plays than seeing them acted," I am always impressed but not invariably convinced. To be sure, my personal taste is no criterion. I see very few plays, unless written or acted by my friends. If I can possibly squirm out of it, I never read any at all. But to "get more out of reading plays" I should say that it would be necessary to read not only the author's MS. but his mind. So much of drama can never be read because never written, values which cannot be written, nor suggested by writing, or imagined by reading, because they are not literary values, but theatre values. These do not emerge until acted.

Nor does this mean merely the niceties and nuances of a perfect production, the latent undertones and overtones of sparkling dialogue, or the crash and bang of good melodrama. The main intent of some plays is not recognized from a mere reading. There was a certain social satire put on in New York a decade or so ago, high comedy played to the accompaniment of genial laughter. It reads more like an austere polemic. It is now sometimes played that way, too, in Little Theatres, unless the director has seen the original production. Once the author of this piece was helping some amateurs rehearse it. The players were surprised at his conceit when he stopped them to say: "Better not take that cue so quickly. You will step on a nice laugh." They were still more surprised when this came true at the performance. It was not because they were amateurs; professionals had made the same mistake at first.

Actors, the greatest actors, cannot "get" all that is in even their own parts by reading them—reading them intensively for three weeks during rehearsals. For that matter, the author himself does not know all that will be contributed by his players and the director until the finished production is brought to life or death by an audience. For the only true test of how a play acts is how the house reacts. I shall speak of that unknown X again.

It is a mere impertinence to judge plays by literary standards, but a sheer impossibility to judge them by dramatic standards until they become drama —the thing done.

Those unfortunates who have to read scripts in their business—the producers, directors, stars, play-brokers, and paid play-readers—develop an expert projective imagination. They know how to read plays, if any one does. But few of these puzzled professionals pretend to get as much out of the most careful reading and rereading as out of watching a try-out on the road—as much understanding and appreciation as well as commercial appraisal. From a reading, they gain little more than a guess, and then lay their bets accordingly. That is why they are so reluctant to pass judgment. "I know my magnificent limitations too well," as William Gillette once wrote to a young aspirant who had the innocent audacity to induce that distinguished actor-author to criticise a first effort before it was produced. (I still have that letter somewhere.)

All this is adduced not as an argument against amateurs reading plays, if they enjoy it. Very few dramatists object to the public's buying their works. I am merely pointing out the difference between writing and playwrighting, and venturing to suggest that there must be some reason for the existence of the theatre. For when an author can convey his ideas through the two processes of reading and writing, it seems a wicked waste of time, thought, and money to employ actors, directors, scene-painters, costumers, electricians, musicians, carpenters, ushers, and ticket-sellers. In short, why bother with the theatre at all?

Incidentally, a growing number of authors who have tried both writing and playwrighting feel that way about it.

II

Telling a story, like painting a picture, is a one-man job. But the playwright, like the architect, arrives at his objective only through the work of other craftsmen, expert and otherwise. What gets through the three-ply screen —manager, director, and actor—may be better, but it is not so much his own.

Most of those playwrights who were trained in the freedom of the fiction field, accustomed to independence and self-sufficiency, find rehearsals an agony. Many a good writer has proved a bad playwright because he plunged into the unaccustomed medium of the theatre with amused contempt. A champion runner has good muscles, lungs, and heart, but when he plunges into the water he will sink unless he has learned to swim.

When a novelist finishes his book, his work is over. He can run away and play, or sit down and write another. When a dramatist turns in his script, he can do so too, but it is like abandoning an unborn child. Unless he takes a hand in the casting, rehearsing, costuming, staging, and everything else in connection with the production, it will not be his offspring that is produced, but a bastard.

When you publish a book, it stays put, but every performance of a play is a hazard from the first night to the last, because, unlike books, buildings, and moving pictures, which are produced once for all, drama is reproduced every time it is performed. Its nightly existence depends upon a group of highly sensitized human beings who may be suffering from overwork or overpay, bad direction or bad digestion or hurt feelings; who are liable to attacks of grippe or of matrimony without a moment's notice; who may leave you for a better engagement, or be run down by a taxicab on the way to the theatre when the understudy is not up in the part.

It is this aspect of the matter which drives confirmed dramatists to drink, and occasional dramatists out of the theatre entirely. From the point of view of those who have other things to write, successes in the theatre are worse than failures. A failure is soon over with, but successes are likely to drag on indefinitely. And the longer the run of the play, the more likely the players are to slump in that subtle scene in the second act. Road companies have to be cast and rehearsed. Maddening business details have to be decided—foreign rights, picture rights, stock and amateur rights. All of which require time and the playwright's presence just when he would like to run away and do his own work. His life becomes a theatrical life, his avocation a vocation, and the tail soon begins to wag the dog.

To the people of the theatre "the mysterious lure of the stage" is not behind the scenes. That is all dust and disillusionment. The fascination is out in front. You and I who make up the audience are the mystery.

No one knows exactly what an audience is, but a play is not born until it receives the quickening that can come only from the psychological, perhaps psychic, current that flows back and forth between players and onlookers.

In a general way, we know something about this thing called mob-psychology. We know, for example, that a theatre audience is entirely different from the public which reads your books—even when it is composed of identically the same persons. The whole is not equal to the sum of its parts. Books are read by separated individuals. Plays are seen by groups massed together, an emotional mass. We know that the fundamental instincts are nearer the surface in a crowd.

But no one can predicate with certainty how an audience will respond to the fresh combination of the old stimuli contained in every new play, because there are so many unknown and psychologically unexpected permutations in every fresh confrontation of play and public.

If those who work in the theatre knew as much about the psychic laws involved in the first night of a play as a schoolboy knows about the laws of physics, they would know in advance of production how the audience is going to react. If they knew that, they would put on six out of six successes instead of five out of six failures. But they only know that a play really cannot be played without an audience to play it on. It would be like playing a piano without any strings. You may touch the keys and work the pedals perfectly, but there is no response and, therefore, no music.

I presume that I might be called hard-boiled, having been "in the business." Yet at the theatre I have been betrayed into laughing at jokes so banal that if seen in print I would yawn. I can be seduced into tears by situations so simple that if read at home I would fall asleep. For in the theatre I am a different person. At home I am an intelligent person, or try to be. There I am a primitive person, even though I try not to be. Whatever the playwright does to my intellect must come through my emotions to my mind, if it ever gets that far. What the novelist does to my emotions must come through my mind to my heart, if it ever gets that far.

I am not talking about "giving the public what it wants," but a different and far more difficult task, making the public want what you give. Shaw, a Puritan according to Chesterton, makes us look at our social institutions. He is so serious that he is willing to be funny in order to make his public think—the most difficult thing in the world to do in the theatre, as every one who has tried it knows. Most dramatists do not even try. You have to beguile your audience into the unaccustomed process, trick them, tickle them, relax them with laughter, and then when they are off guard, their mouths open, inject the virus of an idea. One in a hundred will swallow it. The rest will spew it out or forget it by morning.

Of course there is no need to consider your audience if you "write to please yourself," or think that the object of art is self-expression. I don't know what art is any more than what God is, though I imagine they both come from the same place and have similar objectives. But I observe that all through the history of this thing called art, most of our greatest were consciously concerned with creating not only a fine piece of work but an audience for it. I fancy that is where the art of it comes in. The subjective concept is not a work of art any more than love for a woman is a child. It is merely the cause, not the result.

Those who write to please themselves must be easily pleased. But if that be the idea of "creative work," why endure the travail of creation? Why work? Why express? You've had your pleasure already with the conception. You still have it, in your memory or your note-book. Let it stay there. If, however, you are going to write it or paint it, your task is an objective, not a subjective, one. You must write or paint in such a way as to make others feel what you have already felt, either actually in your experience or vicariously in your imagination.

If you do that well enough you will make us forget that you are a writer writing, a creator creating, forget that we are reading a printed page of self-expression or witnessing an acted scene of expressionistic drama, and derive that mystic satisfaction which comes only from the inherent beauty and pathos of living.

* * *

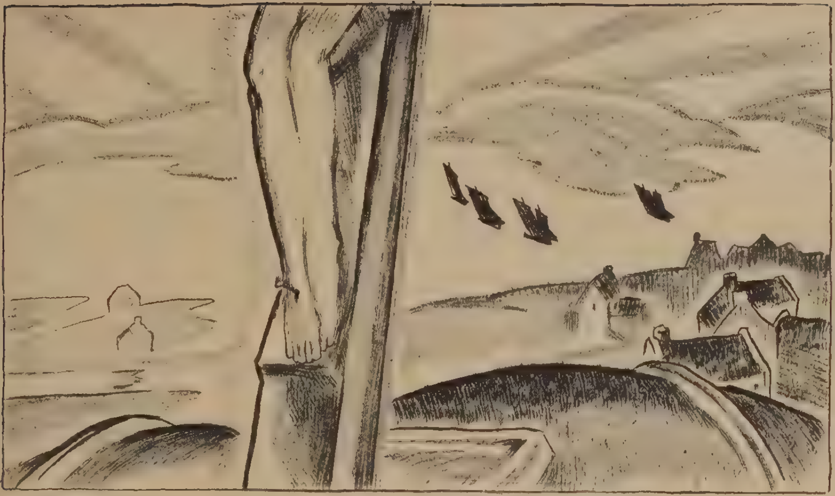
Ships

By Margaret Widdemer

You love ships.
—Tall-masted schooners lifting
Sideways up and under as the deep wave dips,
—Little sly fishing-smacks with small sails scuttering
Tinily to windward, low along the sky-line . . .
So that they adventure out, freed, on the water,
Released, swift, springing—so that they are ships!

Stately forthright steamers, with smoke far-streaming,
Starry-necklaced ferry-boats, lacing like a tale
Happily ended, across and back the rivers,
—Racing-boats, many-oared, flashing down the morning,
—Dark canoes with lanterns and a stencilled sail. . . .

Your quick eyes follow them, lighted like a lover's,
The ships that bear a lifetime of your city-bound desires:
You love ships. I watch you, wistfully.
You love ships. . . .
I love hearth-fires.



Côte d'Émeraude

Drawings and Text by

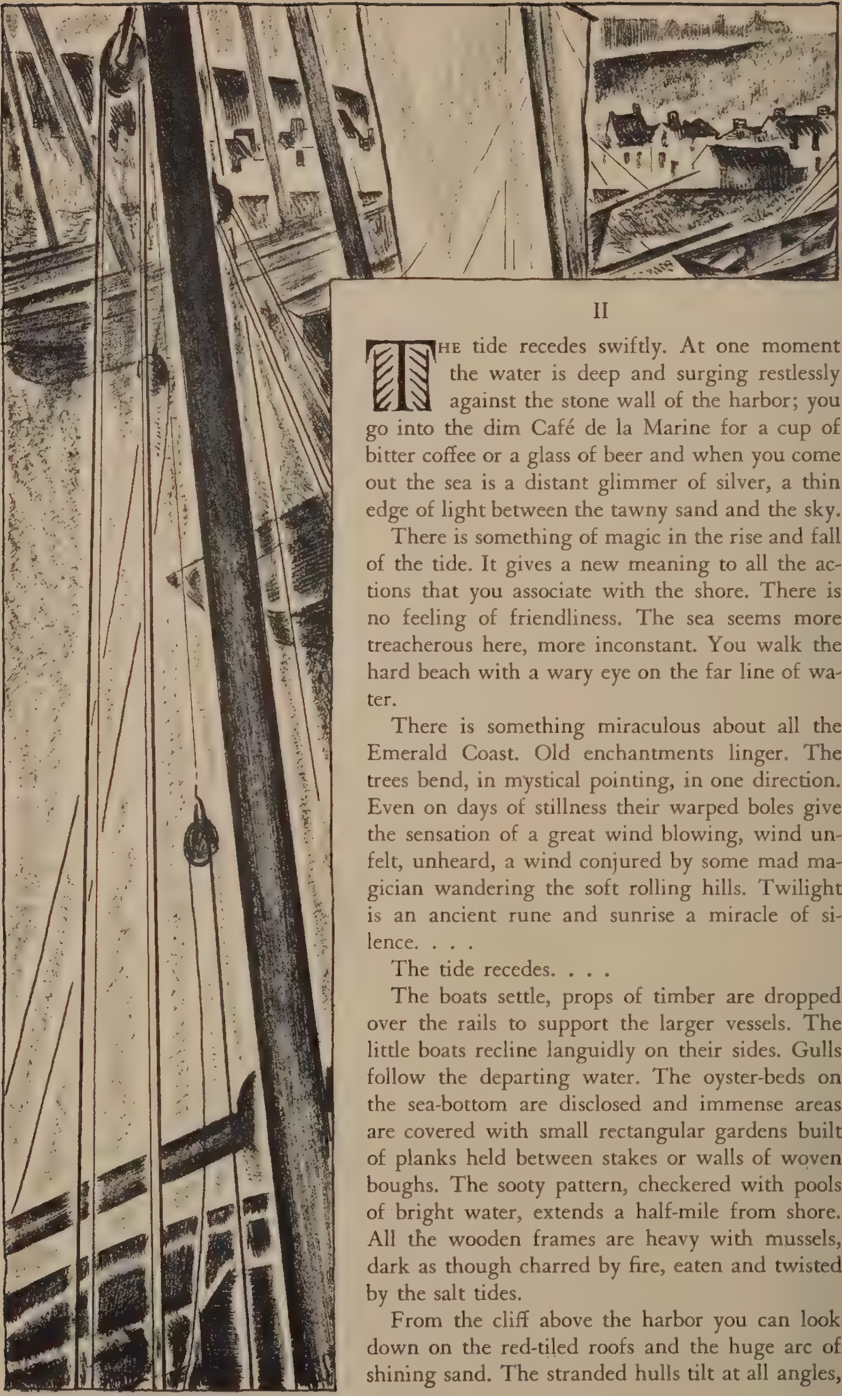
EDWARD SHENTON

I

All the world is emerald green and silver. You take the petit tram at St. Malo, perhaps, under the gaunt brown wall, leave its fantastic crown of roofs and chimneys, its portcullis of masts where the Grand Banks schooners idle in the basin, pass along the pink villas and emerge, suddenly, into a country of green silences, of silver stillness reaching to the sea.

This is the Emerald Coast, a verdant quiet between Finistère and the gray north regions. It is a fragrant pastoral of small thatched cottages, of tilled fields edged with poplar-trees and stone walls, of red cattle and black goats, apple-orchards, windmills, inns smelling of cider, and fishing villages redolent of tar and brine, and salt-crusted nets spread to dry in the sun.

The towns are old and clean and beautiful. And St. Michael guards its peace from the incredible pinnacle of the Mont.



II

The tide recedes swiftly. At one moment the water is deep and surging restlessly against the stone wall of the harbor; you go into the dim Café de la Marine for a cup of bitter coffee or a glass of beer and when you come out the sea is a distant glimmer of silver, a thin edge of light between the tawny sand and the sky.

There is something of magic in the rise and fall of the tide. It gives a new meaning to all the actions that you associate with the shore. There is no feeling of friendliness. The sea seems more treacherous here, more inconstant. You walk the hard beach with a wary eye on the far line of water.

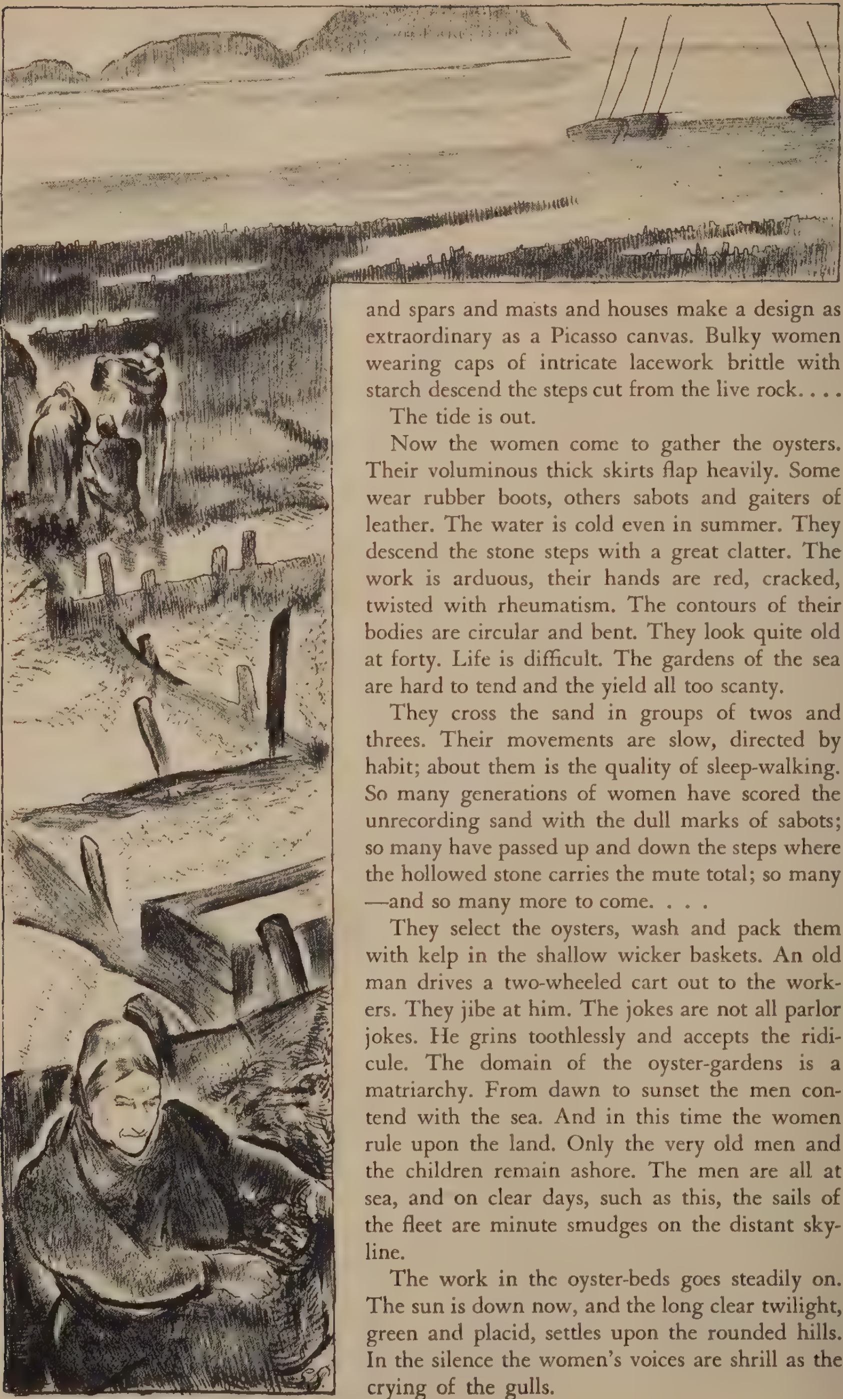
There is something miraculous about all the Emerald Coast. Old enchantments linger. The trees bend, in mystical pointing, in one direction. Even on days of stillness their warped boles give the sensation of a great wind blowing, wind unfelt, unheard, a wind conjured by some mad magician wandering the soft rolling hills. Twilight is an ancient rune and sunrise a miracle of silence. . . .

The tide recedes. . . .

The boats settle, props of timber are dropped over the rails to support the larger vessels. The little boats recline languidly on their sides. Gulls follow the departing water. The oyster-beds on the sea-bottom are disclosed and immense areas are covered with small rectangular gardens built of planks held between stakes or walls of woven boughs. The sooty pattern, checkered with pools of bright water, extends a half-mile from shore. All the wooden frames are heavy with mussels, dark as though charred by fire, eaten and twisted by the salt tides.

From the cliff above the harbor you can look down on the red-tiled roofs and the huge arc of shining sand. The stranded hulls tilt at all angles,

Edward Shenton



and spars and masts and houses make a design as extraordinary as a Picasso canvas. Bulky women wearing caps of intricate lacework brittle with starch descend the steps cut from the live rock. . . .

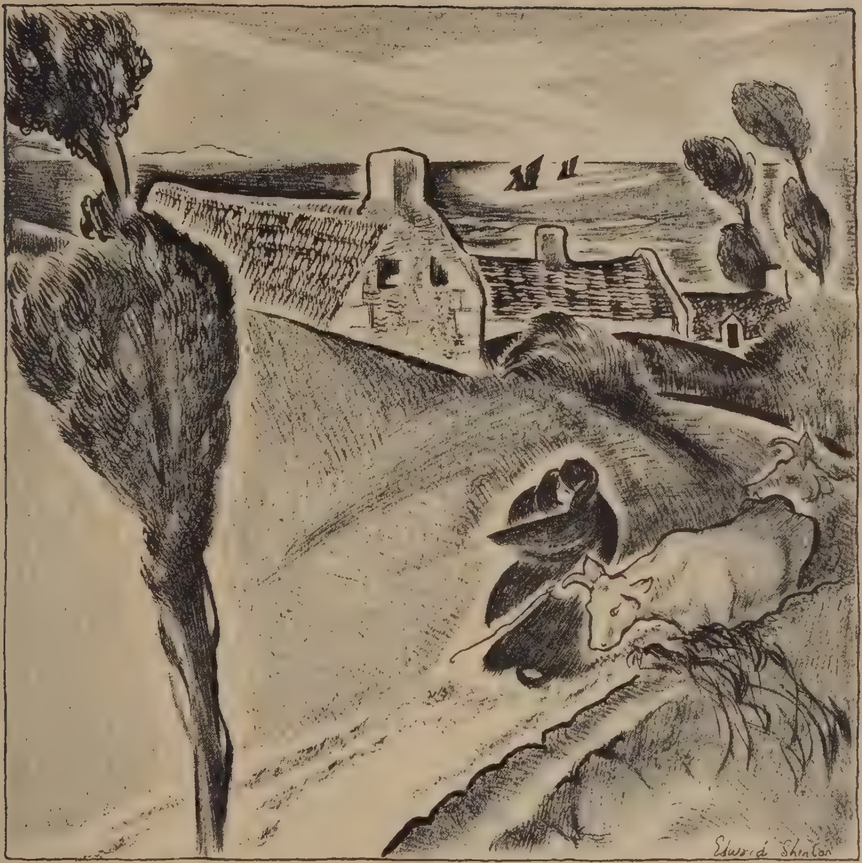
The tide is out.

Now the women come to gather the oysters. Their voluminous thick skirts flap heavily. Some wear rubber boots, others sabots and gaiters of leather. The water is cold even in summer. They descend the stone steps with a great clatter. The work is arduous, their hands are red, cracked, twisted with rheumatism. The contours of their bodies are circular and bent. They look quite old at forty. Life is difficult. The gardens of the sea are hard to tend and the yield all too scanty.

They cross the sand in groups of twos and threes. Their movements are slow, directed by habit; about them is the quality of sleep-walking. So many generations of women have scored the unrecording sand with the dull marks of sabots; so many have passed up and down the steps where the hollowed stone carries the mute total; so many —and so many more to come. . . .

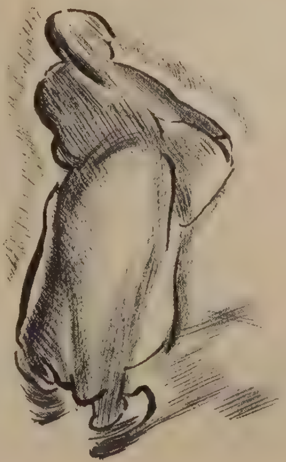
They select the oysters, wash and pack them with kelp in the shallow wicker baskets. An old man drives a two-wheeled cart out to the workers. They jibe at him. The jokes are not all parlor jokes. He grins toothlessly and accepts the ridicule. The domain of the oyster-gardens is a matriarchy. From dawn to sunset the men contend with the sea. And in this time the women rule upon the land. Only the very old men and the children remain ashore. The men are all at sea, and on clear days, such as this, the sails of the fleet are minute smudges on the distant skyline.

The work in the oyster-beds goes steadily on. The sun is down now, and the long clear twilight, green and placid, settles upon the rounded hills. In the silence the women's voices are shrill as the crying of the gulls.



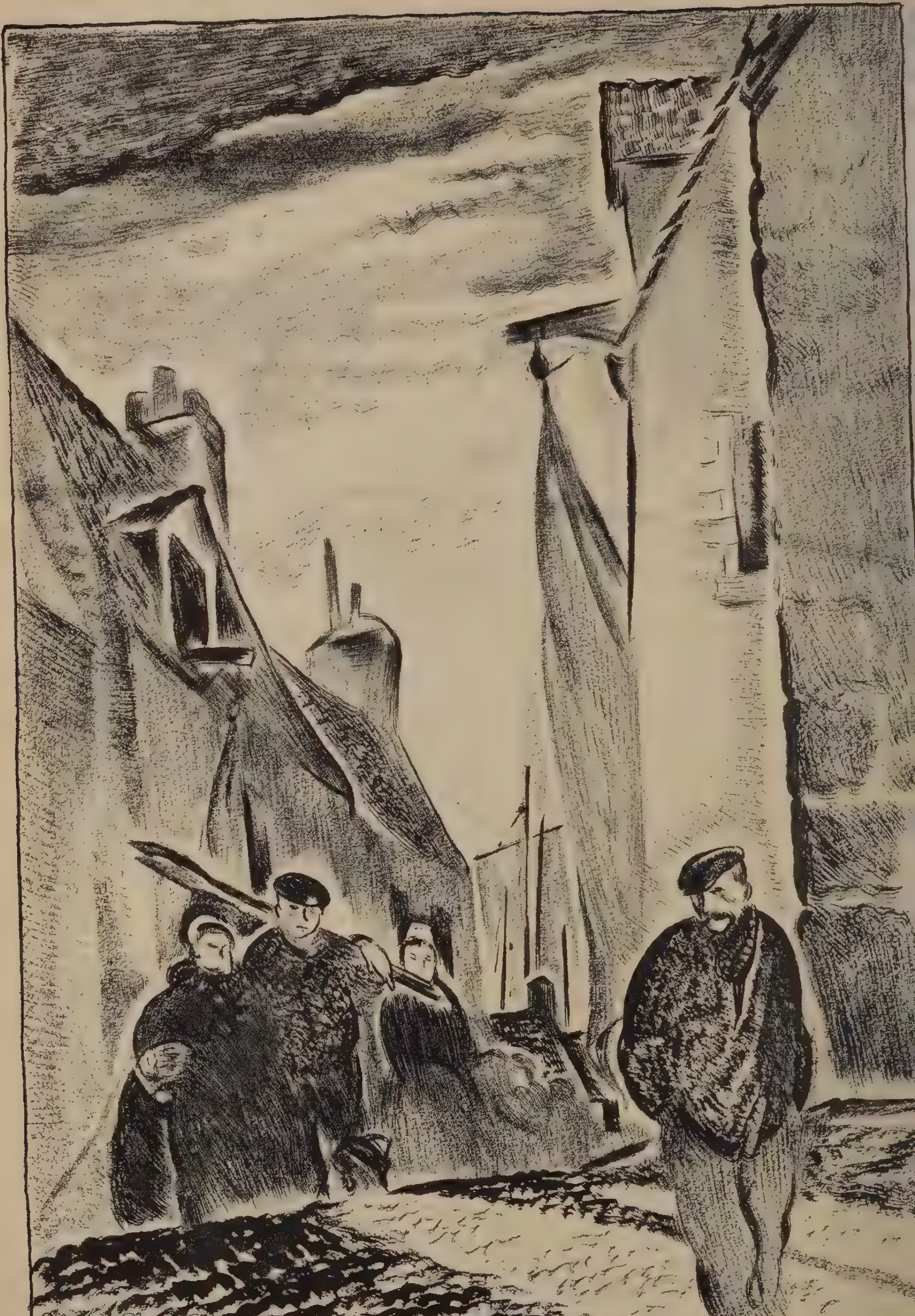
The countryside is quiet, but the edge of water is no longer still. It vibrates curiously, and all at once it is quite close, moving with astonishing rapidity. Then streams detach from the curling flood and spurt in advance, filling the hollows of the beach. The oyster-gardens are swallowed so quickly the eye retains their image after they have vanished. The boats lift uneasily. The last of the women hurry clumsily. . . . The waves break crisply on the stone retaining wall. Once more the gulls soar overhead. The boats are all afloat.

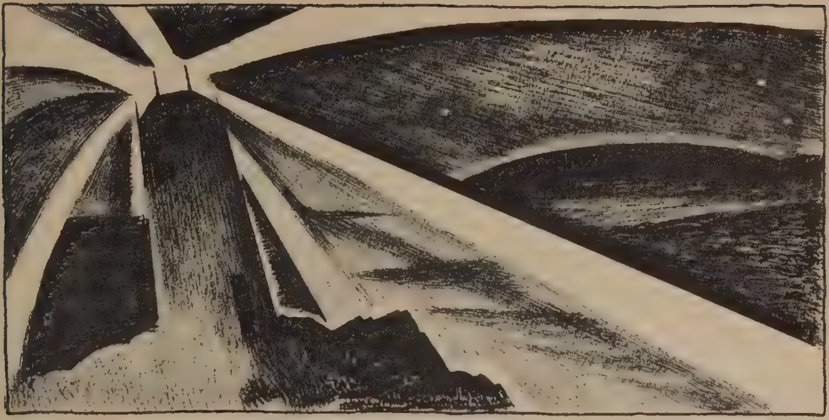
The tide is in.



III

The sea is dominant. No matter where you go, suddenly, through some wedge of hills, between the tilted stone chimneys of the cottages, amid the foliage of the wind-pressed trees, there glitters a splinter of gray silver and you become conscious of the sea dominance.


Edward A. Wilson



Every one and everything knows the sea. The farmer plants rows of poplars to protect his fields from the bite of the sea gales. The cattle wander in the tide-meadows. The goats browse in saturnine wisdom on the slopes above the sea. Far inland the sea-birds build in the trees and bring the vision of open water.

The land is controlled by the sea and the winds from the sea. Sails hang from beams down over the fronts of the houses. Nets dry on fields above the harbor. The women spread the wash on the warm sand. Bent old women huddle in the sheltered lee of the tide-deserted fishing-boats and repair nets and sails, or knit the black sweaters for their sons and husbands to wear on their voyages.

"The sea is our garden," said one. "It gives us food and work and takes our men in payment, if it pleases."

Living is still hunger and work and sleep. Few tourists reach the small villages on the coast, and those who come remain only a short time. There are fancy resorts along the Côte d'Émeraude, of course, but the people who belong to the sea give them brief notice. Children are born, grow up, and die knowing only the stone floor of a cottage and the wood deck of a boat.

The days come clear or stormy. The sea is placid or angry. Tides rise and fall.

At night the small white lighthouses spin their wheels of light from the dark headlands. By day the crucifix broods down upon the water, for the church, like all else, is concerned directly with the sea, and in the worn chapels prayers request the blessing of a pleasant voyage and a full hold. . . .

The fleet returns. The clumsy, capable boats wallow back on the failing wind. Their rigs are curious with great single jibs and sails hung from a long gaff. The women and children descend to the stone quay, and shouts pass from shore to vessel. The russet and tan and amber sails drop heavily, and the huge antiquated blocks scream as the ropes are loosed. The crews come ashore; up the steep streets they pass, their sabots loud in the silence. Presently the quay is empty and the harbor holds only the idly rocking fleet.

Dark now. Dark above and dark below. Night over the sea except in the pale recurrent pathway of the light.

Doctor Howard A. Kelly.

From a photograph by Doris Ulmann.

Doctor Howard A. Kelly

BY HARRY S. SHERWOOD

Portrait by Doris Ulmann

The famous medical scientist has for many years been a unique figure in the life of Baltimore. Engaging in the hurly-burly of politics, tilting with Mencken and other opponents of reform, preaching Sunday observance, Doctor Kelly has always maintained his scientific integrity.

While scientists throughout the world know the great services to American medicine of each of the four men who formed the original faculty of the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University, Doctor Howard A. Kelly, now professor emeritus of gynecology, and one of the two survivors of the group referred to as "The Big Four," has probably had a more picturesque career than any one of his colleagues.

He has been at various times: a member of an expedition studying Indian skulls in Canada; a cowboy riding the plains in the West; a watcher at the polls in Baltimore in the days before the Australian-ballot law, when physical violence played a large part in elections; the champion swimmer of Philadelphia; a crusader in the cause of religion with habits which suggest the clergyman; an expert canoeist shooting dangerous rapids in this country and Canada; a botanist of whom it has been said that he would have made a career in that science if he had elected to major for life in it; a candidate for membership in the Maryland Legislature; an expert on the deadly reptiles of America, handling snakes as if they were familiar animal friends; an author of great versatility and productiveness; a potential candidate for governor of Maryland; the father of a family of five sons and four daughters—and at all times a scientist of the first rank, whose zest for athletic sports and for adventure led him on one occasion, when he had passed his sixty-fifth birthday, to make a dive into a Canadian river which resulted in a fractured vertebra, and led him on another occasion to fly by airplane in response to a call for the relief of human suffering. (This latter adventure occurred several years ago when flying was not as commonplace as it is to-day.)

It is as a surgeon of the abdominal region that he is known chiefly in the profession. Competent men have declared that no man in America has done more for abdominal surgery than has he. With others of "The Big Four" he came to maturity at the apex of one of the richest periods in the history of medicine. Pasteur and Koch had laid the foundations for the science of bacteriology and for the germ theory of disease. Lister had adapted their theories to the technic of the operating-room and the hospital, to prevent the infection of surgical wounds, until that time one of the most terrible handicaps of surgery. Modern methods of anæsthetization had been proved out of the experimental stage, making it possible to keep the patient anæsthetized for hours while the surgeon worked deliberately. The broadening horizons had meaning for each of the first Hopkins faculty: Sir William Osler, professor of medicine, now dead; William S. Halsted, professor of surgery, known for his work on the thyroid gland and because he was the first to use rubber gloves, who is dead; and William H. Welch, the pathologist, whose great work for public health was recently described in this magazine and the second of the two survivors of that early group. The gifts of the time were especially rich to Doctor Kelly. The handicaps and dangers surrounding surgery of the abdominal region in the decades preceding the eighties of the last century had been as a closed door to bar surgeons out. That door was now opening and offering opportunities for men of daring and of skill. Doctor Kelly seized those opportunities.

Prompt decisions, self-confidence, and an enthusiasm which, to some of those who have observed him for a long period of years, seems to be always marked by a religious note are characteristic of the man. The religious note is present whether the surgeon is discussing religion (which he often talks) or science. One gets the impression that the boy survives in the man, in the case of Doctor Kelly, to an unusual degree. Born in Camden, N. J., in 1858, the son of a merchant and the only boy in a family of several children, his father was away serving with the Union armies during much of his early youth. His mother was deeply religious. Her father was the Reverend A. B. Hard, a graduate of the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va. His grandfather's sister was the wife of the Reverend Henry Coit, of New York. Tradition did not lead him to study medicine. If he had followed tradition he might have become a clergyman. In a recent volume, "A Scientific Man and the Bible," Doctor Kelly tells of himself that his first impulse to study medicine arose from a boy's interest in the natural sciences—in "bugology" as he described it. His mother was attracted to the science as much as was her son and encouraged him. Members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences visited his home, and thus religion and science stirred his childish imagination while his mind was forming. He turned to medicine for his life-career, he says, because it combined association with science with the opportunity to make a living.

One can imagine him growing through boyhood under the two influences of church and of science; at one time going to church and being stirred imaginatively by what he was told of the spiritual life and of the life to follow this, and at another roaming the fields in search of new specimens of plant and animal life. One can imagine him returning home to share his discoveries with members of his family; at one time religion, at another bugs. That disposition to share with others spiritual as well as material things and to do it in an intimate way has been marked throughout his career. When he was only seventeen years old he went with a party to Orillia, Ontario, Canada, to study Indian skulls. When he was nineteen years old he took his bachelor's degree at the University of Pennsylvania and began the study of medicine. His studies were interrupted for a year by impaired health. It was in that period, a part of 1880 and a part of 1881, that he became a cowboy. He went to Elbert County, Colorado, and rode the range. He and another man drove a herd of cattle through Ute Pass and around Pike's Peak. He mingled with other cowboys in spring and fall round-ups and, in the ranch-houses and around camp-fires, discussed Tom Paine, Ingersoll, and unbelievers' literature.

Restored to health, he returned to Philadelphia and resumed his study of medicine, taking his degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1882. His first work after taking his degree was as a resident of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia. There he built a gynecological clinic which immediately attracted attention.

Then this man who had roamed the ranges and talked religion with cowboys began his professional career in earnest—in an environment differing as widely from that of the plains as one can imagine. He established a two-room hospital on the second floor of a two-story house in that picturesque section of Philadelphia known as Kensington—a community of mill-workers whose small homes dwell constantly in the shadow of huge mills which cover whole city blocks, and whose lives are dominated by the mills; a place of brilliant contrasts of light and shade by day and by night. The hospital was crude as compared to the hospitals of to-day. The mill-workers were his patients. There were no nurses. The wife of a working man took care of his sick. He moved this hospital twice in two years, each time to enlarge it. Here he began to perform the daring abdominal operations which made his name known in Philadelphia almost immediately and which presently led surgeons visiting Philadelphia to ask to be taken to see him operate. He was known to succeed in cases which had been regarded as inoperable.

Doctor Kelly went abroad in 1886, when he was only twenty-eight years old. He travelled through Germany, meeting the great figures in medicine there. Then he went to England and to Scotland. Invited to a meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, the young American surgeon and gynecologist reported a case in which he had performed a difficult operation. Lawson Tait, described as the dominating figure in abdominal surgery in England at that time, heard the paper. He is said to have treated it lightly, but not to have shaken the confidence of the young American in himself.

After two more years spent in the Kensington Hospital the doctor went to Germany for a second tour. It was as a result of work done in that period that he devised the open cystoscope, a means of introducing a light into the interior of the body so that a surgeon might see the parts which were diseased and make his diagnosis with a certainty which had not been possible before. This device has saved many lives.

On his return to America in 1888, when he was just thirty years old and when he had been out of the medical school only six years, he became associate professor of obstetrics in his alma mater. Doctor Osler was a member of the faculty of that school. One of the prized possessions of Doctor Thomas S. Cullen, a close associate of Doctor Kelly, is a letter from Sir William Osler written in 1919, when Sir William was Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University, in which he tells how Doctor Kelly was called to the University of Pennsylvania. Sir William said:

"Goodell had resigned and there was

no end of discussion as to who should take his place. On several occasions I had gone to Kensington to see Kelly operate, and I happened to mention to Pepper that I had never seen anybody do abdominal work with the same skill. He knew Kelly, but had not, I believe, seen him operate, which he immediately arranged to do. Then one evening at the Biological Club Horatio Wood and Mitchell were discussing Goodell's successor and I said that Pepper and I were backing a dark horse—a Kensington colt. With that Leidy chipped in with the remark that if it was young Howard Kelly, his former prosector, he would back him heartily. That is how I remember the story.

"How extraordinarily successful he has been! Only those of us who know the work as it was realize how much the profession (and the public) owes to such men as Kelly."

That is at once the story of his association with the faculty of the school from which he took his degree and the explanation of how he became one of "The Big Four" of the Hopkins. A year later, in 1889, he became professor of gynecology and of obstetrics in the Hopkins Medical School, then organizing and actually opened in 1893, and gynecologist-in-chief and obstetrician-in-chief in the hospital, which was opened in 1889. He held these two positions until 1899, when Doctor J. Whitridge Williams, himself widely known for his work in obstetrics, took over the obstetrical department.

In the same year in which he joined the Hopkins faculty Doctor Kelly married Letitia Bredow, whom he had met abroad. They were wedded in Danzig. The surgeon plunged into his work in the new field among the Baltimore people with the exuberance of a man in the rich thirties. It was an era of great activity in connection with the medical school. Busy as he was about his duties in this connection, he began the assembling of material for his "Operative Gynecology." But he also undertook other adventures. He felt that a scientific man owed some public duties to the city in which he lived. Baltimore expected to derive certain definite benefits from the group of scholars assembled by Daniel Coit Gilman, the first president of the Hopkins. That expectation was realized and is still being realized. The professions of some of the men led them easily into work of a public nature. Doctor Kelly's did not. He sought public service. And it was found for him.

The nineties marked an era of political reform in Baltimore. The community was then, as it is now, a Democratic community under normal conditions. The Democratic bosses, of the hard-boiled variety, were strongly intrenched. Organized gangs of young political toughs who were ready to go into any section and beat voters of the opposition away from the polls formed a part of the machinery of the party. In 1895 the Baltimore Reform League undertook to restrain these gentlemen, to prevent intimidation, to prevent the use of repeaters, and to clean house. They asked citizens to volunteer as watchers at the polls, to see that those who wished to vote were not bullied by the toughs, and to prevent repeating. Doctor Kelly volunteered as a watcher, as did a number of young lawyers, some of whom are now leaders of the bar. The surgeon was assigned to Marsh Market Space, one of the toughest sections of the city. The files of the Baltimore papers record that he appeared that morning dressed in golf clothes, which, in that neighborhood, was like inviting a fight. He did mix it once during the day with a tough, apparently without serious result to either surgeon or tough. The election resulted in an overwhelming defeat to the gang. The strong-arm method of conducting elections was given a body blow from which it did not recover. Doctor Kelly's name is written into the record as having assisted at this important accomplishment in Baltimore history. Baltimoreans who have watched the doctor since have wondered if he did not get there and then a taste for politics the edge of which has not yet been dulled.

It was at this period, when he was aiding in getting a medical school started and making excursions into politics, that he took the first steps toward actually realizing one of the great works of his life. He went one day to Franklin P. Mall, then professor of anatomy at the Hopkins, and asked Professor Mall where he could find a man to make drawings to illustrate his "Operative Gynecology," which he was now ready to publish. Professor Mall told him that in Leipzig, working under Karl Ludwig, the great physiologist, was a young man named Max Broedel. Perhaps, suggested Doctor Mall, Doctor Kelly might persuade Broedel to come to this country. Doctor Kelly did persuade Broedel to come to America and thereby founded a new art—art in medicine. When the book was published, illustrated by Broedel's drawings, it revolutionized the practice of gynecology in this country. That was about 1895.

Apropos of this an interesting story is told here for the first time. The time came, about fifteen years later, if one may run so far ahead of the story, when Doctor Kelly had finished publishing the books he had in mind and no longer needed many illustrations. Some Western surgeons were anxious to secure Mr. Broedel's services for their clinic. Doctor Cullen, previously mentioned, had been associated with Mr. Broedel for years and, realizing what this talented artist meant to the Johns Hopkins Medical School, felt that his services should not be lost. One day, while sitting alone in his camp in Canada, Doctor Cullen visualized a department of art as applied to medicine at the Hopkins, with Mr. Broedel at the head. Here artists who wished to make medical art their life-work could get training in medical illustrating. The spare time of the art-director could be taken up in illustrating papers published by members of the medical faculty. Doctor Cullen went to work. Four days before Mr. Broedel was pledged to give his answer to the Western surgeons a man whose name has not been disclosed promised the fund to support the department for three years. The donor continued this support for ten years and then endowed the department permanently. It was the first of its kind in the world. To-day the pupils of Broedel are in medical schools all over this country and Canada. While the larger number of the illustrations from his hand are in black and white, some are in colors. In both mediums they are said to be splendid examples of the illustrator's and the painter's art. Incidentally Mr. Broedel has done some splendid bits of landscape.

Doctor Kelly has been a pioneer in the use of radium in the treatment of cancer. He has seen much of this dread disease in his practice and has been for a long period with that majority of scientific physicians who believe that cancer is not caused by an undiscovered cell but by certain forces operating on the normal cell to make it become abnormal and run riot. Doctor Kelly includes an understanding of mineralogy among his accomplishments. When experiments were begun about 1913 in Paris and in New York in the use of radium in treating cancer, Doctor Kelly, knowing the men who were doing the work, began the use himself. First, he obtained a supply from Vienna. Later, deposits of pitchblende, from which radium could be extracted, were found in Colorado. Doctor Kelly and Doctor James Douglas, of New York, were associated in the work of getting radium from that source, being assisted by Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. Doctor Kelly wished to have supplies placed in various parts of the country where physicians could obtain it easily. A member of Congress suffering from cancer went to the Kelly hospital in Baltimore for treatment. This centred much attention on Doctor Kelly and on his attitude toward radium. The newspapers were eager for the story. The doctor is frank of nature, democratic of manner. He talked frankly. The writer of this article, a member of the staff of a Baltimore paper, wrote much of what was printed. There was some criticism of the doctor for the quickness with which he seemed to accept the efficacy of the new agent. He did not at any time maintain that radium was a sure cure for cancer. He warned that it was useless in certain cases. He said that it was undoubtedly valuable in others. It is interesting to record that some of the physicians who criticised him then now admit the healing power of radium and are using it. And it is also interesting to record that Doctor Kelly told the writer, within a few days of the writing of this article, that in treating cancer he rated radium of first value; diathermy—applying heat to the body through electricity under certain conditions—second; and surgery a very important third.

Almost from the beginning of his residence in Baltimore Doctor Kelly has been an unique religious figure; and a figure only a little short of unique in politics. For years he has been interested in the suppression of gambling and vice in river resorts. For years he has travelled about, chiefly on Sunday, accompanied by the secretary of the Maryland Lord's Day Alliance, delivering speeches on Sunday observance from automobiles. At intervals in political campaigns, when he has been silent for years, he makes shivers chase each other up and down the spine of some political stalwart who has served in the ranks for years and who has at last been rewarded by the organization backing for a fat clerkship, by asking publicly if this is not the man who ten years ago figured in some incident which was malodorous. The politicians do not remember him in their night prayers. He speaks frequently in churches. In physical appearance and in technic he fits into such a rôle as few men, and especially few surgeons or physicians, could. He is tall, substantial and athletic of figure, well clad but clearly indifferent to clothes. His bearing is that of a kindly, fatherly man. His face is frank, the eyes responding quickly to impressions made on his intellect or his feeling. He is an enthusiast. He leads. He does not follow. He associates himself with other men, but the movement to which he gives his aid is one for which he supplies the initiative. Having finished one task he is off to another. He is indifferent to public praise or blame. There is the suggestion of the youth returning enthusiastic to the family about the manner in which he says: "I want you to help me in this." His voice has a clerical note when he discusses religion. He has studied the Bible thoroughly and quotes chapter and verse frequently. He has made it clear that he accepts the Bible almost, if not quite, in the manner of a fundamentalist. He is concerned about the spiritual welfare of his fellow man. That his religion is absolutely sincere every one who has been associated with him knows. Some of his fellow townsmen, men who have not met him, call him a fanatic. He is in fact a Christian who feels that he must express his faith in deeds as well as in words. Some say, in whispers, that his religious eloquence must sometimes embarrass his less energetic clerical brethren. One of his most remarkable characteristics is his sometimes explosive directness in saying the unexpected, often the unconventional, thing. There is no venom in his speech, however. He fights conditions, not individual men. I do not believe he has ever indulged in a public quarrel. He differs sharply with a man in controversy, meets him face to face with a handshake.

On several occasions the doctor has made public declaration of his intention of praying for those taking the opposite side in a debate conducted through the newspapers. He offered once to pray for H. L. Mencken, the critic of arts and affairs. The critic was respectful, although he showed no signs of special gratitude. But when the doctor announced that he would pray for Judge N. Charles Burke, one of the most prominent of the Catholic laymen of Baltimore, Judge Burke's friends protested. The propriety of the offer was debated for days by the Baltimore newspapers. Judge Burke is now dead. While Doctor Kelly's religious activities are interdenominational, he is reported to be an Episcopalian.

Such activities led Doctor Kelly in 1912 into one enterprise which few men would have had the moral courage to attack. Baltimore tolerated three or four areas of commercialized prostitution. Each was several city blocks in length, with houses of infamy operated openly. Each was marked by the gaudy features of such a quarter: a blaze of lights, cheap music, courtesans in gay-hued gowns, foolish male youth travelling in groups. At intervals desperate parents descended on a house, accompanied by police, seized their daughter by physical force, and took her from the quarter against her will. At intervals mature older men murdered their light loves and killed themselves. Respectable Baltimoreans who gave their time and their talents to improving the life of the city in other relations turned away from this problem, for the same reason that one avoids picking a gold piece from a sewer. They did not want to soil their hands. Indifferent to the matter of what his professional brethren might say, Doctor Kelly flung himself at the business of closing up these quarters. He did not organize slumming-parties. He did not go to the districts and pray with the women. He gave large dinners to clergymen and to social workers, paying for the dinners himself, moving around among his guests, talking about the problem when that was tactful, talking about other things when that was more tactful. He delivered speeches at other assemblages. He gave interviews. He wrote letters to the newspapers. Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, one of the few Republican governors who have occupied the executive mansion at Annapolis, appointed a vice commission. The commission made one of the most thorough studies of urban vice ever made—of all aspects, not merely of the house of prostitution. In a year or so the quarters were eliminated, black, silent. Doctor Kelly did not serve on the commission. Doctor George Walker, a well-known Baltimore physician who later did an important work in France in controlling venereal diseases in the American Expeditionary Force, was the chairman. Doctor J. M. T. Finney, the Baltimore surgeon who was the chief surgical consultant of the A. E. F. in France, was a member. The accomplishment was not regarded with universal favor in Baltimore. Some said the surgeon had not removed the malignant growth but had merely scattered the cells. Baltimoreans are too sophisticated to attempt an estimate of the extent to which this reduced vice in Baltimore. But there are those who thank Doctor Kelly and members of the commission, if no more was accomplished than the removal of an offense to the eye or than to make bestiality in the folly of youth more difficult. So far as the writer knows, neither the clergy nor the laity has publicly acknowledged the great gynecologist's part in this accomplishment. He has not shown any desire for such acknowledgement.

On another occasion he stepped out before the public in a rôle quite as unusual for the surgeon and scientist—as a candidate for the House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature. In 1909 he had permitted friends to talk of him in that relation, even to suggest that he might be backed by the Democratic organization. Little attention was given the matter then. Twelve years later he gave the politicians a shock by actually filing his papers. He wanted the church people to unite for a programme of social welfare. Large numbers of persons not allied with the churches wanted to see him elected. They said he "would give a good show." Then one day the doctor delivered a verbal broadside against the political bosses. A day later Miss Margaret Konig, as she then was, stepped into the arena and attempted to engage Doctor Kelly. She is the daughter of one of the most picturesque men Maryland ever sent to Congress from the Third District. The bosses had been her father's friends, said Miss Konig. Would the doctor meet her on the public platform and debate their merits? It fell to my lot to ask Doctor Kelly if he would accept the challenge. As a reporter, seeking a statement for his paper, I called him on the phone and put the question. It was at an hour of the day when he was busy. He laughed and said that he could not debate with every young woman who challenged him. I wrote the interview. It was only after the words were staring back at me from the typewriter, with the suggestion of contempt for Miss Konig's debating powers which any one might read into them, that I realized their bearing on the doctor's candidacy. Miss Konig was not any young woman. She was the daughter of a congressman who had been very popular. Many who had known the father would resent this attitude. I wondered if it was my duty to call the surgeon again and remind him of this. Just then the city editor demanded the copy. I was sure that the doctor had said exactly what I was quoting him as having said. He was a person of public experience. I released the story. But I was dissatisfied. The doctor was entertaining a number of clergymen at his house that evening. I went there, with another newspaper man. Some reference was made to his candidacy. He laughed and said: "Oh, I shall not go to the legislature now; my friend here has settled that." I attempted to say something. He waved me aside good-humoredly. He was defeated. I have talked to him many times since. He has shown no signs of resentment. I tell the story merely to indicate the good-sportsmanship of which he is capable. Two years later the doctor's friends started a boom for him for governor. He permitted them to do it, although he did not put the Kelly energy behind it One wonders if some day he will renew it, as in 1921 he renewed the suggestion originally made in 1909 that he run for the legislature. The doctor would undoubtedly give a good show if he were elected governor.

It should be remembered, in connection with these extrascientific activities, that Doctor Kelly did not abandon his work as a surgeon and a gynecologist, his devotion to botany or to snakes, or his labors as an author, to devote himself to them. He added them to his fixed labors. They were to him what golf might be to another man. During the greater part of this period he was the active head of the department of gynecology at the Hopkins and spent hours each day in the operating-room, which he still does both at his private hospital and the Hopkins. He became professor emeritus of gynecology in 1919, being succeeded by Doctor Cullen. In the same period he wrote many books and shorter papers. They range over a wide field in medicine and also deal with such subjects as hypnotism, mushrooms, poisonous snakes, church and civic duty, success in life. He has been the president of many learned bodies and has travelled much to deliver addresses before them. He was given a mark of distinction by British surgeons which has been given only once before to an American, on that occasion to Doctor Finney. Early in 1928 he went abroad at the invitation of the Royal College of Surgeons, and delivered the Hunterian lecture before that body in London. It must have been an interesting moment in the life of the great surgeon who, forty-two years earlier, a young, unknown American surgeon, had crossed swords with the great Tait.

Here is one story of an address which has suggestion of both the dramatic and the humorous. It is from Doctor Cullen:

"At a Hopkins medical meeting years ago he [Doctor Kelly] brought a rattlesnake in a bag. With a pronged stick, he held the snake and then grabbed it by the neck and the tail and with one finger of the hand holding the tail directed attention to the essential points of the snake's head. Everything went well until the snake was safely back in the bag. It bit Doctor Kelly through the bag. He turned pale, sucked his finger and went on talking. The snake had been teased and had discharged its venom before the meeting. Nevertheless it was a narrow escape for Doctor Kelly. During the entire performance I sat on the back of a bench, my feet firmly planted in the seat, ready to jump from seat to seat at a second's notice."

Many stories are told in Baltimore illustrating the surgeon's kindness of heart, his indifference to money, and his physical courage. There are stories of his kindness to children, to a small invalid daughter of one of his friends in particular. He once pledged property valued at $50,000 as bail for one of his negro servants, a man involved in a fight with another man. He has often acknowledged his debt to the people of Kensington, describing them as the people who first believed in him. He has given generous financial aid to the hospital which he founded and which is still operating. There is a story of how Doctor Cullen, then a young man with his professional career still to be made, once said to his chief that he wanted to publish a book but had no funds. Doctor Kelly said at once he would back him to the extent of $10,000, did lend $6,000, and was amazed when reminded of the incident years later when Doctor Cullen paid the loan. Several years ago a physician friend called Doctor Kelly over the phone from the friend's home in Cambridge, Md., hours distant from Baltimore by train, boat, or automobile, and told the surgeon of a patient whose condition was desperate, who must be operated on at once if his life were to be saved. Doctor Kelly flew there by airplane, arriving in a little over an hour, operated, and flew back to Baltimore.

The surgeon's summers are spent with his family and his friends at a camp on Lake Ahmic, near the village of Magnetawan, Canada, in the Georgian Bay region. I know of one man whom he rescued from drowning, when the man fell overboard from a canoe, by leaping after him and dragging him to shore; of a companion whom he may have saved from the same fate by his quickness as a canoeist when their craft struck the rocks. It was at this camp that he insisted on being the first to dive from a new diving tower, and as a result suffered a fractured vertebra. Tales are told of long automobile drives made at night in response to appeals from natives that Doctor Kelly give their sick the benefit of his skill. He is up early in the morning when he is at this camp. Morning prayers are his first concern. Then he is ready for any adventure which long days in the open may offer.

The doctor passed his seventieth birthday recently. Although his hair is white, his tall, sturdy body, lacking the rotundities which sometimes appear with the years, seems to house the same energies which have marked him throughout his life. His step is as quick, his interest as keen, his enthusiasms seem as fresh. He comes from robust stock. His parents died in 1926 at advanced ages, the one within a few months of the other. His life has been too crowded with serious labors to permit the jovialities in which some men indulge. His convictions forbid others. He differs with some of his professional brethren in that he favors prohibition and says strong drink has no medicinal properties which may not be found elsewhere. Apparently he finds his relaxations in his home, in his books, and in his out-of-door pursuits. Now, when he is a grandfather, religion, natural science, and medicine are dominant interests in his life, as they were when he was a youth.

For years it has been Doctor Kelly's habit to serve afternoon tea in the library in the rear of his Eutaw Place home—a place piled with books, sometimes decorated with rare plants, sometimes with rare snakes. Its windows command a view of the western sun, the silhouettes of church-steeples, hotels, homes black against the red skies. It is a privilege to meet him here when the day's work is finished and he is in the mood for talk.

It is a significant fact that for all his unconventional activities, for all the diverse influences he has met, no man questions his eminence as a scientist. The most severe critics of his religious activities do not do that. Each of "The Big Four" received a rich scientific heritage from those who preceded him. Each has made his contribution and passed the enriched fund on to succeeding generations. Doctor Kelly's associates declare that his contribution has been magnificent.

Incidentally he is the only one of "The Big Four" whose name will be carried on by a son practising medicine. Doctor Halsted died childless. Doctor Osler's son, Revere Osler, was killed in action while serving with the British army in France in the World War. Doctor Welch is a bachelor.

* * *

The Dower Chest

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "The Big Show," etc.

Illustration by L. F. Wilford

Stevens Riderwood did not care whether he reached a hotel by nightfall or not. Driving from the West, he was taking the slopes of the Alleghanies, content to be at home, musing comfortably on the accomplishment of a long-held purpose.

He could have made time. Under his foot he had whatever power he needed. But his journey was unwinding before him exactly as he had hoped it would, so he chose not to break the charm by measuring his progress. He was expected in New York, where he had business engagements, but he intended to appease his desire for the mountains regardless of appointments.

He took time on the summits to read the names and heights on the signboards, placed there by the States as if to impress while they informed the travellers from the prairie country or the Mississippi Valley. He enjoyed noting the warnings to descend in second gear; and, after noting, enjoyed ignoring them, slipping around the ribbonlike turns overlooking far-spread valleys with his splendid car in high. Riderwood had confidence in his driving. He did not need to be told how to cross mountains.

That was why, making an unexpectedly sharp curve at the foot of a particularly long declivity, he found himself resting with his machine in a ditch of soft earth against the face of the hill. He turned off the engine and lighted a cigarette. A year or two earlier he would have climbed out anxiously to appraise the damage and calculate the probable delay; but now he was irritated only by the demonstration of the superior wisdom of the highway commissioners who had placed the warning signs. They knew, he now admitted, more than he did about driving hills.

But the damage did not disturb him. He had discovered how cars, factories, houses, large amounts of money, could be replaced. One put one's talents to work, and a day, a week, brought the objective. It was no trick for him to get things.

From where he sat he could see a picture-book village on the slope opposite. He did not know its name. That did not matter. He could make it respond to his needs or, if he found its lodgings unbearable, he could take a bus to some habitable town. So he got out of the car, saw the axle was sharply bent, and, taking the least of his bags from the rear compartment, stood by the side of the road waiting for the next tourist to carry him across to the village.

He looked as a man should for motoring back to his boyhood country after making what is commonly termed a success. His suit was of a brown woollen that spoke of expensive tailoring. The cap, of harmonizing material, accented his dark, ruddy skin. The hair that could be seen at the temples was black and gray. He was of a good height and gave the impression of a deep chest and powerful arms and hands. The eyes, which stopped the oncoming driver with a frank smile, were an enviable brown.

And so, after being dropped by a traveller from Kansas at the door of the village garage, Riderwood saw that a man in overalls climbed into a wrecking-car and started for the mountain. Then he turned into the single street to decide the matter of a place to sleep.

Because he was used to flattering care in his bachelor home in Chicago, he felt an aversion to houses with signs at their gates inviting tourists to lodge. The village had no hotel, however, and the garage man had recommended "Miss Way's; last house on the street." So he strolled along the sidewalk of packed earth in the direction of Miss Way's, intending to view the place and then decide whether to stay or go on by bus to the next city.

The quiet of this hamlet, lying in the crook of the mountain's arm, astonished Riderwood. In his car he had missed one of the things he had driven East to find—the scent of the woods, the soothing balm of the high air, remembered from boyhood. He took off his cap, stopping before the last house on the street, admitting that he was not sorry his automobile was disabled. He had been forced to pause, something he had not done for years. He had always intended to do so, and, at times, had felt that he must; but the opportunities of doing more and more work, with increasing returns, had kept ranging ahead. He had been persuaded by circumstances to repress his desire.

At last he had compromised, giving himself three weeks in which to return to the atmosphere of his youth, imagining that by driving through it he could renew himself, pulling himself free from the inertia, the absence of vital interest in things and people, that had been with him now for two years. He knew he was not putting into his work the zest which had distinguished him. He was stale. This breath of mountain air proved it, for it made him recall with aversion the air he had been breathing.

Miss Way's was a white frame house of wide siding, standing many feet above the highway, and reached by steps of ancient masonry. Small-paned windows gave upon the narrow porch which ran the width of the building, forming a gallery from which one could look south across Maryland. The door was flanked by lights of blue glass which gave Riderwood, as he waited for an answer to his ring, oddly shadowed glimpses of the hall. Through this he could look through the house and see another gallery that seemed to belong to an ell. Thus he had his first sight of Honora Way. She came toward him along that other gallery.

Standing framed in the entrance, the dusky hall behind her, she was, Riderwood thought, just what such a place required for its mistress. Afterward he wondered why he had not expected Miss Way, who took lodgers, to be an elderly spinster; but he had not. He felt no surprise when this young person with the clearly pencilled profile, the calm hazel eyes, and the translucent skin said to him: "I am Miss Way; did you wish a room?"

He did. His car had broken down; he would stay until to-morrow. Miss Way indicated the stairs and presently opened for him a room that evidently filled the front of the house, a room giving an impression of austerity but which, on account of its appropriateness to the scene, invited repose. Riderwood thought that neither here nor on the porch below would anybody be likely to talk a great deal. To sit and watch the varying lights across twenty-five miles of hills would be more probable.

Suddenly he knew he was weary. After all, he had driven from Central Ohio since morning, practically without rest or food; and behind that lay fifteen years almost without recreation. He seemed to feel that here, in this room, he had an eon of postponed resting to do.

"If you will come down about seven, I shall have some supper for you," Miss Way said. The guest thanked her absently. He was so tired he thought of something oppressive in connection with supper. He would rest until then. When Miss Way had gone, he drew a deep chair before the three front windows and sat there, his eyes on the landscape now fading softly in diminishing light. He would sit there and smoke a cigarette and rest until supper-time . . . it was so peaceful.

At seven o'clock Miss Way was forced to knock repeatedly, for Riderwood was asleep in his chair. A tension seemed to have been relaxed. Lines long drawn taut had been cast off. He turned that idea over while he was getting ready to go down. Stretching those lines again by resuming ordinary pursuits was repugnant. He could not entertain that.

His place had been laid at one end of the long rear porch, which, while it did not give a view into the valley, was intimate with the face of the mountain which swept upward from the yard. The guest saw where he was expected by an elderly woman, evidently Miss Way's cook, who was placing a hot plate on the cloth as he appeared. He sat content, watching the changing values of the light, studying the arrangement of the dishes and flowers, and noting with deepening pleasure the steep green meadow. The noise of the Pike, with its double line of tourists' cars, was cut off. Here everything was still, touched by the last true warmth of the sun, which was ready to be gone.

He was impressed by the dinner-service, taken from a set of old china in flowing blue. He had not intended to buy anything on this journey; he already had, from dealers, more authentic early pieces of furniture than he had room for. But to discover that he was in a house likely to hold something important—the dishes were a clew—suggested that he should at least question the owner. So he asked for Miss Way.

She appeared some minutes later and came to the table, where, coffee before him, Riderwood was smoking musingly. She had changed to a simple dress of soft rose that gave a suggestion of light to her ivory skin, causing him to notice details of her fine, slightly detached beauty that had escaped him. He stood, drawing out a chair as he might have done in a restaurant.

"Sit down, Miss Way," he said cordially. "I should like to talk with you."

Instead she looked at him gravely. "Was there something about your dinner or your room?"

He was not dense. The rebuke, though gentle, was inescapable. He answered quickly: "I wanted company, although I did want to ask about furniture. This old ware suggested it. I am used to asking for what I want. I did not mean any offense."

She smiled faintly. "I am willing to talk to you. Let us go to the front porch. Alice will bring the coffee things there. You seemed not to remember you were in my home; that was all."

She led him through the house to the porch above the highway, seating herself at one end of a decorated bench. From there, in a moment, she handed Riderwood fresh coffee from the tray the cook had brought.

"I don't buy china or glass," he began; "but where there is so much of that blue, there must be some good furniture. Every place along the road that takes lodgers seems to be selling antiques. I am interested chiefly in early Pennsylvania; Dutch things if possible."

He employed unconsciously the emphatic, almost brusque, tones he was accustomed to uttering in business, a direct manner that had made it possible for him to convince hundreds of canny men with money to lend.

"I have nothing to sell," Honora Way replied. "We are Pennsylvania people. This Maryland location is accidental. I had to support myself and my young brother, so I looked for a place to rent on the Pike. I have a few Pennsylvania pieces, of course; family things."

"Pennsylvania is what I want," he insisted. "I've got some. They've run into money, buying from dealers, so you understand I'm prepared to pay for anything I want."

"Do you know, Mr. Riderwood, you are talking like so many men who drive through? Tell me; is there something about owning and driving an expensive and powerful car that makes men feel so confident?"

Riderwood was grateful for the increasing darkness, for he felt himself flushing under Miss Way's unexpected comment. She added:

"Forgive me. I think I was protesting against the assurance of a kind of man who comes through here, certain of himself just because he has made a great deal of money. You must be lenient with me. I know I have no right to resent the conditions when I am bidding for trāde; but this is only my second year in business. I have entertained men who ride over everybody."

He saw he would have to be more careful of what he said to this sensitive girl. She could not be more than twenty three or four. It was a hard life, taking the tourists as they came along, putting up with their rudeness. He would like to give her more than enough for one of her pieces of old furniture, overpay her to the extent of a profit on the whole hotel season. He studied her through the dusk. She was lovelier than he had detected; delicate—that was the word; like the restrained line of Hepplewhite.

He thought he would like to break down her prejudice against successful men; but that would take time and he had to push on.

"I used to live in the mountains," he said. "I was a boy in Pennsylvania. This is my first trip back; a kind of pilgrimage, though I have to go on to New York on business. I didn't remember that the road dipped out of Pennsylvania so soon. I must go west by the Lincoln Highway—see more of my own State."

"I wonder you don't stop longer; not here, of course; but if, as you say, it is a pilgrimage . . ."

"I would if I dared. But a man can't lose touch and expect to keep his place. He does so much this year; next year he must do 10, 20, per cent more; and still more the year after. To let go is fatal."

Honora rose and walked to the railing of the veranda. Below her passed the belated tourists in their automobiles. Beyond and below them, deep in the valley, moved a line of lights that was a train.

"Only the mountains are still," she said. "Everything else is in a hurry. You are a little untrue to your hills to revisit them like this when you cannot take time to be respectful to them. You should have gone straight to New York by train."

Riderwood started to explain, to dispute her contention, but her remoteness, as she stood gazing into the starlit vista, checked him. Instead he said: "I must go down to the garage and see if my car is ready."

"Good night." She said it calmly, not turning her head.

The car, Riderwood found, was suspended ignominiously by its front truck, its forward wheels missing. The mechanic on night duty said he didn't know; he thought the proprietor had sent to Cumberland for a new axle. It should be out on the eight-o'clock bus in the morning. Riderwood saw that if this vague programme materialized, he might get away by ten o'clock, perhaps by noon. He took a bag out of the humiliated car and gave the attendant a dollar. "I wish you'd tell them to let me know at Miss Way's when the car is ready," he said.

Returning along the little street of a few stores and gasoline stations, he discovered he was not displeased by the delay. Another day at Honora's was inviting. Reminded by a familiar sign, he turned in at the village telegraph office and sent wires east and west, letting certain men know where he could be reached. Then he went back to the house with the high porch.

His sleep that night was of that especially profound quality that comes when men have been too anxious too long. He did not waken until somebody knocked on his door at a quarter before eight, and even then he did not hurry. As he shaved, he found himself looking forward to breakfast with his hostess. His mind refused to consider any engagement beyond that.

Honora, wearing a blue linen frock, was in the steep garden cutting yellow roses. When she saw her guest on the side porch she raised her shears to him in greeting. This, he thought, was in pattern with his mood; and, as he passed the table, he saw it was laid for two. She held her bouquet up to him and smiled in such nice friendliness that he wondered what could have happened to her antagonism of the night before.

"I am going to have my breakfast with you," she said.

"I counted the plates," Riderwood replied as they moved back toward the house.

"There was a telephone call for you quite early. Whatever it was they ordered for your car is here. It will be ready some time this morning."

She was arranging the roses in a low blue bowl, making Riderwood think how difficult it was going to be to drive away and leave her on such a dazzling morning. The things just ahead—conferences, luncheons, dinners, plays, talk, persuasion, argument, compromise, trading—oppressed him and made him desire to prolong this hour in Honora Way's mountain garden, where he was being vitalized by the atmosphere and stimulated by the association. She poured coffee from a silver pot and handed him the cup. He would stay another day, he decided.

"I feel as if I had never slept until now," he remarked gravely. "When I left Chicago I did not expect to find anywhere the complete rest I have had here. I think I should stay here a month—no papers, no letters, just the garden and the porch."

"You must be very weary of whatever it is you are doing."

Riderwood looked at her inquiringly. She seemed to be alluding to something just beneath the surface of his own thought. She meant, he was certain, that he might be losing confidence in his habitual pursuits. He must clear that up.

"I haven't explained clearly about myself. I am not boasting, just stating the case, when I say I have an organization in the West that is the financial web of a hundred businesses. When I get to New York, I shall draw in a hundred more. We will be the largest concern of our kind in the country. I made it; I am the company. It is not likely that I should be tired of it."

"You must be careful," Honora responded, her serious eyes on his, her hands clasped before her. "If you were to lose confidence in your work, it would be unfortunate, since it is all you have."

"You speak as though it were not enough."

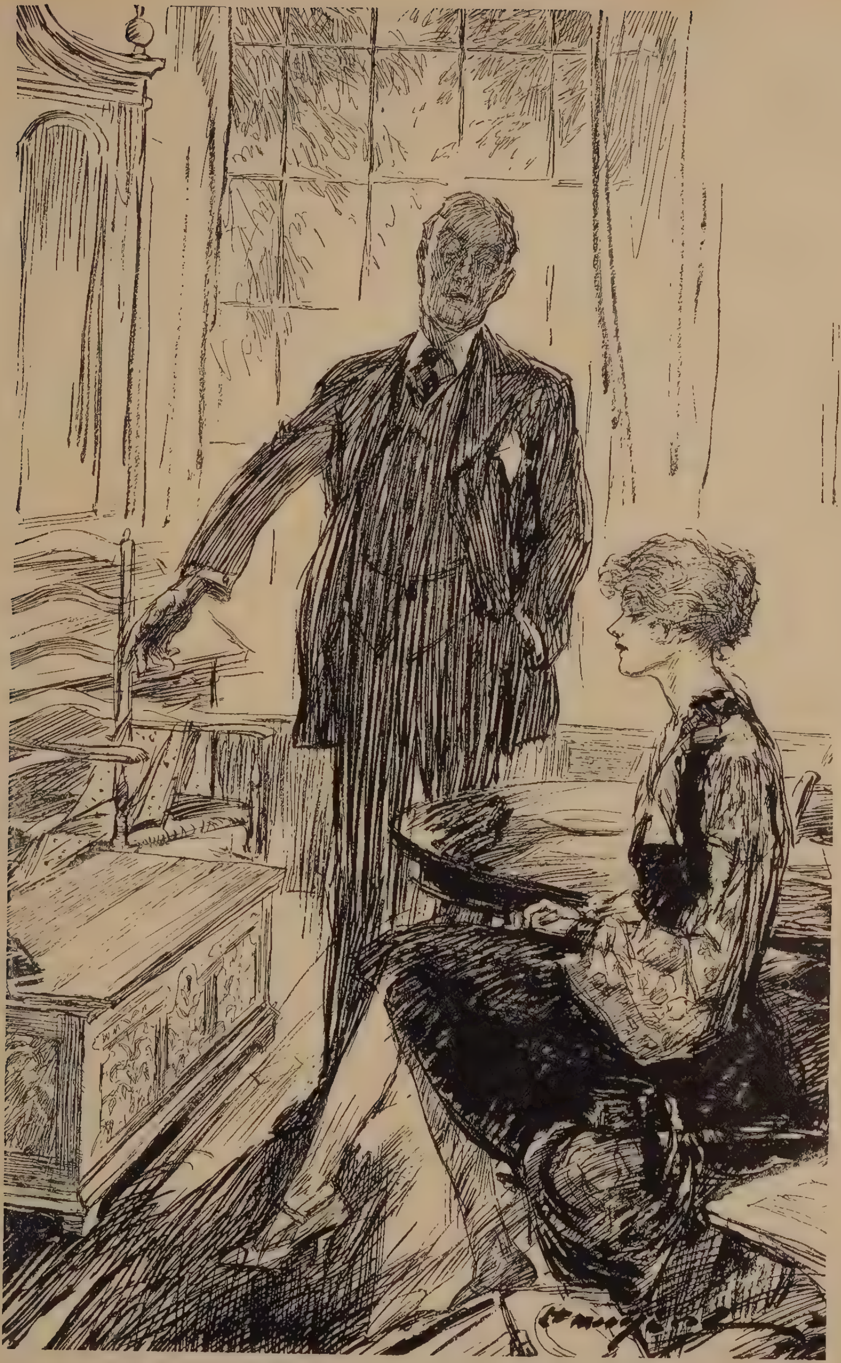
"That depends upon the man, I think. If you feel it is enough for you, it probably is. I am sorry; we seem unable to keep away from this personal issue. I regret this . . . conflict; but something about your being back home on a pilgrimage makes me wish to . . . be very honest with you."

Riderwood, in spite of her explanation, was angry. He rose, his eyes flinty. But, standing there, he was instantly sorry for losing his temper, so small, so humble, Honora looked, sitting with her fair head slightly bowed. He took a step, but Honora, moving a hand and touching one of his, stopped him with a contrite word.

"Please don't be so terrible. You have no idea how stern you look. I want you to see my furniture before you go."

Unable to account for her swift change of mood, he was, nevertheless, mollified, wondering the while that he should let her divert him from his course so easily.

In the house he immediately forgot his displeasure in what he found there. Either from a memorable family back-



"I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars for this little chest!"—See page 297.

From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

ground or with exquisite taste, Honora Way had assembled a number of precious objects. They were principally walnut, some veneered, inlaid, articulate in line, color, and feeling. A highboy with a Revolutionary date inlaid across the front; a tavern table; a pair of delicate range tables, their oval ends translucent; a slant-top desk; a corner cupboard with a broken arch and an eagle—these to Riderwood were exceptional pieces. He wanted them all immediately. He saw them now recreating in his Chicago house, his native State.

"You haven't noticed my bride's chest," she said quietly. "I thought you would see that first. You are a man who likes color."

He turned and exclaimed:

"That's what I want!"

In a moment he had crossed the room and was kneeling to examine the object she had indicated. "You know," he added over his shoulder, "I have an ungovernable craving for the Dutch. This is a jewel; the name and the date—Louisa Auer—1790—and trestles instead of feet! What panels and what color!"

He stood and turned to his hostess.

"You have nothing to sell, you say. Perhaps you never had a customer like me. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars for this little chest!"

He gazed expectantly at the girl on the stencilled chair. It was, he knew, more than even such a fine piece was worth; but he wanted it, and he also wanted the opportunity of revealing to Honora something of his scope. She had confused him with upstarts, fellows of no taste. Riderwood saw now how the presence of this specimen of old joiner's art had worked into a design by which he could make himself clear to Honora.

But instead of responding with appropriate warmth, she only smiled, a little wanly, as one does who is masking pain.

"Don't you see what it is? A dower chest—some little bride way back there. It was a box for her wedding-clothes. Could I sell that for five thousand dollars, or any other sum? My remote ancestor—it would be untrue to her. It belongs here, with me."

Stevens Riderwood's expansive moment was past. This might be, he decided, a patrician attitude that he knew persisted here and there in spite of poverty, but which, he felt, was out of tune with the America he knew. Such people did not live in America; theirs was an America of the mind. He would be on his way. This conflict was getting on his nerves. He must move on to his engagements; return to his own.

"Probably you are right," he assented. "I must go to the garage for my car. I shall stop and settle my bill on my way up the mountain."

Honora nodded, remaining where she sat among her things, as Riderwood went out.

When he stopped a few minutes later, the gray-haired Alice was waiting in the front of the house, and it was she who named a price for his lodging, took it, and watched him stow his bags and disappear up the highway.

Nobody passed Riderwood on the rest of the way to New York. He rested on no heights, idled through no valleys, dreamed over no views. He drove as he was accustomed to driving on business in the West. And at nightfall he wearily turned his car over to a garage attendant in Jersey City, taking the tube to Manhattan.

The mountains and Honora Way were behind. He now wanted a hotel that was expensive, and where people would be obliging for a price. Telegrams and letters waiting for him there were brought to him in his room, and he dropped into a chair immediately to reconnect himself with his affairs, looking to see what his associates and correspondents had to say. He was tired, more tired than he had been the night he had stopped at Honora's; but though he had infinitely more artificial comfort than he had found at her house, he did not drop asleep in his chair, nor could he sleep when he finally snapped off his bedside lamp.

He had never noticed before the oppression of that pocket of unmoving air which a hotel room can be. He had rushed away, obliterating as he went all pleasing thoughts of Honora; but he could not obliterate from his subconscious mind the impressions of the timbered heights, the cool, sweet air of the hills. A fragrance was in his memory. When he relaxed, it climbed to the surface, then seemed to envelop him while he lay and tried to imagine that his room was not stifling. He had not escaped from her, for he remembered the lulling, suspended silence of the previous night while listening to the screams of fire-wagons below and the crazy tunes of a roof-garden band above.

Morning, of course, found him at least temporarily in his normal, competent mood. He went over his list of appointments, all of them complimentary to a man who had begun a few years before with nothing. Recalling Allen A. Piper, of Piper and Morrison, who had called on him in Chicago, he decided to be fifteen minutes late for his engagement in the office-building that was a white, terraced tower so near his window that he wondered if he could touch it.

Piper and Morrison's desires were simple. They wanted to duplicate Stevens Riderwood in New England. Representing the money of wealthy clients who liked a high rate of return, they might put in a quarter, perhaps a half, million to induce him to place his own system in operation for them. He knew all about advancing money to motor-car dealers who, in turn, let their customers have the machines on payments; he knew all about the profits in fire and theft insurance on the cars and about the rates of interest the instalment plan would bear. He could be trusted to lay the ground plan of an immensely profitable structure. Every step in his system had been tested; all the losses had been taken.

Allen Piper was a spare little man of such mild mien, such gentle voice, that few could chart his cold, clear depths. To Riderwood he simulated warmth of greeting and told his secretary to ask Mr. Morrison to come in. This Morrison was a little more obvious. He was more the salesman, younger than Piper, better dressed. Piper outwardly was negative, while Morrison looked as if on occasion he might actually feel. Piper might have been fifty-five; Morrison was fifteen years younger, the kind of substantial-looking man, with just the touch of the gambler, that one sees among the outside spectators at the more important football-games.

Sitting behind a wide, bare desk and tipping back in his chair, Piper thought they might get down to business. As their caller knew, they were interested in incorporating for an Eastern development of Riderwood's business, and they had clients who were willing to pay for the privilege. They were willing to offer Riderwood two hundred thousand dollars in hand, stock in the new company, and a salary, provided he would give the undertaking his services as manager for five years.

"You see," added Morrison, "we could go into this ourselves, but there are a lot of little companies in the field. To put them out of business or absorb them without getting into litigation or running up against the Federal Trade Commission, we need expert management."

That was cold-blooded enough. These men evidently were prepared for extremities. He probably could ask them for any terms he desired and get them. They assumed he knew how to destroy competitors without fouling the Trade Commission. That proved they ranked him high.

"You understand," he countered, "I have no experience in putting competitors out of business. I entered a virgin field in the Middle West. I was the first man to think of banking a promise to pay for an automobile. I have grown up with it. I don't crowd men off the road."

Piper gave a short, flinty laugh.

"You would not be expected to. However, the introduction of your name as an operator would bring around a half-dozen little fellows wanting to sell out to us."

Piper evidently meant that. It was a surprise to Riderwood to learn that he had become so powerful that his name would mean surrender to anybody. He did not intend that it should. The idea made him decidedly uncomfortable; and, oddly, caused his mind to revert to Honora Way.

"I shall be here two or three days," he said. "Suppose you let me study the territory a little. I must arrive at my own conclusions. I may as well say, however, that two hundred thousand, going in, is not enough. While I am thinking it over, see what you think of three hundred and fifty thousand. That would be more like it."

Duncan Morrison walked with him into the reception-room, thumbs caught in his waistcoat pockets, lounging a little, relaxed and friendly. "What do you say to luncheon?" he asked.

The other had no intention of being trapped into a three-hour debate among loaded ash-trays in thick air. He detested the metropolitan junior executive's noonday rite. He knew, however, that as Morrison coveted his good-will, he could end the meeting if it should be too wearing; so he said thanks and agreed to meet Morrison at half past one.

A room much too full of eating and smoking men, much too bright and noisy, and Duncan Morrison examining a great green booklet that was the restaurant card. Wishing that his host had chosen a simpler, quieter place, Riderwood indicated on his host's inquiry two or three things he liked to eat, and surveyed the room while Morrison instructed the waiter. This, he knew, was in the best business mode. But it neither rested nor pleased him. He could close Piper and Morrison in five minutes and be gone. Why should he spend hours in this haze being polite to a man in whom he had no personal interest? There was not even a conflict here, nor an obstacle.

"You know," Morrison was saying, "I've been wanting to see you alone so I could put a proposition up to you. I've got a scheme that is going to make somebody a lot of money."

He evidently thought that was the determining appeal. Everybody talked to Stevens Riderwood about making money. Anything was thought to be all right so long as it offered a long profit. Damn it! didn't they suppose that he lived outside of making money?

"This is something new. It's sure-fire. The first man in the field can double a hundred thousand the first year and make a quarter of a million every year after that."

Riderwood wanted him to get on. Morrison was showing amateurism in presenting foremost the thought that the probable profit would lure his guest.

"You like old things, don't you? Piper told me antiques were your hobby."

"Don't tell me you are trying to interest me in a dealer proposition."

"Nothing of the kind. But you've toured, of course; you drove East."

"Yes; I came over the mountains. But . . ."

"Exactly; and of course you noticed the old homes along the way where old maids sell chicken dinners and advertise antiques."

"The highways are lined with them."

"Well, my idea is to buy a hundred such places, strung along through Pennsylvania, across Jersey, up the Hudson, and into Connecticut and Massachusetts. We'd keep the present owners as caretakers, but I'd put in travelling managers and install a system. First I'd double all the prices that the little old ladies charge for food and shelter; treble them in some cases. All prices, meals, and services would be standardized. It would be a farmhouse chain."

Riderwood tried to interrupt him, but he went on.

"We'd have a couple of firms of first-class furniture reproducers in New York or Boston to ship out stuff to be placed cleverly in all these houses, mixed in with the genuine. Each place would be expected to pay its own way in food and atmosphere, but the big money would be in the furniture and glass we'd sell. It would be lots of fun; that's one thing about it that appeals to me. It would give a man a chance to use his imagination; it would be something different. And you, with your knowledge of antiques, would be just the man for it."

Riderwood suddenly felt an aversion to the rich food, the breathless room, the assurance of the full-fed men near him. Anger and resentment were burning their way down through him, though he knew it was quite reasonable for him to be listening to such an outline. Men were constantly bringing him schemes by which money might be made. To Morrison there was nothing worse about a chain of fake farmsteads than one of hotels. That was it; Morrison was unable to discriminate. He would take a hundred poverty-ridden women and make them lay figures in a large-scale system of misrepresentation just as quickly as he would take a number of old taverns and modernize them with near-metropolitan conveniences and services. The women would sell his counterfeit antiques and keep the secret; he was assuming they would do so for pay. That, the assumption, the assumptions all along the line, were what angered Riderwood most.

He was drawn from his revery by Morrison asking: "Don't you think there's something in it?"

Riderwood had not touched his food. "Has it struck you," he asked, "that your set-up has two or three weak spots?"

Morrison, the sarcasm lost on him, immediately looked pleased. His face had a suggestion of the fatuous, the servile, Riderwood had often noted in men with whom he had had dealings.

"And you imagine that I would take up a scheme that involves cheating?"

"Cheating? Wouldn't we be giving the present owners a chance to make more than they ever dreamed of?"

"You propose selling faked antiques through the use of faked atmosphere and you want me for your partner. You assume I am a crook."

"You misunderstand me, Riderwood," Morrison defended himself. He was now worried because his mind had flashed back to the fact that Allen Piper and he were expecting to bring this man into another, a legitimate, enterprise.

Lighting a cigarette and pushing back his plate, Riderwood contemplated his uncomfortable host. His anger had evaporated. Morrison did not matter; he was merely a symbol. What rasped his mind was the realization that this was what he had come to. Men assumed only one thing about him—a desire for money. This was the meaning he had achieved. He was not a person but a clever manipulator. Others in his world called him a great success because at his kind of chess he was a champion. And as a result a man calmly presented a crooked scheme. He would have to do something for himself and do it immediately.

"I've been thinking over your proposal," he said, " and I want to give you my answer. It's no; no for your homestead chain and no for your motor financing. You can tell Piper I'm off that, and you and him and the whole damned business!"

He pushed his chair back and rose.

"And let me tell you," he added, "if I see traces of this scheme to link up a lot of fine old places to a Windsor-chair factory, I'll know how to expose it. To hell with all of you!"

He walked rapidly to the entrance, took his hat, and passed into the street.

In his hotel room his determination to act did not waver. He even knew where he would like to go. He remembered a New Jersey highway marking showing the turn toward the seaside places. By four o'clock he was leaving Jersey City in his car to find that turn.

He unpacked that night in a wide, airy room that looked out on the Atlantic. That spaciousness of view and the zestful tang of the breeze told him that his decision to leave New York had been wise. Standing at a window, watching the limitless water, he had a presentiment of having been true to something. And that night he slept as he had in the house on the mountainside. Next day he wrote to Honora:

"Instead of being in New York, I am here. I found I could not go into what they had waiting for me there. In fact, I decided suddenly not to take on anything more. What I need to do, it seems, is to learn to use what I have. I am down here, doing nothing for the first time in my life. I wanted you to know it, and to know that I am beginning to understand about the Dutch dower chest. . . . I expect to stay here until I go back to Chicago; and I am so comfortable and drowsy I can't tell when that will be."

When he left the sea three weeks later, it was to drive only as far as Philadelphia, where he took his automobile to the maker's agency and left it, to be taken in on a new one to be delivered to him in Chicago. Then he left for home by train. He had considered driving back past Honora's, and then had rejected the idea; he did not want to risk an anticlimax.

The next evening found him sitting at dinner in his house in Astor Street, Chicago, waited upon by his colored man, Brady, who had been thrown into pleased agitation by Riderwood's return. After dinner, leafing idly through the accumulation of personal letters, he called Brady to inquire about the state of the household. The negro liked to be consulted, and, in return for friendly deference to his opinion, gave a priceless service. Everything had been quiet, he reported. A box of antiques had come, but he had not opened it.

Riderwood said he had bought nothing on this trip. It must be the Queen Anne chairs he had ordered from a dealer some time ago. Brady had better open the case and let him know.

He tossed his letters aside and lighted a pipe. Whatever had happened to him in the East had been good for him. He had found repose. He pictured writing to Honora. This house he had been perfecting for himself through three or four years—fine, small, and simple—would have a message for her. He would like to describe it to her. He wondered if she and her stern companion, Alice, could be persuaded to visit Chicago. Probably not. Brady, returning, said he had the case open, and Mr. Riderwood had better come and look at the things himself. Riderwood replied that he would later; just now he was too comfortable. He had never sat in his house in just this way before.

He was going to bed three hours later when, passing the storeroom, he remembered what Brady had said and, switching on the light, stepped in to have a look at his Queen Annes.

There were no chairs, however. What Riderwood saw, standing there in his storeroom, was something wholly different. It was the dower chest.

Trembling with a sensation of realization and delight, he strode to the little chest and knelt before it as if to confirm by touch its presence in his house. She had sent it to him, and that act could not fail to mean something, something which he saw now was needed to complete his new being. Touching the chest, he saw the edge of an envelope which had been placed under the lid.

"I have your letter from the seashore," Honora wrote. "If I understand truly what has happened to you, I want you to have my chest. I could not sell it; but now I feel that I will be very happy if you will let me give it to you."

That was all. She had given him the dower chest. Thinking about him, she had desired him to have it, expressing herself with serene fidelity.

He folded the note carefully and placed it in a pocket, studying the lines and painted decorations of the faithful Pennsylvania chest, thinking of what it had meant to Louisa Auer in 1790; what it meant to Honora Way now.

He walked thoughtfully back to his chair in the library and picked up his pipe, wishing to think about this extraordinary gift. But before he struck his match, before he even found his tobacco, he saw that this was not a time for sitting and thinking.

He was up again instantly and hurrying to the telephone. It was a railroad-station he wanted, and information about trains; trains East, to-night, at once. He wanted a berth on the next train.

Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

Marfa Manchester had taken Paul Barker to the house of a friend of her own, where he contracted an infection from which he died. In the depth of her self-accusation as his destroyer, Marfa met Marcus Bartholomew, who arrived in Old Town to persuade her father to join a Field expedition to the interior of China; and she encountered quite casually and even momentarily Max Garvin, who was also interested in the exploration. With her mother and her sister Luna, Marfa had been engaged in beseeching the badgered Louis Manchester not to undertake this journey to China, when she realized that it was really unimportant to her whether her father should go or stay, and that she was merely using the whole incident to further a faint affair with Bartholomew. From a visit to his house she returned with her family, much shaken by the knowledge that she was, in all her particles, instinctively fraudulent at the simplest dealings. Even her misery about Paul Barker was a species of escape. Luna was also finding emotion in the belief that she herself was responsible for Paul's death. To their neighbors they all seemed normal, and even agreeable. And Marfa meant to be so right. . . .

The Manchesters' house had belonged to Mrs. Manchester's father, who—a clergyman—had built to adjoin his study a tiny chapel, no larger than a cell. It had one bench, a *prie-dieu,* and an altar—above which hung a passable oil of "Behold, I Stand at the Door." Charged for two generations with the current of those in prayer or meditation, this place had not yet lost its voltage, even though it was never used. Mrs. Manchester was too busy, Luna, who looked as if she would frequent it, called it the vault, and to Marfa the place never even occurred, save semioccasionally, when she was in some sorrow. But on her return home that night, and on going to the study, now the den, for a book, she paused before the door of the chapel, never heated, never lighted, and lifted the latch. A breath, cold, close, came out of the darkness. She shook open her matches, lit a candle on the altar, threw up the narrow window, sat down. Instant stillness folded her. The place had the silence of the unused, the deserted, the dead. The motionless became the positive; empty air became affirmative. Some inner core of the place opened and let her in. She passed from the mere stillness into a tremble of the vibration of all space raying into the little room, unvexed by the radiations of any used articles. She began herself to tremble with the onslaught of this terrific silence which was alive and pulsing. Even then her attention did not leave herself.

"Now I'm Marfa," she thought. "Now I'm really Marfa. . . ."

To herself she now felt untroubled and smooth, nothing pricking, stinging, goading, teasing. She herself was beaten upon by nothing, was free to go out and move in slow spirals about this charged stillness. She felt herself exploring it, feeling its textures, its many textures, its curves and surfaces of pulsing molecules. Her eyes went to the window and her thought streamed into the darkness, feeling the fine waves of space meeting the fine waves of the little room. But all this she received as emotion which released her to enter in and in, to herself. She breathed deeply, felt herself to fill the air about her with her expiration, felt no difference between herself, the air of the room, and the darkness washing against the open window and retreating before the soft volleys of her candle-light.

Very slowly all this flowing and beating of the silence worked itself through her physical envelope and into her understanding. Not her mind—Marfa knew that her mind was not good for much, and never received anything unique. But it was as if something else within her, which need not form words, began to reply to the pulsing stillness by a pulsing stillness of its own. As if the molecules without her were able to impress some body within her, independently of the use of words. So she "thought" (but with no words):

"I shall do everything well. I shall harm no one. I shall find good things to make come true. I shall move through my life shining. There will be only light, for that is all that I shall make. I shall give out blessings. . . ."

Wind blew the candle-flame, and the line where the candle-flame met the darkness wavered like a scarf. Marfa straightened, rose, feeling bathed, feeling as if she had been running. That little breath of wind, producing obvious motion, seemed to have changed the quality of the silence, as if finer vibration withdrew before the coarser. Rising, Marfa saw on the altar a rectangular white surface, leaning against the wall. She lifted it, and it was a photograph of Paul Barker. Luna must have brought it there, none knew why. Marfa held it and sank down on the *prie-dieu.*

Paul, whom she had killed. He had come up to town from his university where he had toiled through his law course. Thirteen years of schooling. Twenty-two years of hopes and plans. His mother and father sending him up to town with the money that they could spare. . . . (And he "all they had.") Then she took him to call on Stella and there was no more of him. Diphtheria from that house, death from Stella's house, with its huge floor-cushions and its rich copper lamps. In a week he had been dead. Not Stella, not the doctor, not Luna and her orange bathing-cap—but she, Marfa, killing Paul. Her green georgette gown she had wanted Stella to see, had wanted Stella to see Paul, with his jests and his blue eyes and his good clothes and his love for her. Paul had loved her at once, she had wanted to show to Stella Paul, his love for her, and to show the green gown. So she had killed Paul by taking him to Stella's.

"How could you let me do that?" She hugged Paul's picture and stared up at the oil above the altar. Her sense of God and of Jesus and of the Christ lay in her as she had received them at adolescence. She stared at the knocking figure accusingly, felt crude to be thus accusing him. Had he called Paul to himself and used her as the instrument? But he had no right, God had no right! No, no. It wasn't God. It was she and her pride and her green dress. A month ago Paul was alive, hoping, happy.

Now she saw his tie as it had looked in his coffin. What should she do who was so wicked that her pride and vanity had killed Paul? . . .

She said over what she would do: "God, I will do right. I will do right. I swear it. I will do right. . . ."

Something thumped on the wall outside. She sprang up, shut the window smartly, let fall the photograph, blew out the candle, and ran into the den.

In the morning sunlight she came down-stairs with a sense of entering life with vigor because something important had happened. She thought that it was the hour in the cell, that she would go there often to sit alone with Paul's picture, that everything would be different.

Luna was crossing the hall, dressed for the street. Mr. Manchester had just brought the car round. "I'm to begin getting my hand in the business," Luna said, with a glint. Marfa cried: "Luna—you don't really think papa'll go?" Luna said tranquilly: "He's going. Mama's reconciled. Now don't stir up things, Marfa."

Marfa lifted her hand to her father, watched them drive away, thought: "Yesterday in the car I *wanted* him to go. That was wrong. I know that he's not strong, that he hasn't courage, hasn't endurance. I must want him not to go, just as I said at first." Her mother would be useless in this; their family physician would be useless because his advice was invariably against taking risks; she thought of their friends—the Montes, who were always urging him to travel, the Barrets, who were incredibly thrifty, Mr. Bells, who never let anything interfere with business. The Montes would encourage her father and the others he would discount. She thought, "I am alone in this. I shall have to have judgment for all of us . . ." and she felt that she had the judgment. But somebody must help her to make her father see reason. If only Mr. Bartholomew could see reason himself . . . Mr. Bartholomew. Perhaps he could be made to see reason. . . .

She looked him up at once in the Chicago telephone-book. She could go in for shopping, go and reason with Marcus Bartholomew; and be at home for dinner. She put in the call from the telephone in the den, had him on the wire as if she had reached into space and twitched his sleeve: Marfa Manchester, who must see him about something very important. Would he be in his office at noon to-morrow?

His voice came, thick, electric, like substance springing with vital life.

"Can't it be to-day?"

"You'll not be there to-morrow?"

"Of course. I'd make it a point to be. But can't it be to-day?"

Marfa thought: She could catch the ten, be in town by twelve . . . "Half after twelve to-day then." "You'll lunch with me?" "I'm not sure. . . ." "Do lunch with me. But I must know, because I'll have to break an engagement." Marfa said: "Don't break an engagement." His voice came: "I'll break it, on the chance." She sat staring at the door of the cell-room. What had she done? Made a path, built a wall. . . .

Her mother came down the passage with a telegram, and her voice was high and hurried: Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall and Ben and Bessie were coming in a car—they would be here this afternoon. . . . "You must help me. . . ." Marfa said: "Sorry, darling, I'm going to town for all day . . . Luna'll help." "Luna's gone with your father. You can't go!" "Lover, I've just promised. I'll be back for dinner. . . ." The trebles of the two voices rippled on the air like bright rain on water, almost visibly the vibrations rose and spread, the passage brimmed with them, and they died on a note of: Marfa had promised. The mother wrung her hands like Rachael, like Niobe; and Marfa ran to dress: Her tangerine sports suit, her black hat, her bag from Morocco. She disappeared into a taxi like an oriole into a swinging nest, flashed the fifty miles to town on the express, was set down at the door of Mr. Bartholomew's private office, and faced him thinking: "What have I done?"

Not much, to judge by his indifference.

He was resting his chin on his collar and looking at her with a light frown, when she said without preface: "Mr. Bartholomew, I couldn't tell you yesterday—papa was there. But he's no man to take on a journey. You must help me—you and I together can keep him from it. . . ." Marcus Bartholomew put his head down and listened. His listening was as positive as pleading, or as scorn. ". . . never can even find his place in a book, never can find an address, never can remember a figure or a place or a date or where he has left anything, or what to take if he's sick or . . ." She opened her hands. "You see? And he *is* sick often . . . he eats like a wild man . . . no sense of diet . . . no sense . . ." Her pause denoted the planetary, the universal. "Papa," she ended, "is a precious. But on such a trip he would be nothing more." Mr. Bartholomew murmured: "We're all like that . . . men. In private life, I mean. It's only publicly that we can locate anything. And not," he sadly added, "often then." She wasn't listening. "He will certainly break his leg or fall off his camel or miss the party and wander into the desert and *die*. . . . Mr. Bartholomew, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for by taking papa." Marcus was three spots of high light . . . his face tilted downward, his hands solidly upon his chair-arms, he sat there motionless, save for the lifting of his eyes with that white curve of cornea. "You love your father very much," he commented ambiguously. "So much," she cried instantly, "that I can't bear it—to have him go. Help me! Together, we can keep him at home. . . ." "You are . . ." he said, and waited for a long time. "You are a very special pleader. Shall we have some lunch?" "Yes," said Marfa, "a stuffed crab. I don't get them at home." "A stuffed crab," he assented, and followed her. She watched his square figure pose on the curb, his square forefinger signalling a taxi. She thought: "He's nothing. Imagine such a man. . . ." But when in the cab he turned squarely toward her, saying no more than "Where shall we lunch?" she felt herself less than a form of air wavering in heat. She stared at him, saying nothing. He told the man the Edgewater Beach and sat silent. Marfa thought indignantly, "I'm not a child!"—but yet that did not seem to be the exact charge, nor the desired rebuttal.

The table overhung the lake, the surf beat almost upon the hard wood at their feet. The lattices of the walls, the birds in their cages and the sails shining on the blue were to Marfa the mingled properties of a large new place where she sat, and said cantaloupe, salad, ice. For all the high importance of the time, she could recall nothing of the words drifting like vapor between them; could recall only that she saw his collar-button showing a bit beneath his tie, and she wished that it didn't show; and that his wrist curved strangely when he lifted his glass; until he said: "I should find it rather exciting to have you take so much interest in my affairs—if I were your father." She said coldly: "One doesn't have to be my father for me to be interested." "But if it were I that you were urging not to go to China . . ." finally forced her eyes from the waters of Lake Michigan, while she asked, "What then?" and he concluded gravely: "I'd stay—like a shot." For the first time he saw her face dissolve with laughter, line, smoothness, lips, eyes dazzling with laughter. She leaned toward him with, "How long have you known this?" saw him start, and concentrate in that strange look with fear in it before she went on austerely: "My father I love very dearly. He's no more fitted for this expedition than—please change your plans in some way so that it won't be possible for him to go. I do beg you. . . ." She thought: " 'Very dearly.' 'I do beg you.' What am I talking like that for? Is it because this man seems to me so old-fashioned, so serious, so adorable?" He frowned: "You're asking me something ridiculous. You're asking me something ridiculous. Your father is old enough to look after his own expeditions." She replied: "No man is—my father least of all." They went on about it enjoyably for a long time, prolonging it, making it their playground. At last he said: "How do you suggest that I go about keeping your father at home?" and again she dazzled him, saying: "Stay yourself." He asked: "On *his* account?" She said nothing, looked at him deeply, until he added, "I'll stay on your account," and asked the waiter for the check.

Before the waiter returned, Marcus said to her without expression: "Mrs. Bartholomew has just come into the dining-room. Will you come over with me and speak to her?"

As if this were a party to which had come a new arrival, Marfa said "Delighted," and went with him. She thought: "I might be in a panic. I might feel sorry. I think it's going to be fun." This sentiment she examined, walking across the room swimming in light, flowers, candy-baskets, color; and she thought, "I must be wicked," but she thought it as one having serene knowledge that she wasn't, but was merely playing with the idea. "See," she said to some invisible inner audience, "I'm too fine to be delighted to be wicked. I'd be sorry to be wicked. And I know that I'm not wicked." With a sense of confirmed innocence she stood by that table, and heard Mrs. Bartholomew say: "Really."

Mrs. Bartholomew, erect, handsome, and with the countenance in vogue in 1900, looked an instant of stupefaction, then smiled up at her husband, nodded at her husband, nodded at Marfa, and presented her to a Miss Melander, who bowed uninterrogatively. Marcus said: "Shall I drop back and pick you up in an hour?" "No, thank you," said his wife—but with too much emphasis, Marfa thought. "We've some things to do"; and she did not include Marfa in the nod on which she returned to her menu-card.

Marfa and Marcus Bartholomew moved on. They sat in the lobby before a fireplace rising in the middle of the floor. "A shrine to fire," Marfa said tranquilly, "on a cathedral scale. And there's a stone drinking-fountain, for a shrine to water." "And we," he said contentedly, "are shrines to earth. But the fourth element is absent, as in any hotel lobby." They spoke of the unnecessary fire, dwelt on it, Marfa presently felt, too elaborately, too consciously. "Tell me," she said abruptly, "whether you think Mrs. Bartholomew minded my lunching with you"... and realized that she was not up to passing it over in favor of fire or other neutralities, but that she wanted the quiver of talking about this. He said, "God knows," and Marfa cried: "But I thought she'd be modern and casual. If I'd thought she'd mind, I wouldn't have come here. . . ." He smiled a slow smile, looked somewhere else, and said, "I thought *you'd* be modern and casual," and went on, as if there were no more due that subject: "As I was saying, if you ask me not to go to China, I won't go." "But why on earth should I ask you that?" Marfa cried. "Besides, I don't, of course, believe you." He lifted his chin over his collar to look round at her, sat unmoved with his sizable arms locked across his sizable chest, and said: "It's the truth. But in that case, would your father give up going? I don't think so." She forgot her father, cried: "I couldn't let you do that. I couldn't think of that, you know." He said almost absently: "I wish to God you wanted *me* to stay." Marfa thought: "It's like a motif—first a little, then more, then . . ." She said stiffly, "We'll get nowhere. You're very good. I'm going now," and did not move. He began to talk, his voice touching its bass, a voice concentrated, its tones dense, deep, colored—what color, what key, dense with what, Marfa wondered. She heard his voice coming out like a supreme pulsing stream of water, thick, monotonous, and splendid. The voice spoke to her without its words, the voice spoke to some dumbness in her which now first answered, or so she thought. "I'm being punished," the voice said. "I've hated men who've gone whining about being lonely. Well, that was because I've never before seen anybody I wanted to whine to. *I'm* lonely, *I'm* half starved, I'm going to China because there's not a thing on earth for me. Unless you'll ask me to stay . . . I mean, unless you'd a little rather *I* wouldn't go into danger either. . . ." He smiled his odd tortured ugly smile. "I'm trying to get under a corner of your adorable care for your father," he said. "You see, nobody wants me not to go. My wife'll be rather glad of the freedom. This woman she's with . . . I don't like her, they both know that. She's tricky and a sponge. She works my wife . . . well! I was trying to make a life for myself. I thought of China. But if I stayed here and could see you . . ." Marfa looked at the fire, saw it spread its light over carving on stone, carving on wood, roses in a rug, cupids on a wall, leaves on a bowl of light, and said: "Mr. Bartholomew, a girl isn't such a fool as she used to be." She saw that he seemed to be considering the curve of her throat, seemed not to be expecting to consider her words, but he looked up at her now. "Once," she went on, "that would touch her, take her in . . . the lonely, half-starved husband. She'd sacrifice everything to make it up to him for what he'd lost. She'd let him eat up her life, drink up her life, and not even know he was sacrificing her. You'll not find many girls to do that now—they're too independent." He stared: "Too independent—to fall in love? . . ." Now Marfa said: "That's the first time I've heard you mention love. I didn't know that had anything to do with what you propose. It usually hasn't—any more." He said low: "What do I propose? . . ." She drew out her vanity-case, used it carefully, leisurely, saying, "A pure and platonic friendship. Spiritual," snapped the case and blazed out at him: "Mr. Bartholomew, you're the sort of man I could have adored. So could any woman. Why do you make yourself so cheap? . . ." Caring nothing for the elderly ladies on the opposite couch, he seized on her hand and shook it. "Marfa," he said, "I'm the sort of man you could adore! You said so! Well, here I am—adore me just enough to let me see you occasionally. . . ." She murmured, but he caught it: "Piffle, Mr. Bartholomew. You're old-fashioned. . . ." He turned on her savagely: "It's you who are old-fashioned! Why did you lunch with me to-day?" "To get you to help me about my father. . . ." He said loudly: "Piffle, Marfa. We both know why we lunched together. We've been pulled toward each other from the minute we met. Be honest. Either that means everything or it doesn't mean anything." She considered for a moment, seemed unable to escape by the door which he had opened, dazzled him once more by her smile, and said: "At least, it must mean something." She thought: "For my father's sake I mustn't let him go. . . ." He sank into his old pose, thick arms crossed on his thick chest, head down, a rim of white showing beneath the iris. "We nearly quarrelled," he said. "Fancy that . . . my quarrelling with the only being on earth who has interested me in years. . . ." She said with a show of humility: "I was nasty. But if you know how bored women get with the rôle you were playing . . ." He said tensely: "You know very well that this is different . . ." but she interrupted him by laughing. He scowled at her, saying: "My Lord, how's a man to tell one of your sort what she means to him—or might mean." She saw the two elderly women looking at her curiously. They were in grays and orchids, and had the refinement that Marfa hated—traditions in every known pattern—yet they gave her once more an abrupt background for the immemorial married man tugging at the leash of his own boredom and begging for life. She said: "You shouldn't have told me. I was terribly excited at the idea of meeting you to-day . . . came away and left my mother with guests almost upon her. But now that you're the same old sort . . . there must be a dozen in there in the dining-room. . . ." He suddenly turned and looked at her strangely: "I believe you're in earnest," he said. "And if you are . . ." She was arrested, asked, "What then?" and he said gravely: "If you're that sort—if you really are that sort, then I *would* be in earnest. Of course I can't deny that I wasn't, just now." Marfa frowned, rose, said: "That won't do, either—pretending you were pretending. I was wrong to have asked your help . . . will you call me a taxi?" He bowed, left her, returned to walk with her to the door, put her in her taxi without another word. She leaned from the door to say: "I'm sorry I troubled you." He answered, "You'll never do anything else," and closed the cab door. "Home," she said, and caught his amused look as he named her station.

Driving down the avenue she asked herself: "What did he mean? What did I mean? Was it all play?" A terrible nostalgia for the simple, the direct, the honest beset her. She saw a baker's cart driven by a sallow youth and thought: "He'd say what he meant. He'd probably be true to his wife no matter how she bored him. And what of that? What's he, after all?" She wept a bit, felt annoyed, felt restless, saw a gray stone church and thought: "I wish I could marry a minister and pray to God all day." But upon reflection this did not seem to be either what she wanted, nor yet the usual occupation of ministers' wives.

She had taken her place in her train before she realized that all that ailed her was intense and disabling disappointment in the outcome of her adventure. She was half-way to her home before she thought of her father, and that he was, after all, going to China.

Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall and Ben and Bessie had arrived. Marfa thought as she greeted these four: "They are the sort who visit all over. Every atom of them is a guest." Aunt and uncle she kissed with a rush of tenderness—they had looked like this since she was seven, they were gentle, heavy, with no awareness of past or future, no power of co-ordination, no generalizations of the abstract, and nothing else for the concrete—all this Marfa caught as her aunt's thin wrists folded about her, and as her uncle said: "Here's my little girl." They were the aunt and uncle of the world. Bessie, seventeen, manifestly alternated a vast complacence with squirming agony over some mistake. She smiled, showing the gums above the teeth, and sat with a hand clasping the throat but not successfully covering its rigid structure of bone. " 'Do," said Ben, looking somewhere else with sudden attention. Ben was fifteen. Marfa thought: "They think I'm the way I seem. They don't know." But in the midst of a sense of intense guilt she suddenly thought: "Why, I *am* the way I seem. I *told* him he was doing old stuff." For a moment she felt herself pure, dissolved into something shining and fine, mixed with somebody whom she wished to be; then she recalled that she had told that to Marcus in order that she might be a better lure. "But, after all . . ." she thought, and retained the emotion of complacence, an emotion which the guests, by their admiration, slowly lowered. For they told her what an exquisite child she had been, how gentle and precise. At dinner Aunt Phœbe related instances of great beauty and having a double entendre, for not only were these recollections perfumed, but they were edged for a rebuke to her own progeny, and at them Bessie squirmed and Ben attended on the distance. "Had she been so admirable," Marfa wondered, "and what was she now?" But she had told Mr. Bartholomew . . .

Gathered about this table to restore their bodies were eight beings of one blood. But Marfa's blood was replying not to them but to Marcus Bartholomew fifty miles away; and Louis Manchester's blood, as he served the veal, was flowing toward China; and that of his wife was all in her face, as she looked piteously to his first tasting and not to hers to be sure that the roast was tender; and the blood of Ben and Bessie went pricking in them at those edged tales of Marfa's little girlhood (how good and considerate and truthful *she* had been). And the blood of Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall Ballon looked to lie dry and spent, all save this curious ticking in them as they tried to goad Ben and Bessie to lead the good life. And there was Luna. Luna, amber-colored like Egyptian alabaster, ripe, ready for something, who ate languidly with downcast eyes, lashes black on her amber cheeks, and one hand laid flatly on the cloth. Her blood, rich and dark, flowed evenly for the whole family. Outside, as it happened, there were noble thunder and lovely lightning—the heavens rippling and glaring, the clouds flowing in black and copper, the air whirling in magnificent violence against the walls. It was orchestration for tragedy, for the passion of giants, or for the highest harmonic perceptions of man. But the blood of not one in the room responded or even attended, save that of Mrs. Manchester, who said that she wondered if the south windows were closed, and sent the maid to close them; and that of Luna, who lifted her eyes to an upper sash and sotto voce used her Spanish: *"Dio mio."* "I didn't quite catch that," said Uncle Marshall. The thunder drowned Luna's explication. Drowned somewhat, too, Mrs. Manchester's exasperated comment on the dessert: "Not a raisin in it. . . ." Otherwise the conversation was slight, while toward China, toward Marcus, toward the good life, and toward tender veal their red blood pulsed to the volley and flame; the breath and brass of its orchestra.

In the "other room" the tempo subtly changed—the blood flowed not so swiftly, deferring now not so much to the currents of these eight souls as to the offices of digestion. China receded, Marcus paled, the good life dimmed, and the veal was nothing. They spoke little, and Luna, who had the eccentricity of never speaking at all while another spoke, observed that she had had an interesting day. Marfa exclaimed, "Luna—you didn't actually . . ." and thought, "Papa is certainly going. Marcus Bartholomew will do nothing . . ." and fell to wondering (again) whether he might not make papa's journey an excuse to see her a second time. Long and amber in a chair, her length of limb, very great from thigh to knee, extended in an abandon curiously contrasting with her tense and tortured hands, Luna replied: "Papa thought I didn't do so badly . . . didn't you, dear?" Louis Manchester looked up from his pamphlet. "She will run the business better than I—before I get back," he explained. "Just exactly what do you expect to find out on this expedition?" Uncle Marshall asked, his head tipped well to one side. "That's what they're going over there to find out," Aunt Phœbe retorted with naked scorn. "Isn't it, Louis?" she nullified her triumph by asking. "He's not going," said Marfa. "When it comes right to the moment, he'll not risk his life and leave us. . . ." She wondered: "Why do I keep on about this? I don't care whether he goes. Is it only to fight with Marcus Bartholomew, to see him again and fight, that I keep on about this?" Ben Ballon shifted his position, legs, arms, head, glance, as if all these were the gears of his voice. "I'd go," he brought out, flushed, and looked with intense preoccupation at a point on the wall. "You would not," said his mother intensely. Bessie murmured, "Mama's joy," and Uncle Marshall conceived his rôle as guest to require him to ask: "Well, what's on for tomorrow?"

There was no pause, marking the instant as momentous, no ceremony of the fatal. As if her particles spoke for her, Marfa said: "Oh, The Dells. Don't you think so, papa?"

"Might have a picnic nearer home," her father objected.

"Oh, The Dells are nicest," said Marfa. She wondered: "Why do I say that? I don't care where we go."

"How about driving to Madison?" Mrs. Manchester asked. "Then we can stay there for dinner, and there'll be no lunch to put up," she added hopefully.

"I'll put up the lunch," said Marfa. "Don't you say The Dells, Luna?"

Luna, so inert in her chair, was held in a moment of quiet—or perhaps it was an area of quiet, manifesting as space rather than as time. She said nothing.

"Shall it be The Dells?" Marfa insisted to everybody. No one said anything. It would be The Dells. Speaking naturally for the first time, Ben demanded, "What in time's The Dells?" and was rebuked by his father for asking questions. Ben's "Well, but you . . ." dwindled at a metallic glance from his mother. "Pride of the home," his sister Bessie whispered audibly.

"You'll all love The Dells," said Marfa. She added: "I love to be the one to settle things." She caught Luna's eyes fixed strangely upon her, and wondered: "Why does she look at me like that?"

Bright day and every one in the spell of preparation—nothing seeming as usual; tempo accelerated, haste an emotion, expectation ruling. In Mrs. Manchester the emotion of haste becoming a passion, in Mr. Manchester a futility, in Aunt Phœbe a frenzy, and in Uncle Marshall an unknown functioning. Aunt Phœbe calling "Marshall! Every one else is ready," and he in a kind of sadistic fury slowing down his motions to cause his wife to cry yet again: "Marshall!" And Ben ready first, honking the horn, and chanting: "I gotta see those dingley Dells." And the two cars filled with mixed Manchesters and Ballons, and Luna at the curb, waving them away. And when had she ever halted so many people just as they were starting off by saying: "It's such a nice day, why don't you go to Madison instead?" And when had Marfa been so indignant with her—now that the plans were all made? And they starting off, with the perfect day before them? She shot back an annoyed glance and saw Luna standing on the steps, her look harried and anguished. . . .

Eighteen miles of July, and you looked into the green as into tourmaline whose planes continued indefinitely. Nothing ended . . . the green was a wilderness of planes, every one leading on far into a space long prepared for it, and not resisting it, and mingling with it in some supreme geometry. Plunging down and outward went the shadows, ghostly horses of something driven at terrific speed, devouring surfaces, zoning the earth. A wash of gray glazed the green, glazed the edges of the leaves, edged the farmhouse walls, the red walls of the barns. It was as if on the edge at which these surfaces met space, some straight slim line resulted which might have been the key to a new direction—as the place at which moonlight and candle-light meet might be the key to a new dimension of light. It was to be seen that hills held static a rhythm of surface, that clouds were dynamics of the immaterial, that the sunlight revealed only the grossest texture of its own raiment, withholding all the rest for the secret of a day to come. And color deserted its palpable rôle on surfaces, and was known to have been not applied, but rather to have been evoked from the vital substance. All this was presented to the vision of Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall, of Ben and Bessie, of Bella and Louis and Marfa Manchester; but Marfa

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The Price of Prohibition in Finland

BY ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS

The dour Finn must have his schnapps, and prohibition, imposed by the Russian Czar, has its troubles as does prohibition by Act of Congress and the late Wayne B. Wheeler. The well-known economist, as a result of a trip of investigation, injects a new note into the ever-interesting discussion.

"Here," explained a French guide conducting Mark Pattison through the Sorbonne, "is where the theologians have disputed for three hundred years."

"And pray, in all that time," inquired Pattison, "what have they settled?"

The dogma of prohibition, like a theological doctrine, provokes endless argument and eludes final settlement.

The writer has not heard an original or piquant contribution to the discussion in the space of five years—the same old truisms darkened into enigmas, the same old platitudes brightened into epigrams—the same old clichés.

"Mind you," cries the disputant, "I'm not what might be called a drinking man, and I'm against the saloon. But what right has anybody to tell me I can't take a drink of liquor when I please? The Volstead law invades my personal liberty—it's an outrage!"

To which one can only reply with sympathetic superheat: "Yes, it's a darn outrage. It looks now as if it were gathering up for more rain."

The writer has no ism to expound, no thesis to defend, no lesson to teach. One may turn from baffling impressions as to the success of prohibition at home and ask what success prohibition is having abroad.

Norway has given up limited prohibition for high license. Russia has abandoned prohibition and returned to vodka. Finland and the United States are the only important laboratories in which the experiment of prohibition is conducted on a nation-wide scale.

As Lord Brougham remarked to the profane disputant: "Let us concede that every one is properly damned and without further preliminaries get down to the business in hand."

Striking likenesses and dissimilarities crop out in comparing the administration of the prohibition law in Finland and the United States. In both countries prohibition was ushered in as a war emergency, but long antecedent preparation had been going on. For some four or five decades temperance societies have been at work in Finland as in this country, and public opinion, particularly in the rural districts, had reached a point where it would support strict legislative limitations on the consumption of liquor. Finland, one is inclined to judge, was in a more advanced state of preparedness for prohibition than the United States.

The Finns are a highly disciplined

people. For centuries they have been a subjugated race and, except for the Swedish element, are a homogeneous people. Racially they are Hungarian rather than Slavic. Their Russian conquerors have hardly left a chemical trace of Slavic influence. The besotted ignorance of the Russian peasant finds no counterpart in Finland. Illiterates are about as plentiful in Finland as albinos in the United States, and are as much out of their element as a Gila monster on Boston Common.

The Finns are the most omnivorous readers in Europe, and the public bookstore in Helsingfors is second to none on the Continent. The Finns, like the progressive Athenians of Paul's day, are the liberals of their epoch. To the Finn every new social experiment is worth a try-out. The Finns were the first of the Europeans to grant complete suffrage to women, and among the first of the war-distracted peoples to balance their budget and restore their international trade equilibrium. They were the first to boast the presence of a barefoot legislator on the floor of their national Parliament.

Finland is a country of strong men and strong liquors. They obey the Nietzschean theory "Be strong and live." It is also a country of gray skies, cheerless landscapes, gloomy festivities. Nature has dealt with the land in niggard fashion, bestowing neither copper, coal, iron, petroleum, or any prime prerequisite of latter-day industrialism, with the exception of timber. For half the year darkness broods over the land for the better part of the working-day. In midsummer the sun rises shortly after two in the morning, and the flies at least a half-hour earlier. Characteristic of the national school of painting are canvases portraying struggles with forest fires, tempestuous seas, heroic efforts to subdue the wilderness. The favorite type of moving picture in Finland depicts physical struggle with wind and wave or human adversaries. The tragic Finn takes his pleasure sadly. He will sit through a film performance by Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd and never crack a smile.

All this by way of explaining the fact that the Finn is a grim, determined fellow, who, having put his hand to a difficult job, such as prohibition, sees it through. The czarist government gave no support to the temperance movement in any part of the vast Russian domain. With the outbreak of the war, prohibition was decreed for Finland overnight by imperial edict. Prohibition, which came in like a flash, was amazingly effective at first because the Russian police power was behind it. When Finland threw off Russian overlordship some ten years ago, prohibition was continued by act of the Finnish Parliament.

The difficulties of administering the prohibition law in Finland, as in the United States, are partly physical and partly psychological. With respect to physical difficulties, the Finns have much more to contend with than we. With respect to psychology, about the same cleavages of public opinion obtain in both countries.

Finland is set down in the midst of an archipelago of ten thousand small islands. The country has a long coast-line to police, and this coast-line is deeply indented and fringed with a heavy forest cover. More ideal specifications for facilitating liquor-smuggling could not have been devised by the president of the bootleggers' union.

In Poland, eastern Russia, the Baltic States, and Finland much can be done dietetically on a snack of fish and a snifter of vodka. Like Java and Mocha, the two are complementary. The fisherfolk having turned liquor-smugglers, alcohol is becoming more plentiful and fish scarcer. Whole fishing-villages have turned smugglers down to the last man, and as their activities broaden, the price of herring rises and that of vodka falls in the Helsingfors market. More, the simple fisherman's standard of living is constantly rising. He is discarding the traditional wooden benches of his modest home for overstuffed sofas, and for the first time in history is interesting himself in savings-bank accounts and rates of interest on bonds and mortgages.

Prohibition has thus created a new profession in Finland. To the three ancient estates—farmers, lumbermen, and fishermen—has been added the fourth estate of bootlegger. These fisherfolk have attained such perfection in their bootlegging craft that they are like to oversupply their market and be driven back to the fishing business.

The comparative ease with which alcohol can be brought into the country is not without its advantages. Smuggling has killed the home-brew industry. Potato-alcohol can be fetched into the country cheaper and better than domestic grain-alcohol may be illegally distilled in Finland. Further, one hears no complaints of poisonous or adulterated alcohol in Finland. Where the genuine stuff may be had in abundance, there's no sense in decocting such counterfeits as synthetic gin.

During the first week of July, when the writer crossed the Gulf of Finland, seven foreign rum-boats could be descried at anchor some twelve miles out from Helsingfors. Captain Brynolf Kari, chief of the Finnish rum-chasers, furnished us with the names and tonnages of these boats. Only one boat, the 200-ton steamship *Hera* from Danzig, displayed any flag whatever. This ship, along with three motor auxiliary ships, two motor-ships, and a steamship from Hamburg, carried all told 1,500,000 litres of 96 per cent alcohol, or enough to provide 3,000,000 litres of proof vodka, or 15,000,000 good stiff drinks. The entire population of Finland is 3,500,000 souls. Here was enough contraband alcohol concentrated at a given time in a given place to provide ten or twelve drinks for every male adult of the Finnish population. The Finnish women, like the Russian peasant women, are not addicted to alcohol, and are almost a unit in their support of temperance movements. Viewing these rum-laden ships, one concludes that in Finland prohibition does not prohibit.

This cheap alcohol originates for the most part in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The alcohol industry of eastern Europe is associated with the potato. Poland leads the world in per capita potato production with an output of nearly a ton as compared to 300 pounds in the United States. Poland is dotted with potato-alcohol distilleries. Before the war what is now eastern Poland found its best market for alcohol in Russia, the output of southern Poland was disposed of in Austria, of western Poland in Germany. Since the consolidation of these pieces into the independent republic of Poland, the facilities foı making alcohol remain the same, but the old natural markets have been lost. The country, being long on alcohol and short on markets, finds some outlet for its surplus alcohol in smuggling.

In Czechoslovakia the production of cheap alcohol is associated with the beet-sugar business. This new republic also has alcohol to dispose of at cut rates. This explains why Poland and Czechoslovakia provide alcohol cheaper than grain-alcohol can be distilled in Finland.

The foreign rum-boats get their alcohol at cut rates. The stuff loaded on ship probably costs less than sixty cents a gallon for 96 per cent alcohol. In the process of distribution some four or five intermediaries take their toll. Each middleman demands a high profit to cover the hazards involved in contraband trade. The rum-ships assume but slight risks. None has ever been captured and confiscated. So long as they lie beyond the twelve-mile limit they are immune.

As hostile troops have been known to fraternize with one another from opposing trenches, so a Finnish police boat finds it perfectly *comme il faut* to hold amicable converse with the captain of a foreign rum-boat as to where he hails from, the amount of alcohol he has aboard, when he expects to discharge his cargo. The captain of the foreign ship will politely inform his Finnish caller that it all depends upon the weather. If Providence will be kind enough to send a fog or obscure the moon by a stormy night or two, he will make a shift to get away in three or four days. If, on the other hand, these confounded clear nights continue, it looks as if peddling out the cargo might be a matter of a couple of weeks or more.

The rum-runners who swarm about the coast in motor-boats pay only about twenty cents a quart for alcohol at the foreign ship's side. This price is trebled to the shore bootlegger, since the rum-runner must have his 200 per cent profit in order to cover the invisible risks of his illicit business. The shore bootlegger doubles his price, charging the customer about $1.20 a quart. He must have a 100 per cent profit because of the risk of losing his automobile; no small loss, by the way, since the bootlegger ordinarily employs a high-powered, expensive, imported car. By the time the customer in a high-class restaurant or hotel orders his schnapps or vodka, the price has been run up to around fifty or sixty cents for a wine-glass of 45 per cent alcohol.

The captain of the rum-chasing fleet informed the writer that his patrol-boats ordinarily capture five or six smuggling-boats per week, but what is this as compared to the number engaged in the smuggling business. The captured liquor is turned over to drugstores, which may legally sell it on a doctor's prescription. This provides no inconsiderable revenue to the state.

It is against the law for any one in Finland to operate a motor-boat faster than twelve knots without a special license. It is rare that a pursued rum-runner attempts to avoid capture. What he tries to do is to preserve his liquor. The stuff he deals in is imported in ten-gallon tin cans, just as gasoline was distributed some twenty years ago. Some of the shrewder captains transport their cans of alcohol in canisterlike contraptions constructed on the order of a huge canary-bird cage. The cargo is towed behind the power-boat. On the approach of the police the tow-line, to which is tied a buoy and a bag of salt, is cast off. After some hours the salt melts, the buoy rises to the surface, and discloses to the expectant captain the exact location of his jettisoned cargo. It is easy for the fast pursuer to overhaul the smuggler, but one asks in vain: "Where is the evidence?"

Is it a physical possibility for the

rum-chasing Finns to mop up their territorial waters?

> "If seven maids with seven mops
> Swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose?" the walrus said,
> "That they could get it clear?"
> "I doubt it," said the carpenter,
> And shed a bitter tear.

Jurist candidate Venalainen, Director of Prohibition Enforcement, has no illusions about the difficulty of his job. He told the writer that his country was unable to bear the financial burden of adequately enforcing the law. "We can make no pretense of enforcing the law with the limited means now at our disposal. We inconvenience the rum-runners—we do not frustrate them."

In other words, enforcement could be had at a price, but the Finns lack the price. Their present resources are pitifully inadequate. Their hope for the future lies in international co-operation. One hears much talk in Europe of economic and of military disarmament by international agreement. It may be possible to suppress alcohol-smuggling through international agreement. Finland's immediate neighbors, Esthonia, Latvia, and Sweden, are sympathetic and inclined to lend assistance. If Finland is able to secure also the active co-operation of Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, the problem may be settled by international convention. It is perfectly possible for purveying countries to forbid the export of liquor and unite to close the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia to rum-boats. An outlaw status would thus be imposed upon the international liquor-smugglers.

Of course if the quietus should be thus put on liquor-smuggling, the businesslike Finns will be at pains to revive the dormant home-brew industry. If international commerce in alcohol is stopped, home-brewing will begin. That is exactly what did occur in Russia. In the early stages of the Russian prohibition régime the law was rigidly enforced by the police. The secession of the Baltic States and of Congress Poland cut off important sources of potato-alcohol supply. When an alcohol famine lay heavy upon the land rural geniuses with a talent for discovering the obvious turned to profitable account the fact that surplus grain may be converted to alcohol and that alcohol in turn has a universal appeal and enjoys a wider marketing radius than grain. Accordingly, home-brewing spread like wildfire. The Soviet Government, unable to cope with the difficulties of enforcement, beat an economic retreat and restored the old state vodka trade.

Enforcement of any law is at bottom a matter of public opinion. In Finland, as in the United States, public opinion is mixed. Inquire as to the success of prohibition in America. The weight of opinion in Jersey City, N. J., is one thing, and in Washington, Iowa, another. The opinion of former Congressman John Philip Hill, of Maryland, is not after the similitude of that of former Congressman William D. Upshaw, of Georgia. In Finland urban virtuosos of bibulosity proclaim that prohibition is a delusion and a snare. Most of the country folk have a good word to say for prohibition. "Under prohibition we can get liquor when we need it for a wedding or a christening, and we are jolly well rid of the odious saloon and disgusting drunkenness on the streets."

Of the six principal parties, Liberal, Conservative, Agrarian, Socialist, Communist, Swedish, represented in the Finnish Parliament, four are outwardly strong for prohibition, one is at heart for modification but is vacillating and timorous, biding a more opportune time. The Swedish party is positively committed to modification. As in the United States, Finnish legislators have been known to vote dry and behave wet.

About one-tenth of the Finnish population is of Swedish stock. This element in Finland knows exactly what it wants. They want the same system in Finland that the Swedes have set up in Sweden. In Sweden the natives don't mind admitting that they have the best system of liquor-control in the world. Under the Bratt system the liquor business in Sweden has been taken out of private hands and vested in disinterested management. Drink is sold on the passport principle. Unless a man possesses a motbook, or pass-book, he cannot legally purchase a bottle of schnapps or vodka in Sweden. To secure a motbok requires more formalities than obtaining a passport in the United States. The claims of the applicant are subjected to rigid scrutiny. He must be an orderly, decent, deserving fellow. Deserving women may obtain motboks, but if a married woman is fortunate enough to obtain a motbok, her husband cannot. In the Swedish restaurants drinking is associated with the purchase of food. The amount of drink is strictly limited. As, for example, in the case of schnapps to a glass and a half. The government must know to whom the restaurants sell, how much they sell, and when they sell. In the case of spirits sold by the bottle or gallon, no transaction takes place except on a motbok basis, and a motbok when once issued is good but for one specified vending-place. Beer is exempt from motbok control under the Bratt system, but it is illegal to manufacture beer stronger than 4 per cent.

In Sweden the government exercises an all-seeing, paternalistic care as to who shall drink, where he shall drink, and how much he shall drink. Doctor Bratt informed the writer that the consumption of spirits had decreased 50 per cent in Stockholm since the inauguration of the system which bears his name. Street arrests for drunkenness have decreased 60 per cent, hospital cases of chronic alcoholism 70 per cent. There are no slums and no extreme poverty in the city of Stockholm.

In the Finnish capital arrests for drunkenness in 1925 were 18,598 as compared to 4,446 before the operation of the prohibition law. These figures are entirely misleading, retort the drys. They have no significance beyond the fact that the police have become about five times more vigilant in making arrests.

I remarked to a highly intelligent Finnish friend, who is perfectly rational on all subjects except prohibition, that in the space of a week I had not observed a single case of drunkenness in Finland. The assertion nettled him, touching some live, quivering nerve of patriotic emotion. He sprang to the defense of the good name and fame of his people as nullifiers of their prohibition law.

"You should have been with me last Saturday afternoon. In a hundred-and-fifty-mile drive from Abo to Helsingfors I ran into drunken brawls in every village. Booze as strong as concentrated lye was being served everywhere. If you want to see drunken Finns, don't look for them in the heart of the city. Visit by night the Brunns House on the edge of town and you will see how good fellows get together in Finland and drink themselves under the table."

I dropped into the designated deluxe restaurant that same evening, prepared to be shocked by these sons of Belial. I was. The kapellmeister, concededly a meritorious musician, offended one's sensibilities by wearing a brown slouch-hat pulled down over his ears while conducting his orchestra. A gentleman with hair like bristles at the neighboring table had removed a toothpick from his waistcoat pocket and with painful concentration was guiding it mercilessly about its appointed function. Toothpicks in Finland, as elsewhere, are made to pick teeth.

Little groups here and there were partaking of the national dish—cucumbers and sour cream. Be it known that the cucumber-raw-fish zone embraces in its limits Finland, the Baltic States, northern Russia, and Congress Poland. Other groups were sipping wine and beer, and here and there a glass of pale, colorless vodka was in process of being quaffed. By no stretch of the imagination could it be perceived that any of the patrons were the worse for liquor. The only altercation that occurred during the evening was between the writer and a waiter who insisted on substituting an invoice of pallid sliced cucumbers swimming in sour cream in lieu of the requested portion of ice-cream. The evening was as decorously dull as a dirge played on a hurdy-gurdy in a morgue on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

The next day I complained to my friend of the barren quest. He was plainly vexed, lashed out as if he had been scalded, and tried to lay part of the blame on me. "You took the wrong night for going out. You should have waited till Saturday night. If you want to see men perfectly drunk in shoals, Saturday night's the time. Our heavy boozers save up all week for a good souse on Saturday night, just as our people set aside the same evening for a steam-bath. But to test the thing out fairly, you should come around on Christmas or Saint John's Day and you will see Finns drunk by platoons."

As I had missed the annual feast of Saint John by only a fortnight and Christmas lay five months ahead, I was unable to complete the test.

A week later in Reval, Esthonia, where prohibition is unknown, we dined in the mellow light of a fading summer's day at a concert-garden in the lovely Katarina Thal. Birds were twittering sleepily in the boughs overhead. The still air was heavy with the scent of fresh-cut hay. It turned out to be one of those scenes where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

At an adjoining table sat a family group composed of father, mother, two sons in their early twenties, a daughter, and a daughter-in-law. The family were dining conventionally on a snack of fish and a snifter of vodka. A family discussion broke out with protests, remonstrances, entreaties. The occasion was a quart bottle of vodka which the men had insisted upon ordering against the protests of the mother, who now sat in dull misery with tears glistening on her faded cheeks as the men gulped down glass after glass of the fiery liquor, alternating with huge steins of beer. The young women had nothing to say, but occasionally one of them would lean over and give the troubled mother a reassuring pat on the arm. In twenty minutes the red-faced, perspiring men were gibbering and slobbering, snouting in their plates for food like swine. I have seen mothers leave their little children out on the sidewalk while they stupefied themselves with whiskey in the pubs of London and Glasgow, but the spectacle was less revolting than these three drunken men sprawled about a public table in the presence of a weeping mother.

After the stupefied men had been bundled into droshkies by robust waiters and ignominiously hauled away, I inquired as to the identity of the crapulous heroes.

"Why, who but Finns," replied the waiter with a contemptuous lift of the shoulders.

The Finns are apparently befogged as to whether prohibition is a good or a bad thing for their country. In 1922 the government attempted a grand inquest into the matter. A commission was named to study the effects of the law, and, after sitting intermittently for four years, incorporated its enormous labors in three ponderous volumes. One of these volumes contains the results of 9,000 questionnaires addressed to business and labor organizations, captains of industry, health officers, welfare societies, and the like, as to the benefits of prohibition. Taken all together the responses indicated that 31.4 per cent judge the results as beneficial; 31.3 per cent judge the results harmful rather than helpful to temperance; 37.4 per cent judge that prohibition has neither improved nor worsened the situation. Thus 68.7 per cent of the responses conclude that prohibition has either not changed or has aggravated the situation. The replies also indicate that the drink evil has increased among the youth of the country, while the adults show less addiction to alcohol.

Ten years ago the per capita consumption of alcohol in Finland was the lowest in Europe, not exceeding a quart a year per person, or about one-twentieth the alcohol consumption of France, where prohibition has never become a national issue. The bulk of the Finnish population is temperate by education and habit, but the Finns who drink heavily are relatively more of a social menace than the inebriates of other European countries. It is an error to estimate the damage reflexes of alcohol by the amount consumed, just as it is a truism to state that alcohol affects different peoples in different ways, and even the same person in varying degrees of health.

Peoples of immoderate alcohol consumption, such as the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, sip rather than gulp their drinks, and take their alcohol highly diluted in the form of wine and beer. They drink principally for purposes of stimulation, but associated with the ritual of drinking are ideas of relaxation, companionship, human cheer.

The Finn drinks not for sociability but to get drunk, and goes about it in a workmanlike fashion. He gulps his liquor and gulps it strong, and, like the Russian peasant drinking from the bottle in a government vodka shop, ordinarily drinks perpendicularly and on an empty stomach. Now a drunken Finn is a cultured Finn less his cultural inhibitions. In his cups he becomes the Ishmaelitish, warring, primitive man, the avenger of nameless oppressions.

It's not always fair weather when good Finns get together with a vodka bottle on the table. In fact, the chances are for foul weather. The drunken Finn, like Lucian the Roman satirist, possesses a cutting dialectic all his own. With a finish attributed to the Finnish, the Finn cleverly finishes an argument by lunging at his opponent with an inimical jack-knife.

If a drunken row breaks out in the

low quarter of Copenhagen, the Danes with a shrug of their shoulders comment: "Those rascally drunken Swedes are at it again." If a drunken row breaks out in the old quarter of Stockholm, the Swedes set the matter down to "those terrible Finns." There is beauty neither in Finnish drinking-bouts nor in the eye of the beholder. The Finn after a half-litre of schnapps has about as much poise and self-control as a wren. While hard liquor may create in the Anglo-Saxon heart a love for all mankind, it turns the Finn sour and misanthropic. For the average man, the world seems a better place to live in after a good stiff drink. In the case of the Finn, the outlook grows darker as the bottle becomes lighter.

Alcohol and the Finns are not adapted for keeping company. The perfectly intoxicated Finlander is about as romantic a figure as the Finnish bathhouse. The detached bathhouse is a well-known Finnish institution in which the family meats are smoked, the family babies are born, and the home circle, though it may be composed of grandparents, parents, children-in-law, grandchildren, and the stranger within their gates, foregather in a nude condition for an ensemble steam-bath without the shadow of an arrière-pensée. If the flood of alien liquor should ever be shut out through international agreement, the Finnish bathhouse is destined to play an even more important rôle in domestic economy. It would be hard to specify a more delightfully appropriate place for home-brewing.

In appraising the results of any law, one naturally inquires about the intent of the lawmaker. If the sponsors of Finnish prohibition were chiefly intent on wiping out the saloons and driving drunkenness from the streets, they have fairly attained their objective. If, however, their purpose was to wipe out alcohol—that's another story.

The Finnish Director of Prohibition Enforcement estimates that the police seize about one-tenth of the smuggled foreign liquor. Last year's seizures were estimated at 700,000 litres of 96 per cent alcohol. Ten times this amount is about two litres of alcohol for every living soul in the Finnish population, or double the amount consumed in the preprohibition era. If this estimate, which is checked by the captain of the rum-chasing flotilla, is correct, it is clear that England, Denmark, and Sweden have discovered more effective methods of reducing alcohol consumption. In Denmark the price of spirits is about twelve times as high, and in England five or six times as high, as before the war. Largely because of the increased cost, the consumption of spirits in Denmark and England has fallen by 50 per cent within the past seven years. In like manner the consumption of spirits in Sweden has declined fully 40 per cent under the operation of the Bratt system.

The wets say that prohibition, designed to reduce alcohol consumption, has increased it; that it has bred a class of lawbreakers and converted a population of honest fishermen into sneaks and smugglers; and that the state's liquor excise revenues have been flung away for a system that enriches the bootlegger and encourages the contrabandier. The drys respond that patience is needed, that the right thing has been done, and that right will in the end prevail. The world must needs make haste slowly in the education of humanity to higher ideals of human conduct. Any great reform means the slow adaptation of the individual's inner life to the changed conditions of his external lot.

In this connection one may recall an apothegm of the evolutionist Herbert Spencer: "Thus, admitting that for the fanatic some wild anticipation is needful as a stimulus, and recognizing the usefulness of his delusion as adapted to his particular nature and his particular function, the man of higher type must be content with greatly moderated expectations, while he perseveres with undiminished efforts. He has to see how comparatively little can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little; so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm."

The law-respecting Finns doing their bit to enforce prohibition realize how little can be done, but are content to persevere—so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm. In the meantime the prosperous bootlegger is entitled to say with boastful Glendower: "I can call up spirits from the vasty deep."

* * *

Psychopathic Society

BY CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

I WAS in Bellevue for a week and spent the most of that time in the psychopathic ward. I entered the hospital as an "alcoholic suicide," though the adjective is a trifle misleading. When I confronted the psychiatrist of Ward 38 he belittled me for the apparent triviality of the motivating causes in my attempt to kill myself. There was even a girl involved, and that was shoddy, like a poet inserting into a composition an additional verse to complete the rhyming scheme. I could not deny the shoddiness. (Yet is the average suicide less shoddy? I doubt it. For usually suicide may not be attributed to one reason but to a thousand and one reasons—Lilliputian threads that bind one to the inevitability of his fate.) He told me that he thought me "crazy" and was going to send me up to the psychopathic ward for observation. That statement alone would have restrained me from confiding in him, but he did not seek my confidence; he called out the next name on the list. After all, he was a busy man.

Being a poet might have had something to do with it. I contemplated suicide even when sober, especially on dark days when the larder was low. At such times every bit of mental energy in me was directed toward a distaste for life. My economic unfitness was apparent and the inadequacy of my poetry became obvious in the discernment of such moments. In the latter it was not alone the almost imperceptible process of evolution toward precise form and delicate word-feeling. It was that the flux of poetry, in its contemporary phase, had shifted from mysticism to æsthetics. Few poets had as yet responded competently to this change; and though I had the mental outlook of the contemporary attitude I lacked the faith necessary to assign to æsthetics the tremendous importance essential.

Sometimes the effect of bad liquor, assimilated foolishly, sharpened my pathological morbidity into a definite plan of action. Usually my half-hearted attempts at suicide were frustrated by friends or by some unruly hope that persisted. Once a policeman urged me from the neighborhood of the North River docks with the help of a club and several expletives. As a matter of fact, he brought me to myself so thoroughly that I was tremblingly grateful. Yet the morbid inclination was never actually sublimated, and three days spent in consuming bootleg gin resulted in my presence in Bellevue. There it was partly the fear of a subpœna consigning me to an asylum for the insane that caused me to reflect seriously upon the ill logic of my particular fixed idea.

My introduction to Bellevue was through the delirium-tremens ward. The clanging of the ambulance bell (for I had been brought to the hospital in an ambulance) was still ringing in my ears as the attendants tied me to a bed. There was a bad taste in my mouth. Because of my own condition I became aware of my surroundings only gradually. Certainly this was not due to my companions. Most of them shrieked. Some for the *Police!* Some for *Mama!* Some for reasons inexplicably personal! An attendant came in and punched the more boisterous. After that there was more shrieking than ever. It was inconceivably grating. Securely bound to the bed at my left was a middle-aged man with a dark, thin face. He would somehow turn over on his side and expectorate in the direction of the window. This act punctuated intervals of guttural, ironical, vomitous laughter. It was as though what was essentially horrible and morbid was to him Lilliputian and, in fact, quite silly. I could (even then) appreciate his point of view but was unable to share his enthusiasm.

I had been there for about an hour when the night nurse visited the ward. She had an air of graciousness about her, curiously reminiscent of Willa Cather's "Lost Lady." She came over to me and smelled my breath. Then she smiled and went away to get a surgeon.

The nurse and an attendant took me through the main hall and into a double room, to be attended by the surgeon. The hall was by that time crowded with mattresses on which were snoring and tossing about divers specimens of humanity. Most of them were alcoholics.

The surgeon asked me to be gentle. He put a tube in my mouth which he forced down to my innards. It came up promptly. The second attempt I made effective by holding the tube in with my teeth. Quite efficiently, then, the surgeon rid my stomach of its accumulation of bad gin and furniture polish.

"Any harm?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I doubt it. You see," he told me caustically, "the alcohol was the antidote for this poison."

After that they left me and I thought of my own folly as I fell asleep. Sometimes I would awaken from a light slumber and hear soft voices and the laughter of the night nurse, above the snores and groans of the derelicts in the hall.

On Friday morning the first mess consisted of some porridge, an egg, and the murkiest coffee this side of the detention-camp at Hampton Roads, Va. The majority of my table companions were eating heartily. Most of them had been picked up in the gutters the night before. There were hulking stevedores, decrepit old sots, one or two young fellows, and some negroes, two of whom were pathological cases. Three long tables were filled with shaky alcoholics eager to settle their poison-ridden stomachs with food. McCleod, an alcoholic who had been the other occupant of my room, wasn't eating much. "Stomach's shot to hell," he explained to me.

After breakfast, while I was sweeping up the hall under the direction of an attendant, I noticed a boy with a braille edition of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." His index-finger moved over the lines rapidly and he mumbled to himself as he read. He was short and wore glasses. McCleod said that he was demented as well as blind. He looked frail and horribly sensitive.

Somewhat after six o'clock two policemen entered, bearing between them a roaring maniac with red hair and a flaming red beard. His head boasted a generous cut, and the blood, still spurting, ran down his shirt and down the legs of his dungaree trousers. His shrieks put the delirium-tremens ward to shame! I looked over at the blind boy. He sat on the bench, following with his index-finger on the raised type the tap-tap of John Silver's wooden leg on the old beach road. He mumbled to himself and seemed quite happy.

We were all given showers prior to the doctor's visit. It was the only shower I had while in Bellevue. After the showers we were given pajamas, socks, slippers, and hospital-robes with hoods—none of which fitted.

When the doctor had done with me I walked out of his office, feeling numbed. "I think you're crazy," had been his words. I had visions of padded cells and imbeciles for companions. The morning sunlight came through the grated window of Ward 38 much as it might through the barred windows of a cell. I saw the day nurse knock down an inmate who had tried to get by her to the doctor's office. I passed the blind boy, mumbling foolishly in his curious world. I was so nauseated by the whole thing that I became physically sick.

At eleven or so that Friday morning a group of us were lined up and marched, under guard, to Ward 28, more popularly known as the psychopathic ward. When we got there we were huddled into the main room of the ward, reached through an outer room where the desks of the nurses and doctors were located. In the main room were some patients whom I suspected of unbalanced mentalities and others who appeared to be merely sots. The room had an unpleasant odor, whether due to lack of sanitation or to the patients themselves I do not know.

The guards left us in charge of the day nurse of Ward 28, a Miss Reilly. We spoke of her as "Reilly." She was an elderly woman with gray hair who was as hard and crisp as her Irish brogue. I shrank from her at first, she seemed so lacking in human sympathy. When she spoke she looked at one with hard, penetrating eyes, and occasionally smiled an extremely hard and mirthless smile.

She ordered us to sit down in chairs about the table while she called off the names on the list. During the course of this roll-call an Italian ascetic whom I latterly called "Fra Giovanni" walked up and down the floor, his arms folded and the hood of his hospital-robe over his thin face, smiling in the humility befitting a saint. His face wore "an inner light." But "Reilly" called the roll, speaking in a hard, grimly merciless brogue.

East of the main room were the lavatories (including two bathtubs, but no hot water, for the four rooms of the ward) and two sick-wards. West of the main room was the outer room, where the desks and about fifteen beds were located. West of the outer room was a large room which served variously as library, recreation-room, dining-room for certain patients, and contained in addition the therapeutic department.

I was beginning to identify patients by that time. "Porto Rico" was rather nearer the missing link, to my mind, than the late *Zip*. He had a primitively negroid face, receding chin and forehead, obtruding lips, and furtive, animal eyes that lacked the faculty of concentrating on any one object. Irwin was a Jewish boy of sixteen who looked no more than twelve. There was a fineness about his features, a delicacy, that suggested Hofmann's conception of Christ among the elders. One young fellow, definitely an idiot, gurgled foolishly but never spoke. At roll-calls he did not respond to his name in any way. Nor did "Porto Rico," who also lacked articulation. There was, in fact, a third whom I noticed that Friday, a corpulent and extremely untidy person entirely lacking in muscular co-ordination. At night he fell into a low couch which had been prepared for him and even then whimpered like an infant. Aside from this whimpering helplessness he lacked even the manners of a common alley cat.

Nauseated with such impressions I listened to a violinist play Rubinstein's "Romance" at an afternoon concert, given, as I understood it, to soothe the nerves of the mentally deranged! I broke my finger-nails on the arms of my chair! After the concert I talked with Irwin. He spoke shrewdly and humorously about psychiatrists, making rather a game of the whole thing. They had "kidded" him about a children's home, but he knew it was to be Ward's Island or Central Islip. (On the Monday following he was consigned to the former.) From his point of view the joke was on the doctors.

That evening my brother called, bringing with him fruit, cigarettes, a volume of Spinoza, and a literary magazine which was promptly borrowed. I felt some consolation in having the Spinoza that night when I lay on a mattress on the floor of the main room, trying in vain to sleep amid that horrible motley of sound and smell.

At luncheon the following day I found myself at table with Wood, who had borrowed the magazine, and Hans, with whom Wood associated most of the time. Hans suggested the young Faust. He had attempted asphyxiation coldly and soberly and told me that he frankly felt no admiration for my drunken gesture. "Suicide should be hard. Cold. Incontestably intellectual."

There were others at our table. Worth, gentle and well-mannered but disposed to solitude and reading. Friedman, a young German, a bit quick-tempered, proud, bewildered sexually. An epileptic who objected to the food, nervous, irritable, possessed of an inferiority complex that perpetually reacted upon itself. Irwin, always delicate, even to his witticisms. A war veteran, shell-shocked, waiting hopelessly for the attack of insanity which would afflict him after fate had allowed him a maddening interval of sane consciousness. In addition there were the idiot and two or three others.

At our table we made little noise.

We had manners. We conversed about modern music. The conversation shifted to psychology and psychiatry's practice at Bellevue. The hospital was apparently a clearing-house and in deplorable condition, since it was sustained by inadequate funds. In point of fact, Hans had not been allowed a bath since he had come to Ward 28, and he had been there over a week. I found myself exhilarated mentally by the flow of conversation. I remarked to Wood that we at that table were undoubtedly the "upper strata of psychopathic society." This idea had rare possibilities. The main room, we decided, was the "bourgeoisie," and the sick-wards were, respectively, the "idle rich," a clique given to sundry ills and to lying abed, and the "landed aristocracy," the bedridden old guard who died off with amazing rapidity.

That afternoon there were visitors. Their coming saddened me. I was made to realize once more the suspense of my predicament. Even the assurance that potential suicides were kept for a few days merely as a matter of discipline did not relieve me. I depressed them and their coming depressed me.

That night I was promoted to the "upper strata" of the outer ward. Less snoring and more sleep prevailed. Yet one could hear shrieks from the wards up-stairs which housed the female patients and weird, mad sounds from the direction of the "bourgeoisie." Nevertheless I went to sleep more quickly than I had on preceding nights. At about four in the morning I awakened. I heard what sounded like a squeaking go-cart. I heard low voices and chuckles. Through the dim light of the hall I saw attendants pushing the "death-cart." They came into the outer ward and went through the door, telling jokes and laughing while the "death-cart" squeaked like some protesting phantom as they bore away the remains of a derelict.

Sunday there were more visitors. A girl had come to see me. Around us were morbid cases of despair mingled with false hope, the insane and the hopelessly sane. The girl was vivacious, being like a child to distract me and herself also. A Narcissus walked by. He looked at the girl. The girl shuddered.

Monday we watched the new patients enter. One was a youth, perhaps twenty years old, who talked and acted like a child. Very timidly he asked us if one might play the piano. We told him it would be all right and he sat down, running his fingers up and down the keyboard. Some one asked for a selection which was, in reality, a light, happy theme. The boy began to play it. His fingers sought out minor improvisations on the joyous theme that were like shadows of clouds on sunlit expanses. Finally he departed entirely from the piece and was playing the minor theme of his own madness. It was a beautiful insanity, really, suggesting the "delicate, mad hands" in that poem by Dowson, "To One in Bedlam."

Wood and I speculated on his malady. His music stayed with us long after an alarmed nurse had closed the piano. We stood at the window, watching the ambulances unload and joking about the conditions of the occupants. We found entertainment in predicting broken legs or burned faces. Finally our own humor became too much for us and we left off jesting. Humor, we had learned, was too thin a veil for the tragic.

It was then that Wood told me,

mournfully, that he was under observation for sexual abnormality. Since his plight was inherited nothing could be done for him. His ambition was to become a monk, for he felt that that would bring peace. He was hopelessly out of place in the world.

In the afternoon the woman in charge of occupational therapy enlisted my services. I painted little boxes, and she and Wood and I chatted about the current drama, the warmth of spring, and so forth. Sometimes she scolded me for living in Greenwich Village and, in a nice way, reprimanded me for being a poet.

The next day a veritable Hamlet-in-caricature came over to where I was reading and started off on a wild discourse of memory associations, beginning with the word Spinoza (I was reading the book at the time) and ending by telling me that I lacked the "secret of life." I smiled and he walked away, looking back at me with an air of contempt. Curiously enough, he was eventually discharged.

At the time of the incident recorded above Hans and Wood were playing checkers. A negro was sitting by them, orating a sermon. He became so active an evangelist that he was taken into the other room by sheer force.

Wednesday Hans was discharged, and Friedman, along with several others, was sent to Central Islip. Wood and I walked over to where Worth was sitting by himself reading. "We're going to annoy you, Worth!" (He kept on reading.) "We've invented a new game." (At this he appeared interested.) "It's called 'Eenie, meenie, minee, moe'—you get out and I go to Central Islip, or vice versa." Worth actually smiled. When we had achieved that we drew him into conversation, which was good for Worth, as he afterward admitted. He was inclined to keep too much to himself. I could learn little about him except that his was a pathological case and that he had had marital troubles.

Later on Wood said that some one ought to be keeping a diary of life in the psychopathic ward. I suggested that possibly the religious fanatic (an emaciated soul who spent hours writing in note-books) was keeping one, but Wood explained that he was merely writing sermons, using variously Latin or shorthand. I asked how the preacher had gotten into Bellevue. Wood shrugged his shoulders. "Mental case—fanaticism, I believe." The fanatic, however, whom I found polite and not given to making converts (as was the Harlem Baptist), was released. Before leaving he came over and shook hands with us. He hoped, in all humility, that we would also achieve freedom.

I was beginning to appreciate "Reilly." Once she even stopped me in the hall (where I was polishing the floor) and said: " What, you here yet, Smith? It's time you were gone." And I would have sworn that she smiled. Otherwise how could I have thought so tolerantly of the weary routine to which she was subjected each day; of the "bourgeoisie" reinforced each day to more than the capacity of the main room? Through all of it she bore herself with a hard but necessary efficiency. In conversations amongst patients I found myself defending her.

The next morning Wood's first comment as he and Worth and I were bringing the breakfast-dishes into the library was: "Ah, behold the peach-bloom curtains!" While we were sleeping new curtains had been put in the library windows. All of us reacted to them. It was spring! Sunshine sought its way surely through the steel-wired windows. One suspected birds singing in meadows!

Worth was sure of getting out before the week was over. He was going to some city in the midwest to "start all over." I smiled to myself, thinking of Lord Jim's words on the porch of the hotel: "Start out with a clean slate." But in this case Worth was the better man. As for me, I was not sure of my world. I knew there was no beginning again. One only stumbled on as best one could and tried to keep out of the messiness that had brought me to Bellevue.

Wood's spirits had slumped, although he expected to be released shortly. The only hope he could see was the one-way road to the monastery. For him a deliberate mysticism supplied what the world denied him. Perhaps now he has gone to some high hill, to be nearer his professedly imaginative conception of God.

At luncheon I tried to be gay. I spoke of the "good old days" when table conversation included Debussy, Cézanne, and Stirner. I pointed out that our circle had broken up. Wood said: "Yes, some to Central Islip and some to the world out there. I hope the unfortunates find an upper stratum at Central Islip."

Table-talk fell off. We ate silently. Only the idiot gurgled as I poured him his coffee, and a negro whose brain was shot with disease jabbered about a heaven where all men were equal but God was a negro.

That afternoon I was released. Wood and Worth both felt the same about it; they were glad I was getting out but sorry that I was leaving the "upper strata."

"Nothing lasts," Worth commented mournfully, "but I'm glad you're getting out. It's a wonderful day."

Islands

By Elizabeth Morrow

There is no lover like an island shore
For lingering embrace;
No tryst so faithful as the turning tide
At its accustomed place.

The smallest island, with a sentry wave
Dashing bright lances down
To flout all Pharaohs on their chariot-wheels,
Outwatches a walled town.

Here is the loneliness of eagles' wings
Elba and Skyros knew,
Here magic, lotus-leaved Calypso gave
Ulysses and his crew.

So Charon ferries to no far-off star,
Knowing what sea-folk guess,
There is no lover like an island shore
To give forgetfulness.

Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

I

THERE was once a rough and uneducated man who had made money and who entered his boy in a swell college preparatory School. The Head Master asked him if there was anything that he was particularly desirous that his son should be taught, and the Uncultured One replied: "Yes, there is. I want him to take Greek."

"May I ask," inquired the Head Master, in considerable amazement, "why you are so insistent upon his pursuit of that particular subject?"

"Well," said the Rude Parent, "there are Three reasons why I want him to learn Greek: First, because it's hard; second, because he don't want to; and, third, because it's no good anyway. If he learns it after all that, he'll show he's got some stuff in him."

Moral: *This fable has morals enough to fill a book.*

DAISY
BELLIS PERENNIS
M.F.

There was once an Old Teacher who went to Summer School at a University which shall be Nameless. She was what used to be called a Born Teacher; by which is meant that on the first day her Classes realized that she knew more than they did; on the second day found that she knew more than the Book they were studying; and after that there was no more trouble, except the trouble they had in keeping up with all she made them do. When she had got through with them, even the Parents knew that their Offspring had learned something.

At the Summer School, the Old Teacher read Thornworth and Patrick and Wooddike and Kilroush, and spent seven weeks studying Foundations of Method—much the same as if a steam-riveter were to study the Properties of Pig Iron. But she learned to call things she had already known about by New Names, and in the Learned Professions that is a Help.

Moral: *Terminology is half the battle.*

There was once a Tutor who was trying to prepare four boys for the September College Examinations in English. The boys were good boys, and from four different Schools. Two were Leading Athletes, one was Business Manager of the School Paper, and the fourth was Leader of the Y. M. C. A. and Chairman of the Honor Committee. All were Dumb, and as the June Exam. had required a Paraphrase of

Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the Tutor feared they could not make the Grade.

He tried them on the High Spots of English Literature first, and their Ignorance was Abysmal. So he decided to begin at the Beginning—and he dictated a list of the Very Highest Spots of Ancient and Foreign Authors.

"We'll begin with Homer," he said. "He wrote poems in Greek—two of them— Do you know their names?"

They did not.

"Well, the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Put them down." Then he swept their papers into his grasp, and found six misspellings out of a possible eight. He was not surprised—for he was an experienced Tutor — but it made him peevish.

"Now listen," he went on, "who was the great Latin poet?" Again the same response.

"Put down Vergil," he said.

They did.

"And what did Vergil write?"

Not a sound from the eager four.

"Dead Silence?" he observed sarcastically.

With one simultaneous motion the well-trained and docile quartet wrote "Dead Silence" for Vergil, while the cleverest one gave a half-audible, apologetic grunt, as if to say: "Of course; how stupid of me not to remember."

Moral: *There isn't any; they all passed.*

We do not know very much about the early history of the Italian city of Ravenna, and our only Authority for a Long Period is Bishop (and afterward Saint) Agnellus, who wrote "The Lives of the Saints of Ravenna." In this book Agnellus says in effect: "I have used all imaginable Diligence in gathering Materials for the Work, having consulted the Old Records, and talked with all the Ancient Inhabitants who could give me any information. This material has been incorporated in my Book. But when, with all my Inquiries, I could learn Nothing about the Lives of some of these Saints, with the Help of God I have made it up."

Moral: *There is nothing New under the Sun.*

There was an English Historian who wrote a long book on the American Colonies. It is a good book in many ways, but he settles the Mohawk Indians in Vermont, and says that the French Governor of Canada, in order to impress the Iroquois, sent his Sloop-of-War on a Cruise along the Southern Shore of Lake Erie. The Mohawks didn't, and Niagara Falls must have moved that year.

There was another Englishman who wrote a big Commercial Geography. He mentions eight cities in Ohio, but leaves out Cleveland.

Moral: *Bryces are rare.*

There was once a Caddie at a Southern Resort whose name was Horace

Greeley Williams. His Father and Grandfather bore the same Name, but our Colored Population does not go in for Juniors or suchlike Titles. Horace had a good Eye for a Lost Ball, but a better one for Stray Literature. His practice was to Retrieve any Piece of Printed Matter which he found upon the Course, and read it while the Other Men were driving off.

Once his Employer of the Day found him reading a Yellowed Newspaper from Skowhegan, Maine, which had somehow drifted down into Carolina. Horace was immersed in the County Correspondence, in which Miss Jones of Peoria Center is visiting her Aunt for a Few Days, and other Similar Events are Chronicled.

"Don't you like Stories, Horace?" inquired the employer.

"No, suh," replied Horace, "I don't care much for Fiction. But ever since I went to School, I've liked to read about what was goin' on in the Great World."

Moral: *Most of us are like Horace.*

A Clergyman was addressing a Teachers Club. He said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that, just like Me and My Kind, you are Poor." The next month he spoke at a Bankers Dinner, and said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that you know how to use your Money, after you have Got it."

Moral: *Inspirational Speakers are Never at a Loss. At Sing Sing he would have said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that you have had the Courage of your Convictions."*

Once a Boy had all the Education that Money could buy. He had been kindergartened, and play-supervised, and tutored, and psychoanalyzed, all expensively. Nothing in New York City being quite good enough for his Prep. School Training, he had been sent to an Institution in New England which at the Time was regarded as the Last Word. His Record there was so Good that his Fond Mother made up her mind that when he came home for Christmas he should Possess whatever his Heart desired—no matter what it might cost. She told him so on the first day of Vacation.

"John," she said, "you have done so well, and I am so Proud of you, and so Happy, that I've made up my mind you shall have absolutely anything you want for this Christmas. You have only to Name it, and it shall be yours."

He looked at her, a Great Hope dawning in his Eyes.

"Do you really mean it, Mother?" he Breathed.

"Yes," she rejoined, "I mean it."

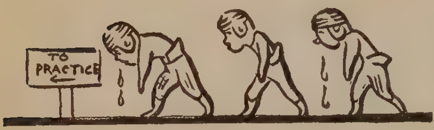
"Then," said John, with a long sigh of Luxurious Anticipation, "I'd like Half an Hour to Myself."

Moral: *Better Late than Never.*

A Self-Confident Freshman, named Bush, wrote an Essay in the Style formerly called Turgid, but now Obsolete. His Instructor had to tell him about it, but did not want to hurt his Feelings; so he said: "I think, Mr. Bush, that you should make a few Revisions in this, striving to attain a Style which the Simplest and most Ignorant Man could understand."

"Why, Doctor Jones," replied Bush, "what part of this don't you understand?"

Moral: *Don't beat around the Bush.*



An eminent Football Centre who was an All-American in his locality, and was even mentioned once by Walter Camp, became a physician, and prospered in his Chosen Profession. He retained his Interest in Sports, and never missed a Fight or a Football game if he could help it. Of course he was a Power in the Alumni Athletic Association. A friend who shared his tastes once said to him: "Doc, I want you to tell me the truth—and it won't go any further. Did you enjoy football practice?"

"Enjoy hell," said the Doctor, not too quietly; "Listen to me, man. Many and many's the time I've come to the gate of Memorial Field and seen a nigger driving by on a load of coal, and said to myself: 'O, My God, if I were only that man for this afternoon!' Only a damn fool like you would ask me such a question."

Moral: *This fable must not find its way into that half of the Modern Newspaper which is devoted to Sport.*

There was once (and is yet) an eminent Publishing Firm which gets out Editions of the English Classics for School Use, and the "Pilgrim's Progress" is one of them. My Readers doubtless recall that when Christain is emerging from the Dark Valley he passes a Cave belonging to Two Giants. Bunyan calls them Pope and Pagan, and describes them in his usual Peppy Style. Now in this School Edition these two names are carefully deleted. It makes Nonsense of the Passage, but doubtless Removes the Objections of some School Boards.

Moral: *Business is Business.*

Once a Teacher introduced a New Student's Dictionary into one of his Lower Classes. When the Books came, he distributed them, and everybody was as keen as if they had been new Toys. Suspecting that the Pupils were none too Wise with such Books, the Teacher gave a little Preliminary Lecture on Alphabetical Order and such things, winding up by saying: "If this were a big Dictionary, you would find a lot of Foreign Words after the words you look up. They would show what it was in other older languages. But in this Little Dictionary we shall find only the abbreviation that tells what part of speech the word is, and then the definition, in which its meaning is given in the plainest and simplest words possible. Now some one suggest a word to look up." And as no one spoke, the teacher said the first word that came into his Head, which happened to be "Pearl." They all hustled, and found it.

"And now, Charles," said the Teacher, picking by chance the dumbest Boy in the class, "get up and read for us what a Pearl is."

Charles rose and read, or appeared to read, but no words came from his Mouth.

"Hurry up, Charles," urged the Teacher.

"I—I can't read it," averred Charles.

"Oh, Nonsense; don't be stupid," said the Instructor. "Bring it here and I'll read it."

And this is what was written: Pearl *(n)*. A Calcareous Concretion formed by the Deposition of a Nacreous or Mother-of-Pearl Substance around a Central Nucleus.

Moral 1: *It was one on the Teacher, but who would have thought the Dictionary would let him down in that way?*

Moral 2: *Now write a better definition of Pearl in the space provided here. Pearl (noun).*

There was once a School (and is yet) in which no Boy is allowed to play on a School Team in any Contest with Another School during the Half-Year before his College Entrance Examinations—and they have not yet had a Boy fail to Pass.

Moral: *This School is in Switzerland.*

(More Fables in the October number.)

* * *

Roads to an End

By Dorothy Collins Alyea

There are two roads to Babylon,
And one is fair and straight and clean,
With running brooks and sunny hills
And little fields between.

But one road turns in to a wood
With brier and thorn and twisted tree,
Where lives the fairy, Oberon,
And that's the road for me.

His face is bright and clear and still,
His eyes are dark with fire and pain,
And they who find and speak with him
Will never care for peace again.

When a Princess Commands

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat," etc.

Through a dusk of late November General George Quackenbush rode his broad-backed sorrel mare into the village where Brigade headquarters were to be billeted for the night. Close behind him on the pale, straight, poplar-shaded highway jogged his complacent, round-faced aide, his adjutant, and a number of non-coms and orderlies; and in rear of the staff came headquarters troop. Knowing from thirty years of soldiering that men at the tail end of a long march are more fatigued and restless under a lagging step than under a brisk advance, General Quackenbush had led a swinging pace for the last five miles. Nevertheless, he had no illusions that this thoughtfulness was appreciated by the rank and file. He knew it was with grumbling that the men kept up their thirty-inch strides and two of them to each second. He knew they were muttering: "Ol' Hikem Quackaduck! By God, the war over two whole weeks and him shaggin' us faster'n we went up to Bel-loo Woods when we gypped the Heinies outa Paris! Ol' Hikem Quackaduck! Like to see *him* get down offa his horse an' pound out his forty miles a day! Damn, boy, but that'ld be a pretty sight!" He knew, too, that behind him his adjutant rode high in his stirrups, favoring a saddle sore, and doubtless thinking with gritted teeth: " 'Old Hikem Quackaduck,' and a very good name for him, I must say!" But though General Quackenbush was aware of this feeling which he needfully evoked, and though he felt no malice toward those who held it, he did not smile or think forgivingly that "boys will be boys." He had spent too many years in the service for reflection on such points . . . and, besides, he had a saddle sore himself.

Now the mare's hoofs clicked on the cobblestones, and low white buildings, set in solid rows at either side of the street, were pallid in the soft, dusky haze. The general tightened the rein and gave an order without turning his head: "Call the men to attention."

"Yes, sir." There was the slap of hand on rifle straps and the sound of a more even pace as the column in rear carried out the order for uniform marching. "Hep, two, three, four; hep, two, three, four," a sergeant's voice rose up from above the rhythmic tramp of hobnailed shoes.

In the shadow of the village a military figure walked, nearing the moving troops. A voice called out: "General Quackenbush!" The note was shaky with apprehension.

"Right," said the general. It was his billeting officer, and he wondered why the man had that tremble in his voice, as if he had been running. The billeting officer was pudgy and wore a black mustache; his manner was usually gravity itself. "You found enough billets to go around?"

"Plenty, sir"—the billeting officer hesitated—"that is——"

General Quackenbush dismounted, asking sharply: "Villagers hostile, are they?"

"Oh, no, sir." The billeting officer was sure of that. "They're very friendly, and I've got places for all the men and most of the officers—there's a good night's sleep for everybody."

"Everybody needs it," said the general, and let the reins of his mare go to his mounted orderly. "I'll walk to my quarters."

"Yes, sir, they're—uh—straight up the street; the lodge beyond the big gate, sir. I hope they'll be satisfactory." The billeting officer kept up with hurried, apologetic steps.

"Usually are," the general answered shortly.

"Yes, sir," agreed the billeting officer; "but then you usually have the best rooms in the town."

The general strode on, making no reply.

The billeting officer continued, as if trying to ease a bad conscience: "Not much in this village except a few peasants' dumps—it's nearly all the princess's estate, and of course I couldn't——"

General Quackenbush understood now: there was a castle in the village, but little else in the way of sumptuous sleeping-quarters. As if he hadn't slept on the ground more nights than his billeting officer had spent in his whole army career! It made little difference where his bed was laid so long as he had one, but it did annoy him to hear a free-born American soldier already beginning to kowtow at the sound of a title. "Fiddle-faddle," he snapped.

By great effort the billeting officer buoyed himself up and explained as one who felt the full value of such things: "The Princess Saxe-Wallenstein; she's royalty, sir. Royalty, you know, sir—" his voice trailed upward.

"Hnrh," snorted General Quackenbush. "Go back"—he jerked his head in the direction of the column—"and see that the men get bedded down. I'll find this stable, or whatever you call it, myself."

"It's a *lodge*, sir." The billeting officer saluted and made off.

The staff and the general reached the lodge. It stood inside and to the left of an enormous gateway made by two huge posts of cement and stone, and was a small, vine-covered building with a spotless, flagstoned kitchen, a middle room in which were several straight-backed chairs, a plain table, a hearth and a lamp, and a bedroom with a four-poster smothered in quilts, pillows, and feather-stuffed comforters. During his army career General Quackenbush had been quartered in many worse places than that, would doubtless sleep in worse ones again before he reached the right bank of the Rhine, where the division to which he belonged was to make up a part of the American Army of Occupation. Sleep was only a part of the lonely routine of life, anyway. He sat down on one of the chairs by the table, and waited with his hands on his knees for his orderly.

The lanky, freckled orderly staggered through the door with the general's bedding-roll, and deposited it at the foot of the four-poster on the floor. Except when a place had to be made for him, the general always unpacked his own baggage.

"Field-kitchens come in?"

"Yes, sir, they been in 'most half an hour."

General Quackenbush nodded. That was well; his men would have an early supper and a long night for sleep.

"They're cookin' your own chow, too, sir. I bring it in to you?"

"You might dig me up a panful of hot water first."

"Yes, *sir.*" The orderly went out.

General Quackenbush remained in the lamplight, his hands cupped over his knees, and the toes of his polished riding-boots straight out before him. He was a man in his early sixties, his face pleasantly cross-hatched, his curving nose a little crooked, his lips set in a thin, straight line, and his eyes small and steady and deep beneath overhanging brows. For thirty years he had been in the service, thirty years since he had passed out of West Point as a second lieutenant. Since then he had seen the Boxer uprising, the Spanish-American War, numerous insurrections in the island possessions, and the fiasco with Mexico. Now he was a general with eighteen months' service in France.

Alone, he sat for a while, then arose and, taking off his overseas cap with its silver-star insignia, pushed back his mop of coarse black, uncombed hair. Mindful of his saddle sore, he walked slowly into the bedroom and bent over his bedding-roll. That was a part of his daily routine while on the march. He removed his pajamas and laid them on top of the high four-poster, rummaged for his slippers, and ranged his razor, soap, and tooth-brush over the bureau against the wall. There was left the framed picture of his wife, who had lived most of her wedded years apart from him. He took it out, too.

Usually he set up his wife's photograph without looking at it, the gesture had become so mechanical; but tonight his eyes had the keenness of the distant past. They saw again as they had been wont to see in the days when, as lieutenant and captain, he had religiously inspected those regular, self-contained features for some sign of comradeship and understanding. Once he had believed those qualities were to be found therein and in the prototype as well. But that had been long ago, when nights in unfamiliar camp and barrack had made him in his loneliness turn toward the friendly security that she had seemed to promise. But as the years had come and gone he had gotten over such disappointing nonsense. When he had been made a major he had been raised a little higher and a little further above most of his associates; a colonelcy had limited the circle of his possible friends still more; and now that he was a general he was not thought of as a man but as a high-ranking officer, enabled to have friendship only with men of his own position. Defending himself against this situation, he had formed his life into a strict routine.

It was not in search of friendship that he looked at the silver-mounted picture. He knew very well what he had to expect from his wife. She was wondering and a little grieved because he had a mere brigade when he should have had a division. There were other wives in Washington—she lived there in an old-fashioned brick flat on a shaded side-street—whose husbands had not seen the service that he had seen but had nevertheless gone up from colonelcy through the office of brigadier to the command of a major-general during the war. To her mind, he knew, it was sheer perversity on his part that halted his further promotion. And it irritated her, for she would have been asked to so many more receptions as the wife of a major-general, would have had preference in so many more purely social affairs.

That was what had set him looking at the picture again, a thing he had not done in months: the mention of the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein. He saw in the frame a handsome, sweeping woman with a manner of cold graciousness and her hair done up like a dowager's. How she would have loved being so near to royalty! How she would have detested spending the night in the lodge! Likely enough, she would have stormed the castle. While he had been with his regiment she had stayed in Washington, where there were lords and counts and ambassadors. He for his part had only scorn for these social flummeries, and was best content to be with his troops . . . only sometimes there was a chill emptiness in the evenings.

In the middle room he heard the sound of his saddle-bags dumped on the floor, and, walking to the door, he saw his lanky, freckled orderly.

"I'll have you some wood for your fire right soon now, sir."

General Quackenbush nodded shortly. He wanted the room warmed, the water for his foot-bath, and his simple dinner over, so that he could get to work on his maps and afterward go to bed. Moving the lamp to one side, he laid one of the saddle-bags on the table and drew forth a detailed map of the so-called neutral state through which his troops were moving on their way from France up to the Rhine. It showed a fan-shaped series of dots, circles, and crosses, each of which represented some battalion ten, fifteen, or twenty miles ahead of him, following on the heels of the withdrawing Germans.

The orderly went out, reappeared with an armful of wood. "Sure is one big house, that castle, sir," he commented as he knelt before the hearth. "Lit up like a new saloon."

General Quackenbush cut in briefly: "I'll have my foot-bath by half past six at the latest."

"Yes, *sir.*" The orderly was silent under the rebuff but not too downcast. You couldn't tell; sometimes the old man liked to talk and sometimes he was as unsociable as a wet hen, but it was all in a day's work.

For a time General Quackenbush leaned over his map, studying the roads and hills and villages for the next day's march. But without his supper and his foot-bath he felt uncomfortable and unable to concentrate. He stood up, and taking out his big-bowled straight-stemmed pipe he went to the door.

Puffing at his uptilted pipe, his hands clasped behind his back, General Quackenbush strolled along the gravel path that led from the lodge to the private avenue. At the end of the winding way he paused, looked down to the right where the great wrought-iron gates were barely discernible under the light from two tall, boxed lamps. But up to the left was a different sight—a castle that seemed to have a thousand windows, and all of them glowingly illuminated. Or so it seemed from where the general stood, but, he realized, the castle was far away, and many shrubs and trees, perhaps even a reflecting stretch of water, were between it and the lodge—the brilliance, he felt certain, was false though seen from no matter what perspective.

Slowly he walked back and forth through the crisp November evening. Thirty years of soldiering and here he was, a brigadier, taking a turn around the lodge of a royal estate and thinking of his bed and supper. There ought, he felt vaguely, to be more of a meaning in those silver stars, and for a moment he was resentful toward life; but then his temper was soothed again by the peaceful evening routine. For returning to the lodge he found a towel hung over a chair, and a steaming tub of water beside the crackling hearth. He sat down and drew off his riding-boots.

"Ah," he murmured, and closed his eyes in ecstasy over the hot water. It brought peace and relaxation. After a long day's march there was nothing in life so poignantly agreeable as a hot foot-bath. He looked around the room, seeking somebody to whom he could speak this rediscovered wisdom, but the orderly was out after his supper, and his quarters were shared with no one else. He sat steaming his feet and ankles until the orderly returned.

"Here's your chow, sir."

"Ah," began the general, "you know—" He was about to speak of the surpassing luxury of a foot-bath, but that was not suitable comment to make to an enlisted man, for the enlisted man, especially when everybody was in the army as in these days, would look as if he liked to say: "Gloat, you Old Buzzard!" "Now fetch my slippers," General Quackenbush substituted. Sometimes they called him the Old Buzzard, sometimes Old Quackaduck.

The slippers were forthcoming. Drawing his chair up to the table, he sat down before his tray of bread and milk. His men, he reflected as he ate his simple meal, were standing in a line before the field-kitchen, holding out their aluminum pans and cups to be filled with dippers of beef, potatoes, and tomatoes mixed up in a stew; his officers were doubtless in some villager's dining-room around a board replete with platters of steak, omelettes, pomme de terre frits, bottles of wine, and mugs of coffee. He paused, his spoon raised critically above the bowl; the bread was all right but the milk tasted of the stable. He took another mouthful. There, the same flavor again. "That's enough," he told his orderly, indicating the tray.

Lighting his pipe, he leaned over the outspread map. From the door-step came the sounds of a sentry being posted. He looked up for a moment, then went back to his work. The topographical markings made his job a puzzling one: up hills, down valleys, and over streams he had to plan the march of six infantry battalions in a fanwise front that would keep them within the proper distance of the withdrawing enemy, yet not tire the troops by too long a hike, and, to add to the difficulties, so order their route that they would end up in a village at nightfall. He frowned at the map and puffed quickly at the big-bowled pipe.

From outside he was interrupted by the noise of several people talking. There was a clinking of spurs, and he distinguished his aide's voice; that of the interpreter, too. The door was opened and the aide and the interpreter came in. General Quackenbush looked up. "What is it, Beauchamp?"

Lamar Beauchamp, the aide, smiled his round-faced, superior smile. He was a scion of one of the oldest families in America, and knew the symbolism of the figures in all of the various coats of arms of his progenitors. He was a stocky, well-built youth, and dressed splendidly from the balls of his shiny spurs to the tip of his rakishly set overseas cap. Smiling complacently, he stepped briskly to the general's table and clicked his heels. "I've an important message for you, sir."

"Now what!" said the general, prepared to hear of some tangle which the troops had got in during the long day's march. He laid down his pipe and looked severe.

"Ah-h!" Lieutenant Beauchamp sang mysteriously, "It's from the princess, sir." With a little flourish he held forth a heavily crested letter. He poised expectantly as the general accepted it, ripping the flap with a stubby forefinger.

There was a silence. General Quackenbush scowled and reached for his pipe, but kept his eyes still on the letter. It was written in large-handed and clear English. "When did this come?" he asked.

Lieutenant Beauchamp turned backward toward the interpreter and a servant who stood by the door. "The princess just sent it, sir," Lieutenant Beauchamp bubbled.

General Quackenbush shot a keen glance over the edge of the paper, eyeing the interpreter, who waited with a silly, anticipatory smile beneath his pencilled mustache, and the grave, impassive servant of the princess's household. He felt his pleasant evening jeopardized and was none too delighted at the thought of it.

"Mighty nice, isn't it, sir?" Lieutenant Beauchamp teetered complacently.

"What's mighty nice?" General Quackenbush stared sharply.

Lieutenant Beauchamp kept his poise and his enthusiasm. "Why, the invitation, sir."

"Hrnf!" General Quackenbush snorted.

"I mean to say," continued his unabashed aide, "it was mighty nice of the princess, sir, to extend that invitation." Lieutenant Beauchamp came to a weighty period, then continued: "The minute her servant explained what he had come for, I thought to myself how great it was of her asking us up there and not knowing what kind of people we were and all."

General Quackenbush shook the letter with repressed wrath. To his mind the invitation, far from being "great," was a damned nuisance. He recollected the sight of the well-lighted castle and thought, "Probably a houseful of women chattering a lot of loose talk to a lot of male flirts in fancy uniforms." It was not a pleasing picture to contemplate. His routine, by which he had made his loneliness endurable, was being broken into, his comfortable evening dissipated, and there stood that self-satisfied young jackass of an aide as interested in the answer as if the invitation had been addressed to him.

"Of course you'll accept, sir?" Lieutenant Beauchamp was quietly positive. "I imagine dinner will be at about eight—and if you're going to move your quarters to the castle—" He paused suggestively.

"Comfortable where I am," snapped the general.

"But royalty, sir; to refuse would be almost an international insult!"

"Stop badgering me," commanded the general. The word insult gave him a secret terror.

But Lieutenant Beauchamp, with the bit between his teeth, had bolted too far to draw up short of success or calamity. After all, it was a social matter and a great opportunity; one that Old Quackaduck, because of his flat and limited background, could not appreciate. Therefore it remained for the aide to point the way. "But I mean to say, sir," he began with looped eyebrows, "royalty, you know . . . !"

The general clamped down on his pipe-stem and drew trustingly for the solace of smoke. The damned thing had gone out. Royalty: tales of kings and queens saying "Off with his head," shaking empires, crushing individuals like steam-rollers, their words all adamantine laws—this legacy of childhood reading now worked powerfully in his remembrance the scenes stirred up by his aide's awestruck inflection of "royalty." It made him foolishly uneasy. "Very well," he glared; "then we'll *be* there at eight o'clock."

"Yes, sir." Lieutenant Beauchamp's breath of relief was so sudden and came from such deep depths of his being that it sounded almost like a whistle. He grinned serenely, made a formal little bow, and clicked his heels with military briskness. Out he went.

General Quackenbush fumed inwardly, feeling none the better for realizing the futility of his temper. He was abused and put upon, yet just enough to blame for the situation to prevent him from laying all the responsibility on his aide — which made it worse. His peaceful evening was gone, enshadowed by a lot of gabbling males and females. In his acceptance, which the servant was waiting to carry back to his mistress, he unconsciously wrote down the word "regret," and had to destroy the sheet of paper and begin again.

After the servant had gone the general returned to his map, but after working a few moments he gave it up and called bitterly over his shoulder: "My boots!"

"Yes, sir." The orderly was prompt. Returning, he stood by the general's side, coughing nervously as an opening for what he had to say.

"Well?" snapped General Quackenbush.

His orderly held up the boots, and in the lamplight showed the toes to have been scuffed a little since morning. "I put a little polish on 'em, sir?"

General Quackenbush bawled the answer: "No!" He was not to be bullied any further. He was an old soldier, he looked like one, dressed like one, and was proud of it; and let all kings, queens, princesses, and their like make the best of it or be damned to them.

At half past seven by his thick gold watch the general's staff appeared in bright array at the lodge. The gray-faced but jaunty adjutant had plumed his eyebrows and clipped his mustache and looked very stiff and shiny and Sundayfied. But Lieutenant Beauchamp had done even better. His cheeks were sleek from a recent shaving, but made satinlike by the use of powder; his hair was brilliant and faultlessly brushed; his spurs shone; his boots had a dull, rich glow; his cuffs and collar were stiff and gleaming; about his waist his Sam Browne belt had been tightened to the last gasp, strap and buckles were bright as mirrors, and the tip of a fresh handkerchief protruded coyly from the sleeve of his faultless serge coat. He smiled, slightly inclining his head: "You ready to start, sir?"

"I am." General Quackenbush leaned back and uttered those words with firm lips. That much he gave for his aide's obvious disapproval of his mop of coarse black hair, his wrinkled sleeves, and his loosely clasped belt! Lighting his pipe afresh, he put on his cap and stalked through the doorway.

"I suppose," began Lieutenant Beauchamp in the rich, agreeable voice suitable for the momentous occasion, "I suppose there will be rather a crush." They were walking along the shaded avenue and could see the great, illuminated castle towering in the distance.

The adjutant, usually so grave and weighty, almost tittered: "So long as *you* don't fall victim to a crush, Lamar."

General Quackenbush looked with loathing through the darkness. That adjutant of his, whom he had always believed a sensible man, now behaving like a long-eared, cross-eyed, bandy-legged ass! Grr-r-rff!

"Pardon, sir?" It was Lieutenant Beauchamp's well-modulated voice.

"Nothing!" The general's heels crunched on the gravel. "Nothing at all."

As they walked on into the night toward the mellowly lighted windows of the castle the expansiveness of the two men at the general's side was almost palpable. For a time only their quick, military steps and their deep, self-satisfied breathing were audible, but then the adjutant ran a vocal trill:

"A little gaiety now and then, bright lights and pleasant society—man, it's a thing for a soldier to relish! A thing to remember after the last eight months of mud and vermin and gas-ridden dugouts."

In the night the general blinked his eyes, but kept his lips tight and silent. That adjutant of his!—whom he had thought of up to this time as a sensible man! Now the general had a revised opinion of him. As if the adjutant hadn't had four days in Paris after the Armistice! As if he hadn't spent a week at Nice the spring before! From the way he talked any one would think he had no more brains than a cottontail.

Lieutenant Beauchamp held a cupped match to his cigarette, and in the steady little flame his face showed an agreeably anticipatory smile. "Europe," he began generously, flinging the charred match with a wide, graceful gesture, "is not at all like what the rank and file thinks it is. There are fine ladies here; as fine as ever breathed."

"Oh, by all means," rejoined the adjutant. He had come back from Nice with a low opinion of Europeans, which he had based on the prevalence of gaudy ladies of joy sauntering along the promenade or sitting provocatively under the bright awnings of the cafés.

Gloomier than ever, the general dug his heels into the gravel and walked on.

The tall, lighted windows were nearer now, and in the glow of two boxed lamps the great doorway was to be seen. Impressively the gray stone mass loomed in the darkness, and the weathered oaken door with its iron hinges was like some mediæval portal behind which dwelt a fairy queen. Lieutenant Beauchamp raised the heavy knocker. It fell, banging on the outside, echoing hollowly within. A brisk step sounded from the tessellated floor of the hall, the great door swung, and a uniformed footman stood aside for them to pass.

Lieutenant Beauchamp spoke with cordial fulness, bobbing his head a little: "After you, sir." General Quackenbush led the way inside.

Many rooms opened from the long, wide hall in which the three men stood, and at the farther end rose a stately stairway with polished rails. Given only a glimpse of this, the guests were taken into a small formal chamber and left there.

Time passed slowly. General Quackenbush found a comfortable chair, but sat bolt upright, endeavoring to ignore these two underlings who had suddenly become his antagonists. A few well-placed kicks on the posteriors was what they needed.

The adjutant walked uneasily along the walls, his head tilted toward the paintings and engravings. "Not much noise going on," he observed.

Lieutenant Beauchamp spoke from a greater wealth of experience: "The other guests are probably still dressing." Meticulously he snapped a fleck of cigarette-ash from his coat-sleeve.

There was the sound of quick, decisive heels in the hall outside. The adjutant wheeled sharply from his contemplation of the walls, Lieutenant Beauchamp rose suavely. A small woman, definitely old, but still very active, wearing a gray silk dress, her hair gray, gathered closely and parted in the middle, stepped energetically into the room and directed sharp, inquiring eyes at the three men there assembled.

Lieutenant Beauchamp bowed profoundly.

The adjutant advanced one foot and gave a nervous twist to his back by way of a respectful gesture.

Having accepted his exasperating fate, but determined to make it brief as possible, General Quackenbush muttered: "Howd'do, ma'am?"

The eyes of the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein—it was the princess—went past the courtly aide, beyond the uncomfortable adjutant to the general. And ignoring the others, she said brightly but without effusiveness: "You are the General Quackenbush. You must forgive me, but I did not know. The lodge, it is the place for servants——"

"But, your highness," expostulated Lieutenant Beauchamp, "we are perfectly—" He had a long, courtly speech at hand to accompany his polished bow, but her highness ignored these polite protestations.

"There's a good bed in it," said the general feelingly.

"Yes, yes; you are very kind," deprecated the princess, and lifted a thin white hand. She sat down. The general also resumed his chair, and after an interval the others did likewise. The adjutant hopefully watched the door for signs of embodied gaiety. Lieutenant Beauchamp posed bent forward from the waist, politely attending her highness. General Quackenbush matched his stubby finger-ends and invented new modes of violent death for aides and adjutants. The silence was impressively funereal.

By the time dinner was announced Lieutenant Beauchamp's courtly, attentive manner had lost the bloom of a garden flower and was artificial as a wax tulip. He still inclined his tightly encircled torso from the hips, he still carried the coyly peeping handkerchief in his sleeve, but the corners of his smiling mouth drooped wofully, and a glaze had come over his large brown eyes which theretofore had seemed so interested in life. Across from him, at the opposite edge of this small, family circle, the adjutant crossed and recrossed his long bony legs and reflectively rubbed his smooth chin, which had once been held so jauntily. He was frankly bored.

Dinner was served on a long table in a long room bright with highly ornamental candelabra. Her highness sat stiff and silent; General Quackenbush busied himself with the food served by the gray-jowled, soft-footed butler; Lieutenant Beauchamp and the adjutant made unnecessary play with their napkins, dabbing at their mouths and sipping from tumblers like inexperienced speakers about to be called on at a banquet.

With the cheese came conversation: "Do you ride your horses to the Rhine country?" asked her highness.

"Our horses, yes," said the general, spreading Roquefort thickly.

"A good day it must have been for riding to-day," continued her highness.

"The day was all right," admitted General Quackenbush, accenting the second word.

"But cold, was it not?" questioned her highness.

"Not cold for almost December."

"No," agreed the princess, "perhaps not cold for this month of the year."

An expression of tragic pain jerked across the adjutant's pale features. He remained mute while the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein turned toward Lieutenant Beauchamp.

"You found it cold riding, *leutnant?*"

Lieutenant Beauchamp laughed hollowly. "It *was* quite chilly, your highness."

"You like it, to ride?"

"Oh, yes, yes." Then Lieutenant Beauchamp added hopefully: "I ride a real Kentucky thoroughbred, a splendid mare!"

"What is that?" asked the princess. The general answered: "State in America where they used to breed fine horses."

"So." The princess arose. All of them left the dining-room.

"Perhaps," said the princess, "you would care to see the castle?"

Almost hysterical with ennui, adjutant and aide answered simultaneously: "Very much!"

They made the tour. There was a room in which an exiled French king had slept one night, a wing that was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a famous beauty who had been stabbed there, a crumbling tower left from the fourteenth century, a suit of armor, a cobwebbed library, and at last the suite where the Prince Saxe-Wallenstein, dead these dozen years, had lived and drunk and played. In one of the prince's rooms stood a billiard-table; it was at the sight of it that the aide and the adjutant showed their reluctance for further sightseeing.

"I'll declare," said Lieutenant Beauchamp, "it's been so long since I've played a game of billiards!"

"Perhaps you will play here where my husband played," suggested the princess.

"Well—" Both men looked wistfully at the green-baize table.

While they hesitated, a servant was ordered to make more light. The general and the princess moved on. General Quackenbush may have imagined it or it may have been actual, but he believed he heard the two underlings snicker as the princess bore him off.

They sat before a round-grate fire in one of the sitting-rooms, the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein and General Quackenbush. For a moment nothing was said. Then the general began making tentative gestures toward the pocket in which bulged his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Once, twice, three times his fingers lovingly explored the smooth roundness of the bowl. Then he asked gruffly: "Might I smoke, ma'am?"

"Please," encouraged the princess.

As the blue fumes of the tobacco beclouded the air she sniffed appreciatively, and sat in her gray silk dress looking thoughtfully into the glowing grate. A servant entered softly. "Had her highness a wish?" She shook her head and the servant disappeared. After a time she turned to the general:

"You leave my village for the Rhine country soon?"

"In the morning," answered the general.

"It is a pity, if you are a horseman; there are so many fields and woods for riding, you should see them by the day."

"You ride, ma'am?" asked the general, his temper well under control now that he was comfortable and smoking his pipe.

"No," her highness smiled mistily, "we—I walk. For many years, first with my husband and then alone, every day I walk."

General Quackenbush looked at her interestedly. Despite her energy she was small and frail, and he said: "Should think it'ld wear you out if you walked very far every day."

" 'Wear me out?' " she queried; "I do not understand."

The general crossed his knees, then leaned forward to explain: "Make you tired, make your legs get weary to walk so much."

"Ah!" She understood. "But, no, it does not tire me. Each evening there is my foot-bath waiting, so refreshing"—she made a clucking noise with her tongue—"so refreshing!"

The general leaned still farther forward and asked quickly: "Good and hot, hot as you can stand it?" His animation was apparent.

Her gray cheeks flushed a little. "Very, very hot," she told him. "And you, you do likewise?" She spoke as if an affirmative would be almost too good to hope for.

"Years and years," said the general. "Don't know how I'd have got along without it." He beamed. "Well, well! Now that's what I call singular." He chuckled, rubbing the bowl of his pipe against his nose.

She smiled, too, and hitched her chair nearer the one in which he sat. "And at night," she said with a tinge of excitement, "hot milk, eh!"

"Yes," he agreed, drawing his chair still closer, "there's nothing like it if you want a good, quiet sleep. I tell you—" he began in a warm, friendly voice.

In the hallway there was a noise, a discreet apologetic cough; Lieutenant Beauchamp and the adjutant, bored with their game of billiards and having no hope of further entertainment, had come to rescue the general.

"Aa-hum," said Lieutenant Beauchamp.

His head bent toward the princess, General Quackenbush looked up, frowning a little at being interrupted.

"Pardon me," began Lieutenant Beauchamp, "pardon me, your highness, but, general, it's eleven o'clock, sir!"

The general lifted his hand, waved it as carelessly as he would shoo away a bothersome fly. "Run along, young man; run along. Never been late in the saddle in my life." He turned to the princess again. "I tell you—" And aide and adjutant went out, leaving two elderly people lonely on the heights but not lonely now for a little while.

* * *

Research—the Business Builder

BY SILAS BENT

Big Business has annexed culture and no longer holds "pure science" in disdain. Corporations spend $200,000,000 in research and estimate a return of 500 to 1000 per cent on the investment.

If one were setting out to journey, say, eight times around the world without stopping, a matter of ten miles more or less wouldn't make much difference. Even in driving from New York to Boston we disregard greater distances than that. Eight times around the earth at the equator, it so happens, gives a rough notion of the length of the "light mile," which is the astronomer's yardstick; for as between stars mere mundane linear units, inches and feet and fathoms, become actually an impediment to measurement. In those vasty deeps the thought needs stilts to walk on. And yet the astronomer is disquieted at the reflection that his yardstick may be ten miles wrong, one way or the other, in 186,173 miles!

All of us will agree at once that this is sheer crankiness. It is as though we were to argue about a few threads, more or less, in buying a yard of cloth. And even with a gargantuan unit of measurement such as the light mile, interstellar figures pile up formidably. When we remember that light travels six millions of millions of miles in a year, and that it requires 160 years for light from Omicron to reach this earth, the precise moment of a ray's arrival on our lowly planet doesn't seem to make a lot of difference. If the physicist by some abracadabra has got within ten miles of a unit so large that the human mind falters trying to conceive it, he should be satisfied, Heaven knows. But the dear soul is not satisfied.

Doctor Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, is the living embodiment of this dissatisfaction. By common consent he is the world's foremost authority on light. Half a century ago, when he was in his middle twenties, he measured the speed of light for a class at Annapolis more accurately than any one had done it before, and leaped straightway into the scientific limelight. Subsequently, in collaboration with another scientist, he split a ray, sent the halves travelling along different paths, and reunited them with results which started Einstein on that train of speculation which was to give the world a new theory of time, space, and motion. Now Doctor Michelson is seventy-five, and he is devoting his final energies, before retiring, to two experiments: one is to test the relativity theory, or law; the other is to make the astronomer's yardstick more accurate.

The second of these experiments, cranky as it may appear to us, may have its practical uses. So Doctor Michelson believes, but that is not what drives him on. The driving force is a love of "pure" science, so called. Presumably applied, practical science has about it some taint of impurity. As a fact all industrial research is the child of pure science, for it consists in the application of discoveries valueless (in dollars) when they were made. Faraday spoke better than he knew when, defending himself ironically from a government official who asked what was the use of his experiment with electromagnetic currents, he retorted that some day the product might be taxed; last year a single electrical concern in the United States paid an income tax of about $8,000,000. "Impure" science pays dividends as well as taxes. More, it is now a crutch for research in "pure" science. For Doctor Michelson (and here we get back to our mutton) could not now be carrying on his adventure in the measurement of light-speed if it were not for the help extended to him by an industrial research laboratory.

Consider first his problem: What Doctor Michelson wanted to do was to play battledore and shuttlecock, with mirrors as the rackets and a ray of light as the shuttlecock. He wanted to find out to the minutest fraction of a second how long the shuttlecock was in play between the rackets, and it was essential that he know with incredible precision when the ray of light came into play.

Now, with a camera shutter Doctor Michelson could have regulated the start of his ray of light by one twenty-five-hundredth of a second. But this was altogether too clumsy and gross for his purposes. He needed a finer point of time than that. And he decided that a set of revolving mirrors would turn the trick, provided they revolved fast enough. No university, although many of them have competent machine-shops for the manufacture of laboratory apparatus, could possibly supply him, for he required such a high rate of speed that the ordinary manufactured article would fly to pieces from centrifugal force. And so he turned to the Sperry Gyroscope Company, which has won fame and fortune by putting into practical use the principle of the small boy's spinning-top. If anybody could make what he wanted, the Sperry people could do it; and from them he got what he needed, gratis.

Fancy to yourself an octagonal disk, nearly three inches across and about an inch in thickness, forged of specially hardened chrome steel. Each of its eight faces is a polished mirror. This is the core of the device; but with it there is a 920-candle-power light, separated from the disk by a wall pierced with a slit so narrow that a sheet of this magazine could not be inserted in it. A ray of light is thrown from the powerful lamp through this slit onto the revolving mirrors. And the mirror-disk is revolved by a compressed-air turbine.

Doctor Michelson's experiment is being carried on at Mount Wilson Observatory, and consists, baldly, in throwing a ray of light from the top of that mountain to the top of Mount San Jacinto, eighty-two miles distant, where it strikes a mirror and rebounds. Its round trip is thus 164 miles, and the trick is to learn how long it takes to travel this distance. By repeating the observation under varying conditions, with due account of atmospheric changes, Doctor Michelson hopes to achieve that goal of all scientists, an approximate truth.

The actual time the ray of light is moving through the ether, you perceive at once, is considerably less than one-thousandth of a second, although it travels nearly as far as from Chicago to Indianapolis. To time it, therefore, is a delicate matter. The Sperry device meets the difficulty by turning completely around 47,000 times a minute. It presents 6,600 mirror-faces every second to the thin ray sifting through the slit from that high-powered lamp. Therefore the ray cast through the darkness to Mount San Jacinto, despite the speed of its return, strikes a different mirror; and Doctor Michelson, knowing precisely the speed at which the disk is revolving, can calculate the time of its journey.

If you have ever played crack-the-whip as a child, you have a faint notion of centrifugal force. The mirror-disk turns so fast that, although it is but a little more than three inches across, the "pull" exerted on each of its faces is equivalent to nearly three tons. The facets, normally flat, become slightly concave under this tremendous tug. A complicated calculation is necessary, in order to make allowance for this deviation.

A captive balloon, equipped with instruments for recording temperatures and barometric pressures, hovers above the pathway of the ray of light as it flashes back and forth from the mountain tops. Tireless scientists clock its journey. They are lonely outposts on the frontier of human knowledge; and they are there because the steel timepiece, which makes possible their vigil, was manufactured in a commercial laboratory.

That is an example, by no means exceptional, of the dependence pure science acknowledges to its offspring, industrial research. Not long ago an erudite philosopher, referring casually to the research staff of a great corporation, observed that no American university could muster such an array of learning and culture. The laboratories of Big Business are often as highbrow as any academic grove. Here, on some lonely salient of the boundaries of knowledge, a worker or a group of workers may pursue for months or years a faint clew which, in the end, may lead nowhere. There are many of these slender peninsulas into the unknown; and always there is the effort to straighten out the line of attack, and to consolidate such gains as have been achieved.

It is estimated that $200,000,000 a year is being spent in this country on industrial research, and that the government spends about one-third of this sum. Not long since your Uncle Sam was engaged in 553 separate projects, 360 of which were co-operative, with eleven hundred concerns sharing in the expense. What is known as "the new competition," under which allied industries band together to capture markets from other trade associations—such as brickmakers from lumber dealers—means also a new co-operation. The co-operation is within the trade association, and manifests itself, for one thing, in research for the good of the whole industry.

Two hundred million dollars is an eye-filling figure; but it amounts to only $1.74 per capita for the United States, whereas American industry spends $11 per capita for advertising, in the creation of markets and the search for them. Advertising appropriations, well placed, have an economic justification; but think how much money we spend more or less foolishly: $27 per person for joy-riding and pleasure resorts, $11 for candy, $5 for cosmetics. Corporations which maintain large laboratories assert that the return on their investment ranges from 500 to 1,000 per cent. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company estimates that comparatively small improvements in its equipment, through three years' research work, save it $12,000,000 annually, and expects this saving to be manifest year after year, so long as the present type of equipment is in use. Fifty years ago this corporation had a research personnel of two men; now it has nearly 4,000 at work in its laboratories. The Western Electric and the Bell system share the expenses and the benefits.

And research men work nowadays in groups. Time was when the scientist went off into a room by himself, fitted the door with a lock and threw away all but one of the keys. Then he tackled his problem in solitary grandeur. There are still a few who work alone. But it has been found that life is rather too brief for that sort of thing. Problems are too complex for one brain, functioning only through the span of mortal life; and there are times when more than one problem must be carried along simultaneously with others, progressing *pari passu* if the end is to be consummated. Thus a new technic has been evolved, whereby problems are divided and subdivided; their elements are assigned to individuals or to small coteries; so that chemists, metallurgists, mechanicians, and engineers may unite in a sort of shock troop to invade the no man's land of natural law.

It was as a result of group work that the Western Union recently laid a cable from New York to the Azores which, although it looked like any other cable, was different in this, that messages could be transmitted over or through it five times as fast as over the old type, using the same size conductor. This seeming impossibility was accomplished by "loading" the cable. The loading of land lines, through reinforcement by magnetic electric coils at intervals, was a commonplace; but how are you going to load a cable five miles under water? It couldn't be done with Norway iron, until recently the most magnetic ore known. Something with much greater magnetic properties was required. Electrical engineers, metallurgists, physicists, and mechanical engineers attacked the problem as a group; and their labors produced a new alloy of iron and nickel, to which was given the trade name of Permalloy. It is new not only as to the control of the constituents but as to the treatment of the material during the process of manufacture; and it has a magnetic permeability one hundred times greater than Norway iron. It is so sensitive that it is saturated by the feeble magnetic field around the earth. It is so sensitive that it measures one dimension when pointed north and south, another dimension when pointed east and west. With this singular composition the loading of cables became possible, and thereby the elfin messenger who wings his way along the copper strands increased his speed fivefold.

Such research applies, of course, to soap and shoes and textiles, as well as to typewriters and automobiles and telephones. It has put the imperial Tyrian purple within reach of the shop-girl. The newer industries, many of them founded on research (such as radio), have been the most eager in its development; it is only recently that the older industries, such as steel and textiles and the fisheries, have begun to see the laboratory's light. And it may as well be said here as elsewhere that they might have seen the light sooner had they not perceived that industrial research, like many other American activities, had its own special ballyhoo. Most laboratories employ publicity agencies; and publicity men soon learned that a gullible daily press would give first-page space to "miraculous" yarns about bolts of artificial lightning and robots and suchlike. Probably these spectacular exploits do no harm to the newspaper reader, and they are beguiling; but serious-minded research workers resent them.

A chemical element was relegated not long since to limbo. It was called nebulium, and was the discovery, back in 1864, of Sir William Huggins, an English astronomer, who predicated it from certain new lines in the sun's spectrum. Each element of the sun's nebula writes its own John Hancock into the spectrum, and it was assumed that these new lines must mean an element so far undiscovered on earth. But a research worker in Robert A. Millikan's Pasadena laboratory demonstrated that nebulium was merely a mixture, under conditions never duplicated on earth, of the gases which make up our air. And so, after living half a century on the ledgers of the scientist as a possible element, nebulium went into the discard.

But you must not suppose that the theoretic assumption of an undiscovered element often proves so flat, stale, and unprofitable. In just that way helium was discovered, long before the gas was found here; and the research worker has applied this non-inflammable element to the dirigible, to certain tubes used in electric advertising, and to the relief of sand-hogs, tunnelling beneath the East River, when they were attacked by "the bends," a sort of temporary paralysis from working under high atmospheric pressure.

The industrial research laboratory, which wipes the slate clean of a theoretic element, may also cripple or kill a whole industry. The Victor Talking-machine Company, for example, paid dividends for eleven years on its common stock of $42 a share, and in 1922 threw in for good measure a 600 per cent stock dividend. But with the development of radio in the research laboratory, and the broadcasting of musical programmes, the demand for victrolas fell off and the company passed its dividend. Only by pitting Greek against Greek could the day be saved. Research workers created a new and much improved talking-machine, capable of imitating the range and quality of the human voice and of whole orchestras in an unprecedented way, and the laboratory thus saved an industry which the laboratory had come near destroying.

Research workers have not only accomplished such modern miracles as the transmission of photographs through the air and over telephone-wires, they have stretched out helping hands to the eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist, so that he may now determine with precision the acuteness of his patient's hearing. He no longer strikes a tuning-fork, holds it at varying distances, and inquires whether the listener can hear a watch ticking. Nowadays he uses an electrical device which measures minutely the volume of sound and the acuity of hearing. And research workers have supplied the physician with an electrical stethoscope which makes possible the detection of heart murmurs and other chest sounds with an accuracy until recently out of the question. They have supplied to university laboratories a mechanism for measuring electric currents which are too feeble to be detected by the ordinary equipment. And not infrequently, when a group of students is engaged on an inquiry necessitating instruments of exceptional ingenuity and delicacy, they turn to the commercial research laboratory for help. It is seldom that the Macedonian cry goes unanswered.

Throughout this discussion I have used the term research much more loosely than research workers themselves would use it. (Nowadays if we merely look through last month's newspaper files we call it research!) The dictionaries tell us that we are not researchers unless we add to the sum of human knowledge, and it is well to bear this in mind; industrial inquiry of this sort is but a link in a chain. Maurice Holland, director of the National Research Council's division of engineering and industrial research, sets down the successive stages in this fashion: First, there is the discovery in pure science, which may never be convertible into dividends; then there is the scientific application of this discovery, if it can be applied; then there is the invention of a device (Mr. Holland says the inventor need no longer starve in a garret, praise be!); then there is the employment of the device in industry; then there is a process of standardization; then there is mass production. This he calls "the cycle of research"; and he has attempted to work out, in various industries, the "time lag" between the first step and the last. A reduction in the period between discovery and mass production means, of course, a saving in proportion to the market for the commodity. In the electrical industry the cycle of forty-three years brought a growth from one plant to plants with a book value of $25,000,000,000 and a generating capacity of 20,000,000 horse-power. The automobile industry is but thirty-three years old, the telephone less than fifty. The "time lag" has now been reduced to less than half a century. One task ahead of industry is to reduce it still further.

It is a singular fact that the upshot of all this patience and toil is not merely to shrink time and space but to present this world daily in some more insubstantial guise. Captain T. J. J. See, an inquiring outrider at the government's Mare Island station, now reduces the visible and invisible universe to waves. He explains all the forces of nature by the wave theory: magnetism, gravitation, electrodynamics, tension, cohesion, adhesion (a force of which the physicist knows surprisingly little), chemical affinity, even explosive force —all these are explained by Captain See as the products of waves. It is thus that he explains the roundness of raindrops, a mystery for 2,000 years; it is thus that he explains the lightning-bolt, the atom, and the molecule. Not substances these, says our scientist-philosopher, but waves through the ether, or products of these waves. And what, pray, is ether? Doctor See says it is a tenuous substance present throughout space, sufficiently elastic and strong to hold in place the sun and moon and stars.

A prodigious acquaintance with what the world has thought and done in the realm of science is not enough for the research worker. Mastery of differential calculus is a small part of his equipment. He must have also a differential imagination.

Germany, which was far in the vanguard before the World War, still holds the lead in industrial research. The United States is a not very good second, and England ranks third. German laboratories are generously subsidized, for the government believes in them now as firmly as before the war; and the same thing is true of Japan, which ranks fourth. It is a race not merely for knowledge but for markets. We had an example of this when certain of our industries took fright at the prospect of competition in their own markets with methanol, a German-manufactured synthetic wood-alcohol, which could be sold here much more cheaply than our own product.

This was a lesson in tariffs as well as a lesson in research. It must be clear that no tariff wall can be built high enough to keep out the goods of a country which excels sufficiently in the economies and superiorities which come from successful and ingenious scientific investigation. International debts may do less than research in the long run to level international trade barriers. Research will level them, if at all, by making them useless for protective purposes.

The industrial laboratory has thus its political potentialities, aside from its commercial uses. More, it has educational implications. It may influence, it may even deflect, the curricula of our higher institutions of learning. One of the problems now confronting great corporations is the problem of research personnel. Where are they to find men competent to fill the ranks of their expanding laboratories? Unless Young America can be interested in the work for itself, there will be a shortage of the chief raw material, which is human brains. Fat pay-checks are not enough. The research worker must be animated by something other than a desire for ample living. He must burn with an inward fire which money can't kindle. He must be so immersed in his task that he becomes, at times, jumpy and temperamental and hard to manage. (Research staffs might well include expert psychologists.) And there is a large question in the thought of some of our captains of industry whether the American university is turning out enough young men with inquiring minds and a passion for the enlargement of knowledge to meet the increasing demand.

Between scholasticism and industrial research there is an interaction and an interdependence. The commercial laboratory lends a hand to "pure" science and to university investigators. Will the university reciprocate? Despite the tendency to overpraise, despite the naïve credulity with which "marvels" are received by press and public although in fact they are no marvels at all, it is still true that commercial research has a future as well as a present. And there are those who say that no war ace has ever known, in the physical realm, so much excitement as is offered by research in the field of intellectual adventure.

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How Many Men?

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

How many men
  Have come and gone
Where you see a path
  Worn smooth in stone?

Who laid the wall
  Bounding this field?
What can an acre
  Of granite yield?

How many feet
  Have climbed this hill
Above the Village
  Dark and still?

There lies Gloucester,
  There lies 'Squam.
Between them the sea
  Is never calm.

How many maids and men
  Have lain
Where we lie now?
  Was an Isaac slain

On that altar of granite?
  Horrid thought!
Paschal lamb
  In a pasture lot.

Slow, slow,
  The Dipper swings
Around Polaris.
  Furry wings

Of bats from Dogtown
  Beat the night.
The light on Thatcher's
  Flashes bright.

A thousand flashes more
  We'll stay.
But we must go
  Before it's day.

What rapture to be lying
  Still,
Beside you
  Here on Pigeon Hill!

Open your eyes,
  Come back to town.
See, the Dipper
  Is upside down.

We must go down
  From Pigeon Hill,
Back to the Village,
  Dark and still.

How many lovers
  Have come and gone,
Wearing this pathway
  In the stone,

Treading softly
  On midnight feet
Along the twisting
  Narrow street?

* * *

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In 1920 Rose Macaulay made a literary sensation with "Potterism," one of the most brilliant and diverting satirical novels of the present century. The satire in it is universal, because there is a certain percentage of potterism in every man and woman; all intelligent readers, instead of applying the moral to their neighbors, felt the dint of it themselves. It is a truly antiseptic book. Since that time the author has produced many other novels, which I found sadly inferior to "Potterism," but now with the appearance of "Daisy and Daphne," I feel like saluting her again. This also has the air of disillusion, which seems to be the atmosphere in which Rose Macaulay lives; it is not therefore a cheerful book. But there is in it much humor, much keen observation, and some rather remarkable portrayals of character. The central idea, that there are two personalities in every human being, is exceedingly well developed. It could of course be carried much further. There are at least a dozen personalities in every human being, as Sir James Barrie showed with such skill in his enchanting play "The Legend of Leonora." Every man is both childish and mature; both trivial and significant; both vulgar and sublime; both good and evil. Bernard Shaw thinks it a pity that we have to die at seventy, because then, he avers, we have only just begun to live. He thinks men are really playboys up to that time; fond of sport, and such follies. But I feel certain that if we lived five hundred years longer, we should be the same combination of folly and wisdom, childishness and maturity.

I do not think that any boy at school or any man of the world should be compelled to indulge in athletic sports unless he chooses freely to do so; the essence of games is fun, and to take them as one takes a doctor's prescription is as bad as eating food for health, instead of eating it for enjoyment. But I think the attitude of those who hate sport is fully as intolerant as that of the schoolboy-sentiment which attempts to compel worship at the shrine of athletics. The late W. H. Hudson and the living G. B. S. regarded devotion to golf as idiotic; which means simply that these individuals preferred to do something else. For my part, if I had to choose now between taking my ordinary human chance of disappearing from the planet at a normal age, or being given the alternative of living five hundred years longer on earth, with the proviso that I must play golf every afternoon with congenial associates, I should gladly choose the latter. I rate first, the weather; second, the company; third, the game. Time was when I wanted to play well, or at all events regarded the *summum bonum* as victory. Now I had rather play a rotten game in fine weather than a fine game in rotten weather.

But to return to Rose Macaulay and her "Daisy and Daphne." The conversations in it are full of wisdom. Here is an illustration to prove it. Daphne and her fiancé are talking about the differences between men and women, an eternally interesting theme. After agreeing that most of the generalizations are inaccurate, and that both men and women are attacked unfairly, Daphne muses:

> "Some things one can say. Men—taking the average, I mean—are enormously abler, for instance. Really enormously, both in body and mind. Stronger all round, in nerves and muscle and brain, more creative and inventive, with more sense. They carry heavier guns. If the woman-baiters would stick to baiting us about our frail intelligences, they'd be right all the way. Oh, dear, women seem to be very nearly imbecile often."
>
> "They are pretty often imbecile. But so are men."
>
> "Oh, yes, often and often. But not so often. Men should stick to that. They do tell us about it a good deal, of course, and point out how much less well we've always done nearly everything than they have, but they spoil their case by going on to all the other things, that aren't true a bit. It's like kicking people when they're down, for things they've not done. Why can't they let us alone? Women on the whole are so nice, so generous and decent."

Such comments on certain characteristics respectively of men and women, written by an acute observer, are worth thoughtful consideration, which is more profitable than thoughtless resentment.

Rose Macaulay comes honestly by her literary ability. Her father was a distinguished scholar, the late G. C. Macaulay, who wrote a work on Francis Beaumont which was an important contribution to Elizabethan scholarship. Doctor Macaulay was the first to distinguish evidentially in the famous partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher the separate work of Beaumont.

A romance that I found both diverting and inspiring is "Tall Men," by J. S. Montgomery. It opens in an original manner, and in a way that piques the reader's curiosity. Soon we are taken on the high seas in the days of the American Civil War; and we run the blockade off Charleston. Finally we take part in the memorable sea duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*. The story is told with spirit, and the ingredients of love and blood are skilfully mixed.

A beautiful work of the printer's art is "A New Portrait of James Boswell," written by Professors C. B. Tinker and Fred Pottle, and designed by the accomplished craftsman Bruce Rogers. It comes from the Harvard University Press, and let me urge collectors to secure a copy quickly, as it is a limited edition and very few are left.

To all interested in Boswell and Johnson I should like to recommend R. W. Chapman's excellent edition of two works in one volume, "A Journey to the Western Islands," by Johnson, and "A Tour to the Hebrides," by Boswell. This is the first time these two books have been bound together. Mr. Chapman has carefully collated the texts of all the early editions, has written a delightful preface, and supplied scholarly notes. It is interesting to read an account of the same expedition, written first by Johnson and then by his disciple. I hope most persons will agree with me that in this instance the disciple was above his lord. Johnson makes many moral and philosophical reflections on the places and people visited, but Boswell—that greatest of all journalists—tells us exactly what we want to know; everything he writes has "news value."

It is a pity that Mr. Vere Collins did not have at least a touch of the Boswellian genius. His book "Talks with Thomas Hardy" interested me greatly, because every word about Hardy attracts my attention. He was not only the foremost English writer of these latter days but also a personality of commanding importance, all the more impressive because so unassuming. A series of conversations with him therefore should be of the keenest interest; but I fear this book will attract and hold the attention only of those who, like myself, are worshippers.

King Louis XVIII did not seem heroic to his contemporaries, and has never appealed to historians as a romantic figure. But he was a shrewd and able man, a good judge of human nature, and a first-rate political barometer, which is more than can be said of most monarchs. Napoleon did not take him seriously, but after the body of the great commander was a-mouldering in the grave, Louis was "sitting pretty" on the throne of France. Stevenson said it is better to be a fool than to be dead; King Louis, while without genius, was assuredly no fool. Modern biographers have avoided him, because he affords a poor target for their wit, and his personal characteristics were not sensational. He was fat and scant of breath, but in quaky times he managed to maintain his seat in the royal saddle, which is more than either of his brothers succeeded in doing. One lost his head and the other his job.

Those who prefer novelized, ironical, slanderous, or fantastic biographies to a truthful, unbiassed report of the facts may not care for the latest account of this king's life and career; but to all who love history I recommend "Louis XVIII," by J. Lucas-Dubreton, translated by F. H. Lyon. Those who have not yet seen this book may have their proleptic faith in the author aroused if I quote the last two paragraphs:

> Louis XVIII's chief merit was that, after living for twenty years in exile, he was able to place his hand on the heart of his dismembered country, and to understand, despite his education and family tradition, that the only hope lay in a policy of prudence and moderation.
>
> He must be placed in the proper setting—his own time, the hour of his accession. To succeed Napoleon, at a moment when France was invaded, was a fearful test for a feeble old man. But the old man went steadily on, gradually rallied the Imperialists to him, as Napoleon had rallied the Republicans; he averted the calamities which threatened the country and left France rich, orderly and at peace with Europe. If we look further on, past his tomb, and see how his work was ruined, foolishly and almost frivolously, by his brother Charles X, our respect for him is strengthened, and the figure of Louis XVIII becomes greater as it recedes.

In my native town of New Haven we are bearing an increasing resemblance to London in that our theatrical season is now the month of May. New Haven is the best city in the world in three respects: the people, the situation, the climate. (You must not judge the people by me. I am far below the average.) During the winter in our theatres we have a superabundance of musical comedies; but in May we have excellent plays with all-star casts. During this last month of May we had "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman; we had a charming all-star performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Fay Bainter, Glenn Hunter, and others; we had a thrilling presentation of "Diplomacy," with William Faversham, Margaret Anglin, and others; Walter Hampden came with "Caponsacchi," "An Enemy of the People," and "Hamlet," and Professor George P. Baker produced at the University Theatre an admirable performance of Ibsen's "Brand."

Jeffery Farnol, who has written of

jousts and mediæval tournaments, has now produced a book on champions of the fist. It is called "Famous Prize Fights" and is copiously and quaintly illustrated. The narrative begins with eighteenth-century bruisers, and closes with the battle between Carpentier and Dempsey. There is a good chapter on the most famous prize-fight in history, that between the Englishman Tom Sayers and the American John Heenan, called the "Benicia Boy." This historic contest took place in England on April 17, 1860. Apart from the dramatic excitement always attending a battle between heavyweights, this fight affords a particularly good illustration of the unreliability of human testimony. Although it was witnessed by a large number of persons in all walks of life, and although it lasted for a number of rounds, it is impossible to discover what actually happened. There are plenty of detailed reports, but they are conflicting.

Mr. Tunney is quite right in praising the cynical wisdom of the speech of Ulysses in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." Those whose happiness depends on public opinion might just as well let it depend on a weather-vane. When Dempsey fought Carpentier, nine out of every ten Americans wanted the foreigner to win—Dempsey being one of the most unpopular men in America. I earnestly hoped at that time that Dempsey would win, not that I had any dislike for Carpentier, who was and is a good fellow, but because I knew the trough of sentimentality in which we should all be compelled to wallow in the event of a victory by Carpentier. His wife and child were in France, with passage engaged on the steamer for America; a triumphal tour through These States was to follow the Frenchman's triumph. It would have been an appalling and nauseating slough of slush. We were saved from that by Dempsey's fists. To-day, although Dempsey has not changed, he is wildly popular.

An excellent biography, "Doctor Arnold of Rugby," has just appeared from the hand of his great-grandson, Arnold Whitridge. Lytton Strachey used Doctor Arnold not as a subject for biography but as a punching-bag. So it is well to have a clear picture of the real man and of his career. It is possible that Mr. Whitridge is overcareful not to err on the side of panegyric. Surely no one can complain that he has permitted ancestor-worship to influence his judgment.

It is so common nowadays to see small-town folk and country cousins ridiculed that it is almost refreshing by contrast to see a terrific picture of certain sections of New York society painted by Thomas Beer in his strange novel "The Road to Heaven." This book is only for tough-minded and sophisticated readers; it is written not with ink but with vitriol. What should such fellows do crawling between earth and heaven? Such characters are not fit to govern, because they are not fit to live. I have always maintained that for sheer boredom, for unalloyed, intolerable dulness, there is no place equal to a night-club; compared with the regular followers of such resorts, the members of foreign missionary societies are like the stars of a French Parisian *salon*. Mr. Beer has portrayed an uneducated, athletic young man who wanders among these metropolitan degenerates in a state of well-earned depression. He is homesick for the farm, and at the end reaches the desired haven. Mr. Beer commands a style all his own; it is the opposite of simple, but though complicated, it is not insincere.

The worst disservice a publisher can do for an author is to print on the jacket of the new book words of praise from any source whatever, no matter how influential. The average book-reviewer, the moment he reads fulsome language on the outside of the new volume, determines to slate it. He does not like being told in advance what he is to think and say of the new book: the surest way to secure a bad press is to puff it in advance. The paper jacket might contain a portrait of the author, if the face be fit for publication; or, if words must be printed thereupon, let them be words of merely impartial objective description, setting forth without flattery the purpose and scope of the work. Many book reviews begin by quoting the puffery of the publisher and then go on to ridicule both the advertisement and the book.

The literature of scholarship and criticism that has accumulated around Shakespeare's Sonnets is an ever-increasing cloud, not to say fog. But I do not remember to have seen anywhere any allusion to what is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the irony of fate that can be instanced. Shakespeare repeatedly and confidently affirms in these gorgeous poems their immortality. Scholars are divided on the question as to whether he really meant that seriously, that is to say, was himself conscious of the supreme and lasting quality of this verse, or whether he merely followed a current convention. I incline to the latter view.

But at this moment I cannot recall any allusion to the fact that while Shakespeare in these Sonnets repeatedly prophesied immortality for the friend he was addressing, immortality that was to be gained through these poems, in reality no person in the world is more obscure to-day, more hidden from knowledge than this very individual. No doubt contemporaries who read these sugared poems knew perfectly who W. H. was; but to-day he is the man nobody knows. Could there be a more striking illustration of the irony of fate? Here is the greatest poet of all time enshrining a personal friend in the greatest sonnets ever written; and at the same time predicting that these same poems will make this friend's name known and familiar to all succeeding generations of men. And to-day there is not a man in the world who knows his name. Destiny after all is the foremost satirist.

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie."

A friend sends me a cutting from a recent issue of an English newspaper that has an editor all its own. In a column of literary gossip occurs the following:

> An obscure American poet once said "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime" (or words to that effect). I would rather say: "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime only if we organise and discipline our mental and physical selves." It does not quite scan, but it is better sense.

Which reminds me that an obscure English poet once wrote: "To be or not to be that is the question" (or words to that effect). I would [not] rather say: "To be or not to be that is the question only when you are not thinking of something else." It does not quite scan, but it makes no better sense.

A genuine, realistic novel of extraordinary merit is "Day of Fortune," by Norman Matson. The novel impresses the reader from beginning to end as being absolutely true; true in its characterizations, true in its narrative. It is written in a straightforward, unpretentious, but exceedingly effective style, and the author should take a high place among contemporary American novelists.

Stark Young, the accomplished poet, dramatist, critic, and novelist, has written a story combining life in a Southern small town with the crazy night life of the New York theatrical crowd. This book, while of course written with distinction, like everything from the hand of Stark Young, is chiefly notable for the leading character, a Southern girl, who goes from the quiet life of gentility to the glaring spot-light of stardom in one night. Lena is a triumph of characterization. Her physical beauty and a certain modest grace of character fill the book with radiance. She is so charming in fact and so essentially good that I do not myself see how she could possibly have done what she unfortunately did.

Archibald Marshall, the famous creator of the Clinton Twins, has published a delightful book called "Simple Stories." They are nearer to "Alice in Wonderland" than any other book of our time that I know. They are full of delightful surprises of humor and imagination.

I mentioned that the late Thomas Sergeant Perry learned Russian after he was seventy; and now Clarence E. Tullar, of Arlington, Mass., writes me an interesting fact about Doctor S. F. Smith, the author of "My country, 'tis of thee," who was

> . . . a great linguist, having a fairly good working knowledge of fourteen languages at the time I came first to know him, when he was about the age of seventy-five. By the time he reached his eighty-fifth birthday he had developed a very strong desire to take up the study of the Russian language, since up to that time he had never familiarized himself with that tongue.
>
> I learned, in a very singular manner, of his inability to secure a grammar in English and Russian, from any source whatever, and seeing what I recognized as an unusual opportunity to render him a service, I volunteered to secure for him such a grammar. Two years prior to this time I had gone to Moscow, with Mr. Edward E. Bradley, of Stonington, Conn. on a business errand, and Mr. B. was there again on a similar errand, and all I had to do was to write and ask him to do me the favor of bringing home a copy of the desired grammar, which he very gladly did, and so Dr. Smith was presented with it in about sixty days. Dr. Smith secured a copy of the New Testament in Russian, and during the two and one half years before his death read the gospel of John.

The death of the novelist Basil King, on June 22, is a loss to American literature. Apart from the excellence of his novels and essays, he was a man of such immense fortitude and courage in the face of almost insuperable obstacles that he was an inspiration to every one who knew him.

With reference to my remark pointing out the similarity between "Deluge" and "The End of All," Theodore M. Plimpton, of West Roxbury, Mass., writes me that the latter story appeared in the Sunday *Herald* for August 25, 1889. The author's name was given as Nym Crinkle.

A clergyman is properly distressed by hearing more and more frequently the expression "every so often." This expression, together with "alright" and "anywheres," is never used by cultivated or educated persons; so I thought until last evening, when I found "every so often" in the works of William Ellery Leonard.

Herbert M. Clarke, of Syracuse, writes:

> You may remember that some time ago you raised the question how the gender of foreign words taken into German is determined. Sometimes it is changed, e.g. *der Keller* comes from the Latin neuter *cellarium.* There is a paragraph on this subject by Otto Behaghel in his small but very learned book on the German language (4th ed. p. 186). He says: "In ihrer Beugungsweise schlossen sich die entlehnten Wörter im allgemeinen den deutschen Wörtern an, mit deren Endungen und Bildungssilben die ihrigen am meisten übereinstimmten, und traten gleichzeitig in das Geschlecht derselben über.
>
> "Französisch *le groupe, le rôle,* und all die Hauptwörter auf-age sind im Deutschen weiblich geworden nach dem Muster von *Bitte, Gabe,* usw."
>
> It must seem strange to a German to find that in French *étage* and *courage* are masculine, when his own language has *die etage* and *die courage* with French pronunciation.

Miss Isabella E. Bosworth, of Bristol, R. I., writes:

> About twenty years ago, some neighbors of mine had an exceedingly cross-eyed cat. At times the pupil of the eye seemed almost to disappear behind the nose. The cat was a female Angora tiger with very rich dark stripes, and barring this optical defect was a very handsome cat. It gave her the same odd facial expression that it gives people. I belong to a family which is mildly insane about cats, but this one about which I am writing is the only one I ever saw or heard of, thus afflicted.

Miss Maude Oyler, of the Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, writes:

> I was professor of Economics recently in a native Chinese University for men in Shanghai. Among its several organizations was a sizable Anti-Christian Association. Prompted by curiosity entirely, I asked a silk coated gentleman of campus affluence, how many that group might be. Jumping to apologetic and quite unnecessary defense, he said: "Professor Miss Oyler, I am not a Christian myself, but then, you know, I *am* the President of Y. M. C. A."
>
> A student of English in the same University, assigned to reply to a client's letter, complaining of clerk's discourtesy, wrote as follows: "We are happy that you told us our clerk was discourteous to you. The clerk is now finished."
>
> Wrote another, who was a student in my class in Property Insurance, in which I had labored to explain operation of various policy clauses as adjudicated in our courts: "There are three parties to all of insurance contracts,—the insured, the company, and the court."

Mrs. Gilmore Scranton, of Harbor Beach, Mich., sprained her ankle in Japan, and on her return to America received a letter from a charming Japanese gentleman: "I write to enquire as to the health of your honorable shank."

The Fano Club is enriched by the admission of the Contessa Ottavia Borgogelli Avveduti Bracci, who writes "ossequi di persone riconoscenti per il suo interesse verso Fano."

Also by Emma Bernoulli, of Florence; Alice Mary Connor, who saw the picture on the feast of Corpus Christi; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Robinson, of New Haven.

On Tuesday, May 29, I started on an interesting journey to the South. I began by dining at the top of the Lyceum Theatre in New York as the guest of my friend Daniel Frohman; the other guests were Channing Pollock, Louis Anspacher, and James M. Beck; we had much good talk, and it was a queer sensation to look down through a trapdoor at the stage far below and see a play in progress. That night I took the train to Bowling Green, Ky., where I gave the commencement address in the open air at the Western Kentucky State Normal School—a fine-looking assemblage of young men and women were graduated, all of whom are to enter upon the adventurous profession of teaching. At a luncheon I met Mr. Nahm, the father of the novelist Emanie Sachs. From Bowling Green I jumped north to Detroit, where I made the dedication address at the opening of the new building of the Grosse Pointe High School, the most beautiful school edifice I have seen. Then I jumped south again to Greeneville, Tenn., where I gave the commencement address at Tusculum College; this college was founded in 1794 and has had a continuous activity ever since. It is the oldest American college west of the Alleghanies. It has a noble history in giving education to the mountaineers. Any millionaire who wishes to give some money to a college which needs it and will make a splendid use of it could not do better than help old Tusculum.

From this country came John Q. Tilson, the present Republican leader of the national House of Representatives. In the course of my speech I nominated him for Vice-President, although I have no political influence; the nomination, however, was greeted with such acclaim that if the Republicans of Tennessee could have named the next Vice-President, Tilson would have won.

Greeneville was the home of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States; his tailor-shop is piously preserved with its implements and memorabilia, as it should be, and the house where he lived is marked with a tablet. His grave is on a commanding eminence, and the town in every way does honor to his memory.

TALL MEN

Some dozen years ago a man walked into my library at New Haven; I was impressed by his appearance. His name was Charles Oliver Gray, and he was and is the president of Tusculum College. I remarked that they raised fine specimens of tall manhood in the Tennessee mountains, if he represented them. He asked me to wait a moment, and there followed him into the room his three sons, all of them taller than he, and the tallest six feet five. One of them is now professor of music at Tusculum, one is in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, engaged in financial and economic research, and one a lawyer at Greeneville, who has already served in the State Legislature. This father and three sons are magnificent specimens physically and mentally of the mountain manhood of Tennessee.

Many have wondered that Lindbergh has such simple, unaffected manners. The explanation is easy. Lindbergh is one of the plane people.

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For current announcements of the leading publishers see
the front advertising section.

The Present Status of the Barbizon School

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

At a time when ideals of art, like everything else in our modern world, are challenged by the demands of a new generation, it is interesting to examine into the fortunes of a school once held extraordinarily high in public favor. I refer to the group loosely but familiarly known as the Barbizon school, the group embracing Corot, Rousseau, and their friends, and I am especially concerned to note its status in the eyes of the American collector. Back in the 80's these painters rode the crest of the wave. The foundations of their vogue have been well and securely laid by certain enlightened connoisseurs and dealers. Their pictures were the great prizes of the auction-room. Meanwhile, in Paris, something like a formal consecration of the subject had been organized. The exhibition there, in the Rue de Sèze, in June, 1883, of a hundred French masterpieces, had been peculiarly strong in works of the historic figures to whom I allude. "Here were assembled in a spacious gallery some eighty of the choicest pearls of the greatest period of modern art. Never had such a representation been seen of the phalanx of 1830. It was the final ceremony that proclaimed and fixed the domain which had been conquered and shared by Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Daubigny, Fromentin, Delacroix, Troyon, and Decamps—the art of modern France." There was a printed memorial of it, of course, the "Cent Chefs-d'Œuvre," and part of the significance of the words I have just quoted lies in their source. I take them from the introduction to a little volume which the late Henry M. Walters, of Baltimore, had privately printed in 1886, a translation of the text that Albert Wolff wrote for the memorial volume just mentioned. An eager collector of Barbizon masterpieces, Mr. Walters characteristically did what he could to establish their legend here. The printing of his brochure was in some sort an act of faith. For him—and for many other American collectors—the trivialities of the Paris Salon had gone down the wind. With a landscape painted at Ville D'Avray, along the Oise, or amid the oaks of Fontainebleau, a new heaven and a new earth had been ushered in. American taste had achieved another landmark.

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How did it fare? For some years it was apparently unshaken. Then the Impressionists came more and more into view, Monet and Manet, Degas and Renoir. They did not, for they could not, discredit their predecessors, but a new fashion never comes into being without lessening the sway of an older one, and in more recent years the cult for Cézanne and the varied developments of modernism have served to make Barbizon seem, in some quarters at least, "old hat." I have had many an occasion to observe a subsidence of that enthusiasm which I have indicated as formerly rampant. Only the other day a distinguished collector said to me that in his opinion Corot was the sole man in the group to "stand up" under the passage of time. I shall presently have circumstances to mention which would seem to sustain his contention But there are further views to be taken of the matter, light on which may be drawn from the field in which the preeminence of Corot is particularly marked, the field of the auction-room. The appeal to figures in the domain of art may easily be overdone, may easily be made gravely misleading. Nevertheless there are cases in which it has its just function, and this, I believe, is one of them. Briefly stated, if the prices paid in the auction-room are to be taken as reflecting the taste and confidence of collectors, then the Barbizon painters have, on the whole, held their own. I say this in spite of the fact that instances of depreciation are undoubtedly to be cited.

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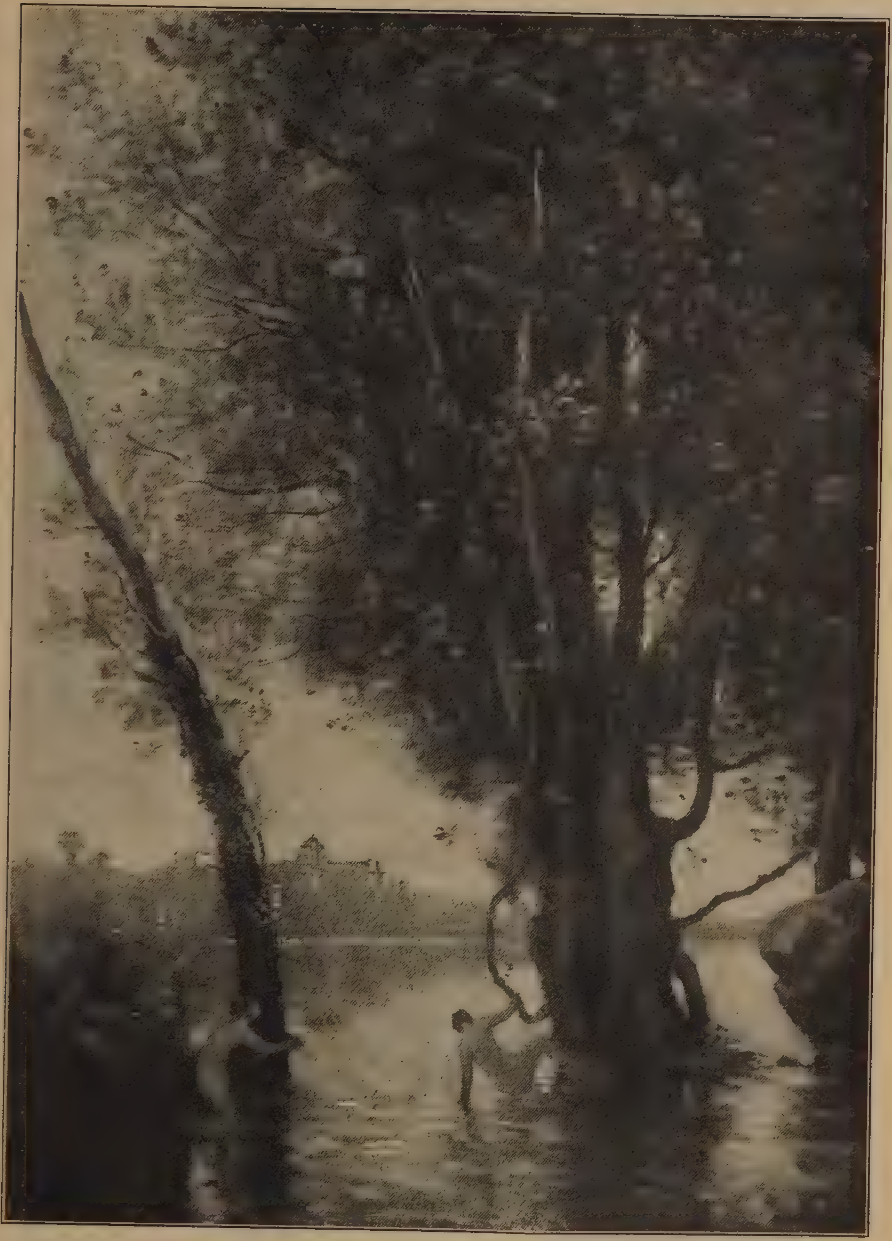
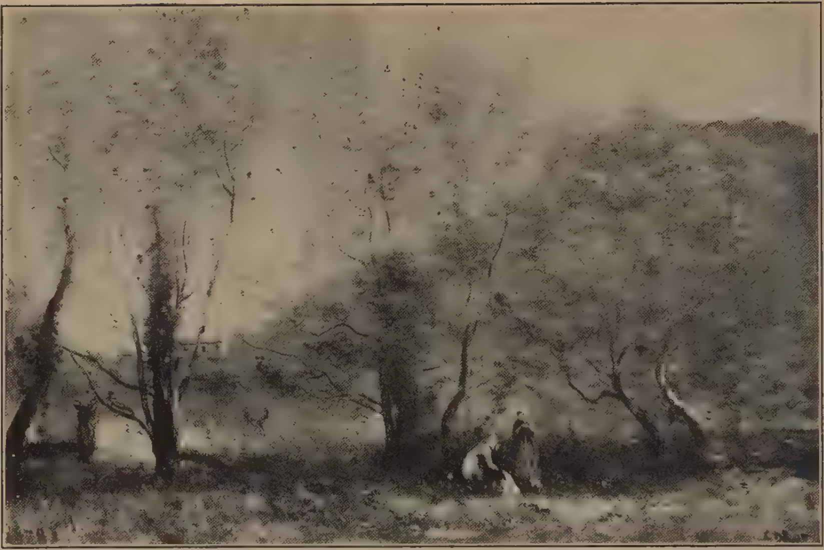
The question of the stability of the school in the market was first brought conspicuously forward, in the last few years, when the collection of Mr. C. K. G. Billings was sold in January, 1926, by the American Art Association. Fourteen of the thirty-one pictures disposed of were works of the Barbizon men, and they fetched a total of $290,000, nearly three-quarters of the $401,300 paid for the entire collection. I give first some of the figures for Corot. Les Baigneuses des Iles Borromées brought $50,000; Le Cavalier dans la Campagne, $30,000; Le Lac—Effet de Matin, $21,500. Rousseau's Bosquet d'Arbres was sold for $25,000, and Daubigny's La Saulaie for $12,500. Millet's Haystacks rose to $26,000 and Troyon's La Charette de Foin to $16,500. I might cite other good prices, but these are enough to characterize the testimony offered by the Billings sale. They show that, "old hat" or not, the painters of Barbizon were still appreciated, still valued, still prime factors in the market. They have been rivalled, as I have pointed out, by the Impressionists, and both groups, I may add in passing, have been portentously overshadowed by the old masters. But when $50,500 is paid for a Corot, $25,000 for a Rousseau, and $26,000 for a Millet, it is plain enough that the public of these artists has not disappeared.

It was duly on the scene, at the Anderson Galleries, in March of the present year, when the paintings assembled by the late Charles H. Senff were dispersed. This amateur had bought most of his pictures in the period from 1889 to 1899. He had about thirty Barbizon works, all of them good and some of them very fine. The Corots, as my friend's remark suggests, "stood up." Thanks to a table in *The Art News* comparing the prices received with those which Mr. Senff is understood to have paid, I am able to record some curious mutations. The eight Corots, without exception, registered an advance. The superb Woman Reading had cost the collector $4,000. His niece, Mrs. Louise Senff Cameron, bid on it at the sale so that she might present it to the Metropolitan Museum, which she has since done, and the competition was so lively that she had to pay $31,000 for it. Governor Fuller paid $26,000 for the Nymphs Bathing, which had cost Mr. Senff $18,000. Turning from the old figures to the new, we find that



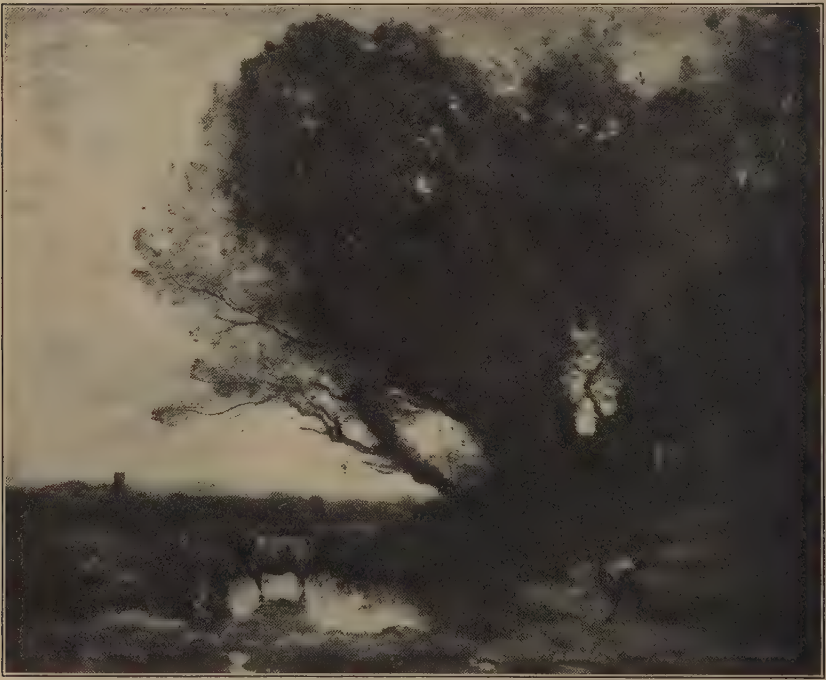
Les Baigneuses des Îles Borromées.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Billings Collection.



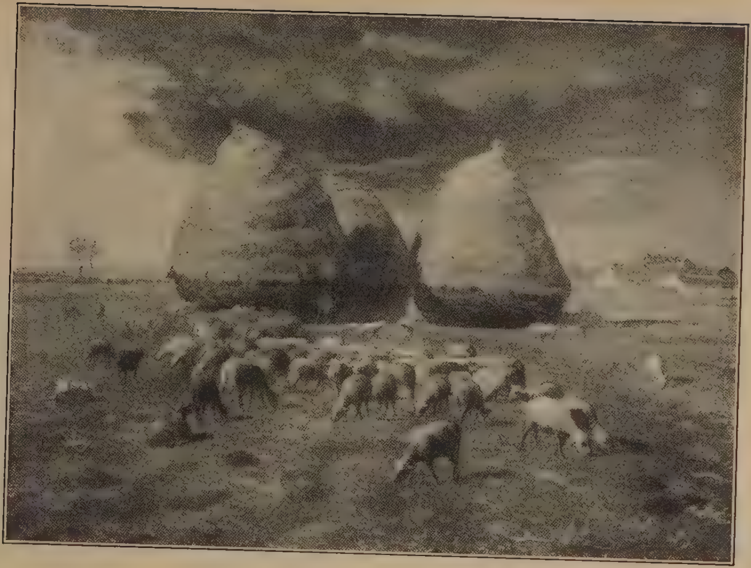
Un Matin: Étang de Ville d'Avray.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Gary Collection.



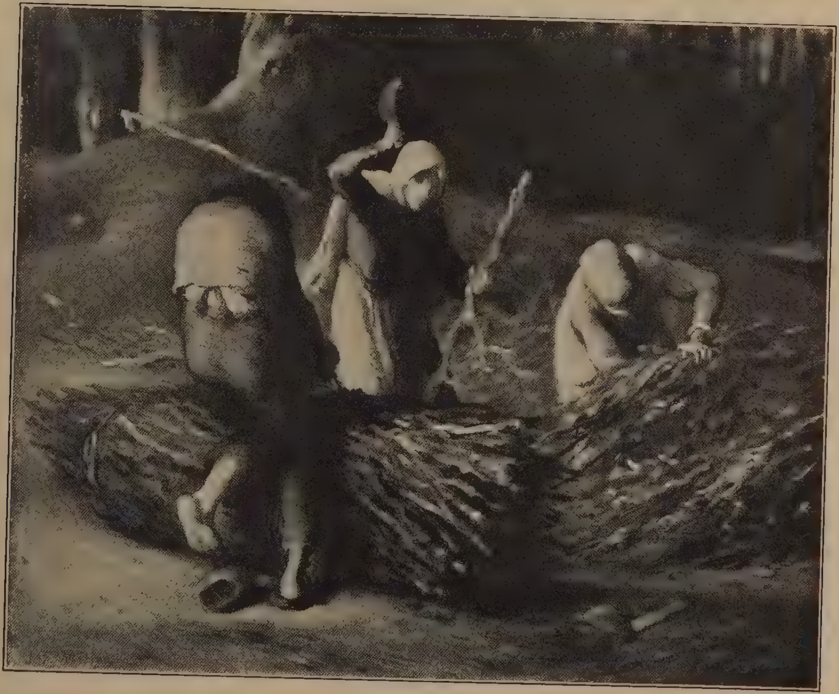
Eventide.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Senff Collection.



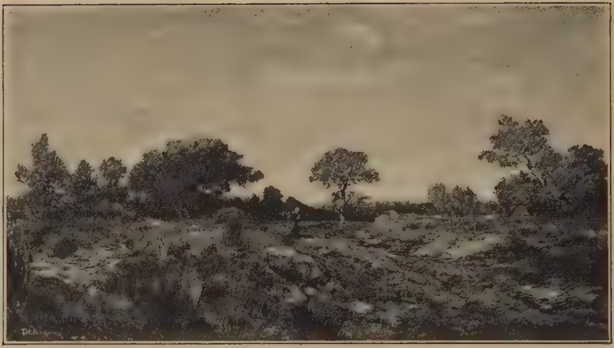
The Haystacks.

From the painting by Millet formerly in the Billings Collection.



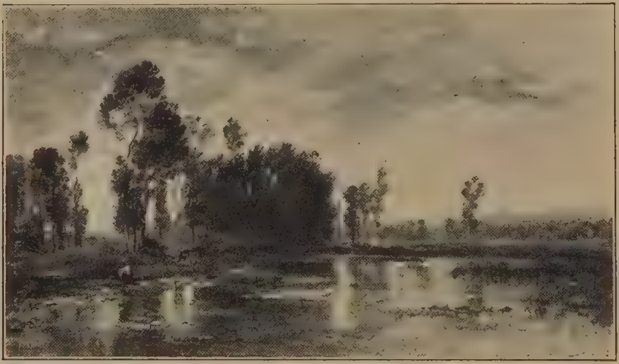
Les Bucherons.

From the painting by Millet formerly in the Gary Collection.



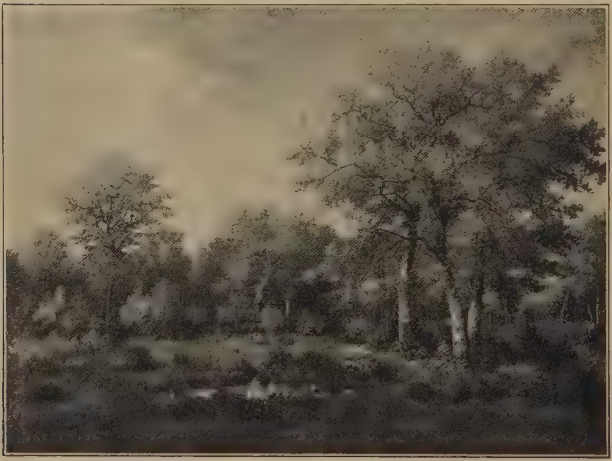
Earth, Trees, and Sky.

From the painting by Rousseau formerly in the Gary Collection.



Summer Day on the Oise.

From the painting by Daubigny formerly in the Senff Collection.



Le Parc Aux Boeufs.

From the painting by Diaz formerly in the Billings Collection.

Morning Fisherman jumped from $6,000 to $12,500, the Lake Albano from $6,300 to $12,500, the Eventide from $16,000 to $21,000, and so on. One of the six Duprés showed a trifling advance, but the others marked serious losses, and the highest price given for any one of them was only $3,300. Daubigny was in much the same case, though one of his pictures, Summer Day on the Oise, fetched $7,600. The high-water mark amongst the three Rousseaus, $6,000, was rather disconcerting, in view of the fact that Mr. Senff had paid $10,000 for the picture, A Red Sunset After a Rainy Day. Diaz, too, going as high as $4,500 in one instance, was none the less the victim of a drop. Millet stood fairly firm. Mr. Senff had paid $1,600 for the Maternity, a drawing, and it brought $1,800. The net effect of the affair was not, however, depressing, especially as the collection was not one of uniformly important pieces. The lowest prices were not contemptible, and the sale left Barbizon, as it seemed to me, still with its place in the sun.

I watched with a certain confidence for the prices to be attained by the six or seven paintings of this school in the Elbert H. Gary sale held by the American Art Association in April, 1928. Corot again was to the fore, the Matin: Etang de Ville D'Avray selling for $32,000, and his Souvenir du Bords des Lac de Garde for $19,000. A Daubigny, Bords de l'Oise à Conflans, went for $23,000, and another picture of his for $8,000. The two Rousseau commanded only modest prices, one going at $4,300 and the other at $4,600, the latter being rather difficult to understand, for the Earth, Trees and Sky bringing that price struck me as a really notable example. Millet once more, as in the Senff sale, maintained himself. Les Bucherons sold for $10,000.

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What is the moral of these diverse figures? That some Barbizon pictures, as has been shown, are not, commercially speaking, what they once were, but that in the main they remain living quantities. Taking all the elements of the situation into consideration, the change in fashion, the varying desirability of this or that example (a crucial point), the virtually complete alteration in the key of light in landscape art which the influence of the Impressionists brought about, it must be admitted that the Barbizon school has lost nothing fundamental. Its period may not seem to-day, as it seemed in 1886, the year of the exhibition aforementioned, "the greatest period of modern art," but it is one which the world obviously will not let die. It is worth while to reflect upon the reasons for this.

The solidarity of a school is not the primary cause of its success. That is attributable essentially to the individual traits of the men who make it. A great school does not regiment its members. It leans, rather, upon the original force which each has to contribute. It is the original, profoundly personal quality of Corot that keeps him so magnificently alive, that and his adherence to what makes the ground-swell of any golden epoch in art. He was, I suppose, what some commentators to-day would call an old-fashioned type. "Never paint a subject," he was wont to say, "unless it calls insistently and distinctly upon your eye and heart." I can hear a certain sort of modern painter asking what on earth "heart" had to do with it. But Corot knew what he was about, and especially he knew that a work of art is the product of the whole man, of his character as well as of his dexterity, an expression of emotion as well as of æsthetic principle. His biography is dotted with sayings that point to a pondered, constructive habit of painting. *Vive la conscience, vive la simplicité!* he exclaims, and when you come to close quarters with the craftsman in this seemingly spontaneous, lyric poet you find that, as befits a countryman of Poussin, he is nothing if not a builder of design. "I never hurry to the details of a picture," he declares. "Its masses and general character interest me before everything else. When those are well established, I search out the subtleties of form and color. Incessantly and without system I return to any and every part of my canvas." How French all that is, and how traditional! It gives, too, the key to Corot's liberation of an intensely personal inspiration. He can speak for himself because he knows the language of art, the sane, ordered language which runs through French painting for centuries. He has an ardor and a magic all his own. He sees nature exquisitely. His approach is imaginative. But he has a heart and a mind as well as an eye, he has a conscience, and so he is all for a sound, truthful method of picture-making. The tremulous foliage so characteristic of him, the shimmering silvery light that is almost a mannerism, is subordinate to a structural purpose. This master, whose soul is as free as a bird's, whose pictures are, indeed, like so many songs, is at bottom a stanch conservative. Listen to this outburst of his: "Ah, *Messieurs les artistes modernes,* God is not pleased with you, far from pleased! Ah, how could He be! He gives you the beauties of nature to see and paint, and you change them, you spoil them. Very well then, my friends, to punish you God will turn your hearts into hearts of cork. God has given you the most beautiful canons, and you bungle them, He will not give them to you any more."

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Strange talk, I am sure, this must seem in the ears of your devout follower of a Cézanne, or a Picasso, or a Matisse, but the genius behind it will long win its way with the mere lover of beauty. For that genius was firm-founded upon the integrity of art, on fidelity to nature, on sound technique, and on the divine sanction of style. It is so with the whole valiant company. They all have things to say, interesting, characteristic things—and they all play the game. Rousseau is as fresh, as new-minted, a personality as Corot, as brilliant a dramatizer of the splendors of sunset as his colleague is tenderly sensitive in the interpretation of twilight, and he, too, carried into his work the immemorial French custom of "conscience" and thoughtful research. He is the outstanding master of ground and tree forms. I love the title of that picture that figured in the Senff sale, Earth, Trees and Sky. Whether Rousseau himself invented it or not it exactly expresses the primitive elements in which he dealt. Like Corot, he was a shrewd builder of compositions, and even more than Corot he was wont to hunt down the last nuance of form in the elusive fabric of his theme. There is something amazing about the discretion with which he adjusts this to the demands of the "masses and general character," about his fusion of analytical with synthetic ideas. These two masters are the giants of the landscape men in the group. There is a little drop in the matter of central, individual power when you turn from them to the chromatic glamour of Diaz and the pastoral serenities of Daubigny. Millet alone is of their potency. He, indeed, reaches in his massy handling of human types a Michael Angelesque grandeur of style which gives him a noble place apart. But he also, and with him the lesser workers in that famous band, may be cited in illustration of the virtue which to my mind is as significant as any in the durability of a school as a school.

They were all, in their differing ways and in accordance with their differing degrees of power, united on the principle of painting a picture interesting to mankind. None of them stooped to please. Even the bejewelled web of Diaz, which might seem to be deliberately addressed to a popular audience, is really validated by the temperament of the man. No, they painted with heart, with human sympathy, with solicitude for charm and beauty, with dramatic or poetic or merely truthful intent, because they knew that art is made for the world at large. To judge from much latter-day talk, it would appear that a picture should be painted not so much for the *cognoscenti,* as they were broadly designated in earlier time, as for an even more limited circle, composed of a few dogmatic leaders, the emulators of their pattern, and a number of crassly doctrinaire critics. Such a picture, supposed to be a matter of "self-expression," actually conforms with deadly docility to some current mode. Above all things it disdains the art of pleasing. The men of Barbizon were wiser in their day and generation. I have glanced at the honest, traditional principles underlying their works and preserving their vitality. Besides these things, I think that the reason why thousands of people to-day—including a due number of collectors—are persistently faithful to them, is that their pictures are, simply, good to look at.

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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

Borgia

(Continued from page 312 of this number.)

looked as the others looked—upon the polished or shadowed sides of a world. Only once, a faint light came raying through its crust and smote on Uncle Marshall, and he burst out in a loud voice:

"The foot-hills of time. The foot-hills of time."

"What's that, Marsh?" Aunt Phœbe inquired.

Her mate looked dazed and muttered: "It come to me."

Marfa thought: "He saw something for a minute—like this that I see all the time . . ." but when she looked about her, she still saw only the polished or shadowed externals of the world. She wondered: "What do I see all the time more than he sees?" And did not know. However, she kept her feeling of complacence.

In a green launch gay with awnings they cut the current of the Wisconsin River between shores young with leaves and old with rocks. These Dells, a mood of a river, opened and let in the people but were not intense enough to lay upon the people their mood. Travelling salesmen in the launch kept their own mood and talked of mackinaws, citizens of The Dells village told of the seven hundred thousand pieces of tourist mail that passed through their post-office in a summer, the guide pointed out Napoleon Bonaparte's profile in the rocks, and Ben looked at the water and said, "Gee, I'd like a swim," and when told that he'd drown like a shot, gazed sceptically at a point on the horizon before him. Artists' Glen, Cold Water Canyon, Witches' Gulch. Wings of gulls, flash of berries of the mountain-ash, ripple of the paddle of the side-wheeler plying by, rocking of the launch in the big boat's wake, nasal swell of the luncheon-horn at a resort, warm breaths from banks of wintergreen, cool breaths from deeps of stone. Uncle Marshall said that it was a magnificent spectacle; Bessie used her vanity-case, realized that she was inappreciative and squirmed; Marfa watched the pulse and quiver of the water and thought: "He's here much more than they are." The launch nosed the sand, they landed and penetrated clefts and fissures wide enough for foot-passage, the sandstone, save for a blue aisle of sky, meeting overhead; and below the flimsy walks went the wild water of a brook. For ten thousand years, fifty thousand years, it had lain so, empty of life, filled with the Winnebagoes and the Foxes; filled with the French, fur-traders, trappers, explorers, settlers; filled now with travelling salesmen, villagers, Aunt Phœbe, Uncle Marshall. A magnificent spectacle. Artists' Glen, Cold Water Canyon, Witches' Gulch. Marfa thought: "Much more than he's in his office, he's here. He must know. . . ." Ben thought: "I'm going to lose 'em and have a swim."

They spread their lunch in the warm alcove of a little grove. Marfa tried to tell them about Black Hawk, but she knew very little. Down at the Narrows was the point at which the chief had leaped the river before his enemy—they ate tuna sandwiches and heard how he had leaped the river, before his enemy; heard of the adventures of the Winnebagoes and the Foxes with the white men—which, Marfa said, bore all the tone color of "adventures with wild men." But Aunt Phœbe observed stiffly that no white men were wild except in their youth, and that this was dying out. On that she eyed Ben. Ben at once stretched his neck, examining a spot on the opposite shore. Louis Manchester said joyously that he should soon be envying them these green and restful scenes. His wife cried, "Oh, Louis . . ." and in exactly the same tone: *"Didn't* I put in any fruit-knives?" Bessie had dropped her sandwich on her frock and was tense from head to foot, stony, glazed. Withdrawn, with a plate of plenty, Uncle Marshall's bulk propped itself against a sapling while he ate and studied the scene. "A magnificent spectacle," he said, around an olive. This was the picnic. The silent blaze of noon bathed them; but the sun seemed to come from one plane and the wind from another; and color—green, blue, and color of water—from a third plane; and then there was consciousness issuing from another plane—and all these planes met and passed and intersected, permeating one another, so that the hollow scene of the little alcove in the grove was an airy mass resembling beryl or chrysoprase, made of infinite planes; and every plane might be infinitely extended, to mingle with space and with still stranger manifestations. Especially the consciousness of the picnic party, a consciousness which being one was yet lightly crystallized, so that no consciousness was quite articulate but was held, caught, netted in indefinable substance that shut off one from another, prisoning them as light and color and wind were prisoned and conditioned. And it was so that the Manchesters and the Ballons had moved through The Dells—not once able to flow into and mingle with Artists' Glen and Cold Water Canyon and Witches' Gulch.

After lunch they stretched on the warm grass, save Aunt Phœbe, who strayed about. Marfa lay, eyes closed, body singing in the warmth. She thought, "This is heaven—a little," and then knew that this singing was not made of the warmth and beauty and ease of that hour, but made of a background of Marcus Bartholomew. She thought: "He is not like the man I want to love." However, nothing within her seemed to hear these words. Uncle Marshall stared at a cotton cloud and said, "When I was a boy I used to want to live in the country," and this sentence seemed to have for him a spell, for he repeated it and stared about, amazed that he was fifty-odd and a wholesale jeweller in town. "The country," he said, "the country." You saw spangled pastures and fall fields. You saw miles of gray empty road and rich apple-trees with ladders. His wife said, "Too many milk-pans," and walked about. Bessie was drying the sandwich filling off her skirt, and Marfa said: "You and Ben look alike." Where was Ben? They wondered idly. He had gone as a star sinks, and no one had noticed.

Mrs. Manchester now had the basket repacked, and Mr. Manchester had dug out a bit of rock which looked pre-Cambrian, he said, and every one asked, "What's that?" and didn't listen. They made a movement to go, generated in the particles, one would say, for no one proposed going—a kind of explosion of time-to-go after a smooth flow of merely staying. Where was Ben, though? His father called him—a sonorous "Ben!" In the pause which followed, the little grove moved its leaves innocently, their shadows flowed and formed, and the boughs feathered in the wind as if they were drawn through water. A sewing-machine bird stitched in the stillness. "Oh, Ben!"

Ben. They expected him, hardly looked for him, followed a vague trail among bracken and wild geranium. They expected him, he would disengage his shadow from oak trunks and move toward them. They crossed a place where the wintergreen was thick, and they thought about wintergreen, moss, a hickory-tree, a boulder. Mrs. Ballon said her feet were giving out. "Where's Ben?" she inquired irritably. "Oh, Ben!" his father called. Still they looked among the near trees. "Ben!" Now they looked farther away, peered, mistook for him an alien picnicker. "Ben!" Now they looked at one another.

The trail ran down to the water, grass slippery, sandstone teasing the soles. Where was the boy? There was the launch, rocking and dipping at its rotting pier. The steamboat whistled—the *Dell Queen* far down at the Narrows. Now Ben would come running to leap in the launch, and be rocked in the wake of the big boat. They reached the pier, handed in the baskets, the lolling guide came from under his cap and cut loose. They looked up and down the river, green and glossy in the sun, black and surfaceless under the shore rocks. Nothing was sinister. A wren was singing. "Ben!"

A voice came up-river, hardly more than the voice of a picnicker at play. Another voice, voices, one thin and lifted like a blade. Then a voice slashing out of the clamor in great gouts of tone, the indrawn breath flowing like blood: "Help, help, help."

Ben's voice. From a jut of rock his bobbing head. An arm upthrust, wild, taut, angled. Then the water covered them. . . . Ben's head, Ben's arm, Ben's voice. The launch—put it about—Ballon's heavy body rolling into it, he shouting to the guide, "Quick! God! Quick!" and to the others: "Don't come." The nose of the launch wheeled leisurely—it knew its business, it was a picnic launch, a holiday launch, it wheeled leisurely. The voices, black figures on that lip of white beach, black figures hurling themselves into the water. Then another voice—the guttural of the *Dell Queen*, coming up-river, coming round the green bend. And in its path, for the second time, that head, that upthrust arm. And then that torn voice choking from Ben's throat.

Two black figures dived. The *Dell Queen* passed, majestic, preoccupied, complacent. Her passengers shouting at the rail were like ants on a sleeping animal. In the wake of slashing foam once more Ben's white face showed not like a face at all. The brown launch was a big boat's length away, the two divers rose and beat about and dived again. The brown launch was there, on the very spot. Foam and bright slapping waves, and gradual quiet. The dream of the diving and the cries ashore went on. These confused shouts came to the Manchesters and the Ballons, huddled on the gay green shore. They moved and rocked their bodies and their arms. But Marfa stood bent forward staring at the river. She was more calm than the others, saying, when it was all over: "It couldn't happen. Such a thing . . . you see, it isn't possible . . . why, we all came up here together. Wait . . . wait . . . you'll see . . . it couldn't happen. . . ."

A cottage at The Pines chanced to be lying vacant, and the women huddled in there, hearing the shouts of the searchers, hearing the campers who passed the door and said: "They're in there—his folks are." Ballon and Manchester were down with the men who were beginning to drag the river. Their shouts rose to the cottage, and as the dark fell, their torches and flash-lights trembled on the opposite shore, white on the green, white among the broken rhythms of the leaves This cottage had two small rooms and a wide fireplace, there were cretonne and reed, and story magazines; it was a small gay place equipped for leisure and happiness, and not for four women, pale, moving little, peering out at the river, and retreating when the campers passed. Of these, several came to the veranda, inquiring, offering; and Marfa saw them and said, "Nothing, thanks, nothing," and heard them tell how it had happened: When a person didn't know the river, when a person didn't realize how deep it was and how cold. . . . And "Is it deep?" Mrs. Ballon asked in a voice without substance. Apparently relieved to have some definite service to give her, some definite information to impart, the campers told how very deep it was: Fifty feet, some had heard, with the water raised from twelve to twenty feet after the dam went in . . . a shame, too, they added, covering up so much river-bank; but some said you could go into places in the rocks where you couldn't go before . . . yes, and the young man dived right in where the bathers mostly didn't go, but nobody told him. Nobody noticed him. He went into a quiet place account of no bathing-suit. The first *they'd* heard, they were in the pavilion, having a game, was his scream, just after the boat whistled, and they hadn't thought anything of it till he screamed the next time, and then they'd seen his head. They asked questions about Ben, and Marfa answered—since the others were crying; but Mrs. Manchester kept saying: "To think it happened when he was our company. And I almost wrote you not to come, on account of my nervousness. . . ." The kindly campers now told Marfa that it seemed so sad, because these cottages were mostly used by brides and grooms—a couple had just gone out that morning. And now this poor young man—they looked at the long reed couch as if his body were lying there. They went away, saying: If there *was* anything . . .

Marfa went out on the little porch. The Norway pines, very slender, swayed against the late yellow of the west, pale above the black shore. It was a home of whippoorwills and they were calling, their three-toned notes pulsing together, or in a broken synchrony Below the Narrows the *Dell Queen* whistled and presently passed—its fore-lamps silvering the water, its decks unlighted and ghostly; and the touching of strings and the laughter of the people not ceasing, since no one knew that the boat was churning over the spot where they were dragging for Ben. Far up the river the Winnebago music began—some Indians, taught to give again their tribal dances for the tourists. Their red fires blazed above the trees where they posed against the rocks, the tom-toms beat, and the strange high voices patted on the air their monotonous exhaustless cry. Marfa heard them, heard the music and laughter of the retreating boat, the shouts of the men resuming their search, the sobs and shaken words of Ben's mother, of Bessie; her own mother's self-accusation, and the whippoorwills. She thought: "Mama's absurd. Doesn't she remember that it was I who insisted on The Dells? Mama wanted to go to Madison so she wouldn't have lunch to put up. It was I who wanted to come to The Dells. It was I who did this to Ben. . . . I killed him, just as much as I killed Paul. . . ."

Luna sat in the strip of garden. Marfa saw her, long and pale, doing nothing, turning an expressionless face as she heard her sister coming toward her. Luna began to speak: "It isn't as if I'd urged against it. If I'd only spoken, I shouldn't feel to blame. But I did no more than suggest your going to Madison instead. Something told me Madison, but I didn't urge it. It's I that am to blame as much as you." Marfa sat down in the green right angle made by two garages greenly vined, and said: "A week ago to-morrow they came for their visit. A week ago to-day at this time they were on their way, happy. Yesterday after the funeral, when I was waiting for my taxi, I thought about them, starting off, leaving that house. Then they came here and I was here and I killed Ben. . . ." "Marfa!" "I did. I insisted on The Dells—you know yourself that I did, again and again. I don't know why. I wish I hadn't. . . ." She felt like a little girl, felt pitiful and little. She thought, "Marcus Bartholomew would sympathize with me," and asked: "No one came—no one telephoned to me while we were gone?" Luna said absently and as if, in the glare of the tragedy, no other light, candle, or star could matter, that there had been a call from town, that a number had been left on the back of the pad; and went on dully with her remembrance: "I know when you first said 'Dells' something caught me, said for you not to go. Why didn't I listen? I didn't listen." Marfa said, "Luna, you're just as you were about Paul Barker . . ." all the time getting up and moving away, thinking about the pad with the number on its back. Luna sat up tensely, raising her body all together, as a dead body is raised, and said sharply:

"There's something else. Do you remember Mona? Mona Bradley?" Marfa thought. Against a blur of inner forms and surfaces there emerged a sallow skin and scanty hair. "The one I found to do the cleaning . . ." "She said she was going in the country. You persuaded her to come and clean here, and she lost the country job. She was working here when somebody came about the lights, she said—and took her out, and then they were married. Marfa—he's been sent to the house of correction for something—Mona was here, with her two babies. She said she knew it wasn't our fault, but she wondered if we'd help her. . . ." Marfa said: "Our fault! I should think not—just because she met the man on the premises." Luna continued to look at her. "But you urged her to stay and clean—or she'd have been safe in the country. . . ." Marfa called this ridiculous and moved on up the path, and Luna stopped her with: "The babies, though, Marfa—skinny little things. They're alive—they're alive! They began to be because of us. . . ." "That's morbid," said Marfa. "But if Mona'd gone in the country to the Strongs—you can't tell. She might be married to Bud Strong. . . ." Marfa laughed, said she wasn't God, spoke angrily, and then laughed. Luna got to her feet, moved before her in the path, asked: "Marfa, try to remember. When you met Mona and persuaded her to stay and work for us, did you feel all right about doing that? Or did you feel—well, guilty? . . ." Marfa cried impatiently that she didn't remember, that she must telephone, that Luna mustn't be silly; and ran away to the house. At the porch door she looked back. Luna stood still in the path. Luna was looking slightly upward, as if great dim walls were closing her in, as if she stood in a place of twilight while high walls of the darkness, like fog, extended up save in her little area of the clear. The garden flowers showed massed and papery, blue, white, blue. A leaking hose gurgled in the grass. All these seemed fluid and arbitrary, as if a word would dissipate their arrangement and occasion other relationships. All these seemed not fixed and physical, but abstract, mental, so that like acts and occasions, marriage and birth and death, the things of the garden might lose their certainty and flow, the one within another, at a word. Marfa looked, wondered, and hurried away to the pad with a number on the back.

It was his number. She was to call him, at his office, before six o'clock. And she had reached home in time, but no one had remembered to tell her. Now she must wait until morning to know what he wanted. She felt irritation at Luna, who had not told her; at the maid in the kitchen, who might have taken the number; and she went to the kitchen, for the pleasure of the only available emotion, and asked Erralee sharply why she was not given her telephone calls, making the plural enhance her grievance. The black maid in the bright kitchen, the clean paint, the enamel, the odor of oilcloth, the grinding of a food-chopper, the ticking of the wooden clock, these gave her the peace of home, of routine, of the familiar, and she smiled.

The smile included a slim beautiful brown girl who was turning the chopper—Marfa looked at her, seeing her beauty, pathos, shyness, hope, despondency, while Erralee poured out halting, forced words—curious words to be tearing through the bright safety of the kitchen: Words about a tragedy which had left this girl, Effie, with no one but Erralee to look to, a girl with the longing to learn, to "make herself sumfin'," the woman said over and over. Her voice rose in a chant, rose and beat wildly and awkwardly about the kitchen, among the stereotyped blue dishes and the tinware. In this crystallized, set, and certain air her voice was like a cry from a dark planet, hanging invisibly below the safe earth and sending up its plaint and plea: "Less'n she get away from me, she cain't nevah make herself sumfin'." The girl herself lifted to Marfa eyes of anguish and stood motionless beside the food-chopper, said, "Yes'm, school somewheres"; said: "Yes'm, for to teach my folks." Marfa replied, quite kindly, that she would see what she could think of, received the shock of the black woman's thanks, saw the dumb cry in the face of the brown girl, and left the kitchen. But she was thinking: "This Effie—no. I've had enough of doing things to people's lives. I don't *dare* help her. I don't dare. . . ." The telephone rang and her heart beat; but it was only a neighbor, saying that she had been away and had just heard of their trouble and wondered if there was anything . . . Marfa thought: "She doesn't know I took Ben to The Dells and drowned him." She sat in her room, remembering Ben, weeping. In the midst of a passion of tears she looked again at the memorandum torn from the back of the pad. Perhaps he had said eight. When she saw that it said six, she wept again.

Early the next morning Mr. Manchester was about, beginning to pack his old black portmanteau, beginning to make a list. His wife told him not to be silly, that even if he went, those old shirts wouldn't do, but he kept on, packing and assembling. Marfa said: "Mother, don't. Don't you see that he's just glad to be doing something that he knows about instead of seeing Ben dead?" "I'd be ashamed," cried Mrs. Manchester, as if it were bad enough for her, as hostess, without being reminded of it. Her parents kept accidentally haunting the two telephones. At last Marfa went boldly to the one in the upper passage and called Bartholomew's number. Her mother said: "Papa may be able to feed the family, but he never can meet your long-distance bills."

Again he was on the wire, as if he had been waiting. And when she heard his voice Marfa also heard her own, quite as impersonally, crying: "I must see you—I must see you!" In her tone were all the tension of her terror as she had looked on Ben, Ben in the water, Ben carried in, Ben in his coffin. She remembered his tie, as she remembered Paul Barker's tie; those curiously living ties, in the coffins. "Any time . . . anywhere!" she answered Marcus Bartholomew. "I'll drive over to-night," he said, and then, as if he had thought of this before: "I suppose you wouldn't want to come across the bridge to meet me—at about seven?" She said of course, and that one couldn't talk there at home. She cared not at all who heard her, but no one appeared to be noticing her, for her mother, from the stairs, was asking her father if he expected to go to China with two collars.

She passed his door and he called her—"Pussy." She went in, veiling her distaste for the name. Her father turned from the bed where his things lay in little piles, and he held her by both arms. "His effects," she thought. "These look like his effects." He was looking shrunken, harrowed, white. "Marfa," he said, "don't feel so bad about Ben. I know you proposed The Dells, but it might have been the same in Madison." She said: "Don't try to comfort me, father. We both know." His eyes dilated somewhat and he thrust forward his head. "You mean, you still think you killed him?" She nodded—a gesture which might have been an assent to a request to be confirmed about a telephone number. Her father fingered her collar. "I hate to go away and leave you feeling like this—knowing there's something in it, too. Not as much as you think, but something." She looked puzzled: What did his going or not going have to do with it? "Daughter," he said, "would *you* rather I wouldn't go?" She looked up at him. "Say the word," he said, "and I won't go and leave you, now this has come on you."

She regarded him, lightly frowning. "What would that have to do with it?" she asked.

His arms dropped like weights and he turned away. "I didn't know but it would," he muttered. Something pushed at her uneasily from within. She had been honest, direct, as he would have had her be, yet something pushed and clawed at her, as if she had committed a mortal act. She looked at her father's back as he went on laying out cravats. "I couldn't have you staying at home on my account," she said. "But I wish you would on your own." He said: "I thought you talked before Bartholomew as if you didn't want me to go." She blushed, said only: "I wasn't used to the idea then." He muttered, "No. It's settled. I understand," and went on counting his cravats. She left the room, her mind saying that she had been sensible and direct, but something within her continuing to claw.

She stood in the passage and looked at a torn place in the paper, high up. "Is there something in me that wants to act differently from the way I act?" she wondered. This she dismissed as improbable. She went down the stairs, her hand passing smoothly over the rich soapy smoothness of the walnut handrail. "Then am *I* that, or am I the one that acts so?" she wondered. She stood in the door, looking out into thick green, thick sun, all slow and thick and golden. "Then which one was it that killed Paul and Ben?" she asked aloud.

Her mother's voice called from an inner room. "Raspberries," she was saying, with something more; and again: "Raspberries."

The telephone tinkled, and at her "Yes?" a leisurely voice came: "This is Max Garvin. I have some fine calendulas in bloom—I wondered if I might cut some and bring those books to your father to-morrow night . . . this is Miss Marfa, is it not?" She wondered how he knew that, pictured his lean lounging length at the telephone, saw his garden, his bunch of calendulas already in his hand. There had been only that glimpse of him, when Marcus Bartholomew's car had stopped at the Garvins' door on Sunday morning; since when she had not once thought of him. But now she felt pleasure that he had called, had recognized her voice. She was aware that Luna came through the passage, paused, wavered, hovered near. Marfa heard herself saying:

"Yes, indeed you may. Or couldn't you get over to-night, Mr. Garvin?"

"Delighted to come to-night," he amended. "I'll motor over toward eight."

She thought: "Why on earth did I say to-night? It was precisely as if something in me spoke for me, and not I at all." She stared about the passage as if it too, like herself, held another, an unsuspected aspect; but no, the passage presented a single front and kept the faith—rack, rail, and rug. "Still," she thought, "to look at me, one would not suspect that some one else inhabits me—some one who utters unexpected words." Once more she wondered: "Or am I in there, in me, safe enough—but this outside, this skin and bone, speaks up without consulting me. . . ." She was aware of Luna at her elbow, a shadow, saying irritably: "Why did you tell him to come to-night? I'm too tired to dress. I wanted to tell you not to leave it at to-night." Marfa looked critically in her vanity-case, found that outside aspect singularly to her liking, and rouged her cheeks. "The raspberries are getting poor now," she heard her mother going on.

But when Marfa had left the house, had gone through the town, had crossed the bridge, had entered the long tourmaline corridor of the river road and saw Bartholomew's car standing under a locust, the thick crouched figure of Bartholomew himself regarding the river, her mood toward him had changed, she was annoyed at his having asked her to meet him there.

"Well?" she said quietly when they met.

"I know," he said, "I've seen the papers. Horrible for that to happen to you—a guest in your house. . . ."

"Even if I hadn't killed him," she put in.

To his incredulity she opposed her explanation, added the story of Paul Barker, offered all this with her curious adult quietude.

He stared at her, and instead of the sympathy for which she was bidding, he said only: "You must understand this. You live no emotional life. You're making up your quota by pretending to yourself these crimes." And this she burst out about in angry denial. He didn't understand, she said many times. "A murderer gets a great kick," he defended, "for a little while. You're after that vicarious kick. No—not vicarious, real. You are pretending reality and stealing the kick, to make up to yourself. Surely you see that?" She cried: "But it is the truth that matters, whatever I feel! Well, the truth is that I've led both these boys to their deaths." "Once," said Bartholomew, "they would have called that morbid. Now I'm inclined to think it's a signally healthy sign. You poor little starved creature. . . ."

She beat at him with a tumult of words. The river ran glassy and yellow, silken waves and silken light, velvet sand-bar, jewels cresting the water movement. Upon the air the tumult of her words fell with no more effect than upon the slow fabrics of the water, the sand, and the leaves. "That's not morbid, that's healthy," was all that he said.

She cried: "Morbid! That's what Luna is! Luna thinks that I'm to blame for Mona Erralee. I asked Mona Erralee to stay and clean when she was going in the country—she stayed for a half-day—met a man and married him. Now he's gone to the house of correction—there she is, with her two sick children. Luna says all this is my fault, because I asked her to stay and clean for that half-day. It isn't my fault—that's ridiculous."

Bartholomew said cruelly, and without the grace to turn away his eyes: "There's no kick in that. Nothing clean-cut and terrible, like murder. Nothing but compassion for the mess."

She sat down on the green by the river. He remained staring at the current. She began to cry out brokenly against what he had said. He said no more, let his former words hang in the silence.

"Why did you think I said that I must see you?" she demanded at last.

"For the same reason that I wanted to see you," he answered.

She cried: "I wanted comfort, in this terrible situation in which I find myself."

He protested: "You wanted the emotion of blaming yourself and having me defend you. Well, I do neither. I know what is affecting you. Your life is nothing. Come and make it something with me. . . ."

She cried furiously: "What a way to make love! Do you think I can love anybody who pulls to pieces my motives like that?"

He said: "My dear girl, I've not said much about love. I don't think that the attraction which pulls at us is enough for that. Can't you face things honestly, without the decorations that the rest of the world needs?"

"What do you propose, then?" she asked curiously.

"Europe, I'd say—when the party goes to China."

The sun shone full on him, the square figure, the thick face, the scar on the upper cheek. "What a man," Marfa thought. "He is ugly, uninteresting, stupid, cruel. Why am I here with him?" She rose.

"Let's drive back to the house," she proposed. "All this used to amuse me. Now I'm not amused unless I'm in earnest. Anyway, Mr. Garvin is going to drive over. . . ."

She moved toward his car. He came beside her, his grasp on her arm hurt her.

"We've had no time," he said. "There'll be no time before we go—the expedition. Do you realize that if I go then, when I come back we'll have nothing? It'll all be over—rubbed out by the distance and by time. What we have may not be enough—but what *is* enough? This is more than most. It devils me and it devils you. Marfa, let's gamble with it. Marfa! Ask me not to go to China."

She stared at him. "That's what father said—should he stay behind. He left it to me—you leave it to me. I'm to say the word!" She laughed. "You don't leave it to me, really—you are getting your fun in seeing whether I believe you. Well, I don't." He said gravely: "On my honor. If you ask me to stay, I'll stay." She looked at him, thought: "I like this man better when I'm not with him." She got into his car. "No," she said, "I'll give you no excuse to stay at home. They always want to back out, on the brink of expeditions!" "The expedition," said he, "be on your head."

As they came to the veranda Mrs. Manchester announced querulously, "Erralee has been asking for you, Marfa. Every five minutes. Would you mind seeing what she wants?"—and began to tell Mr. Bartholomew about her kitchen troubles, her garden troubles, her digestive tract. Marfa went through to the kitchen and found Erralee with the brown girl Effie. "Oh, Miss Marfa," Erralee began, her eyes, her head, her lips rolling, "Effie, she got to give her word tonight for a good job cooking. Effie, she say she go ef'n she don't go to school. Miss Marfa, I got fif' dollars she can have for school, but she say it won't send her. I don't see how come fif' dollars won't send her. Miss Marfa, ef'n you help her out, I'll work it out with your ma." Marfa stood staring at Effie, the beautiful brown creature, her face rich in shadow, lustrous in light, her eyes like Spanish eyes, her figure, her grace, her startled look all exquisite. That girl, set at large in the city, limited only by the only school open to her . . . "I cannot risk it, Erralee," said Marfa with decision. "I cannot decide her life for her like that." "You *are* decidin' it, Miss Marfa, ef'n you don't help her to go," said Erralee low. "That is absurd," said Marfa sharply. "I'm sorry—you both know that. But I can do nothing to interfere in the course of Effie's life." "Yes'm," said Effie, and slipped from the door into the other shadow. Erralee left the room, muttering; her muttering, the other's silence, and vanishment, the abrupt sharp silence of the kitchen, smote on Marfa like powerful positives. She thought, "What have I done?"—remembered how often she had thought that, felt the strong urge to return to the veranda. "This is nothing," she said aloud. "Nothing at all."

On the veranda her father and Mr. Bartholomew, with bright eyes, were discussing the transportation of light luggage in the interior of China. Marfa said a preoccupied good night and left them. Marcus Bartholomew called after her: "You would better ask us to stay at home, Miss Marfa."

As she crossed the hall some one came running up the steps. A messenger, a telegram for Mr. Manchester. At once, and before he had opened the envelope, Manchester cried out: "It's Garvin!" And it was Garvin; or it was an orderly at the hospital where Garvin lay, his car having collided with a truck a short distance from the Manchesters' house.

Marfa lay in the darkness. Not only Paul Barker and Ben, she thought; but now Mr. Garvin, with his legs broken and an injury to his back. Two men dead, one man perhaps crippled, because of her quite careless suggestions. Suppose Mr. Manchester was right and that Mona Erralee's wretched life and the existence of her miserable children were likewise traceable to light words of her own. "Can you stay and clean this morning, Mona?" . . . and there hung Mona's miserable life and there stood the two blue-lipped children alive, alive—with blue-lipped progeny of their own to follow. What did one make of a world like that, wherein a chance word bred death, misery, existence, futures?

Now she saw a room done in green, with books on the walls. She was there, at nineteen, and Lina Burrell. The fire was low, an ash, breathing flame. "Stir the fire, Lina," she had begged. She remembered the languorous movement, the snap and glitter, the cry, the recoil of Lina's body. Long weeks for Lina in a darkened room, who then emerged and lived her years, the left eye smooth and sightless—because of the spark that had flashed from the gray ash and had cut the pupil, left gray and ashen too. "Stir the fire, Lina . . . stir the fire, Lina." Over the fire in that fireplace spread an Adirondack lake, oily and sullen. And while the house-party weighed going out in the yacht, she—Marfa—had cried a gay affirmative and they had yielded. At four that afternoon, when they had made the pier, storm-beaten and terrified, it was with the news that the cook, a fine Swedish lad, had been washed overboard. . . . Grave or gay, accusing or withdrawn, other lads came by her eyelids—and of them she would not think—boys who had loved her and whom she had pierced through their open hands. Yet a refusal that she did not wholly mean—a promise that she had not kept—a love that had cooled—were these mortal sins? And why then had lives torn or thwarted led so straitly from her lips? . . . There was a neighbor's child who carried on his cheek the mark of the fangs of a wolfhound, because she had taken the baby into her car one day. . . .

All these evils were of her creation. And she had meant to be so right.

"Paul, let's go to see Stella." "Oh, let's decide on The Dells." "Stay and clean this morning, Mona." "Stir the fire, Lina." "A sail—let's go for a sail!" "I love you." "I don't love you." "Do you want to go with me in the car, darling?" and "Oh, Mr. Garvin, bring the calendulas to-night!" But these were not sins. These were innocencies of routine. These were nothing.

Early next morning she went to the hospital. Max Garvin was in the operating-room. She sat for an hour waiting for news of him, and went away with the word that it might be a matter of months before he would walk again.

"You see," she explained to her family tersely at lunch, "he wanted to come here to-night. It was I who changed his plans. I am responsible for what's happened. . . ."

Luna leaned forward, her hands tense on the cloth. "You don't know," she said wanly, "I came through the passage—I heard what you said to him. Something told me not to let you leave it at last night, but I disobeyed. I said nothing. It is I who am to blame."

"Luna, how idiotic!" Marfa cried hotly.

"It was I—you must see that it was I," Luna insisted.

"How can you be so stupid. . . ."

"It was most certainly I. . . ."

Mr. Manchester interposed. "Anybody," he said, "would think you girls got something out of having smashed Garvin's legs."

They exclaimed against their father with indignation, and reverted to the dull round of their lives; to their mother saying that she knew the raspberries wouldn't be good so late, and they weren't.

When she was first admitted to see Garvin, Marfa spread a mass of lemon lilies on his bed, and told him tensely that it was she who had done all this to him. "Nonsense," he said; "trucks are everywhere. I picked out that one—that's all. I hoped you'd come to see me."

She regarded him. This was not Garvin of his own door-step, as she had seen him between rhododendrons and the cut-leaf birch. Here was a being robbed of his mask, of his "side," his tension; here was one lax, without defenses, idle, absent, drained of some of his power to be an *I*.

She sat down by his bed and looked at him, across the lemon lilies. The bluish unshaven face, the eyes drawn deeper by shadow, the faintly ironic mouth—Garvin. She had hardly heard his name until the day, less than a week ago, when she had met him. She had seen him briefly, had thought of him not at all, had heard his voice over the telephone, had settled his fate. Garvin. There he was. Alive, sentient, breathing; and, by her, bound. She felt stupefaction; she heard him saying: "The way you press your hands together and keep looking about the room—are you in pain because you think I'm in pain? I'm not, you know. I'm stiff, but normal." She said dully: "If I had let you bring the calendulas to-night instead of last night . . ." He laughed. "Oh, for that matter, if the calendulas hadn't bloomed so early this year! You and God and the sun and the rain. . . . And then, of course, if the truck hadn't been so late in getting home. He'd broken down, I believe, and then started up and came round the corner smartly in a hurry for his dinner. If the truck manufacturer had done a better job—well, you see!" "But," she said, "I see that all that would have mattered nothing, save for my proposal amending yours. . . ." He frowned: "Don't be absurd. Everybody does those things. It's nothing that one can help . . . all at once." By those words she was abruptly caught, and she turned to him swiftly, as if he had spouted up some giant fountain of fire. "All at once?" she asked. "What does that mean?" "It means that you are not to blame yourself in the least," he said gently. "Talk to me about your flowers." But she had no idea of talking about flowers. She began: "All night I've thought of the shocking things that I've done to people through chance words. Why, there was a boy whom I urged to go to Chicago, gave him letters, dozens of them, arranged a place for him to stay with some friends of mine. He got into work, got into trouble, went insane—I tell you, insane. Well, who did that to him?" "You mustn't be morbid," said Garvin; "you're far too pretty." Marfa hardly heard him. "They came to me all night, processions of catastrophes that I've brought down on people." Her voice dropped and she closed her eyes: "Do you know that I once tried to get a prisoner paroled—a man who had served in a state's prison an endless term, for something that now he would have been given only a few years' sentence for. He was on the point of his parole—and I sent a petition signed by some people here, and one of the signers was an enemy of the parole officer. He denied my prisoner's parole—that was six years ago, and for those six years he has me to thank. . . ." "I say," said Garvin, "you *have* got a list. Yours is worse than mine." Marfa regarded him and cried: "Yours! Have you some people like that, too?" "Well, hasn't everybody?" Garvin demanded. "What else is it that gnaws at us all when we wake at three in the morning—what else but regret for the people whom we have made miserable?" "But not everybody!" she cried hopefully. "Everybody save the saints, I'd say. There's no one who hasn't made somebody miserable at some time, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously. I remember . . ." "Tell me!" Marfa cried out, as he paused and looked doubtfully at the lemon lilies. "Well, my mother," he owned. "I was coming home from Chicago on the night before Thanksgiving—coming home for dinner. But the train was late, and I ate dinner on the train. When I got home, there was the turkey and all the rest—she'd prepared the dinner herself and they'd waited. I tried to eat, but she knew. She spoke sharply in her disappointment, and I answered stupidly. I was due to leave next day—and I never saw her again. I expect it's asinine, but that incident has power to torture me. . . ." "Oh," cried Marfa, "but deaths and insanity and prison . . ." She stopped short of cripples. "It'll take you a long time," he seemed to concede. "But what does that mean?" she pressed. "I mean to do my best—I mean to be right! It isn't as if I were willing to do injuries to people, or wrong them at all. I'm not! And yet these hideous things happen just when I'm doing my best." He was silent and she repeated: "What do you mean—about it taking me a long time? And that I can't do it all at once?" He closed his eyes. "Would you read to me a bit?" he asked. "And send the lemon lilies to be put in water?"

She sat reading to him, her lips running over an Italian translation, her mind on her own case. She was a murderer and a monster, a destroyer. . . .

She read:

Some flowers, some clouds, some words
Are masculine and pierce the world,
Begetting poison, tornado and misery,
Peopling the green, the town, and the event
With sorrow.
Peopling the people with seeds of death.
Some flowers, some clouds, some words
Quicken and nourish life
Like a woman.
Destroyer, conserver, let me learn
The uses of man and woman words,
Flowers, clouds, policies, relationships,
And their correspondencies. . . .

Marfa looked over the book. "I am the destroyer," she said. "If I were any of these things, I should be destroying everything that I touch." He looked at her squarely: "Don't disregard this," he begged. "That you have also a genius for giving life. You look like a life-giver." "You don't deny the rest," she cried, "that I'm a destroyer—one of the human race who prey on the rest, when they mean to help them?" He replied gravely: "I don't deny that you are one of those whose good motives seem sometimes to breed evil—no, I don't deny that." "But how do you explain it?" she cried. He lay silent, saying nothing. "Am I a kind of werewolf?" she said, "marked for some fearful future, after I've sent a few more to disaster?" "Don't take it too seriously . . ." he began, but she cried out and rose with a gesture of passion. "It's a curse," she said; "I know that now, since I've talked with you. . . ." "It is not," he said sharply. "How absurd of you—how mediæval. No, indeed. It's a most interesting example of something else." His blue eyes burned up from his pillow. "Come back and let's talk about it. . . ." "It's a curse," she said, "and I mean to run it down!" His weak amused laughter followed her as she left his ward.

On the day that Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew left Old Town to join the main body of the expedition in Chicago, Garvin had his report from the surgeons: the spinal cord severed, paralysis from the waist down. So his life lay before him.

They told Marfa in the waiting-room. She drove her car out to the country, went into a field lying against the sky, trampled the barley in a zigzag path to the crest of the slope. Standing there facing the afternoon, she saw only darkness, and herself against the darkness. She was not thinking of herself now, only of Garvin and his life that lay before him. Her anguish was greater than any that she had suffered. Paul Barker and Ben and the cook, they were at least safely dead; but Garvin had years of suffering to pay for her quite involuntary words. As Lina had her semiblindness, as the child wore the scar, as Mona had her misery. So she came back to herself again.

"God, God, what's the matter with me?" she demanded. "Why do I bring suffering to everybody I touch?"

Her own words came back. "It's a curse. I'm some terrible creature living again. I'm Borgia. . . ."

She lay at the bottom of life as she had known it. Everything had fallen from her. Her father and Bartholomew had gone, her mother and Luna were remote from her; every one else, she told herself, she had killed or brought to wreckage. She had no longer even herself, her lovely, commanding, confident self. She had nothing.

When she went into the house, her mother and Luna spoke to her and she did not answer. When her mother told her that Cousin Malvina Beach had written, wanting her or Luna to come to stay with her, that Luna could not go "on account of the store," and that she would better go, as Cousin Malvina was so rich, Marfa did not answer. For some days she lay on her bed, speaking with utter gentleness; smiling weakly when her mother whispered to Luna that Marfa must be going to die, she was so good.

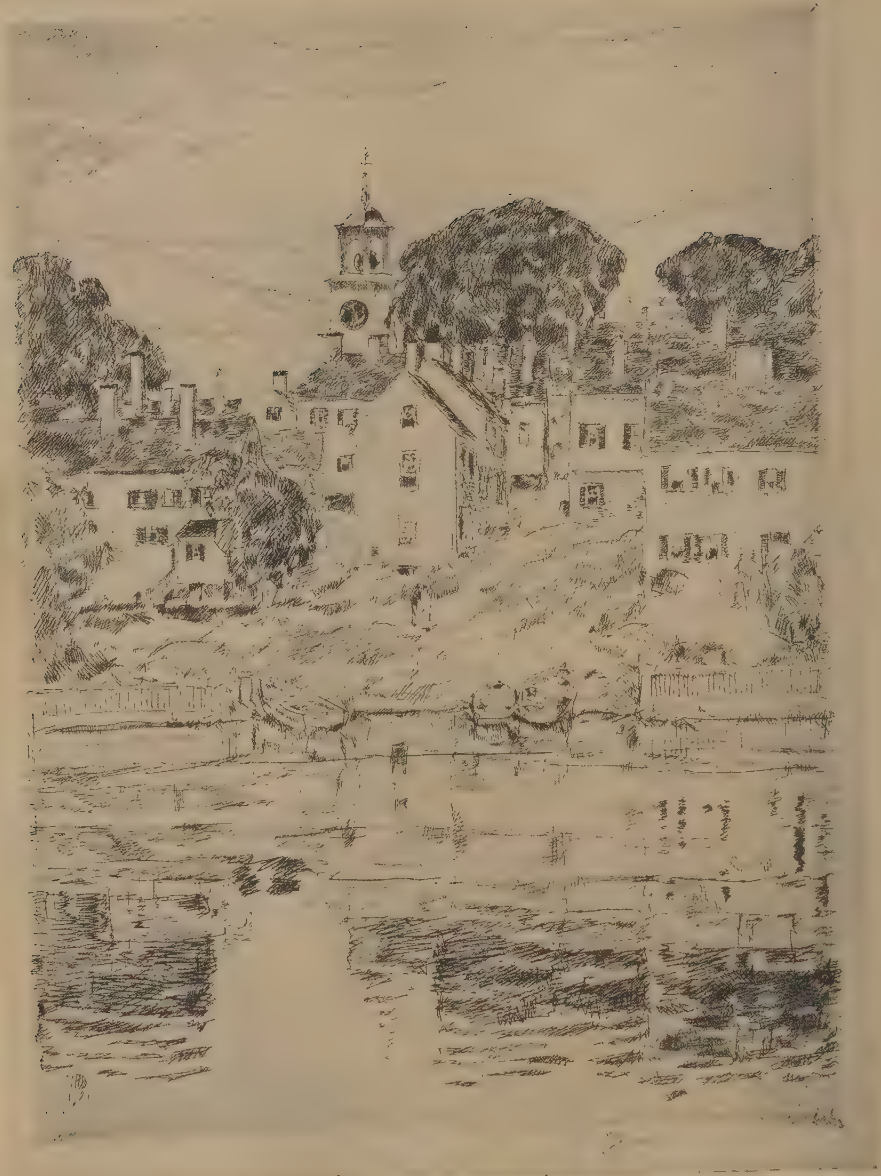
She had a sense of waiting, but nothing happened. No bolt, no light, no word, no shadow. Eventually she got up, went to see Garvin, said little, pierced him by the grief in her eyes, the absence of life in her voice. She seemed drained of all but the habit of motion. He was cheerful, casual, but he dared not comfort her now. At last they sat silent, on the brink of their two abysses.

"I am going to my cousin's for a time," she brought out stiffly, then burst into passionate weeping, went weeping into the corridor. She met Garvin's nurse, who said:

"Now, now, miss—*you* couldn't help his auto accident."

(To be continued.)

* * *



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

Church Tower, Portsmouth, N. H.

—See "The Etchings of Childe Hassam," page 415.

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BY SIR HENRY NORMAN

"A friend is one who knows all about you, and loves you just the same."

Mary Sennot had never been so nervous in her life. Her hand trembled as she held the match to her cigarette. Such a lack of self-control was a new and a painful experience to her. Her marriage, the death of her husband, the birth of her daughter—even the experience which ever afterward she had sought to wipe completely off her memory—had not affected her like this. For, while she had decided to take a step that would vitally change her life, she could not bring herself to feel sure that it was a wise step, that she wanted to take it, or that she might not slip in the act of taking it. She was about to say "yes" to the man who was coming, as she knew, to ask her to marry him.

Lord Delaware was middle-aged in years, yet he had the vitality of younger manhood; a man who had made his mark in many fields of activity—travel, politics, science—he had written a remarkable book on social development as affected by biological research; his opinion on any new controversy, as expressed in his inevitable letter to *The Times,* was always expected and respected; in short, he was one of the personalities of the day. He was a bachelor, but no woman's name had been coupled with his, even in gossip. Mary had known him for years, but of late it had been clear to her that he was seeking to become more than an acquaintance or even a friend, and the effect of this was that she did not feel she knew him well at all. Their recent meetings had placed his desire beyond doubt. She had managed so far to prevent him from saying the committing word, but the last time they had met his emotion had been so strong, and suppressed with so much difficulty, that she realized the moment for her decision could not be much longer postponed.

Of course she did not love him, but she did not attach importance to that. She knew love well, and knew from many experiences that on the whole it made for embarrassment and unhappiness—that its joys were brief and its regrets long. Life without love—without its revelations and its suspicions, its demands and its disappointments, its intoxications and its awakenings—was easier and quieter, and afforded scope for wider impersonal interests. Life with him would be easy and peacefully happy. Dangerous adventures would be ruled out. It would be full of intellectual and social interests. She would know everybody worth knowing at home and abroad. Her salon would be famous and brilliant. He was rich, while her own income, with the taxation and the demands of to-day, was ceasing to meet her needs. Physically he was unobjectionable — perhaps something better. So, turning it over and over in her mind, walking in the sun or communing with her pillow in the dark, she had decided to marry. She did not say to herself "remarry," because her first marriage had left no mark on her and hardly a memory. This decision, she assured herself a dozen times a day, was an act of wisdom, and was irrevocable.

But human nature is dual, which fact explains many of its tragedies. Conscious reason reflects, weighs, and decides; subconscious emotion is wholly indifferent to these superior proceedings and goes unconcerned on its own way to its own goal at the end. So, while the one Mary knew she was right, the other Mary felt she was wrong. While she was satisfied with her wise choice for the future, she was aware, in some half-conscious depth within herself, that she was about to say good-by forever to much that had been joy for her in the past. And as she waited she became horribly conscious of her body under its thin green coverings. It was an apprehensive relief—as when the dentist's servant opens the waiting-room door and invites you up-stairs—when the maid announced him.

He walked straight across to her, took her hand in both his, and pressed his lips long upon it. She noticed how thin the hair was, and streaked with gray, on the top of his head. Middle-aged lovers, she reflected, should keep upright.

"Come and sit down. Shall I ring for tea now, or will you wait a little?"

"Wait, please," he replied. "Quite seriously, I think you are more beautiful every time I see you." He took a leather case from his pocket, opened it, and placed it in her hands. It contained a necklace of delicately tinted pearls. "May I ask you to accept this?" he said.

Mary looked at the pearls gravely. She longed to have them, and hated to take them. "I think they are the most beautiful pearls I ever saw," she said. "Their color is too marvellous." She hung them round her neck and held them up to see them from every angle. "But I'm sorry—you must not give me such a valuable present."

"We'll discuss that later," he said. "I'm very glad you like them so much. I knew you would—I think I know very well what you love—except in one case."

Mary's heart gave an alarmed beat. She sprang up. "Let me ring for tea now."

He put out a hand to detain her. "Do you mind if we don't have tea?—it would seem an interruption. I haven't asked you where Marietta is. I had an amusing talk with her in the park yesterday."

"Oh, she is very well and likes her school so much. She told me how nice you were to her—she is very fond of you."

"I love the child. By the way, do you notice that that curiously shaped red mark on her cheek seems more conspicuous? What is it—a birthmark?"

"Oh, no; the doctor says it is only due to a tiny blocked vein. When she gets a little older I shall have it removed with an electric needle—it can be done in a moment."

"She is going to be a beautiful woman—as beautiful as her mother, if that were not impossible. But I didn't come to talk about her—except indirectly. I came to talk about you—and me." He took her hand again. She said nothing—she was listening to the thumping of her heart.

"Mary, you know I love you—I must have told you so in many ways. You don't know, however, how much I love you. My love for you has become my life. My happiness is bound up with it. But it is a love which places your happiness before my own. Will you trust your happiness to me, and make me happier than I think any man can ever have been? Will you marry me—but not unless you can give me love, too? For my love asks everything of you, as it will give you everything—you understand me—everything?"

Still Mary could not speak. She was so pulled hither and thither by conflicting emotions that no words formed themselves on her lips. She let herself sink into his arms, and her head on his shoulder. He continued to speak, but she did not hear what he said. Her mind was a whirlpool in which memory and doubt and desire and fear chased each other round and round. She had forgotten where she was until she felt him gently turn her head to bring her lips to his. Then she snatched herself away.

"No, no. Not yet. There is so much to say first."

"What can there be to say? Only one little word."

"No, there is very much to say. Don't press me for the word yet. I feel that you don't know me as you should. You think me beautiful, and you love my beauty. You know how much we have in common in thought and taste and interest and view, and you think that is enough for our common happiness. I don't quite know what I mean, or what it is I feel, but somehow I want you to know more about me. I don't feel quite safe yet."

"But I don't want to know more about you. I'm not in love with what you have been; I love and I want to marry what you are."

"Yes, I understand what *you* feel. But I am trying to tell you what *I* feel. You know nothing, for instance, about my marriage."

"I know enough. I know you were married rather suddenly during the war, and that your husband went out to the front and was killed there. I have always supposed your marriage was a mistake."

"It was, but the man I marry again must know the kind of mistake it was. It is rather hard to tell, but can't you understand that I want the man to whom I give myself now to know that I have never—that in my first marriage I did not really give myself at all?"

"Well, of course, if you wish to tell me anything, do so. But remember always that I have not asked for it—that I only ask you to give me yourself as you are."

"I met Pierce at a dance for officers early in 1915. He was what is called a 'typical Englishman.' You never saw him. He was tall, fair, athletic, had been at Eton and Christ Church, hunted in Leicestershire, was the sixth baronet, knew no man whom he didn't call by his Christian name, and was quite sure that the war would end as soon as the cavalry could be pushed up. He expected his regiment to go out immediately, and then, after a few hard weeks, he would, with luck, come back to his club and his hunters and possibly to Parliament."

"I see him. There were many good fellows like him."

"Well, before the evening was half over he was desperately in love with me—I want to be perfectly frank with you. Then he became tragic. The war was a horror. It would last for years. It would call for every ounce of manhood in the nation. Every Englishman's place was in the fighting line. Few would come back. There was nothing to say about it—a man's job was out there, and what happened to him was of no consequence—in the end England must be victorious, as she had always been. Little time was left for any happiness in this world. You know how men talked who felt like that."

"I do, indeed. Small blame to them. Emotions were very near the surface in those days."

"He seemed to me a big, beautiful child. My emotions were near the surface, too. My own little bit of war work kept the war always under my eyes. I had cheered the men in their new khaki marching to Waterloo singing 'Tipperary.' I had cried, as most women did, at the last frantic embraces on the leave platform at Victoria. I thought of this big, gallant fellow galloping, sword in hand, against the Germans at the head of his troop—for me, for England, and I felt sure he would never come back. So when I saw that he wanted me above all things left to him on earth—well, strange as it seems now, it was natural enough then, and when we were sitting out a dance and he kissed me and implored me to marry him, there seemed only one thing to do, and I kissed him back and said I would. We were married in a week." She paused for a moment, and then: "Very soon the conventional view of woman peculiar to his race and class asserted itself. His 'love' was just an athletic Englishman's embrace. He was jolly and friendly and greatly interested in other things than myself. Of course I had soon realized my own foolishness. I knew my surrender for what it was—an act of emotional charity—as one impulsively empties one's purse into a beggar's hat. Not the month we spent together—hardly even a day—had been needed for this revelation."

"Must you tell me all this?"

"Yes—let me finish. Then his call came. He went, not to France with his regiment, as he had expected, but with another unit to Mesopotamia, and I never saw him again, for he died just as I had envisaged him, gallantly and childishly waving his sword at the head of his men. He left me his title and all the money he could dispose of, about a thousand a year, and I put up a tablet to him in his country churchyard, with the arms of his regiment above his name and the usual text from Job underneath it. . . . But this is what I really want to tell you: I was extremely sorry—for *him*, not in the least for myself. It was dreadful to think of that abounding life, full of so many possibilities of simple pleasure, being snuffed out like that. I did not dare to think of myself—if I had, my feeling would have been one of relief, and that would have been horrid. I expect by now you are thinking me a heartless beast, anyway."

"Indeed, I'm not. I understand it

all perfectly. My feeling is one of real sympathy for you."

"Thank you. You are very understanding. But I still haven't got quite to the point. It is this: my whole experience of marriage soon shrank to a mere incident—or less. When I came out of mourning I often found myself wondering if it had ever really happened. I usually know myself very well indeed, but I could never understand how marriage could leave me so wholly unaffected—even physically so, it seemed. I felt myself to be exactly the same as before it happened. The gates of time had shut together, as it were, and when sometimes my thoughts strayed to the many men I had known, and how well I had known them, my husband of a month played no part in my memory. It may seem incredible to you—it may seem heartless—but it is true. That is what I want you to realize."

"I can't tell you how touched I am that you should tell me this. It is infinitely good and dear of you. I shall be grateful all my life. . . . Then he was in Mesopotamia a long time—he never saw his child?"

"Yes—no. I forget how long he was there—my memory is naturally not very clear to-day. He could have had leave once and come home—but he didn't. As the men there were without leave, he didn't think it fair to take leave himself. Anyhow, whatever his reason was, he didn't come, and he never saw Marietta. . . . What am I thinking of? Of course he died before she was born."

"Oh, I see, I hadn't understood that. Poor fellow!"

"Yes, but I made him happy while it lasted—I gave him what he wanted. He never knew how I saw my own terrible mistake. He never realized how thankful I was when he went out. He never guessed that his departure meant freedom for me—that it gave me myself back again. Understand that—and sympathize a little with *me,* too."

"Of course I do. Yours was one of the great personal sacrifices women made in the war, and that men never appreciated for what they were. . . ." He drew nearer to her. "Now, that's all you wished to tell me, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is—I don't know."

"Then"—taking her hand—"listen to me now. What you have told me has of course touched me deeply, but it has nothing to do with what I came to say to you to-night. It only makes you seem to me more brave, more truthful, even than I thought you. You are now more than ever to me the best woman in the world. I love you—as you well know. I trust and respect you infinitely. To make you happy and keep you happy would be the greatest happiness I can imagine for myself. Can you give me that happiness? Will you be my wife?"

Mary looked straight in front of her for a moment, with grave face and wide-open eyes. Then she turned and looked at him. "I wonder," she said.

"What do you wonder?"

"I wonder if I should. I wonder if I should be happy, and so make you happy. I wonder if your love for me would always last, whatever happened. I want to say 'yes,' but I wonder if I ought to risk it. Are you sure you have understood all about me?"

"Of course I understand all about you. You have told me all that matters in your life. What on earth is there to risk—if only you love me a little in the way I love you so much?"

"I am not sure what love can be for me in the future. Don't imagine I doubt my affection for you. I am not thinking of that at all. But life is so uncertain—things jump at you so from round corners—you never know—oh, dear, I wish everything wasn't so difficult!"

He drew her toward him and took her in his arms. She laid her head on his shoulder, turning her face from him.

"Nothing is uncertain for us, my dear," he said, "except life itself. Nothing shall jump at you. There shall be no difficulties—nothing but happiness. We know each other too well for any doubt. Only trust me, as I trust you. Now is it 'yes'?"

Slowly she turned her face toward him. "Very well. I have tried hard to tell you the kind of woman I am. So—yes."

His lips fell upon hers for a moment. Then she sprang up, and walked quickly backward and forward, stretching out her arms. "Let me think what I've done. I'm really going to be your wife? You are really going to be my husband?"

He sprang toward her. "No, no," she exclaimed, "let me belong to myself a little longer. There is so little time left to me." And she continued to walk nervously up and down, while he sat on the end of the couch, watching her with a smile.

The door opened and the maid entered.

"My lady, Mr. Deverill is here."

"Oh, but I told you I was not at home to anybody. How could you be so stupid? Did you tell him I was in?"

"Well, yes, my lady. Somehow he seemed to know."

She turned a white face to Lord Delaware. "I'm horribly sorry. But I'll get rid of him as soon as I can. I haven't seen this man for years and I can't think why he comes now. Show him up. You don't mind?"

"Well, I wish he hadn't come at this moment, but don't worry. I am too happy to mind anything."

"Mr. Deverill, my lady," and a tall, thin, bronzed, good-looking man strode into the room with the air of one who has no doubt of his welcome.

"Mary, my dear, how are you? How good to see you again! You ought to look six years older than when we last met, and you look years younger. And how is Marietta?"

Then he noticed the other man, and Mary introduced them. "Mr. Monkton Deverill, the famous traveller—my friend, Lord Delaware. I am sure you know each other by name."

The two men shook hands formally, and Mary continued: "Where do you come from now? It is years since I even heard of you."

"I have been wandering round Central Asia, exploring and shooting. I had a slight misunderstanding in Bokhara, and so stayed there a good deal longer than I wanted to. I only got back this morning."

"It is kind of you to call so soon. Of course you will be staying in England now? I shall want to hear all about your adventures another time. I'm awfully sorry, but as a matter of fact Lord Delaware has just come to take me to a party, and we have to go at once."

While Mary and Deverill were talking Delaware had stood perfectly still, staring at the other man. Not for an instant had he taken his eyes from Deverill's face since the latter entered the room. The other two became aware of this curious behavior, and there was a moment of embarrassed silence. Delaware turned and looked at Mary. Then he looked at Deverill and again turned to Mary. Then suddenly he raised both hands in a gesture of helplessness, exclaimed, "My God!" and strode straight out of the room, letting the door slam behind him.

"In Heaven's name, what's the matter with the man?" said Deverill. "Has he gone mad?"

But Mary understood. Delaware was a man of acute perception, a trained scientific observer, and she realized, in a flash, that, looking at Deverill's face, he had seen that this man was the father of her child.

Deverill stretched out his arms to her. "Mary, my dear," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? What has happened? Tell me. Are you ill?"

She thrust him from her. "Go!" she cried. "Go away—get out of here!"

"But—Mary—" he said, "what is it? I've come back to you—to both of you—what do you mean?"

"Oh, don't talk," she said, "only go! You were out of my life forever. I only wanted to forget my folly. What did you come back for? I hate the very sight of you. You are less than nothing to me. Go—and never come near me again!" And she ran and pressed the bell-push.

Deverill looked at her a moment irresolutely, and then the maid opened the door. "Good afternoon," he said, and walked out.

When the door closed Mary sank into a chair. Slowly she raised her arms with a deep breath. "That's all over at last," she said slowly. "Thank God!"

With a sudden impulse she ran to the telephone. "Kensington 7051. Is Mr. Farleigh at home? Oh, is that you, John? Mary speaking. I want to speak to you—at once. You once said you would help me at any time. Could you come across for a moment? Thank you. Good-by." She rang the bell. "I'm expecting Mr. Farleigh. When he comes, tell him he will find me in the drawing-room."

"Very good, my lady."

On her table there was a pile of unopened letters, and she began nervously to tear these open, glancing at their contents and throwing them aside. A few minutes later John Farleigh entered.

"Here I am," he said cheerfully. "I'm thankful I was at home. You're in some trouble. Tell me all about it—we'll soon put it right." And he took her hand to lead her to the couch.

"No," she said; "sit over there. I have several things to tell you, and I need your advice. Probably they will be the last things I shall ever tell you."

"Rubbish!"

"Well, you'll see. I must blurt them out, or I could never tell them. Lord Delaware came here to-night and asked me to marry him, and I said I would."

"The deuce you did! What on earth did you do that for?"

"Never mind that—it's off, anyway. And directly afterward the maid let Monkton Deverill in, though I had specially told her I was not at home. He had got back from Central Asia this afternoon and come to see me as soon as he could."

"That was unfortunate. He ought to have known you wouldn't want to see him."

"What do you mean? Well, I introduced them to each other, and Delaware never took his eyes off Deverill's face—you know what an observant creature he is. Then he suddenly understood, and turned and walked right out of the room—and I told Deverill I hated the sight of him and ordered him out of the house."

"Yes? So all that's over."

"Why do you say 'yes' like that? I haven't told you the chief thing yet."

"You have nothing to tell me. It was certainly very clever of Delaware to see so quickly that Deverill was Marietta's father."

"John! Do you mean to say that *you* knew?"

"Of course I knew, my dear. Will you never learn that I know all about you?"

"How long have you known this?"

"Oh, for years—I don't remember how long."

"You've known that I've lied to you about her all this time?"

"Certainly. No intelligent man expects a woman to be always truthful. She simply can't be—the dice of life are loaded too much against her. She must use what weapons she can in self-defense. But you tell many unnecessary lies—at least to me. This was one of them—but it did no harm."

"And you have had this in your mind during all our—relations?"

"Oh, dear, no! I didn't have it in my mind at all. It didn't interest me."

"I don't think I understand," said Mary helplessly.

"No, I see you don't, but it is really quite simple. Whether we like it or not, and in spite of anything we can do, we are all built up upon our past lives. Your past life has made you the woman you are. No woman could be what you are if she had not had experience of almost every side of life—if her life had not held joy and sorrow, and struggle and wisdom, and love and passion, and folly and remorse—if she had not laughed much and shed many tears. Many women such experience destroys. You are one of the very few whom it creates. Therefore to wish that any of your experiences had not been would be to wish you different from what you are. And that, of course, I could never do."

Mary looked at him in long amazement. "John," she said slowly at last, "I think you are the most wonderful man that ever lived."

"Not at all. I am just the man who loves you—loves you more, I think, because he understands you better than any man ever has understood you and loved you, or ever will. Now, as regards those two men. You will not see either of them again. They have passed out of your life—let them pass out of your mind. 'The incident is closed,' as the diplomatists say. . . . Where did you get those pearls from?"

Mary looked down and suddenly realized that she was still wearing the pearl necklace. She snatched it off, and flung it angrily across the room.

"Good," said John. "But it leaves a gap, and that reminds me. Shut your eyes—don't be afraid; you can trust me."

She did so, and he hung round her neck a heavy string of jade beads, with a big flat jade plaque and two curious pendants formed of jade rings on a gilt thread. "There," he said; "all over."

As soon as Mary saw what it was she jumped up and ran over to a mirror. "What a lovely thing! It matches my dress exactly. How extraordinary! Wherever did you find it?"

"It's of no great value. I unearthed it in a Chinese importing-house in a back street in the city, and I saw at once that it was made for you. But I hadn't hoped to be able to give it to you so soon."

"I simply adore it. I never want to

take it off again. I never wore anything that suited me so well. I could look at it for hours. How clever of you to find it! I think I love jade better than almost anything."

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Wear it, my dear, whenever you can, for the Chinese, who know strange secrets, have a proverb: 'Who wears jade, wears joy.' "

"John," she continued, in the tone of subdued fervor usually reserved for the utterances of religion, "now I shall always have to have a green dress to wear it with."

The Vanishing Clergy

BY JOHN RICHELSEN, D.D.

"Frank conclusions with little more than fig leaves left on them" by the pastor of the Kenmore Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, whose "What's Happening in Protestantism" appeared in the July number.

There may be more than one side to most of the present-day exhibits of Protestantism. Viewed from all sides, some seemingly inexplicable facts about the churches become at least half-way understandable. But the clergy problem may be turned around like a worm, and like a turned worm it looks the same on every side. So far as the supply of Protestant clergy is concerned, the latest statistics show the condition to be worse and more of it.

The Protestant clergy supply has vamoosed. A monkey-wrench has been thrown into the machinery which formerly pumped clergy recruits into the ecclesiastical reservoirs. The puffing of high-powered bishops and the snorting of denominational secretaries cannot start even a little trickle where until recently there flowed forth a sizable stream. Every year, now, more clergy are drained out than are pumped in.

Differences of opinion naturally develop when attempts are made to explain the reasons for the existing facts; in this article some frank conclusions will be set forth with little more than fig-leaves left on them. But, first of all, are the facts really clearly established? For the past three or four years occasional voices have cried in the wilderness that the axe was being laid at the root of the clergy supply tree and that unless Protestantism could hand her clergy something else than the sour apples increasingly offered, the tree would soon be cut down and cast into the fire. Such voices hitherto were silenced with renewed hallelujah shouts by the-gates-of-hell-shall-not-prevail-ers. But since the 1927 church statistics have come out even the ecclesiastical calliope-players are being forced to admit that they can no longer drown out the notes of the funeral march which the facts are sounding forth.

The figures presented by Doctor Carroll, whose reliability as statistician of the American churches is unquestioned, display the following freakish facts as the ecclesiastical history of 1927:

DENOMINATION	MEMBERSHIP	MEMBERSHIP GAIN IN 1927	LOSS IN CLERGY FOR 1927
Baptist (14)	8,712,607	41,712	451
Lutherans (20)	2,656,158	67,879	68
Presbyterian (U. S. A.)	1,927,268	18,157	29
United Brethren	413,818	3,454	95
Reformed	553,641	6,617	13
Scandinavian Evangelical	48,590	5,332	20
Unitarian	62,240	3,527	16
Brethren	162,034	5,266	29
Total of above	14,536,356	151,944	721

These bodies represent about one-half of the entire Protestant membership of the country. All religious bodies including Catholics, with gains of 1,211 clergy, show the following facts:

Carroll, 1927: Membership, 48,594,163; gain 1927, 573,723; loss in clergy for 1927, 1,387.

A typical Protestant denomination like the Presbyterian Church (U. S. A.) presents these challenging comparisons for the year 1926 in contrast to the figures for the year 1899:

	1899	1926
Membership	983,907	1,909,111
Contributions	$13,777,717	$61,186,722
Men ordained	267	236
Seminary students	226	179
Ratio seminary graduates to membership: 1 to	4,353	10,664
Ratio of ordinations to membership: 1 to	3,685	8,089
Ratio seminary students to membership: 1 to	1,171	2,202

There is no possibility of ducking the truth shown by this summary of facts:

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (U. S. A.)	MEMBERSHIP	CLERGY
1925	1,873,857	10,017
1926	1,909,111	9,990
1927	1,927,268	9,961

To maintain the ratio of clergy to members as in 1925, there should have been, in 1927, 10,306 clergy instead of 9,961; to maintain the ratio as it existed in 1899, there should have been, in 1927, 14,382 clergy instead of 9,961. This denomination actually had 18 fewer clergy in 1927 than it had in 1921, although it increased in its net membership during that period by 204,907.

Consternation was created when the statistics gathered by Doctor H. K. Carroll for the year 1926 were given out, covering all religious bodies in America, and it was shown that, in spite of the gain of half a million church-members over 1925, there was an actual net decrease of 647 in the number of clergy. Now the statistics for 1927 prove an additional net loss, and this time of 1,387 clergy, a total loss in two years of 2,034 ministers, while there has been a net gain of over 1,000,000 members in the same period.

Also it should be made clear that these losses become far greater if the Catholic Church be taken out of the computation, for this body gained 360 clergy in 1926 and 1,211 in 1927. If these offsetting gains of the Catholic clergy are taken out of the calculation, the remainder of the American religious bodies show a total loss in clergy for the last two years of 3,605.

Some plain unvarnished statements seem justified by these statistics, which are beyond dispute and which relate almost entirely to those bodies known as Protestants.

Young college men and their parents are now doing their thinking before ordination rather than after taking holy orders. There is a growing consciousness that Protestantism has ceased to support its clergy either financially or morally. So far as money is concerned, it is granted all around that a man ought to be kept half-starved in order to be spiritually healthy. Poverty has its exhilarations and its recompenses. A man truly devoted to the propagation of the principles of religion does not concern himself overmuch with what he shall eat or wherewithal he shall be clothed: the birds of the air and the lilies of the field are still his comforting illustrations of trustful living. But there are limits, even to spiritualizing the clergy through hunger; that limit has been passed. And Protestantism, in addition, will no longer support its clergy morally, any more than financially. Increasingly Protestantism is making her clergymen feel themselves abandoned and left to shift as best they may.

Elmer Gantry, as a matter of course, was made a Protestant minister. Labelled a priest, the book would have proven a boomerang to Lewis and his publishers. Protestants grin instead of rising to the indignant defense of their clergy. The average Protestant would think that he was stultifying himself if he treated his spiritual leader respectfully. In place of doffing his hat to his pastor, he more likely thumbs his nose at him. The Protestant minister has been cut to the heart by the lack of morale, of esprit de corps in the constituency of the churches. The clergy themselves are the recruiting agents for young clergymen. They are no longer working at that. Educated young men are no longer entering the Protestant ministry as before.

The test before the Protestantism of to-day involves the question whether it still has the inherent vitality to adjust itself quickly enough to the necessities of the grave situation with which it is confronted. No claim is made here that the facts represent as yet more than a symptom, or a trend, which this review has treated. But that this symptom is of a tremendously serious nature, indicating the Protestant state of sickness unto death, must now be beyond question for any one capable of making a diagnosis.

Merely as an illustration in contrasts, with no thought of invidious comparisons or implications of any sort but nevertheless in striking juxtaposition to the Protestant facts, let one glance at this official tabulation of the situation of the past few years in the Roman Catholic Church in America, not including the Philippines, Porto Rico, or other island possessions:

YEAR	CLERGY	GAIN
1919	21,019	.....
1924	23,697	2,678
1925	24,352	655
1926	24,712	360
1927	25,923	1,211

Those who care to do so may write their own tickets on these facts.

Slapping together great bunches of church organizations into a so-called union, as the solution of the Protestant predicament, is Pollyanna nonsense. Protestantism needs more serious attention than that. Protestantism needs something more than cod-liver-oil-ing. It needs a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Educated young men are no longer going to submit themselves to the unnecessary limitations on their usefulness caused by the increased splits of Protestantism. The bitter strife and rivalry displayed between two organizations of different denominations in the same vicinity are not lessened but increased when two organizations of the same denomination contest a field large enough for but one of them. "United" Presbyterian and "United" Brethren are essentially misnomers. The so-called "United" Presbyterian church is a small dissenting sliver of Presbyterianism which has thirteen factions in America. These "united" bodies are precisely the opposite of what their names suggest. And all the Protestant organizations of America might be marshalled together under one denominational name without having such a name of union mean more than the name Protestant means to-day as a denominational ensign or unifying symbol. The separatist temper of groups of Protestants must be changed or nothing is accomplished by unions. Such a change cannot be forced upon Protestantism. Protestants, if Protestantism is to be saved, must learn to love one another instead of spitting fire at each other. Having preached humility, repentance, and regeneration to others, will Protestantism be able to adjust its own self to bring forth fruits meet unto repentance that it may be born again of a new spirit?

There is no thought of presenting here a sob-sisterly plaint. This résumé of the Protestantism of to-day is offered without apologies. The clergy have been the strength of Protestantism: on their loyalty, zeal, and increasing numbers the prosperity of Protestantism in the past has been built. Now the clergy supply is vanishing. If the strength has departed from the Samson of Protestantism, the spirit of divisiveness and the disdain of spiritual leadership have been the Delilah shears which did the irreparable damage.

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The Passing of the Wooden Indian

BY JOHN L. MORRISON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

A lively article about the static cigar-store braves who have almost become only a memory and a simile. Well-known sculptors have carved them, curious people such as Ed Hen have owned them—and Mr. Morrison collects them.

EVERYBODY knows what a wooden Indian is, but nobody knows where a wooden Indian is. A survey of the home town will confirm this. If the home town be Chicago, Brooklyn, Minneapolis, or Baltimore, there is only one red brother in wood keeping lonely vigil, while in New Orleans, Cleveland, Washington, Los Angeles, Boston, Pittsburgh, Denver, Atlanta, Louisville, or Detroit not a lone chief or squaw stands in stolid dignity and beckons the devotee of the weed. Manhattan has two, San Francisco and Cincinnati a few, St. Louis proper three, Kansas City two, Milwaukee two, Philadelphia three, and London a corporal's guard.

Reference is to cigar-store Indians on duty on the traditional spot, the sidewalk. A few are kept inside tobacco-shops as relics. Some are safe in museums. Others, but not many, are cached by hopeful dealers in antiques.

The zero hour for cigar-stand Indians in the big cities struck years ago, as the most casual observer knows, but a popular impression obtains that tobacco-shops in the smaller towns and villages are still sentinelled by Indians galore, bearing the open box of solid-pine cigars and gazing thoughtfully toward the nearest ocean—there only a few years ago, possibly, but gone now—gone so quickly and silently that no one has missed them.

Wooden Indians are not indigenous to American soil. As early as the reign of James I the wooden Indian was a familiar sight in Merrie England. There's pictorial evidence he was no novelty in 1617, the year Pocahontas died, the year prior to Sir Walter Raleigh's beheading, and only twelve years after the well-known and justly celebrated Gunpowder Plot of Mr. Guy Fawkes. The figure has character, though the cigar looks more like the horn of plenty on the old court-house façade or in one of those symbolic things about labor, commerce, and agriculture. The sculptor doubtless never saw an Indian. Little wonder that a writer, two hundred and fifty-nine years later, described it as a "negro." Europe had settled down in the belief that the American Indian wore no clothes except a kilt of tobacco-leaves—a wonderful triad of utility when one thinks of it, at once nether apparel, currency, and the makin's, to be drawn on at will, up to certain limits of decency. The London types were so Africanic that the public dubbed them "black boys" for two hundred years or more, although there was a nearer approach to anthropological accuracy in the "Virginie-man," both types later superseded by the "Highlander."

The woodcut of this ancient Indian shows him against a background indicative of an apothecary's shop. Tobacco was first sold by apothecaries, and the thrill of edging quietly to the prescription desk is nothing new; in 1617, on presentation of proper prescription, one could get genuine pre-Gunpowder Plot Old Hispaniola leaf for family and medicinal use. The figure stood on the counter and not in front of the shop. Nearly three hundred years later this was still the custom in the Netherlands; indeed, figures twenty-two to thirty inches in height, generations later, were to be seen occasionally in tobacconists' windows in New York.

Far be it from me to cast the slightest aspersion on our European ancestors, especially the Nordic; but from all accounts, while everybody in the 1500s believed in signs, those which were to be seen rather than read were most esteemed, such as the signs of the zodiac, exemplified, for some unaccountable reason, in almanacs by a rather comely gentleman with a recent major abdominal section, the ends neatly turned back, exposing his internal economy to the vulgar gaze.

It would be too encyclopædic to record the Old World history of collateral and variant tobacco signs and figures, such as the tobacco rolls, the quaint, painted boards proclaiming the joys of snuff-taking, smoking, and "drinking" (chewing). While the Indus americanus woodensis originated in England, it was on the American soil he reached his grandeur of lineament and war-paint. Of the early wooden Indians, an odd, cupidlike Pocahontas that once stood guard on Hancock Street, Boston, dates from 1730, admiring friends say. The pioneer authenticated appearance of a cigar-store show figure was in 1770, when Christopher Demuth opened his little tobacco-shop in Lancaster, Pa., not likely the first of its kind in America but among the earliest and today the oldest. While the pioneer Demuth vended both cigars and snuff, the latter was the more popular; therefore it is not surprising that the figure he selected was not that of a noble denizen of the trackless forest but a delicate minuet-type gentleman extending a snuff-box invitingly. For a century and a half this figure, made by an unknown American wood-carver, stood vigil, a familiar figure to Revolutionary soldiers, Conestoga-wagon crews, and travellers on this old highway to over the Alleghanies, the Far West of that day. The figure, in recent years, has stood inside the shop.

Baltimore had cigar-store figures before 1780, according to local tradition, but, excepting an importation in 1830, there is a hiatus in the history of wooden Indians until the forties. D. H. McAlpin's tobacco-store, Catherine Street, New York, was sentinelled by a short, swarthy, dignified Indian as early as 1840; he followed his owner to 77 Avenue D in 1866 and, in the eighties, to the "up-town" factory at Avenue D and 10th Street, finally retiring from the tobacco world to the hostelry bearing his master's name, spending his time in the lobby, almost invariably near the cigar-counter.

In the fifties there were three outstanding men in the tobacco business in New York: Peter Lorillard, D. H. McAlpin, and Edward Hen. Lorillard, a French Huguenot, established the first tobacco-factory in this country, a small snuff-mill on the Bronx River, "a few miles above New York." He had a store at 42 Chatham Street and later at 60 Wooster. Featuring snuff and then, one hundred and ten years later, "plug" tobacco, and never cigars, this concern had no need nor place for wooden Indians.

Lorillard and McAlpin are famous names; Edward Hen is unknown, but for three decades this vibrant personality was a familiar and a striking figure. Born in Alsace; emigrant at twenty, in 1837; selling combs, toys, and toilet articles in New York streets during the day; making the deliveries at homes in the evening—in 1852 he was going strong in the tobacco business at 2 Liberty Street, later and for seventeen years at 23 Liberty. In 1856 he advertised "Indians," the first advertising of its kind in the scope of my research. The year 1871 found him at 43 Liberty, a shabby five-storied brick building opposite the post-office. There Hen assembled the largest congress of wooden braves the world has ever seen or ever will see. An octogenarian cigar-maker tells me it was an awesome sight, these hundreds of wooden red men with their fresh war-paint.

Hen was unique. One faithful overcloak trailed at his heels for his last twenty-six years. He was a bachelor and took his three nephews as apprentices. Hen permitted each nephew to run the business a year, with the net result that at Uncle's death every nephew was cut off without a cent. As Uncle left more than $1,500,000 in 1887, when a dollar was a dollar, that was some cut-off. It was no reflection on the nephews; it was just Ed. Hen's way.

His subsistence budget was twenty-five cents a day. He once said his breakfast cost was eight cents, except that when he used butter on the single slice of bread or roll the cost of high living rose to ten cents. Hen's only luxury was snuff. Between his intense frugality and his remarkable business acumen he became a factor in the financial world and his was a familiar figure in Wall Street, usually at Vermilye & Company's or J. P. Goodheart & Company's, his favorite brokerage houses. Just to mention that he once lent Jay Cooke & Company $500,000 cash, and only two weeks before their historic failure got his money back, is enough to say for both the financial standing and the alert mind of Edward Hen.

He slept in his store and hoped he would die there—and he was found dead back of a counter. He had a superstitious aversion to 7 and died in 1887—"Old Man Hen Is Dead" was *The Herald's* head-line. Possibly his most picturesque incident was his once tardy arrival for the Staten Island ferry-boat. The crew was obdurate to his signs and shouts as he ran across Battery Park. As the guard-chain met him amidships and threw him back on the stone platform, he cursed the boat and crew. And the boat's boilers promptly blew up—this by oral tradition.

A fourth name in the heyday of the wooden Indian was William Demuth & Company, 801 Broadway, who dealt chiefly in pipes and in tobacconists' supplies. So completely has the wooden Indian vanished that no one in that concern (just prior to the recent change of ownership) could recall or tell from records when Indians, if ever, formed a staple line of their business; but Leopold Schwager, of Brooklyn, still alert and merchandising the weed in the Borough Hall district, remembers well when he sold Demuth's Indians as an important side line. Samples were impossible, and prospects were shown an attractive illustrated catalogue with descriptions, prices, and the latest discounts in XXX chiefs and *extra special* Pocahontases (or whatever the plural may be).

Mr. Schwager is my sole find as a distributer of wooden Indians to eager tobacconists and admiring public. No evidence of a factory has come to light nor information regarding the methods dealers used to acquire and replenish stocks. The metal Indians which came on later and disputed with the wooden tribe for possession of the sidewalks of New York and elsewhere were certainly cast from standardized moulds, but as to where and when and how and by whom history remains dark and silent.

Wooden-Indian carvers were not addicted to hall-marking their product by symbol, initials, or name; but in all probability the first wooden-Indian making in this country was done by ship-carvers, then a distinct calling. There were not many of these carvers, only five in New York in 1857.

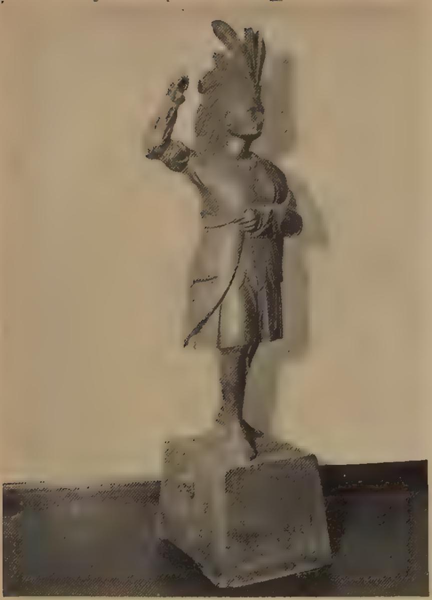
That cigar-stand Indians were allied with the ship-figurehead industry is strongly evidenced. An Indian in the Historical Society museum, Reading, Pa., was a figurehead on a ship when purchased at Philadelphia by Charles Brenheiser and made a landlubber brave. The workmanship and some peculiarities of this figure suggest the handicraft of William Rush, who was the foremost sculptor of Philadelphia if not of the entire country in Revolutionary days and later. His figureheads were world-famous. The tradition that Rush, Samuel MacIntire, and other figurehead-makers put chisel to pine and carved wooden Indians is wholly believable. Further research, I believe, will show them caught with the wooden goods. A wooden Indian in those days was a serious form of commercial art, not "property" corpses for collegiate travesties nor subject of raucous laughter by those denied education in its higher forms.

The trail of wooden Poor Lo next leads to the studio of Julius Theodore Melchers, of Detroit. Melchers has gone from this life, but his spirit still moves through the impetus he gave art, in Detroit particularly and the West generally. Melchers was born in Doest, Westphalia. His innate gift was guided and moulded in the best traditions in the Beaux Arts, from which famous institution he graduated, to fare forth to Detroit. His pupils included Gari Melchers, famous in our day, Rolshoven, and others of note.

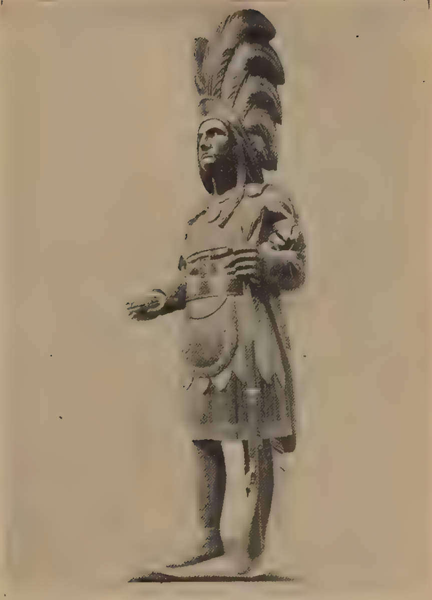
When the demand for the nobler forms ran into the doldrums it became necessary to drag Art to the market-place, quite strip her of the conventions, and all but "sell her down the river." This is why Melchers made wooden Indians now and then. The Denmark lad Herman Matzen learned about Indians from him.

So far as my research goes, Mr. Matzen is the only man living who made wooden Indians. Doubtless this will elicit claimants to damn this assertion, using the expletive in its scientific and literary sense. There may be others, but the most enthusiastic and painstaking search for knowledge anent wooden-Indian sculptors among the great of the tobacco world — distributers, editors, veteran dealers, and aged cigar-makers —failed to disclose the slightest clew leading to the discovery of another man now in the flesh who chiselled Indians out of "enduring white pine."

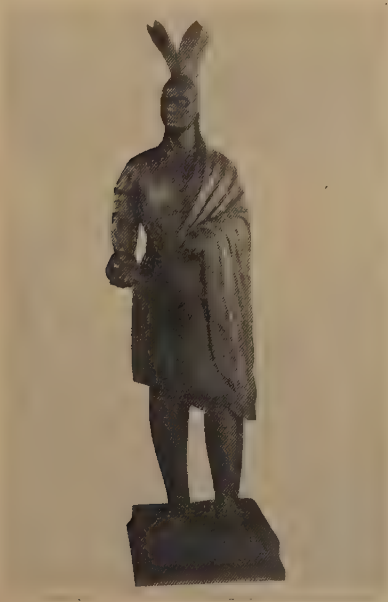
A visit to Matzen's Cleveland studio gives no hint of his one-time experience. The bronze of the pensive "Lincoln,"



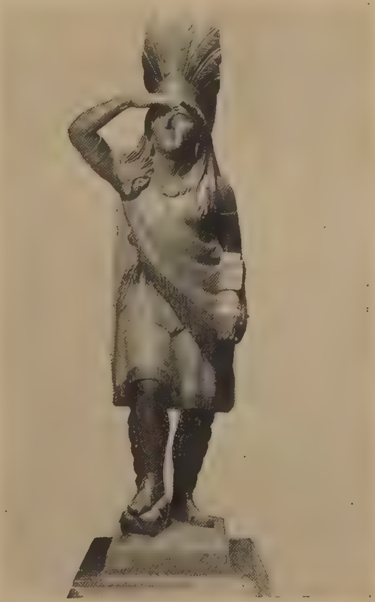
Buried for years, this Indian was exhumed under dramatic circumstances at Cleveland.



An Iroquois chief was living model for Me-Smoke-Em, Chicago's sole survivor.

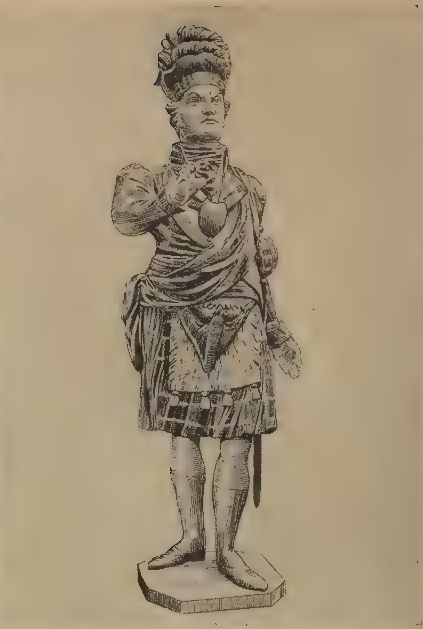


Surviving in Detroit—once a wooden Indian centre—though originally from Cincinnati.

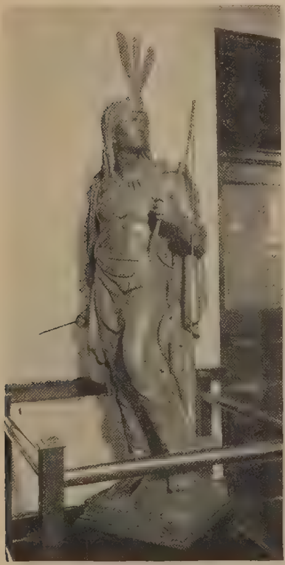


New York's only sidewalk chief, near "the Avenue," gazes toward the Northern wilds.

A king of England tried, unsuccessfully, to buy this Norwich cigar-sign.



"Phineas," oldest tobacco-trade sign in London—a typical "Highlander."



A

B

C

A. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow often stopped to admire this bronze tobacco-shop figure.
B. Sir Walter Raleigh, most popular among "white men" cigar figures.
C. This Seminole scared women and children, so Washington, D. C., police removed gun-barrel.

the symbolic "Cain and Abel," stately "Moses," and his great "War and Peace" group at Indianapolis, his training in Europe's best art schools, and thirty years a teacher of sculpture, with the noted in art circles in Europe and America his friends and confrères,—these facts seem to cry out against the possibility.

Another Detroit sculptor who made his contribution to this form of useful art was Theodore Crongeyer, designer and carver in the seventies at 55 Farmer Street.

J. Lesser, a veteran tobacconist of Brooklyn, never carved a cigar-store Indian, but has seen it done many times when as a boy he frequented the wooden-Indian shop of one Cobb of Canal Street, New York. Cobb was a fast, expert worker and never used a mallet, driving the chisel with the palm of his hand.

Fritz Decker, who died eighteen years ago, was the last of the Philadelphia wooden-Indian makers, and one of the best.

Before 1870 there was activity in wooden-Indian making in the Milwaukee sector. A. F. Miller, Watertown, Wis., in the sixties bought a used "Indian," really a Turk, in Milwaukee, made by a group of Swiss or German wood-carvers lately migrated thither.

There were some importations of cigar-store figures, perhaps not many. The Maryland Historical Society museum at Baltimore contains a contribution to wooden-Indian sculpture by that country of sculptors, Italy. This figure, which stood in front of John Foble's cigar-store, Cambridge, Md., from 1830 to 1926, has a face benign and strongly Latin, and habiliments such as a noble Roman would wear at a martyr-eating-lion matinée. His crown of feathers, or tobacco-leaves, the coil of tobacco at his feet, and the welcome-stranger cigar-offering save the day for the best traditions.

La Belle France's idea of an Indian maid stood exemplified in wood at the foot of South Street, Philadelphia. James LeNoir, French and twenty-two, purchased an ancient tea-warehouse and became possessed of the half-pound key which operated the ten-pound lock; and the same year opened a tobacco-shop, placing in front thereof a Pocahontas he had imported from France, her ocean journey taking three months' time. She smoked a pipe and there she stood, "for t'l see and for to be wondered at" for eighty-five years. Her physiognomy was of the Champs Elysées rather than the trackless forests about Lake Huron.

Among Indians still on duty in America the longest continuous outdoor service is that of the red man at the Maltzberger tobacco-shop, Reading, Pa. Charles R. Maltzberger bought him in New York when he opened his shop in 1847, and this Indian has stood there ever since, except Sundays and that day he was once kidnapped and carried in the Order of Red Men parade.

Envisaging the world, as the inspirational speakers say, I nominate as dean of tobacco-shop figures the Highlander, "Phineas the Second," of A. Everard & Company, Ltd., 10 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1. Phineas is in an excellent state of preservation, despite his one hundred and sixty years of fluctuating fortune, which includes twenty years' solitary confinement in a dusty attic, relieved by adventurous excursions with boisterous medical students to football-fields and to bait the rival team's supporters to unacademic combat. Unmarred by modern paint, he glories in the rich mellow coloring reminiscent of an old-master oil-painting. His stern but classic features reflect the skill of the unknown carver who shaped the mass of oak into a lifelike semblance of a snuff-taking Scotchman. Despite the repeated importunities and offers of antique hunters and buyers from museums Phineas remains with Everards, as Mr. Harold B. Thorpe, secretary, says, "to live out Milton's adage —'He also serves who only stands and waits.' " For one hundred and sixteen years Miller & Company's Highlander has stood in their doorway, 37 London Street, Norwich, England. Like his London brother, he was carved from oak by an unknown sculptor. There have been many unsuccessful offers for this effigy, including one from the late King Edward when Prince of Wales.

Mr. R. Chapins Comoy, 72 Roseberry Avenue, London, E. C. 1, tells me there are many finely preserved figures of Highlanders still to be seen in England. Most present-day Londoners will remember the old Highland figure which stood outside the shop door of W. Lawrence at the top end of Tottenham Court road. During the celebration of the South African War this magnificent old figure was seized by the University College hospital students and carried shoulder-high around the West End, and it was only with great difficulty and by the assistance of the police that Mr. Lawrence was able to secure it. When the premises were demolished, about ten years ago, the figure moved to the doorway of Messrs. Catesby's, Ltd., thereby losing caste, being now "in linoleum" and not the traditional snuff and tobacco.

Another figure is a giant with fixed and stony expression which has for many years met the gaze of passers-by at Frederick Wright's, 112 High Street, Cheltenham, while an equally characteristic one adorns an old tobacco business in Whitefriars Hall, near to the street bearing that odd name, "The Land of Green Ginger." The only Sir Walter Raleigh the writer knows of is a splendid specimen at the doorway of the Keystone Tobacco Company at the Holborn end of Kingsway, W. C., London. A fine "black boy" sign more than one hundred years old can be seen at the shop of Messrs. Wilson & Company, 21 Barbican, E. C. However, the sign of this house has always been the ancient three tobacco-rolls. The roll sign is frequently to be met with.

The wooden Indian reached his greatest vogue in the late fifties, the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Bull's head or steer-horns proclaimed the butcher's shop, menacing bears furriers' showrooms, and no saddlery-shop sidewalk was without its piebald or calico horse. There were watches, boots, and shocking stockinged legs, the clothier's dummy, bedizened by a twelve-dollar non-shrinkable suit. A gigantic hat frequently made known the hatter's place of business. Pedestrians had no right of way on sidewalks; his path was disputed by vegetable offerings, displays, and show figures, while sides of beef hung outside, ghastly and naked, whereon flies held conventions, enormously attended, with only a small proportion of the delegates falling victim to the fly-paper offerings. It was the era of the fly-brush but not the fly-swatter, as crystallized in the epochal classic of the grieved customer who bought a wedge of apparently black-currant pie only to find it custard. The Chicago, San Francisco, and Baltimore fires took nearly all the wooden Indians of those cities to the happy hunting-ground. Then came on regulations as to sidewalk obstructions, and this, coupled with the advent of the chain stores, was the greatest blow the wooden Poor Lo ever received, and drove him from his picturesque duties.

The latter days of the vanishing tribe have brought varied fortunes. Some, as that Bleecker Street giant—more than nine feet—have found good homes on country and suburban estates, standing majestic amid the rhododendrons, and a few watch in city back lawns. Juvenile Wild West attacking forces have done some to death and others to disfigurement for life. College humor is responsible for not a few absent faces; as are "Sweet Adeline" homeward-bound groups. Marble-hearted owners have occasionally sold their braves for money. A striking, six-foot-eight metal figure, made by Henry Dibblee, Chicago, faces the Black Hawk trail at Rockford, Ill. The noble Indian with shield and spear at Bush & Trexler's, Philadelphia, A. D. 1840, was, in 1914, sent to the happy hunting-ground through fire, after being cruelly hacked to pieces, by his owner. A centenarian welcomes visitors to *The Tobacco Leaf* office, New York; another adorns a Philadelphia club. The Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Historical Society museum houses twenty.

Resting peacefully in the museum of the Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, is an Indian that once disappeared from view and knowledge of all men. Years later workmen employed in the excavation for the Union Trust Company building uncovered a hand and, shocked by the ghastly sight, stampeded. The foreman and volunteers completed the exhumation and brought to light a wooden Indian, who proved to be none other than the old Erie Street warrior of Gregor Albert.

The lone Indian of Chicago, "Big Chief Me-Smoke-Em," is a splendid specimen of wooden-Indian sculpture. He has background, having been modelled from an Iroquois chief. Henry Hand, son of the original owner, declares his father told him the Indian was made by one of the world's greatest carvers, and that thousands of real Indians have testified, with looks, nods, grunts, words, and purchases of tobacco, to Me-Smoke-Em's resemblance to the chief who served as the artist's model. Descendants of these Indians, when they come to Chicago, never fail to pay the big chief a visit. Me-Smoke-Em went through the great Chicago fire, rescued from time to time by his owner, and he now holds a rifle that was used by one of the pale-faced sharpshooters against the savage Indians in the massacre at old Fort Dearborn.

Manhattan's sole chief—Phillips B. Thompson's—was saved from the police by a recessed property line, 45th Street just east of Fifth Avenue. It was recently moved to Madison Avenue. He's an outlander from Great Neck. Annie Barrett's Pocahontas, forty years on Water Street, is a native of Cherry Street.

Chief Semloh, America's farthest-West, and California's oldest, Indian, sentinels the tobacco-shop of S. E. Holmes, San Francisco. He is a Manhattan and a Forty-niner, setting out via Cape Horn for Maryville, stage centre and outfitting point of the gold-rush, where he arrived in 1850. After sixty-seven years he left the gold-fields for the bright lights of Powell Street.

Wooden Indians were almost invariably carved out of clear pine and usually from one stick. Sometimes extra blocks were glued on, and a Fritz Decker Indian, owned by Charles Seiders, Philadelphia, is made entirely of small blocks. The sculptors originated designs or copied book illustrations or prints. I have never seen duplicates, and only one pair approaching close resemblance; they are seven hundred miles apart. I have found no duplicates even among metal Indians. The carvers must have exercised much originality, or there were so few makers that their work was scattered. It was customary for the sculptor to paint his creation, but repainting, of course, was beneath him. It seems almost incredible now that there were itinerant painters making a business of reapplying war-paint.

The designs fell into four groups: (1) chiefs, (2) squaws or Pocahontases, (3) blackamoors or Pompeys, and (4) "white men." The fourth class included Sir Walter Raleighs, Uncle Sams, Lord Dundrearys, Forty-niners, policemen, Punches, Highlanders, and scores of others, including cigarette-smoking girls! In the early seventies Champagne Charleys were popular, tall figures with a Scotch physiognomy; the name came from a popular song of that day: "Champagne Charley is my name," etc.

These Indians brought various prices. Small Indians sold in New York for $20 to $30. It was a low, full-sized brave that did not fetch $25 or more. Canal Street, New York, was a mart for bargains in Indians, and the prevailing price $25, but most of these were trade-ins and used chiefs, reconditioned and repainted. Proportionately, the trade-in feature in the wooden-Indian industry was as active as in motor-cars to-day—in fact, Leopold Schwager accepted so many trade-ins he finally found himself, similar to the used-car dealer, with a non-unloadable stock when the demand faded away. Demuth Indians sold for from $50 to $75 and $100. Edward Hen had them slightly cheaper and his stock was larger. In Baltimore good figures were sold at $75, Pompeys brought $25 to $200. Detroit Indians sold for the biggest prices; Melchers' Indians brought him from $150 up—in one instance, $700.

A dealer on Flushing Avenue, near Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, specialized in little Indians about thirty inches high for window use. Fifty years ago Morris Hirsh's cigar-store, 65 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was fronted by the figure of a white man, cigar in mouth, with hands pressed at sides of his head, porous plaster on back. Prominently displayed was the legend: "Oh! How hard this cigar draws!" People came from all over the United States, even from California, to see it and laugh. People went far for their amusement in those pre-comic-strip days. Not so far away from Hirsh's and on the same street, near Clark, Tobacconist Haslam displayed in his window an Indian made entirely of cigars rolled expressly for this purpose, some of them large and some as small as one and one-half inches long. It took Haslam months to make it and the populace years to talk about it. A dealer on Myrtle Avenue, between Pearl and Jay Streets, Brooklyn, displayed a coil of tobacco above his door after the early European method.

Italians in New York made small-size window Indians of plaster and peddled them. These were about two feet high, as a rule, and no large plaster Indian is reported.

The metal Indian competed successfully with the wooden from about Civil War time. They were attractive in design, not easily kidnapped by boys or by men possessed with a low form of humor and expressing themselves in their own way, but cost more and were virtually non-repairable. Though called "iron," this metal was usually cast zinc. A good metal Indian, with a genuine custom body, cost from $125 to $200 and even $300.

A Seminole chief, standing at Samuel Willard's, on F Street, was so lifelike that he frightened women and children in Washington, D. C., forty years ago, whereupon the police made Willard saw off the barrel of the chief's musket. Present police regulations have relegated him to D. Ochsman's back room, gun or no gun.

Bronze was used in making at least one cigar-store Indian. It stood at Alles & Fisher's, Boston, from 1874 to 1918, when the building was demolished and the figure taken down. It is the most pretentious of show-figure Indians, but neither the present Alles & Fisher firm nor the American Tobacco Company, in whose general offices the statue now stands, know the name of the man who designed or cast this gem, which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow often stopped to admire.

An Erie, Pa., wood-carver has made the only contribution to cigar-store sculpture in three decades. I'll not say wooden Indian; it's a Malay demon.

One novel, one play, one song are the inspirational achievement of the cigar-store Indian in literature—the drama and music, and he recently flashed in and out of a slap-stick movie.

The cigar-stand Indian has played his part and vanished. He will not probably ever be with us again in his full size and commanding presence on our sidewalks, but some of these days we may have an era of trade-symbols, or guild-emblems, and the small-size window Indian may return.

Poor Lo, in wood, metal, or whatnot, has been literally and figuratively a figure in the life of the world for at least three hundred years. He might well lament with that great chief of the school reader: "Who is there to speak for Logan? No one." Possibly it is that haunting lament, lingering from school-days, that has compelled this word in behalf of the wooden Indian—meagre and fragmentary result of considerable research and outlay for grass-root facts about the origin, rise, and fall of the cigar-store brave.

* * *

Minuet in G

PADEREWSKI

By Elizabeth Matthews

Lilacs in the early Spring,
Silver of a calling flute,
Rustle of the gracious gowns,
Laughter that is long since mute,

Liquid eyes in candle-light,
Click of heels in courtly dances
Come again through wistful fingers,
Dreaming through these old-time fancies.

Also come low words of parting
After candle flames are dead;
Just a whisper, then comes silence—
Now the last gay ghost is fled.

Railroads, Politics, and Prosperity

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

Author of "The Railroad Problem Up-to-Date," etc.

The editor of the *Railway Age* analyzes the apparently anomalous position of the railroads, with stocks high and earnings low, meeting unprecedented competition from truck and motor-bus, being increasingly made the football of politics.

PRESENT conditions and trends in the railroad industry are a study in contrasts. If we should judge by the market prices of railway stocks and the character of the transportation service being rendered, we should conclude the railway situation was never better. If we should judge by the percentage of net return recently earned by the industry, its losses of business to other means of transportation, the demands upon it for higher wages and lower rates, the extent to which politics lately has been injected into government regulation, we should conclude the railroads are going to the bow-wows.

It is more necessary the public should keep itself informed regarding the railroads than almost any other industry. Good and adequate transportation is essential to sound industrial, commercial, and financial conditions. The railroads still furnish probably four-fifths of the transportation upon which such conditions depend, and public sentiment, through government regulation, exerts an influence upon them such as it exerts upon no other large-scale industry.

The stocks of many railways recently have attained the highest prices in history. For five years railroad service has been adequate, and is now safer and otherwise better than ever before. These are naturally accepted by many as proof of a healthy and prosperous condition. But the percentage of return earned upon the investment in the railroads since the first quarter of 1927 has been the smallest since 1922. Indeed, excluding the three years 1918–20, when, owing to our experiment in government operation, their net returns were guaranteed, there have been only four years since 1899 when it has been as small.

Where, then, are the railways now, and in what direction are they heading?

The developments in the industry since 1920 have been unprecedented. Perhaps the most remarkable has been the improvement in freight service, which has been revolutionary in degree and in the effects produced. The country at the end of 1920 had had five years of almost continual "car shortages." Business concerns of all kinds had tied up an excessive amount of capital in inventories, largely because of fear that slow and inadequate railway service would delay the filling of orders for raw materials and other commodities. The shortage of cars throughout 1920 averaged more than 80,000 weekly.

There was no inadequacy of service in the depressed year 1921, but when, in the latter part of 1922, the nation-wide strike of railway-shop employees and a large increase in traffic occurred simultaneously, the shortage of cars became the largest in history, and lasted through the spring of 1923. While this condition still existed the presidents of the railways, stimulated by fear of public sentiment, and also by hope due to the rate-making provisions of the Transportation Act and the revival of business, met in New York and adopted a comprehensive programme for bettering transportation. The investment subsequently made has exceeded $4,000,000,000. There has been no "car shortage" since, although in 1923, 1925, 1926, and 1927 the freight business handled was larger than ever prior to 1923. Railway facilities have been made so adequate, and the distribution of the two and one-half million freight-cars has been so perfected, that the millions of shippers throughout the country are now regularly furnished virtually 100 per cent of the cars they order just when and where they want them. The speed of freight service has been increased almost as much in proportion as its adequacy and reliability. Never before the war did the railways give a performance which approached that of recent years.

The effects produced upon economic conditions have been numerous and important. Probably it has occurred to few that, for example, the improvement in freight service has been one of the principal causes of the recent high prices of railroad and industrial securities. But the relationship of cause and effect is easily traceable.

Following the disappearance of the last car shortage in 1923, business men began to learn they could reduce their inventories because they could rely upon the railways to deliver freight promptly. As the service has continued to improve, "hand-to-mouth" buying has increased, and reductions of inventories have become larger and more general. Every reduction of an inventory not only reduces the expenses of the concern making it but releases capital that seeks investment in some other form. The reductions of inventories made are generally conceded to have aggregated billions of dollars. A large part of the capital thus released has sought investment in corporation securities. Probably this is the principal source from which has come the superabundance of capital that has poured into the stock-market within the last four years, caused a "bull" movement unprecedented in duration, and forced up industrial and railroad stocks to record prices. The earnings of the railways for more than a year have been less on their investment than in 1923. The prices of their stocks have been 50 per cent higher. Thus apparently is demonstrated the paradox that railway service, not railway earnings, has had the greatest influence in boosting the prices of railway stocks.

Hardly second in significance to the improvement in freight service has been the betterment of the railway accident record. The Safety Division of the American Railway Association in 1924 set as a goal to be reached by 1930 an average reduction of 35 per cent in casualties. This goal actually was reached in 1927. The accident record of our railways until within recent years was bad. It can now be compared without embarrassment with that of the railways of any other country. In 1927 only 91 passengers were killed—one in each 9,100,000 carried, or only one-third as many in proportion as ten years before, and only one-sixth as many in proportion as twenty years earlier. The number of employees killed was only one-half as great in proportion to the total number as ten years before, and only one-third as great in proportion as twenty years before.

The safety achieved has been due partly to improvements in railway physical plants, but more to a nation-wide campaign in behalf of "safety first," which has been carried on among officers and employees for almost twenty years. It illustrates, among other things, the improvement within recent years in the morale and the increase in the efficiency of a large majority of railway employees. The bad accident record of former years was mainly due to the carelessness, or even recklessness, of the personnel. An employee who so obeys operating rules and uses his head in other ways as to be a safe employee is pretty sure also to be an efficient employee in all respects. The introduction of labor-saving improvements has been the main thing that has enabled the railways to handle an increased freight business with a declining number of employees, but the increase in the loyalty and efficiency of the average employee has been an important factor in effecting savings of labor, fuel, and materials.

Among the developments affecting the railways to a much more important extent than anybody anticipated a decade ago has been the increase of competition in transportation. One principal assumption upon which our policy of regulation is based is that railways are monopolistic, or at least quasi-monopolistic, and must be regulated to protect the public from the power of monopoly. But never were they subjected to so much competition as recently, and the competition has been no less real or effective because principally from other classes of carriers—those operating by highway and water.

Before the war increases in the passenger business of the railways occurred as regularly as in their freight business. Between 1910 and 1920 the growth was 45 per cent. The decline since 1920, owing to the competition of motor vehicles, has wiped out the entire preceding ten years' increase. Their passenger earnings are now $400,000,000 a year less than they would be if they had as much business as in 1920, and $800,000,000 less than if the increase in business had been as large as before 1920.

The traffic lost has been chiefly local business for short distances entirely outside areas of dense population. Urban and suburban commutation business has increased somewhat, and the increase in the amount of travel in sleeping and parlor cars has been about 25 per cent. There has been no great difficulty in meeting the increasing demands of sleeping and parlor car patrons, but how to reduce local service to offset the loss of local business has presented an insoluble problem. Enough local trains must be run to handle mail, express, and such passengers as want to go by rail, especially in bad weather. Consequently, there has been no reduction in the cost of handling passenger business comparable with the loss of earnings from it. Numerous railways have substituted motor-cars running on the rails for more expensive steam-trains, where circumstances have favored this method. Numerous others have engaged more or less extensively in the operation of motor-coaches on the highways. But the question is still unsettled whether the railways are to continue to lose passenger business.

Contrary to what might have been expected, the losses have been largest in the more thinly settled territories—about 20 per cent since 1920, for example, in Eastern territory, and averaging 35 per cent on lines west of the Mississippi River. The explanation is that the greater congestion on the highways in the East prevents such constant and untrammelled use of motor vehicles as prevails in the less densely populated West and South.

Fortunately for the railways, competition of other means of transportation for freight business has not been as effective as for passenger business, but they have had unprecedented competition even in freight-carrying. Motor-trucks have taken a substantial amount of short-haul business. Usually this has not hurt the railways, as their short-haul freight business commonly has been unprofitable. More important have been the effects produced by the competition of carriers by water, especially those operating through the Panama Canal.

Before the canal was opened it was the policy of the railways—a policy for years approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission — to make lower rates to the Pacific coast to meet water competition than to intermediate points, such as Spokane and Salt Lake City. Since 1920 the commission has forbidden rates to be made in this way, although there has been much more competition by water than before. In consequence, the traffic moving to the Pacific coast by water has greatly increased, while that moving from the Middle West to the Pacific coast by railroad has correspondingly declined. This, together with the agricultural depression in the West, resulted in the Western railways handling less freight business for five consecutive years following 1920 than in that year. This is the longest period since the railroad was invented throughout which any large group of American railways has failed to report an increase of freight business.

The railways now have, among others, no less a competitor than the government of the United States itself. Under the name "Inland Waterways Corporation" the government is doing a transportation business. To test whether barge service could be successfully conducted the government, eight years ago, established such a service on the Mississippi and Warrior Rivers with a capital of $5,000,000. The legislation contemplated that if the experiment was a success the business should be transferred to private ownership and operation. Private enterprise has as yet manifested no disposition to take over the service, but at the recent session of Congress an additional appropriation of $10,000,000 was made for its extension. Provision is again made for remitting it to private enterprise if it is a success, but nothing is said as to what is to be done if it is a failure. Numerous municipalities along the Mississippi and other rivers are constructing water terminals, and, whatever the results of the experiment, it is certain to be practically impossible to abandon any part of the service that is once established. The rates the railways may charge in competition with the barge service are fixed by the government; the through rates and routes they must make in co-operation with it are to be fixed by the government; the competing barge service is to be enlarged, owned, and operated by the government; losses incurred, if any, will be paid by the government. In these circumstances, it does not seem highly probable that the railways will get very much the better of their competitor.

While improving their service and meeting unprecedented competition, the railways have been carrying on a hard struggle with operating expenses. When they were returned to private operation early in 1920 their operating expenses and taxes were greater than their earnings. Their return was soon followed by a large advance in wages, which was awarded by the government's Railroad Labor Board, and by large advances in rates, which were granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Owing to a decline in traffic and terrific retrenchments in the depressed year 1921, operating expenses were reduced more than $1,000,000,000. Soon afterward general reductions of both wages and rates were made. The reductions in rates made since 1921 aggregate about a billion dollars annually. When a record-breaking freight traffic became available in 1923, the railways began not only to try strenuously to improve their service, but also to hope they might, in due time, make their net operating income equal to 5¾ per cent on their valuation, to which the Interstate Commerce Commission had held they would be entitled under honest, efficient, and economical operation.

All the methods known to modern railroading have been used to effect economies. Capital has been invested in strengthening bridges and tracks, enlarging terminals, installing block-signals, purchasing more powerful and faster locomotives and bigger freight-cars. The average number of cars per freight-train was increased from 37 in 1920 to 47 in 1927; the average speed of trains was increased 20 per cent; fuel consumption in proportion to the service rendered was reduced 20 per cent. The average number of employees in 1920 was more than 2,000,000; in 1923 less than 1,900,000; in 1926 about 1,800,000; in 1927 about 1,760,000.

As long as freight business increased, the economies effected in operation caused increases in the net return earned. In 1921 it was only about 3 per cent on the Interstate Commerce Commission's tentative valuation; in 1922 about 3.9 per cent; in 1923, 4.8 per cent; in 1924, 4.7 per cent; in 1925, 5.22 per cent; in 1926, 5.5 per cent. Throughout these years operating expenses averaged $1,200,000,000 less than in 1920, in spite of increases in freight business.

But the railways as a whole never reached the 5¾ per cent average return to which they had been held entitled. Meantime, there were forces at work the effects of which, it seemed certain, would give them a financial setback if there should be a decline in freight business. Such a decline occurred in 1927, and their net operating income dropped $150,000,000 and the return earned on their tentative valuation declined to 4.72 per cent. As the tentative valuation is smaller than the total reported investment in their properties, the return earned on property investment was only 4.3 per cent, and thus far in 1928 has been still less.

Among the influences which contributed from 1923 onward toward keeping down net operating income, and the annual amounts their cumulative effects had cost by 1927, were: Increase in the average hourly wage of employees, $170,000,000; reduction in freight rates, as indicated by the decline in average revenue per ton per mile, $150,000,000; loss of passenger business, $104,000,000; increase in taxes, $44,000,000. If we include interest upon the investment added during these years, we have an aggregate effect of $650,000,000 attributable to influences tending to reduce the percentage of return earned which had to be offset by economies in operation. It is significant of the progress made in railroading that this feat was almost accomplished, and that the percentage earned in 1927 was almost as large as in 1923, although substantially less than in 1925 or 1926.

Confronted with a decline month after month in their net operating income, the railways began in the latter part of last year to add retrenchments in their maintenance expenditures and capital expenditures to other efforts to effect economies. Economical operation and retrenchments in maintenance are two quite different things. The former saves money. The latter merely postpones needed expenditures, and if long continued results in deterioration of properties and service. They laid off employees until in the earlier months of this year they had fewer of them than since the nation-wide strike of their shop employees in 1922, and 400,000 less than in 1920. They reduced purchases until manufacturers of locomotives and cars and of the devices used on such equipment almost ran out of orders, and there occurred an unprecedented decline in the aggregate capacity of locomotives and freight-cars which made them less than in 1925. In spite of these retrenchments, the percentage of return earned continued to be the smallest in six years.

To the student of railway affairs these symptoms seemed to give warning that prevailing tendencies in the industry were becoming unhealthy. But the stock-market registered optimism, and for the first time in history the average price of railway stocks became slightly higher than in 1906, when the railways were enjoying the greatest prosperity they ever knew. However, if the stock-market was registering prospects, it was less optimistic regarding railway than industrial earnings. While the prices of railway stocks became about 2 per cent higher than in the previous record year 1906, the average price of industrial stocks became more than 100 per cent higher than in that year. Both later declined.

Arbitration boards and public men who concern themselves especially with railway regulation followed the lead of the stock-market. One arbitration board after another organized under the Railway Labor Act awarded advances in wages, until now the wages of several classes of railway employees are higher than when average wages reached their peak in 1920. In Washington there were numerous manifestations of a stronger tendency to cause rates to be regulated almost regardless of earnings, and to subject regulation to class, sectional, and political pressure, than for fifteen years.

Our policy of regulation of railway rates is based—or at least was generally understood to be until recently—upon three fundamental principles: first, rates should be made just and reasonable in proportion to the cost and value of the service rendered and fair as between different shippers and communities; secondly, they should be so made that, under honest, efficient, and economical management, the railways as a whole, and each important group of them, will be able to earn a "fair return" upon a fair valuation of their properties; third, regulation of rates requires expert knowledge and impartiality, and freedom from political pressure, which makes Congress unfit for the task, and it should therefore be delegated to a permanent quasi-judicial administrative body, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Never in history have so many things been threatened, or actually done, in disregard of these principles as recently. In 1920 the commission made a tentative valuation of the railways and subsequently held that, to carry out the provisions of law relative to rate-making, and to assure the furnishing of adequate transportation, the railways should be allowed to earn 5¾ per cent on this basis. Under the rates fixed the railways actually have earned, since 1920, an average annual return of only about 4¾ per cent on the tentative valuation. The commission, in its decision in the famous O'Fallon case, announced its adherence to methods and principles of valuation which the railways claim are economically unsound and contrary to the decisions of the Supreme Court and the LaFollette valuation act. The principal controversy is over the weight that should be given to present cost of reproduction. The railways contend it should be given "effective weight." The commission holds it should be given no weight, but that valuation should be based upon the actual investment, less a large deduction for depreciation which it claims has accrued in railway properties. The question is plainly one of constitutional law and property rights which should be determined without political pressure. There is, however, a "National Conference on Railroad Valuation" composed of men in private and public life most of whom advocate public ownership, and which favors a method of valuation that would make it much less even than if the commission's method were accepted. The Senate recently adopted a resolution asking the Supreme Court to permit the counsel of this organization to appear before it and present its views. This is believed to be the first time in history when either house of Congress has taken a step apparently intended to influence the Supreme Court in respect to important litigation involving rights of property.

Early in 1925 Congress passed the Hoch-Smith resolution enjoining the Interstate Commerce Commission, in regulating rates, to consider the conditions existing in our various industries, and especially, in view of the "prevailing depression in agriculture," to make the lowest possible lawful rates on farm products. The law already required the commission to make rates that would be just, reasonable, and non-discriminatory. The reference to "conditions" in industry could mean only conditions of adversity or prosperity. But the prosperity of any industry is determined by many influences. Freight rates are but one of these, and usually a minor one. Therefore, the Hoch-Smith resolution, in effect, enjoined the commission to fix rates largely regardless of previously accepted standards of justice and reasonableness if thereby it could help some industry that was in distress.

When, in the Lake Cargo coal-rate case the commission did this, it stirred up a row. The coal-mines in Ohio and Pennsylvania had become unable to compete successfully with those in West Virginia and Kentucky mainly because they were paying union wages which were higher than the non-union wages paid by the Southern mines. The commission rendered a decision intended to help the Ohio and Pennsylvania mines by reducing their freight rates while forbidding a reduction in the rates of the Southern mines. The commission was attacked for this by senators from the Southern States upon the ground that it was regulating rates with the purpose and effect of "equalizing prosperity" adversely to their constituents. The reappointment of Commissioner Esch, who had voted for the decision, came before the Senate while this outcry was going on, and his confirmation was defeated. Thus Congress passed the Hoch-Smith resolution for the purpose—if it had any definite purpose—of causing freight-rate regulation to be used to equalize prosperity, and the Senate voted Mr. Esch's official death because, in a particular case, he voted in accordance with what he understood to be the announced policy of Congress. The action of the Senate caused astonishment, dismay, and resentment in the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and also among well-informed shippers and railway officers throughout the country, who foresee the speedy destruction of the independence, prestige, and usefulness of the commission if its members are to work under the threat of decapitation if they vote in particular cases contrary to the political and sectional views and interests of influential senators.

Meantime, the Hoch-Smith resolution has been left in effect. Ostensibly it contemplates that the rates of depressed industries, and especially of agriculture, shall be reduced—and also that the rates of prosperous industries shall be advanced if this is necessary to enable the railways to provide adequate transportation. The question naturally arises as to why regulation of freight rates should be used to equalize prosperity. If the agricultural industry, for example, needs help should it not be given by the national government at the expense of the taxpayers, rather than by arbitrary readjustments of the charges of the railroads alone? But after President Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill the Senate unanimously, and without a word of discussion, passed a resolution practically enjoining the Interstate Commerce Commission to reduce the rates of the northwestern railways on farm products. The commission, in obedience to the Hoch-Smith resolution, for three years had been taking literally millions of words of testimony regarding the entire freight-rate structure of the country to determine whether freight rates on farm products should be reduced; but the Senate deemed it expedient to adopt another resolution to apply pressure to it. The northwestern group of roads for seven years has been making poorer earnings than any other group in the country.

Numerous other illustrations of a tendency to cause rates to be regulated in disregard of heretofore accepted standards and of the claim of the railways to a "fair return" might be cited. The prevailing tendencies in regulation are the same now as they were before the war, although the tendency to subordinate economic principles to considerations of political expediency, and to put pressure upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to cause it to regulate contrary to its own judgment and regardless of the effects upon the railway industry, is much stronger than ever before.

We know what were the results of restrictive railway regulation before the war. The net return earned by the railways declined, their development declined with it, they became unable to handle the country's commerce, and we had five years of car shortages, which were brought to an end only by the collapse of general business in the latter part of 1920. Did the nation learn a lesson from that experience? Formerly it seemed that it had. The railways were returned to private operation under legislation which apparently assured a different policy of regulation.

The greatest progress in history has since been made in effecting improvements and economies in railway operation. Herbert Hoover once estimated that every large car shortage cost the public a billion dollars. What, then, has it been worth to the country to be free from shortages of transportation and to have such railway service as it has had for five years? How much would it cost to have the railways get into the condition they were in ten years ago?

With the service as good as it is now, and the stocks of railways selling recently at the highest prices in history, it is hard to believe they will ever get into such a condition again. But the law of cause and effect cannot be repealed even by resolutions of Congress. Railway regulation, railway earnings, and railway conditions, it is plain, are now drifting in the same direction as fifteen years ago, and the final results will be the same unless the tendency to disregard the need of the railways for adequate earnings, and to make a political football of railway regulation, is arrested.

* * *

For Youth

By S. Bert Cooksley

Earth will not ever weary of your speech,
Earth will not ever mark a pace for you—
Nor need you fear the Elders will impeach
Your right to rule the many and the few.

Go where you will. Do what you will. Be cruel
Or kind or vain. Be humble or be bold:
You shall remain the measure and the rule
Which keep an ancient world from growing old.

(All Wisdom is a flower in your hand,
And Passion will have none but you for guide.
And Beauty—though she search the leanest land—
Will find you out at once and keep your side!)

The exquisites shall be your drink and meat,
And I? I shall be always at your feet.

The Etchings of Childe Hassam

BY CARLO BEUF

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY MR. HASSAM

Master of sunlight, leading exponent of French impressionism in this country, this artist reveals his peculiarly American quality and his individuality in his etchings.

I do not know if Childe Hassam has a favorite motto, but were he to bid me choose one for him, without hesitation I should propose the old legend of the sun-dial: *Sine sole sileo* (Without sunshine I am silent!).

For Hassam, the man, is solar, dynamic as the rays (less dazzling than our suns of Italy, but of vibration more potent to stimulate and quicken) that illumine the New England hills. Then, since Art is the projection of a temperament on the screen of the future, the art of Hassam is a Hymn to Light.

This American painter, powerfully built, with bull neck and torso of an athlete, is generally considered the exponent *par excellence* of French impressionism on his side of the Atlantic. This, however, does not prevent him from being one of the most representative North Americans, one of the most Anglo-Saxon types, that I have ever met.

Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, some sixty-nine years ago, Hassam is descended on both sides from old English stock. He received his schooling in Boston and also some of his art training, completing this in Paris, where he remained for several years. Then, feeling an insistent call, he went back to settle in his native land, and only now and then gives truce to his tireless activity by the respite of a brief sojourn in Europe.

His interest in etching belongs to his later years. Indeed, but for two plates done in Paris in 1898, his work in this field only dates from 1915. But of the highest order from the outset, this work places him directly at the head of the host of excellent American engravers.

He starts with a style of marked individuality, and, while certain of his methods are open to discussion, no one can question the absolute originality with which Hassam expresses himself. His etching is a sequence of his painting. He has changed his instrument, but the burden of his song is ever the same, gay, buoyant as spring itself.

At no time in the chronicles of art has the attention of painter and public alike been turned toward etching with greater zest than from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present date. To-day etching is an art that is an end in itself, by its inherent qualities being peculiarly adapted to the nervous sensibilities, the syncopated rhythm of modern life.

"The engraving of the nineteenth century," so notes Loys Delteil, "plays an important rôle in the history of art by its brilliant flowering of works which present, even to uninstructed eyes, qualities at once rare, diverse, and precious. Unquestionably many painters of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth have given the best of themselves to the graver's art, their work on these lines in many instances far surpassing their canvases, both in strength and feeling."

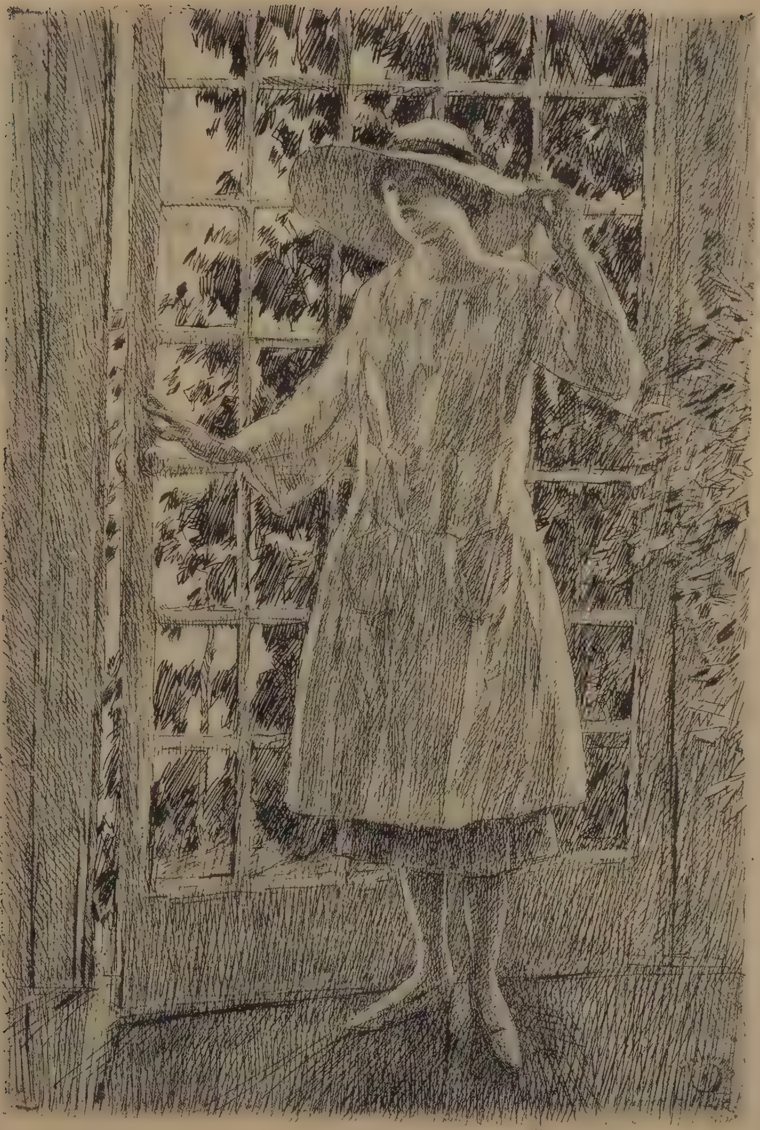
To this branch of art America brings a contribution of exceptional importance. Whistler, by every title, must be ranked among its greatest exponents. Since Rembrandt no other has attained a more vigorous expression, a higher lyricism, with the simplicity of means that conceals consummate craftsmanship.

It is customary to recall this master of nocturnes when speaking of Hassam's work in black and white; many, indeed, professing to find in him the source of the younger man's inspiration. I am not of this opinion. Even a superficial acquaintance with Hassam's painting should carry with it the conviction that his etchings could never have been other than they are. Whistler, both in painting and in drawing, presents masses, delicate, transparent, and diffused. (See, for instance, the Venetian series.) Or else he constructs a framework, outlining his pattern with meticulous hand, and getting his effects by vividly contrasted light and shadow. (See, for instance, "Limehouse" and "Rotherhithe.") Hassam, on the other hand, loves to reproduce the play of sunlight across foliage, and these prismatic refractions, shown by strokes now light, now forceful, whose gilded gamut constitutes the distinctive characteristic of his paintings, reappear with convincing testimony in his etchings. Whistler's line is continuous; that of Hassam broken. The forms of the one are cleanly outlined, those of the other are faceted like prisms in the sun.

One of Hassam's earlier plates, "The Athenæum, Portsmouth," is a delightful conceit. Here the artist has amused himself in boyish vein by depicting the play of sunbeams on the window-panes of Bulfinch's fine old building, presenting it in the guise of a benignant graybeard on whose serenely smiling countenance is written a faith in the future that neither the weight of years nor experience can destroy. This is a work of delicate restraint. In some places the needle has not left more than the imprint of its own shadow. Elsewhere, lingering, its strokes of velvety black give the solidity and sense of volume needed to balance the composition.

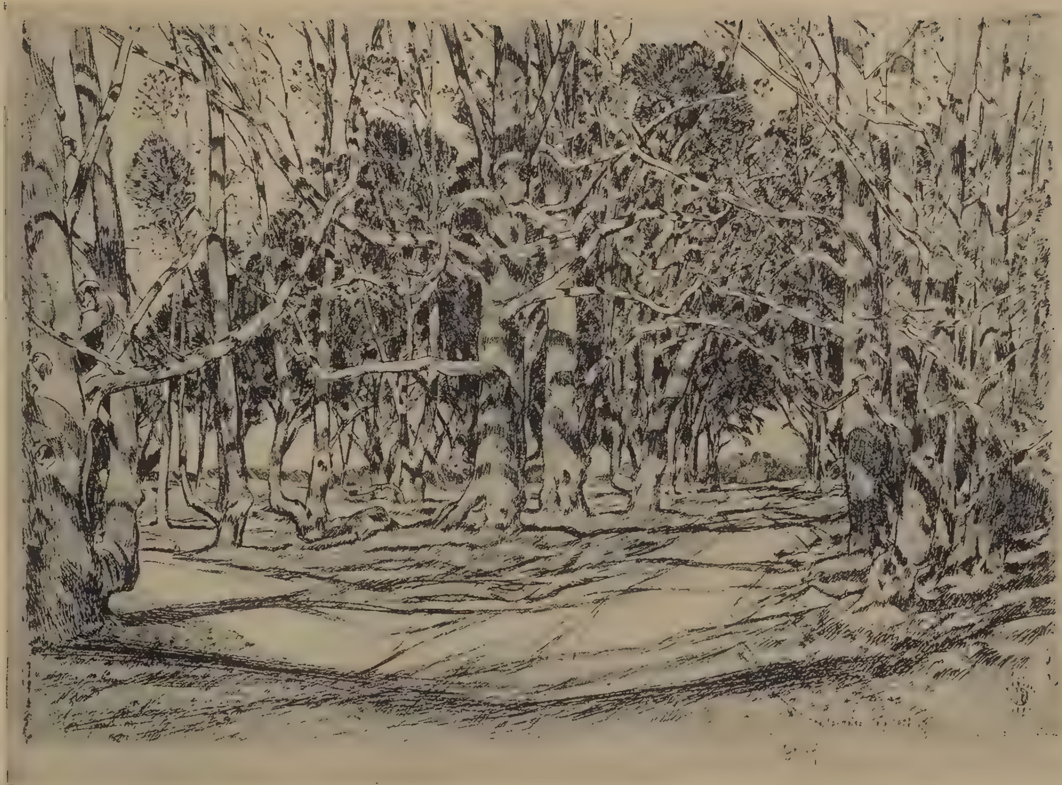
Of the same year, 1915, is "Old Lace"; justly rated by Royal Cortissoz one of the most finished of modern etchings. And, indeed, though among Hassam's earliest, it is a masterly achievement. Here we have an old bridge, dwellings, trees, water, all bathed in a luminous atmosphere of diffused sunshine sparkling with golden motes. Every stroke has a purpose, and what is not stated is skilfully implied with a reticence that is far more telling than detailed description.

I have spoken of Hassam's Americanism, and this is far more marked in his etchings than his paintings. In order to create he has to be moved, nor do his emotions respond merely to form and color. Not alone are hand and eye the instruments participating in the creation of a work of art; a whole complex of sensations is involved, whether the medium be painting, music, verse. Accordingly, the etchings of Childe Hassam are pregnant with the spirit of



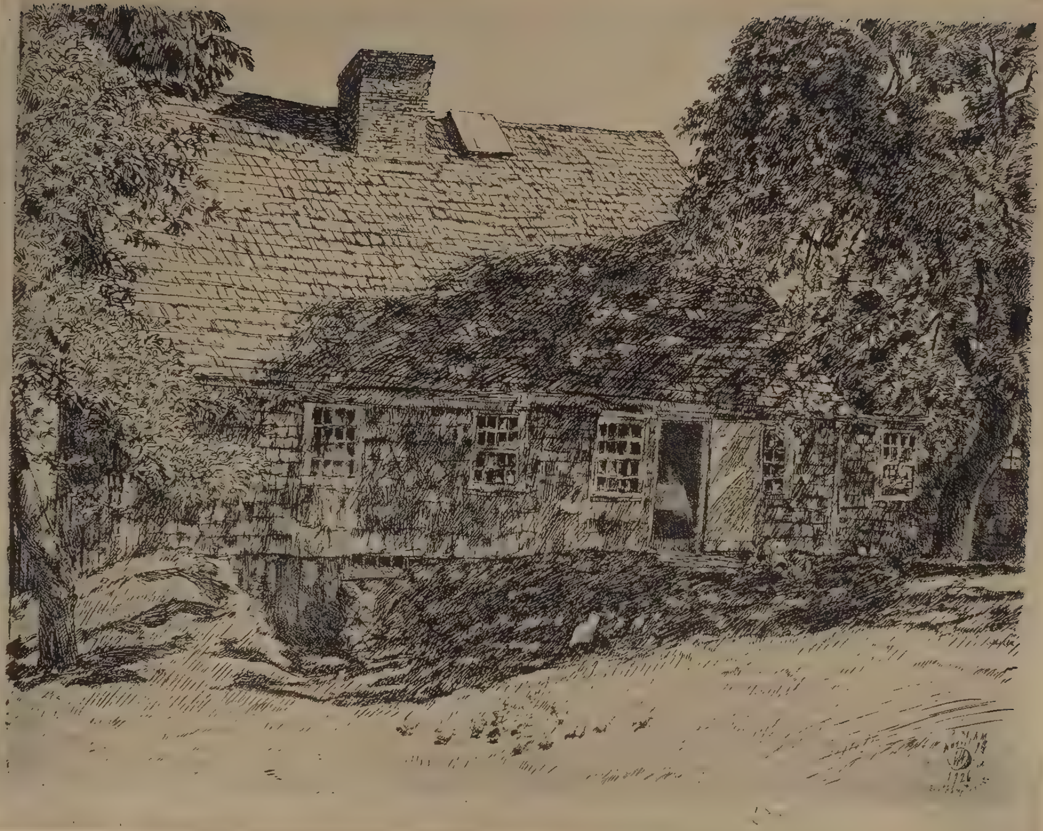
Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.

Bonnie Moore.



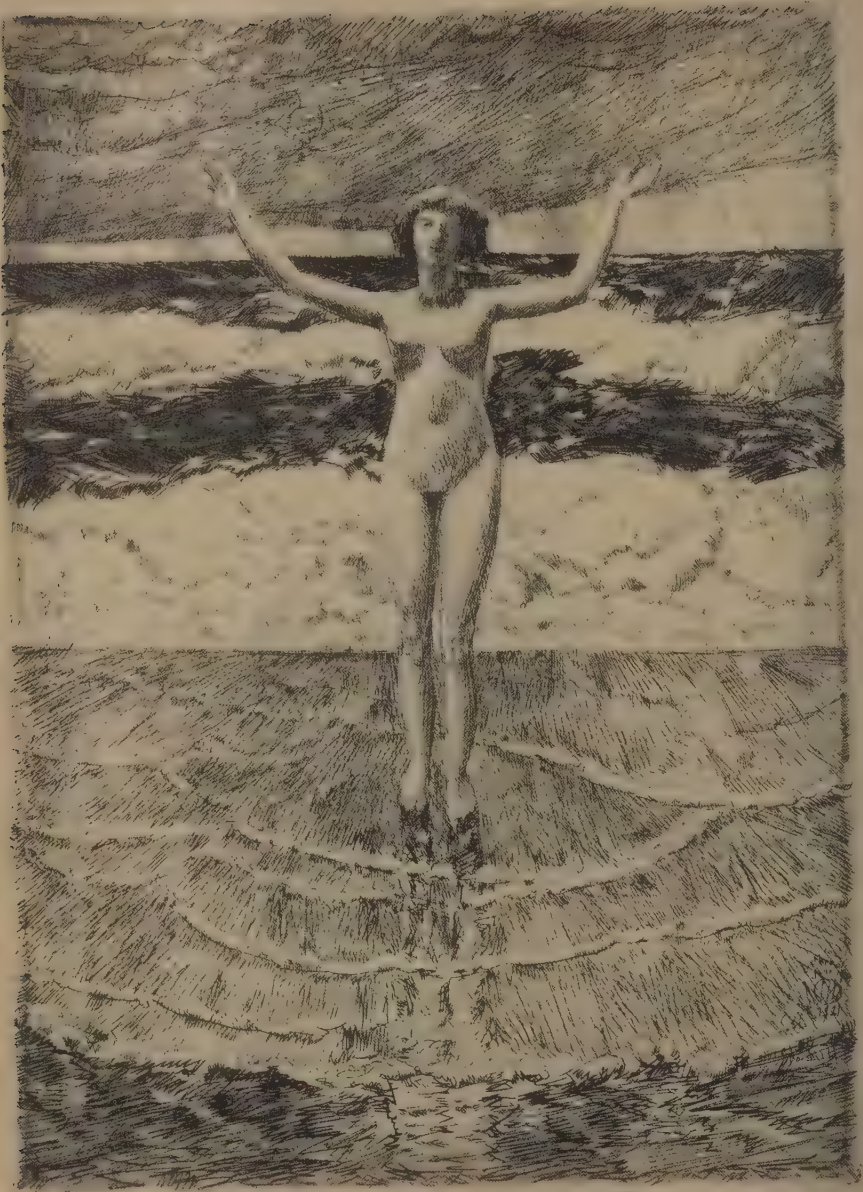
Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.

Road to Promised Land.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.

Old Mulford House, Easthampton, Long Island.



Rain Drops and Surf.

America, traditional and youthful, severe, domestic, qualities rooted deep in the temperament of his inheritance.

These qualities are strikingly evident in the two etchings "The Lion Gardiner House, Easthampton" (1920), and "Easthampton" (1917). How the old wooden house nestles in the bosom of the great trees, protected alike from torrid suns and wintry blast! An air of sweet intimacy pervades the scene. We do not have to refer to the style of the house to know that we are in America, for the genius of the place is here, alive and breathing, just as it is under the shade of the mighty elms in the main street of "Easthampton."

To my thinking, the genuine worth of the etchings of this artist lies in his faculty for making us participants, without apparent effort on his part, in the emotional state in which he created them, complex and many-phased, the result of his own most personal temperament.

"The Church Tower, Portsmouth" (1921), in which the characteristic wooden dwellings of rural America, grouped about a modest belfry, are mirrored in the still water of a pond, and the earlier Portsmouth view, "The Chimneys" (1915), give proof not only of Hassam's exquisite sensitiveness but also of a rare technical skill.

New York, that vast and turbulent metropolis, having already furnished Hassam with matter for some splendid oils, could not fail to win him to etchings of equal significance. In "Fifth Avenue at Noon" (1917) the psychology of the crowd in that famous city artery is described with the intense realism and clear vision that presents the scene as unique and unmistakable.

It is interesting to note that this artist employs a severer technic, a rhythm more constricted, when portraying people rather than scenes and things. This restraint is apt to become well-nigh geometric, even to recalling the architectural simplicity of the Primitives, and, indeed, as in the case of "Raindrops and Surf" (1921), at times degenerating into a dry, wooden effect that is far from gratifying.

Among his figure-etchings my preference is for those in which light is called on to play a decisive and predominating part. In these the alert forms of women, a favorite subject with him, melt into an aura of exquisite poetry, transforming them, in spite of modern garb, into Athenian maids of old, spiritualized in the warm breath of spring.

One such, "Helen Burke" (1917), is a pure joy to eye and heart, from the poetry it emanates and the clear light enveloping it.

To 1920 belongs the magnificent self-portrait, pregnant, intense, powerfully constructed, and drawn with nervous force.

To name all Hassam's etchings would be a lengthy task. For full information the art-lover is referred to the beautiful volume prepared by Royal Cortissoz: "The Etchings and Dry-points of Childe Hassam."* In this are listed 236, put out between 1915 and 1924, or, with the two examples of 1898 done in Paris, 238 all told. When it is remembered that at no time has Hassam ceased to work in oils and water-colors, this affords a remarkable instance of artistic productivity.

Critics there are who charge Childe Hassam with negligence, or again with inexpertness. And in truth at times he has a way of throwing down his lines somewhat cavalierly, piling them up, crisscrossing them, so as to form a solid mass without definite framework. Also his habit of indicating shadow by furious scratchings of the metal, accentuated by the sharp bite of the acid, affects us with a momentary discomfort as of a harsh taste on the tongue. By degrees, however, this very roughness attracts, and ends almost invariably by convincing us.

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* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925.

To his drawing one may well apply the words of Jean François Raffaelli when comparing Delacroix with Ingres: "Delacroix's design has a constructive quality. Ingres, with every stroke, bounds some aspect of nature, while Delacroix sets it free. Drawn from every side, all nature is blended by his hand."

Childe Hassam is richly endowed in equipment. Across his brain, his vision, emotions pass hurrying, with cinema-like rapidity. He halts them, registers them, but does not delay them for elaborate or minute description, for then one image would overlap another; each new sensation would crowd out its predecessor and neutralize it. In the very intensity of his feeling lies the justification of his method. His apparent carelessness is in reality the logical outcome of his artistic personality.

Hassam's place in modern art is most important. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to compare his etchings with those of his contemporaries. While technically deriving from the French impressionists, all of whom, by the way, almost without exception, were admirable etchers, he managed to differentiate himself, rounding out for himself a distinct individuality. Nor among the great modern specialists in this branch of art, English, German, Scandinavian, or Italian, is there one whose style is akin to that of Hassam.

Surely not in the nebulous arabesques of Latour, the nervous, polished line of Degas, the ultra-Parisianism of Toulouse-Lautres, nor the facile virtuosity of Anders Zorn, or the refined preciosity of Seymour Haden, can we trace any resemblance, either in form or spirit, to the manner of this most genial of Americans.

Originality is not the least of the causes that have contributed in a short span of years to render Hassam's etchings noted and beloved. Americans in particular cherish a justifiable tenderness both for this master and his works, finding in the one a shining champion of their youthful and dynamic race, and in the other the lyric interpretation of that race in a form as sincere and forceful as the songs of a people that persist, a living symbol of its youth, through the cycles of history.

⁂

Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

Should they go to The Dells and picnic, or should they go to Madison? And three words from Marfa Manchester, spoken on impulse, with detachment, without real choice, result in the expedition to The Dells, result too in the drowning of Ben. A telephone question from Max Garvin—might he bring the calendulas to-morrow night?—and a reply from Marfa: why not bring them to-night instead?—and there is Max Garvin with a severed spine from a motor accident, occurring while he answers her summons, given on impulse, with detachment, without real choice. And these occurrences follow the death of Paul Barker, who had contracted an infectious malady and died of a toxin administered for its cure, after making a visit with Marfa, on an invitation given by the way. Marfa recalls others whom she has touched with disaster—of late there has been a young negress whose life Marfa has not dared to condition, fearing that evil would be the consequence. Her father and Marcus Bartholomew leave for China, and she is torn because she might have prevented their going, through their love of her; and she fears the ill of her inaction not less than her action. She calls herself accursed, dispenser of disaster, and leaves for the pleasant country home of her cousin, Malvina Beach.

There spread a wash of clear blue over sky, of green over earth, of August morning sun over green and blue.

The lawn of Cousin Malvina Beach's home sloped to its little lake. Marfa, dutifully making talk, said that this was heaven, and after Mrs. Beach's inconclusive depreciation, Marfa added that at any rate it was quite heavenly not to be told of the neighbors, the servants, and the operations, or whatever kept the place from being perfect. Mrs. Beach countered that it was admirable of her not to wish to be told, and Marfa explained, "No one wants to be told. But most people want to tell," and thought that only by her replies could one be sure that Cousin Malvina heard anything that one said. Her look was withdrawn and calm, her look was ordered.

Marfa had arrived the evening before, in a summer tempest that beat at the trees and walls, as if some free flight resented any thwarting. From turmoil of water and wind, Marfa escaped into the calm of the house, and was met by the calm of Mrs. Beach! This woman, Cousin Malvina Beach, who had been living abroad since Marfa was a little girl, seemed to be intensely aware of herself, of every person, every object, everything said, so that nothing any longer required her attention. She herself was like her lungs that breathed, like her feet that walked, without any one's regard. For every possible moment she seemed practised. Marfa thought: "She isn't human. What is human? Is it turmoil, confusion, desperation?"

They had dined alone together in a room whose one wall was set with wide glass doors, open to the lake. This was northern country and, the storm having passed, at eight o'clock the light was still drenching the sky. A blue sail bent to the white water. The food was unwonted and delicious. "Her cook is more human than she," Marfa thought, and her thought ran on: "But her cook must be ordered and unconfused to make food like this. . . ."

Mrs. Beach then said:

"I thought that Lawrence and Maude would be here before you. They're detained until to-morrow."

Some voice within Marfa cried out: "It's nobody whom I need see?—I beg your pardon . . ." and again and swiftly: "Oh, it's nobody whom I need see!"

"You know him," Mrs. Beach assured her, undisturbed. "Lawrence Brand. He told me that he used to be in love with you, at college."

"I remember. He took me to my first freshman party. But I can't see him—I can't see any one."

"Charming things," Cousin Malvina went on. "At least he is. I picked them up at Biarritz. Lawrence is perfect. The sister has been an invalid for years. I'm afraid he, poor dear, has a quite fearful time with her."

Marfa leaned forward, looking tense and terrible, looking almost old. "I cannot see any one," she said; "I wrote in my letter that I cannot see any one. . . ."

"Your mother wrote something of the boy's drowning," her cousin said, "and that you blame yourself—of course that is natural. Of course it is. But that had nothing to do with these two friends, or with me." She touched at a point between her eyebrows, as if she were sealing it over.

Marfa relaxed, felt ridiculous, thought: "I cannot tell her that I bring disaster to every one I touch—that probably she herself will not be free of it . . ." and thought: "I'll go. I can go in two days."

Now, waiting on the terrace for the car to come back from the station, she was wretched, sat silent. She thought: "I'm like a plague-sufferer—I'm like a leper—only I look innocent." They had told her not to be morbid, her mother and Luna. But who was called morbid who knew in himself the marks of the plague . . . She moved away from Cousin Malvina. She thought: "Perhaps I'm dead—only my body walks on, moves, poisons everybody, brings death. . . . Perhaps I never have been alive—they might have forgotten to give me the spark, as one forgot to put the eggs in a cake . . . then it's a dead cake. . . ."

"We'll have bouillon and biscuits out here as soon as they come," Cousin Malvina was obliviously saying.

A woman, wrists, veins, breath; hollow cheeks, slender body, all so calm. All that she had locked up in her appeared to be nothing. She paid no attention to all that, appeared to have forgotten that she carried in the long white box of her the power to love, hate, sin, regret, to make others suffer. These powers she no longer attended. Or perhaps these had gone. Perhaps her fifty years were enough to leave her, too, like a cake with no eggs—but yet Cousin Malvina didn't kill or maim anybody. She lived decently, sewed prettily, served bouillon and biscuits on the terrace.

Marfa abruptly turned from her, looked down over the lake where white clouds had been stirred into blue and white water. Beyond the shores rose, yellow with stubble, green with alfalfa, fluttering with corn. All were honest, simple; serene about being isolated. All were guiltless. Nothing over there had cost any living thing its life, its sight, its power to walk, its freedom. . . . The sky innocent, the lake innocent, the field beneficent. "Man is the malady of earth," she thought, and paused. Whose was the voice which of late occasionally spoke up in her like that, saying things of which she never had thought? She watched a robin pulling at an absurdly flexible worm. "He and I," she thought, "we prey. But it's his nature." She stared down at it. "Maybe it's mine. Maybe I'm not even human —not even a malady. . . ."

"It's so warm this morning, I almost wish I'd planned to serve iced drinks," Cousin Malvina said.

Her beautiful car rolled smoothly to the door, and she hurried round to meet the three who alighted. Her exclamation of surprise was evidently to celebrate the arrival of Anthony Beach, her husband, whose return she had not expected. He came quickly along the terrace, met her with an ardent air of taking account of her, body and spirit. Of him Cousin Malvina took account by her surprise, by her arched brows, by her question, but a question quickly passed over in favor of the two who walked with him. But Anthony Beach, with his bright-eyed and touching confidence, believed himself to be still a part of this ceremony.

"Maude, darling," said Mrs. Beach, "*Lawrence*, dear," and such things. She kissed them both, brought out her murmurs as if they had been waiting, dressed and ready in some background, and turned to Marfa, who now, detaching her gaze from the corn, the alfalfa, and the stubble, gave the three her scrutiny, as light and fixed as a bird's, and as swiftly wavering away.

The sister Marfa hardly saw, Maude Brand—not only on account of her sex but because this young woman had instantly seated herself in a deck-chair and closed her eyes. This woman was young and ill, looked old because of her pallor, because of her frown. She was plain, and there was in her dressing a despair which showed that she was aware of her plainness.

"In a moment," went Lawrence Brand's voice, with a curious effect of three words flying and alighting from him. He attended his sister with an air of routine, more frightful than any boredom.

"Marfa Manchester!" he said only.

She had no impression of anything save of light and of quiet. It was true that he spoke, looked, moved like another. But there came from him an air of unconquerable quietude; and it was as if human restlessness being gone, a soft flow of light filled the vacuum and rose and outrayed from him. And this Marfa caught briefly, like a signal. In another moment she was aware only of his physical presence, his fineness, his inattention, his gruffness. There were chairs, luggage, confusion, bouillon, and biscuits. After her greeting, Marfa said nothing.

But there they were, and she saw them, clearly, as she was not meant to see them. Anthony Beach, sending to his wife pleased glances to which his wife was unopposed. Lawrence Brand, mechanically serving his sister, who was herself luxuriously aware, who was uneasy until she could get back some central position from which the arrival, the hostess, the confusion had shaken her. No bouillon? Then a drink of water? A fan? A sunshade? To lie down? To be quiet? Oh, no, no, she cried. No, none of this seemed for Maude Brand the expression that she wanted. Not until Lawrence said crisply, "Are you in pain?" did she rise to irritability, cry that nothing, nothing was the matter, and then at last appear content.

Good, kind Anthony Beach, sipping his bouillon, now felt that something was due to Marfa, of whom, it appeared, he had heard recent news. Her father had gone to China! How could she let him go? Her little cousin Ben had been drowned? Now how in the world could that have happened? Vina had said something of a delay in her visit because of a friend in the hospital, whom he trusted was now quite all right once more? The kind fellow talked, perpetually touching at his clipped mustache, which was nowhere near the bouillon at any time. His wife hung over Maude Brand.

A few minutes and all was over, they had gone to their rooms, and Marfa, with her untasted cup, was left staring at stubble, corn, and alfalfa. She thought:

"Was he, then, in love with me at school? Perhaps he could have saved me—saved Ben and Mr. Garvin and Mona. Saved Marcus Bartholomew and father. . . ." She reminded herself with impatience that Marcus Bartholomew and her father at least were quite all right.

"I must not even speak to him when it can be avoided," she thought, "or I shall do him some harm, too."

Bartholomew's amused eyes came before her: "You feel that way instead of feeling other emotions," he had told her.

She ran up to her room to get into her riding things, and wept as she changed. She wondered if there were people already in the world inevitably approaching for a meeting with her, whom she would injure. Perhaps people unborn. Arrested, she stood imagining that long procession, coming from distance, and she, meaning to be so right toward them all and yet dealing out death and disorder because her body was not an instrument that her willing spirit could use; not tuned, not—what was it that Max Garvin had said?—not polarized. Her body acted without her, uttered the wrong word independently of her intention. As a primitive woman dealt disaster by design, so she, desiring the good, did the evil through the physical ineptitude of her machine. But those others—all pacing toward her . . . She watched that imagined procession advance, with Lawrence at its head. . . .

When she came down in her tan togs, Lawrence Brand was alone on the terrace.

"I say," he cried when he saw her, "is there another mount, Miss Manchester? Do you mind if I go too?"

It was twelve miles to the village. The road lay shaded and murmurous. The intense awareness and response of the bays manifested in the broken rhythm of their great glossy bodies.

Marfa thought: "I mustn't talk to him. If I don't talk to him, I can't harm him." So when he said, "It's great to be back on a country road in America," she did not reply. When he praised the country, the day, the mounts, she murmured assent, volunteered nothing. He talked on for a bit about the changes that he found, all for the better; about the horse that he had last ridden, at Passy; about the village, where he must make a purchase. Marfa continued her silence. About the college friends for whom he inquired, she manifestly knew nothing. He glanced over at her, she kept her profile turned to his scrutiny. He gave his attention to his horse and said no more.

But now a procession of charming events began to occur. They met a little gig, its old gray driven by a tiny boy, whose face was bright, taut, alert, like the face of a wood animal. Without her will, Marfa had glanced at her companion and they had smiled. From the deep of the wood through which they rode, a thrush called, one miraculous rebirth of his spring ecstasy. Together they reined in their horses, and sat silent, hoping for an iteration of the call. A tanager burned before them on a bough, and together they saw it. A wandering German band came by, signalled to them, and began to play, so softly that the horses, when they were halted, merely kept time to the music. "Glücklichkeit die beide," said the fat leader solemnly over his tip, as if he were pronouncing them man and wife.

In the village they made purchases, and stopped at a stall for cold drinks. And through all this Marfa spoke only when the necessity was pressing; and though he had fallen as silent as she, yet they turned their horses' heads homeward in a certain fellowship, as if the spell of silence had more power than the ways of speech.

From the summit of the six-mile hill the road ran like a river between green shores. On the way down the slope Marfa looked over the face of the fields. The meadows lay bathed in the eagerness with which they had come pressing from below, green stretches of countless seeds in resurrection, poised on pale roots now rummaging beneath them. She had an abrupt sense of the million tiny shoots, spurting upward, crowded, aspiring, individual. And these in turn lay molding and lifting to the unborn year their cups of seed, and all the cool green bodies were already hosts to larvæ and eggs, to life sleeping or already awake and chanting. For no more than a breath, burning and gone again, she felt the life of the fields not as green space but as green multitude, felt its life in her, all seed and no root. With a flash of the sense of the first sea-thing moving from its rock, she saw at the bottom of the hill the empty road leading, gave her horse his head, and when he broke into a gallop, urged him on.

In an instant Lawrence was beside her. They galloped abreast to the long undulations of rock and of sward in the dazzle of noon.

When they reined in, on the low bridge spanning a sleepy stream, Marfa's eyes were bright. She cried: "Wasn't it glorious!" And now Lawrence Brand, looking intently at her, asked abruptly:

"Will you tell me why you've refused all the morning to talk to me?"

She said: "There's a bridle-path along this stream for a mile. I think we've time to follow it, before lunch."

Her heart beating painfully, she thought: "I should never have done that—I should never have turned into the bridle-path. But I'm sure to do something like that again. I've got to tell him the truth about me."

The path edged the stream through a copse of locusts and willows, laced with wild grape. He followed her, in her light immobility, as she met the motion of her horse. When at the end of the path she halted, turned, and looked at him at last, he spoke before she did: "When another woman keeps as still as you do, she's a vacuum. But you —you're something positive all the time." She heard herself say, "You're something positive whether you talk or not," and he cried: "But why shouldn't we talk? It's not necessary, but it's mighty nice. Or it used to be, with you."

He heard: "You don't understand about me, and I've got to tell you."

At this he looked disturbed, as if he had no idea indeed what he might be going to hear.

"Please, please!" he said rather wildly, "nothing matters, you know. . . ."

Once she would have enjoyed the sensation that she was making. Now she was in deep distress.

"I bring disaster to every one who comes near me," she said. "I don't want to harm you—I want to warn you away."

At this he stared frankly and then laughed, drawing down his brows.

"Die Lorelei?" he suggested dryly.

She flushed. "Oh, not that," she cried; "nothing like that. And yet death too—or destruction—blindness—misery." She poured it all out to him: Paul Barker, Ben, Lina, Mona, the yacht's cook, Garvin. A small blue vein stood out in her forehead, as if it were the forehead of a woman old or ill.

He listened, rather as if he were thinking of her than of her words. "What a lot of rotten go's," he said only. "No wonder they've made you morbid."

"It's not morbid," she cried violently, "it's the truth!"

"But we all make one another suffer."

"Not like that!"

"Well, in worse ways."

"Have you ever made anybody suffer?" The bright points of light in her eyes pierced him.

"No end of people."

But when she begged him to tell her how he had done that, he was able to recall only trifling instances of having occasioned discomfort to this one or that. "You see!" she cried triumphantly.

"Look here," he said, "if you think I'm going to keep away from you for fear of that kind of thing, you're jolly well wrong."

Instead of replying, she said abruptly: "You've suffered yourself. Perhaps you're one of those whom somebody else makes suffer."

"No, no," he said roughly, "that's absurd." And his horse, either from a thrust of his or from a sense of crisis, wheeled; and she pressed forward to follow. They went on once more in silence. She thought: "I've hurt him by saying that—as if he knew it was true."

When they reached the road, his face was untroubled. "You'll let me take the risk," he begged her, "now that I know the worst?"

"You don't believe me," she said; "I can't make you believe me."

"At any rate, you've warned me."

"That doesn't lessen my responsibility. Every moment I've expected your horse to bolt and throw you over his head."

"Just because I was with you! I say, you poor child!"

At this she frowned, urged on her horse. He followed in silence. At the door he stood beside her as she dismounted. She looked up in his face, saw its adult mask set over the anxious lost look of youth. The imponderable breathed from him, something strong and fierce enough to make itself felt, yet pulsing as delicately as light. And this other influence was so magical that she could hardly bother with his strength.

"So now you know," she said bluntly, "why I'm rude to you."

He laughed charmingly, said "Thanks," and made no comment.

Marfa came down to lunch with a sense of release, as if, after a night of anxiety, she had waked to hear homely accustomed sounds. The others were already at table. As they entered, Maude Brand turned on her brother a look without rancor, without reproach even—merely a fixed unwinking regard following him across the room, continuing after he had taken his place opposite her. Finally he met her eyes, and it was impossible not to divine that from the moment of his entrance he had been aware of her look. His "How are you feeling?" carried no conviction of the casual, but rather a resumption of a burden which had been for a little while laid down.

Her look did not change. "What shall I say to that?" she asked. Her enunciation was very clear, almost impertinently clear.

"I hoped you'd say 'Immensely better,' " said Lawrence pleasantly.

"No," she said only—a curious "no," slow, short, of rising inflection; a "no" which made her mouth not round but almost closed.

"You look better already," said Lawrence obliviously, but his oblivion carried no conviction either.

Maude Brand smiled—she had a smile, not sweet or kindly, but crooked and mysterious and lingering. "If only I *had* looked better as many times as you've said that," she observed.

He smiled across at her, a smile evidently having no back thought. But she continued to regard him, without eating, and now without speaking—merely that slow-winking, intent stare.

Marfa looked at her, at the long fragile hands, the tips of the long fragile fingers just touching the table's edge, all but a finger of each hand lifted, like butterflies. About the hands there was something eager, terribly expectant, at queer odds with the expressionless watching face, the face that seemed to expect nothing. The face, pallid and fragile too, shadowed, thinly veined, blue-lipped, was lighted by eyes having the brightness of invalidism; the brightness, Marfa thought, of death. But the thin crooked mouth, mobile, sardonic, dominated the insensate face.

She went on with something that she had been relating:

"The mine had been salted, they said—but he didn't know that. He would never admit it while he lived—said the vein had pinched out—oh, he trusted everybody. Then when he knew that all his friends had lost money through him, he turned that land, for which he had paid thousands an acre, into grazing-land. He bought sheep—the wrong kind at first—and the sheds were insufficient. It turned cold and the sheep crowded into the sheds and smothered to death trying to keep warm. But he wouldn't give up, because of his friends' money—so then he bought more sheep and kept on and on. And he got back all their money for his friends."

"And was it some one you know?" Anthony Beach asked, attending to his mustache.

"It was my father," she said, and looked at them all, with something like maternal pride, as if she had been relating the achievement of a loved son. "My mother was like that too," she added.

"But not, alas, her brother," said Lawrence Brand.

She turned on him a look in which pride and rancor were blended. "I have a wonderful, wonderful family," she said, and burst into laughter.

"My father had power," said Lawrence, "that he didn't pass on. He could charm things to come his way."

"And how could he do that?" inquired Anthony Beach, in his slim staccato, and touched with his napkin at his red lips. He had a wandering eye, as if he had been cut from the general mass and never specialized to any form of attention. He asked "How could he do that?" as he might have asked "Did he fish with a fly?"

Marfa cried: "I think your wife knows. Things fall into order where *she* is. Of themselves, you know."

"Yes," said Beach sadly, "she orders even me. I do as I should, in spite of myself."

Maude Brand, who manifestly never attended to any part of a conversation save to that which she herself intended to say next, went on, as if she had not been interrupted:

"My father *drew* things to himself—the kind of thing he wanted. He had a nose for success. People do. They talk of a journalist having a 'nose for news,' and a man having a collector's instinct—and hunter's luck. Well, don't such people somehow get magnetized to attract the things that come to them? It was that way with him. He was magnetized to success—in the long run."

"In the long run," Lawrence repeated. "But he couldn't seem to make his magnet work until he'd first attracted a lot of rubbish that he didn't want."

"And are you a magnet?" Mrs. Beach asked him.

"Didn't I draw you to our table at Biarritz?"

"It was I who did that," said Maude Brand. "It was the only time that I ever attracted anything good. You know, I'm really magnetized to attract ill luck."

"Darling, how ridiculous!" Mrs. Beach cried.

Again Miss Brand took that poised attitude, her hands alighting on the table's edge as if they had just flown there.

"I attracted to myself all my maladies," she said, in a loud and excited voice. "My accident—bad luck on journeys—ptomaine in my food—friends who have disappointed me—and the most ghastly boarding-places!"

When they laughed, she cried quite earnestly: "I'm not joking! I've watched this for years."

"And look at the brother she magnetized to herself," said Lawrence.

"That's the most extraordinary conception I ever heard in my life," Anthony Beach said rapidly. "Isn't it the most extraordinary conception you ever heard in your life, Vina?"

Mrs. Beach turned her ordered and placid gaze upon her husband and her guests.

"She's a creative genius—Maude," she observed. "She doesn't paint or play, so she invents deliciously."

Into Miss Brand's pallid face had come a flow of color, into her eyes bright points of light.

"Let me ask you," she said, "if these things are invented. We went to Rouen—I had three pension addresses. I chose the one in the middle of my list—in the middle. For no reason. Well, they showed me to a room where a woman had died of a fever. I had an illness of weeks—a convalescence of months. In Clovelly I went to walk. I started down one street, changed, and chose another—tripped on the stones and sprained my ankle—I was for three weeks laid up in Clovelly. In Rome we were given a drunken driver—hundreds of cars out and we alone had a drunken driver. We collided with a railing—my back was terribly wrenched—more weeks in Rome, convalescing, you see. I have reached out-of-the-way hotels when the last room had been given to the tourists one minute ahead of us—one minute! I have taken boats that had a terrible passage, when the next week's sailing was calm and I might quite as well have waited. I have made friends who have annoyed me frightfully when I might have made friends at the same hotel who were angels. . . ."

"Good heavens," said Anthony Beach, "but who hasn't?"

"I've done all these things, with her," said Lawrence. "Why wasn't it I who attracted these things to her?"

"Because when you go alone you have perfectly beautiful times," his sister said with an air of triumph. "You always do." Again she regarded him with that mixture of approval and distaste.

"Good Lord," cried Anthony Beach, "but there's such a thing as ill luck. . . ."

"Only to those who attract it," said Maude Brand. "And I do. Look here," she said suddenly, "your wife doesn't, does she? Don't things always come out right for Vina?"

With one finger Mr. Beach pressed his minute mustache each way from his red lips.

"She is incorrigible," he said. "I've never known it to rain when she didn't want it to. Oh, literally! Her trains, her appointments, people she wants to see or doesn't want to see—the stars in their courses fight for things to come out right for her. I've often said so."

Lawrence laughed. "Good fun," he said, "when you two get together. And what about the rest of us, between you?"

Marfa sat motionless, her food untasted. Her eyes were on Miss Brand's face. When she spoke, her own voice sounded faint to her, she wondered if they could hear her, and when she lifted her voice she seemed to be calling to them, with a voice which could not reach them. Her voice—abruptly its tones seemed to her a frail bridge across which alone she could reach them, if at all, from out her terrible isolation. She was aware of Lawrence, watching her with alarm and concern, aware of the others, who were about to slip from this subject and, she thought queerly, never get back to it. She was speaking now and they were all listening:

"But what about all those people," she asked, "who brought you the ill luck? The pension people, the driver, the one who had fever. . . ."

Miss Brand stared. "Bless you," she said, "they had nothing to do with it. It was I—I—I! I attracted it."

"But they sowed all those terrible seeds!" Marfa cried. "Some one was bound to pick them up. . . ."

"To attract them," Miss Brand assented. "And that one was I."

Marfa felt young, impotent, desperate. Their faces swam about her. She addressed herself to Lawrence's face.

"The attraction," she said, "may have been accidental. But the one who created and scattered all the ill luck—the accident, the illness, the trouble—what of that one?"

There was a moment's silence—but no one save Lawrence was really attending. Maude Brand was merely waiting to talk again herself. Anthony Beach was a polished surface over which all contacts trickled with faint chance at any reaction. The ordered eye of Mrs. Beach was appraising the dessert that had just been brought in. Lawrence alone was watching Marfa, and with a frown, as if he wished that she wouldn't go on.

"Because," said Marfa clearly, "I'm like that. I bring misfortune to every one I meet. I've always done that all my life."

She sat with eyes downcast, waiting for the confusion which it seemed to her that her words must bring, now that they were out. And she heard Mrs. Beach saying:

"You darling child. Imagine! Have lots of whipped cream on that."

"You bring good luck, Miss Marfa, merely by permitting us to look at you," said Anthony Beach. "Vina, are your cigarettes decent?"

Marfa's eyes went to Lawrence. He was looking at her not with amusement but with a gentleness that suddenly shook her, like pain.

Maude Brand began again:

"And then, I remember, there was once in Normandy . . ."

As they came out on the terrace, Maude Brand asked of Lawrence, "Where did you go this morning?" with a manner of casualness, but with a direct and listening look. Marfa felt astonishment, but Lawrence answered simply: "For a canter—and a gallop, with Miss Manchester."

"I had thought we might finish the chapter . . ."

"I'll get the book now. Perhaps the others would care to join us. . . ." He moved away.

Miss Brand's voice sounded sharp and piping. "But I have had hardly a word with you to-day!" Her voice was sharp, like the voice of some untutored mother to her child.

Marfa went to Mrs. Beach and slipped her hand through her arm.

"Cousin Malvina," she cried, "I'm going home to-morrow—I must go home to-morrow!"

Mrs. Beach stood in the sun, which seemed to shine round her as round a heavenly body, reflecting light but by it unmoved. She stood serene, unsurprised, completely prepared, apparently regarding nothing as unpreventable.

"You can't leave," she said in her mellow alto. "You really must go with us to-morrow to see the charming place I want the Brands to buy—quite close to us it is. Just our little party—with a car and a hamper. You can't resist the lake—and there's wintergreen. . . ."

Marfa faced her. In a sharp effort to force understanding on her, she leaped the generation between them:

"Vina! You mustn't pass over it. What I said at the table is true. I'll bring down something terrible on all of you if I stay. I oughtn't to have come . . . I thought I could get away from it. You mustn't let me bring trouble and unhappiness to this house, too. . . ."

Through the haze of her tears, Mrs. Beach's large serene face smiled out at her.

"Marfa, dear," she said, "we'll have you all over this nervousness if you'll only stay on and let us take care of you."

Marfa cried, as into some space wherein nothing registered: "But I'm not in the least nervous—it's true! It's true!"

"After all you've been through," Mrs. Beach said equably, "I don't wonder at anything you imagine. Go down in the garden and look at my holly-

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What's Wrong with the United States?

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON WERTENBAKER

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The Edwards Professor of American History at Princeton defends America—and shocks the intelligentsia and culture-chaser by holding that material comfort is more fundamental than art.

RECENTLY I received a bundle of books for review. They all dealt with conditions in the United States, and most of them were extremely pessimistic. One author believes that the horde of immigrants who poured into the country in the years just preceding the World War have brought us to the verge of ruin. Unrestricted immigration, he says, has filled our cities with morons, criminals, and the physically unfit, has lowered wages, imperilled our institutions, and impaired the racial stock. We have now closed the doors, it is true, and we are trying to keep them closed, but it will be centuries before we can assimilate the conglomerate mass of humanity which we have admitted. It is a permanent disaster, perhaps an irretrievable disaster.

With a troubled mind, I turn to the next volume. But it, too, sounds the alarm-bell. This time it is our tendency toward undirected reproduction which appears as the great peril. The best classes, leaders in every walk of life, we are told, are restricting the size of their families, while the unfit—the lowest classes of workers, the ignorant, criminals, defectives—are reproducing with great rapidity. It is the survival of the unfittest. The race ascends the ladder by centuries of laborious striving, only in the end to cut off its own head. Seeing in this volume only the blackest future for the United States, I lay it aside more troubled than ever.

The next is a volume by a foreign observer—a diplomat who had dwelt long in this country. Perhaps he can see something of good in us. Alas! He is of opinion that we have bartered off our souls to Mammon. "Big profits overshadow liberty in all its forms," he says, "and the exercise of intelligence is encouraged only if it fits in with the common aim. Any one who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettanteism is regarded as almost mentally perverted. . . . In the universities the majority of the students are satisfied if they memorize an array of ready-made facts, and they seek from their professors not culture but the fundamentals of a successful career. . . . The material advance is immeasurable in comparison with the Old World, but from the point of view of individual refinement and art the sacrifice is real indeed. Even the humblest European sees in art an aristocratic symbol of his own personality, and modern America has no national art and does not even feel the need of one."

In disgust I leave my study and wander to the university library. There, by chance, I happen upon a well-known novel, the work of an American. In it the average, middle-class American is pilloried. Self-assertive, crude, ignorant, provincial, blind to the better things of life, satisfied with his overdecorated house or his drug-store, with its soda-fountain and marble-topped counter, he brings a blush to the face.

I lay the volume down, and take up a newspaper. It informs me that the United States is the most unpopular nation in the world. In one column there are strictures upon Uncle Shylock, in another complaints from Japan at the abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement, in a third accusations from Latin America of international hypocrisy. A fourth column is devoted to the crime wave in Chicago. It states that in the six years ending last spring there were 1,795 murders in Cook County; that in four years 45 policemen have been killed; that crime is open, and criminal gangs in control. Rum-trucks are plying merrily, the city is wide open, bootleggers and bookmakers are prospering, while the mayor is valiantly defending his flock from the British lion, and ordering the Mississippi back to its proper bounds.

What of all this? Is it true? Are we on the road to perdition? Are we incapable of self-government? Are we of low-grade racial stock, criminally inclined, sordid, without national art, vainglorious, aggressive, unjust to our neighbors? I take my hat and leave the library for a walk on the campus. A walk through our beautiful campus is often very helpful. The dignified old trees and the lovely buildings calm the nerves and clarify the thoughts. What is the meaning of America? I ask myself. What part has it played in world history? What lies before it?

I picture the first settlers at Jamestown and at Plymouth. Simple, sturdy folk, face to face with unlimited opportunities, and almost unlimited difficulties. Theirs were the riches of a continent, but only on condition that they wrest it from stubborn Mother Nature. It required courage, physical endurance, and an iron will to desert a safe and comfortable home, to risk starvation, disease, and the tomahawk, to hew out a clearing, build a cabin, and face the task of rearing a family under wilderness conditions. The Virginians and New Englanders of three centuries ago may have contributed little to science, art, and literature, but they did their part in a work no less important. They added a great continent to the civilized world.

In no sense inferior to their fellow Europeans whom they left behind, their talents were of necessity turned into different channels. This man might have been another Milton had he remained in England; in Massachusetts he had to become a soldier in the unending war against the wilderness; this man might have been an artist, this one a statesman, this a scientist. The colonial period of American history produced few great names. Benjamin Franklin alone stands out above the general level of mediocrity. But if Europe, in the years from 1607 to 1775, boasted of its Harvey, Boyle, Milton, Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Molière, and a host of others, the Americans could rightfully claim that they had done their full duty toward civilization by advancing its borders into a New World. To fell trees or to open a corn-field seems an ignoble task when compared with investigation into the mysteries of nature or the writing of epic poems, but the effect upon human welfare may be as great in one case as in the other.

When, with the dawn of the national period, settlers began to push along the narrow valleys of the Appalachian ranges, out into the Mississippi basin, a new and rich world opened before America. There were great plains waiting for the plough and the sickle, prairies ready for the ranchman's herd, hidden treasures of coal, iron, and oil, a network of rivers spreading out like a system of natural canals. Was it not the duty of the nation to pour out its energy and its talents in the development of this land, endowed so lavishly by Nature's hand? Wonderfully well was the task performed. In a century the frontier advanced 3,000 miles to the Pacific. In another half-century the frontier disappeared. Where formerly were only prairies, deserts, mountains, and interminable forests, are now millions of industrious people, great cities, fields of wheat and corn, smoke-covered industrial centres, concrete roads, railway lines, hospitals, colleges, schools.

This great work, accomplished in so remarkably short a period, cannot be explained entirely by the abundance of natural resources. Mexico is a land of untold natural wealth, but it has experienced no such development as that of the United States because the Mexicans lack the resourcefulness, energy, and industry of our people. Says J. Ellis Barker, the noted English economist, in "America's Secret": "The country was settled by men possessing the conquering spirit and the spirit of leadership. These men fought among themselves, fought the Indians, and conquered the wilderness around them. . . . They created a new race, possessed of daring enterprise, of boundless energy, and of the passionate desire for achievement and success. . . . American economic success is less due to the vastness of its natural wealth and to the excellence of its machinery than to the ambition, good sense, ingenuity, and industry of the people and the wisdom and energy of the leaders."

But American energy could not have accomplished so much had it not been aided by labor-saving machinery, which in turn was the product of American inventive genius. In this country there has always been an urgent demand for labor. With natural resources so abundant and cheap, all that has been needed to make them yield rich returns was workers and ever more workers. It was this, as Captain John Smith explained to the London Company, which made it difficult for the infant colony of Virginia to compete with the potash, iron, and glass manufactures of Europe. It was this, also, which brought on the country the curse of slavery. But it brought one great benefit—the urge to create machinery which would economize in human labor.

It became the object of every American inventor to devise machines which could do the work of twenty men. Eli Whitney led the way with the cotton-gin. This device made it possible to multiply many times over the output of raw cotton, with the result that cotton cloth came within the means of many millions who formerly had had to do without. It was Thomas Jefferson who worked out the proper curves for the plough, and his fellow Virginian—Cyrus McCormick—who was chiefly responsible for the reaper. To-day our great agricultural areas are cultivated largely by means of machinery—the tractor, the gang-plough, the reaper, the thresher, the wheat-drill, potato-planters, hay-stackers. In 1850 the value of our agricultural machinery was

$151,000,000; in 1920 it had mounted to $3,600,000,000. Under present conditions the average farm-worker in the United States produces far more than his fellow laborer in any other country in the world.

At first America was content with exploiting her agricultural resources. But with the opening of the nineteenth century there came an all-important change—the American industrial revolution. To-day not only is the bulk of our wealth created by manufactures but we produce a larger quantity of manufactured goods than all the other nations of the world combined. Six per cent of the world's people produce approximately 50 per cent of the world's manufactured goods.

Here, too, the explanation is found in the use of labor-saving machinery. Eli Whitney is known chiefly as the inventor of the cotton-gin, yet he is responsible for another achievement quite as important. It was Whitney who worked out the principle of standardization, or interchangeability, in manufacture, the very foundation of large-scale production. Turning his attention to firearms, he announced that he intended to make the same parts of different guns "as much like each other as the successive impressions of a copperplate engraving." He was ridiculed by the ordnance officials of France and England. Yet he succeeded so well that standardization began to make its way into the manufacture of other articles, lowering production costs, increasing the output, and emancipating workmen from killing toil.

In the footsteps of Whitney followed other inventors of tool-machines, or machines for making machines. American copying-lathes and American gun machinery became the best in the world. It was a long cry from the day when the youthful Slater stole away from England to set up the first spinning machinery in the United States, to the time when the British Government purchased in America a full set of machines for the Royal Small Arms factory at Enfield and imported American workmen to run them. In the years which followed, American inventive genius carried the use of machinery in industry to undreamed-of lengths. There came new machinery in printing, in shoemaking, in the manufacture of automobiles, of furniture, of clothing, clocks, firearms.

With what result? That one American worker produces to-day about as much as four British workers. That the wealth per inhabitant in the United States increased from $308 in 1850 to $2,731 in 1922. That the annual income of the American people mounted from $62,000,000,000 in 1921 to $90,000,000,000 in 1926. That the annual income of the United States to-day is as great as the entire wealth of Great Britain, and is five times as great as the annual income of England, nine times as great as Germany's, and twenty-two times as great as that of Italy. It is ten times as great as that of China, despite the fact that there are four times as many workers in China as in the United States. In other words, one worker produces forty times as much in the United States as one worker in China. In short, the result has been that in this country to-day human beings have reached a higher state of material welfare than in any other era of world history or in any other nation of the world.

I know that some will say: "It is for these very things that we are criticised. We have been accused of worshipping material gain to the neglect of literature, art, music, and science." But, after all, is not the material more fundamental? What boots it if we produce a Shakespeare or a Michelangelo, if there are millions living in misery and degradation? There once lived in England a devotee of beauty. He had the painter's sensibility to color, the sculptor's grasp of form, the poet's gift of language. Regarding beauty as the visible revelation of God, he devoted himself with the apostle's fervor to the task of arousing the British public to a more genuine love of beautiful things. But in the midst of his career he turned aside to become a social reformer. We find him trying to reclaim the slums, organizing a gang of street-sweepers, investing in co-operative enterprises. To many this seemed an unaccountable shift. What connection was there between painting and architecture, on the one hand, and the earning of bread in the mills of Sheffield, on the other? To Ruskin's mind the two were intimately associated. He had learned that a people cannot lift their souls to the clouds while their feet are stuck in the mire of hunger and overwork. "I am tormented," he wrote, "between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of the terrific call of human crime for resistance, and of human misery for help."

After all, as an English writer tells us, "The most precious possession of a nation consists in the productive power of the people." In a country where the masses labor early and late for a bare living, where they have insufficient food and clothing, where there is little time for things of the mind and spirit, the scale of civilization must of necessity be low. The great contrast between China and the United States is that China depends for production upon man-power, the United States upon machinery. Under any form of distribution there will be in the United States hundreds who can be placed in what has been called the builder class—leaders in science, architecture, business, invention, art—to one in China.

If Ruskin found England sterile soil for his seeds of beauty, how much more hopeless would his task have been in India or China? India and China developed a promising civilization centuries ago, but these civilizations stagnated. They stagnated because, while the methods of economic production remained fixed, the population doubled and quadrupled. The margin over the barest necessities gradually dwindled, until life became one long, bitter struggle to keep hunger from the door.

Why, then, ask our critics, has not the United States outstripped all rivals in the cultural fields? Why has it not produced a Shakespeare, a Beethoven, a Raphael? The answer is found in our history. We have barely emerged from the stage of preparation. The passing of the frontier is still fresh in the memory of us all. We are even now forging our giant industrial system and widening each year the margin between the worker and the bare means of subsistence. The future—we claim the future as our own. I know that Sidney Smith said of us a century ago: "Others claim honor because of things done by a long line of ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity. . . . Others appeal to history; an American appeals to prophecy." But in the years which have passed since Smith made this mocking statement, the prophecies of the Americans of his day have been fully justified. "Who in the four quarters of the globe reads an American book?" he asked, "or looks at an American painting or statue? . . . What new substances have their chemists discovered? Who eats from American plates? . . . or sleeps on American blankets?" To-day this brings a smile. Yet, I venture to say, the gibes of our present critics may seem equally amusing before the passing of many decades.

Already, while yet in the stage of preparation, American civilization has done its full share for human welfare. In invention our record stands without a parallel. Says J. Ellis Barker: "Americans invented the steamboat, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, the telephone, the typewriter, the talking-machine, the incandescent lamp, the linotype, and the single-type composing-machine, the motion-picture machine, the airplane, vulcanization of rubber, modern agricultural machinery, modern bootmaking machinery. These American inventions have revolutionized transport and industry, agriculture and commerce, and have vastly increased man's power over nature." In the fields of invention Edison alone is enough to place the United States among the foremost.

In medical research this country has done noble work. An American, William T. G. Morton, gave suffering humanity the boon of anæsthesia. His priority in this great discovery has been disputed, it is true, but all the other claimants were also natives of the United States. Theobald Smith is the founder of one of the most important branches of bacteriology—for it was he who first discovered the part played by insects in conveying infectious diseases. It was Doctor Smith, also, who conquered that scourge of childhood—diphtheria—by his discovery of toxin-antitoxin. Equally important was the work of the American Federal Commission, under Doctor Walter Reed, in demonstrating that a certain species of mosquito is the agent for spreading yellow fever. But it is only within the past few decades that the United States has taken its place as the undisputed leader in medical research. The founding of the Rockefeller Institute has not only brought to this country some of the world's greatest investigators but it has organized and financed preventive work in almost every part of the world. The headquarters of the scientific army which is warring against disease is now in the United States.

It was two Americans, the Wright brothers, who gave the world the airplane. True, during the World War the leadership in aeronautics seemed to have slipped from our grasp, and many an American soldier in the Argonne or on the Meuse, as he gazed above at the German planes hovering over his head, wondered why his own government could not furnish as many planes and as good as the enemy. But to-day the wonderful exploits of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, and Byrd in conquering the Atlantic have aroused universal enthusiasm. On all sides it is acknowledged that American engines are the best in the world, and that American aviators are inferior to none in daring and skill.

In exploration, Americans have done their full share. The names of Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, and Zebulon Pike loom large in history, while Peary has the distinction of being the first to reach the North Pole. In recent days the exploits of Byrd and the dirigible *Norge* in flying over the Pole have added new lustre to American exploration.

In the strictly cultural aspects of her life, America already is entering the stage of accomplishment. In no field is there greater hope than in painting. Charles L. Buchanan, the distinguished critic, says: "There are persons who believe that American painting—our landscape-painting in particular—is, in a way, the finest development that this phase of the art has so far shown. . . . We find that the average person is talking about the possibility of a problematic future for American painting, without the slightest notion of the fact that a superb American painting is in our very midst." That Mr. Buchanan is not alone in this view is shown by the recent statement of the great French painter Henri Matisse: "You have made enormous progress during this generation. Before, you had almost nothing. Now you are a nation of painters to be considered alongside the European nations, with their long artistic histories and traditions."

If in literature the fulfilment has not been so prompt as in painting, the promise is equally great. Says the English writer John Boynton Priestly: "I believe that (America) has a greater mass of what we might call the raw material of literary genius than any other contemporary national literature." Another critic gives it as his opinion that within a reasonable time the United States "will produce as glistening a galaxy of geniuses as any other country can boast." Certain it is that in fiction this country leads the world, and that New York has become the theatrical producing centre of the world—the place to go, above all others, to study modern drama.

And what of architecture? Has America produced anything worth while in that important field? Perhaps we have our best answer in an incident which occurred a few years ago in London. An American was visiting some of the architectural gems of the old city—St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Brides, and others. With him was a distinguished Englishman, a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects. As they stood gazing up at the noble dome of St. Paul's, the American remarked: "I suppose Sir Christopher Wren's work has a profound influence on modern British architecture." The Englishman turned to him: "Listen. Do you really want to know the greatest influence in British architecture to-day? Well, it's the United States of America." The measured judgment of Thomas E. Tallmage, the distinguished American architect, is as follows: "Previous to 1893 there was not a single class of building in which we excelled or equalled contemporary work of the mother countries. . . . To-day there is hardly a single class of structure in which an excellent claim cannot be advanced for either our supremacy or our equality."

In the field of political science America has accomplished much. No assemblage in world history can surpass the Constitutional Convention, at Philadelphia, in its combined knowledge of the history and science of government; and many have thought the Constitution the greatest political document ever struck off by the hand of man. And throughout their history the American people, despite an occasional tendency to be led astray by bosses and demagogues, have displayed a capacity for self-government, a saneness in public affairs, which has aroused the admiration of foreign observers.

Nor need Americans blush at their record in the field of pure science. A conservative summary of the situation seems to be that of J. McKeen Cattell, the psychologist: "It is my general impression . . . that the United States is in advance of Great Britain and Germany in the biological and geological sciences, and in astronomy; behind them in physics, chemistry, and physiology; about on even terms with them in mathematics."

Professor Joseph Mayer, of Tufts College, in the January *Scientific Monthly*, states that in the last hundred years the United States, France, Great Britain, and Germany each has produced more than thirty outstanding scientists, while no other country has produced more than six.

In the eighteenth century, when the forests and the Indians were still unconquered, America produced two eminent scientists — Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson. They were the forerunners of a numerous and distinguished band which followed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One of the greatest was Josiah Willard Gibbs, who has been called the "Newton of chemistry." Among the noteworthy accomplishments of recent years must be included the interferometer experiments of two American physicists, Michelson and Morley; Millikan's measurement of the electron; the work of Rutherford, Pickering, Abbe, Newcomb, and Russell in astronomy; of Newbury, Powell, Gilbert, Dalton, Chamberlain, and Daly in geology; of Morgan, Wilson, Jennings, Wheeler, Osborn, and Loeb in biology. America produced "the world's greatest psychologist" in William James, and since the publication of his "Principles of Psychology," in 1890, has been the centre of activity in this field.

Professor Mayer's estimate of America's future is indeed optimistic. "The star of her scholarly accomplishment rose comparatively late, but it is quite apparently of first magnitude, and every sign points to its becoming the most brilliant spectacle in the firmament before the second quarter of the new century has passed."

As for our educational system, our organized charity, our public health system, there is every reason for pride. Certainly the American surgeons and dentists are the best in the world, American hospitals the most complete and efficient.

It is not the purpose of this article to answer all the criticisms aimed at the United States. Some of these criticisms are inspired by ignorance or jealousy, others are matters of controversy, still others are trivial. Some, beyond question, are sound in character, and point to real defects in our system, real dangers for the future. But let us not lose our proper prospective because of the present volley of abuse. We may agree that unrestricted immigration has produced a very real problem; that undirected reproduction has its dangers; that there is need for curbing crime in our large cities; that there are too many boxlike little cottages spread out over the country; that our fellow citizens are sometimes aggressive and a bit trying when they visit foreign countries.

But let us pity those critics who see nothing beyond these blemishes, when the most amazing spectacle in all history stretches out before their eyes—the chaining of the forces of nature, the freeing of man from the bondage of killing labor, the creation of a huge surplus above the needs of the hour and its diversion to the higher and better things of life, not only to greater comforts and opportunities for the individual, but to education, to research, to literature, to art. After all, we have a right to view with pride a past of splendid accomplishment; to look forward with confidence to a future of unprecedented promise and hope.

Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

II

There was once a Book Dealer who lacked a Sense of Humor. He catalogued the "Spoon River Anthology" among Books of Travel. He advertised the Lives of Lucretia Mott and Lucretia Borgia together at a bargain. He described Tillotson's "Sermons" as "slightly loose," and "The Art of Love" as "Pink calf, slightly soiled." He filled his window with the works of John Erskine and Elinor Glyn (another sweet juxtaposition) and then put many pasters on the glass with the announcement: This is Children's Book Week.

Moral: *Why go beyond the title-page?*

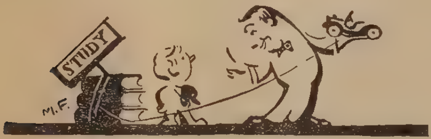
There was once a Valedictorian who announced at his Senior Class Dinner that he was going to be a Bond Salesman, and in the Amazed Silence that followed spoke thus:

"I am aware that in this decision I am running counter to all American College Tradition. I am aware that this rank of Valedictorian carries with it Prospects for the Future that amount almost to Obligations. In the opinion of you and your predecessors who are now Alumni, my career is cut out for me. I should enter either the ministry or the teaching profession. I should begin life in rural obscurity, and should stay there. I should marry a woman who would do nothing to lift me from the rut into which I had fallen—and in twenty-five years' time I should be unable, on account of my straitened finances, to send my eldest boy to my own college. Some of you prosperous ones might offer to help me out, but I should be too proud to accept assistance.

"Such is the tradition, but it is going to be belied in my case. I realize my handicaps; I know that for four years I have been on the wrong track. Instead of Making Friends and Learning Life, I have been Content with the Companionship of my Books and the esteem of my Professors; but it is not too Late to Reform. Here and now I pledge myself never to open a book again, except occasionally a Best Seller, never to peruse any Magazine that is tainted with High Brow, and never, except on the Sporting and Market Pages, to read beyond the Head-lines of any Newspaper.

"I shall amass one fortune and marry another. The allowance of each of our Children shall be more than the annual income of other Valedictorians. Grateful and would-be-grateful colleges shall bestow countless M.A.'s upon me. Others shall make me a Trustee. Always, from to-night, known as a good mixer, I shall retain that Reputation even after my Exalted Financial Position would justify a somewhat haughty exclusion, and if, in the Night Clubs of which I shall be a discreet and Munificent Patron, my memory should play me false, and I should blunder into a Latin Quotation, my Presence of Mind shall enable me to pass it off as a new Bit of Slang."

Moral: *But, as we all say on Occasion, it is the Exceptions that Prove the Rule.*



There were two Parents who entered their Son in a Famous School. It was Plain to be Seen that they had something on their Minds which they must tell to somebody before they left him there, so the Principal gave them the opportunity.

"We want you to know," said the one who acted as Spokesman (you can have one guess as to which one it was), "that our boy is rather peculiar. In fact, he is not like most boys. We have always found that he can be led, but he cannot be driven." And they departed, happy that this Secret had been revealed.

What the Principal wanted to say, but did not, was Something like This: "I have heard that Profound Remark a thousand Times, and know precisely what it means. Your child has got the better of you in the struggle of wills that begins so incredibly early in every young life, and you have come to accept the idea that Indulgence is the only form of control that you can use with him. Doubtless you have already promised him a Rolls-Royce if he squeezes through his College exams. in three years, and a Speed-Boat if he makes the School Football-Team. God helping me, I shall drive your Offspring hard, and as he looks as if he had some Guts, you will probably never know anything about it."

Moral: *Say what you think, but not always.*

A Modern Educator once approached a Traffic Cop on Duty at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and addressed him as follows: "I regret to see, sir, that you and I, though engaged in somewhat similar occupations, follow very different paths. There was a time when my noble profession—that of teaching — employed your present methods, but the consensus of enlightened opinion has pronounced them out of date; in fact, hopelessly old-fashioned. You and I are both Leaders, or, perhaps, more accurately, Guides and Directors. It is our Privilege to direct Humanity along Right Paths, but we have accomplished Little or Nothing if we have, except as a last Resort, employed that Hateful Thing called Coercion. Is not 'Self-Expression' the most precious of all things? Can anything more certainly tend to Inward Rebellion than the Idea that we do anything because we have to? And does not such Rebellion have a fatal effect on a Favorable Mind Set? It is so long since I have given an Order to my Classes that I cannot remember the last one. Let me beg of you to follow my example. Put up a notice saying that Motorists may do as they Please, and that if any one thinks he has done wrong, he is to report it at the Police Station in the Morning."

The Traffic Cop said Nothing in Reply, but summoned a Passing Patrolman, and said: "Say, Mike, this nut just mentioned the Police Station. Take him there."

Moral: *Don't disturb a Traffic Cop's Mind Set.*

There was a Clergyman in New York City who had two Sons, aged twelve and ten. In an earnest endeavor to train them up in the Way they Should Go, he adopted the plan of having them report, at breakfast, on what Good they had found in Any one since the morning before. One Morning he saw that the younger boy was particularly Keen to report, and therefore called on him first.

"Oh, Father," said the Boy, "I found Good this morning in the Ashman."

"How was that, Jamie?" said the Clergyman.

"I was out on the Street early," went on the Young Observer, "when he was collecting our Ashes, and when he picked the Barrel up, the Bottom fell out, and the Ashes went all over the Pavement. Now I think an ordinary man would have been angry, but he just stood there and Talked to God."

Moral: *To the Pure, Ashmen are Pure.*

There were once two elderly Ladies from Oregon who decided to take a Year Abroad and make it Educational. They landed in September and did Paris first, but postponed the Château Country till the next Spring, when they should have had time to take a course in French Art. They struck Avignon in bad weather, but came down the first morning in rain-coats and galoshes, determined to See the Sights.

As they put it to a Fellow American Tourist: "We know all about Nismes (rhyming it with Prisms) and Arles (rhyming with Charleys), but is there anything to see in Avignon? If there is, we want to go out now, for our Schedule does not permit of another Day here."

They agreed that Florence was a Nice Place.

At Rome they visited Forty-eight Churches, each once, but did not find any of them worth a Second Visit.

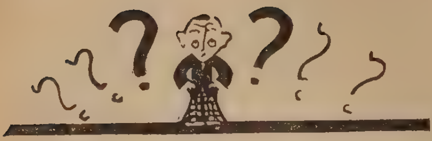
They saw Mussolini taking his Morning Ride and were greatly impressed.

In Capri they bought Eighty Postcards.

They liked Egypt and the Holy Land, but found the Hotels Expensive.

Altogether they had a Grand Time, and the Women's Clubs in Oregon heard a lot about it.

Moral: *Travel if you would be a Citizen of the World.*



There was once a Boy whose Father had plenty of Money and wanted his Son to go to College. Nothing in the boy's Inheritance or Tastes warranted the Belief that he belonged there, or would stay if he went, but that does not make much difference nowadays. So the Youth struggled along for a year in one Expensive School, and then for a year in Another, and did not get anywhere. Then the Father gave up and put the Boy into his Business. He began Learning at the Bottom, and spent a Month in one Department and then a Month in Another, and was soon promoted to the Office. Here he Stuck, and for two years did not seem to Get Anywhere.

So it was agreed that he should try for College again, and for two years more he worked with Tutors, and took examinations, and by the Time he was eighteen he had two credits out of the necessary Fifteen. You see he had found Latin too Difficult years before, and did not make much Headway in French, which had been substituted for that Noble Ancient Tongue, and Mathematics was confusing to him, and History got him Tangled Up, and the English he had learned in the Business and heard at Home did not Bear much Relation to his class work, and Elementary Science does not count for College Credits. But no one felt obliged to tell Father all these Things—not so long as the Money held out!

Now the Boy is back in the Office again, on a Salary of a Hundred a Month, besides Fifty a week that Mother gives him for Spending-Money, and a Special Sport Roadster for which Father pays the Bills. He is a Good Boy, too, Steady and Dependable. No Traffic Cop ever has to Give him a Summons, and he is not Crazy About Girls. But in his Eyes there is a Puzzled Look, which has been growing for about Seven Years.

Moral: *Education is not yet an Exact Science.*

There was once an Aunt who brought her little Orphan Nephew to School. It was a good New England School, one of the kind that Prepares for the Preparatory Schools. She asked, among other things, what the Proper Allowance for the Child would be, and they told her that a Dollar, or a Dollar and a half, a week would be about Right. She smiled, and said: "Oh, very well. Just as you say. But it does not seem very much for a Boy who has One hundred and twenty-five Thousand a Year in his Own Right."

Moral: *One of the Glories of Education is that it is always being called upon to Face new Problems.*

There was once a Professional Baseball-Player who became a Teacher—though rather against his Will. Having a Day Off in Chicago, he went to see the other League play. But, unfortunately, he had let his intentions be known, and an Aunt whom he did not want to Disoblige wished a Young Lady Friend of hers on him. He was Game, however, and spent the time of the Preliminary Practice telling her the Names of the different Bases and other such Bits of Information, just as if she wanted to know them. She did not say much, nor ask any Questions, but seemed fairly Intelligent.

Along in the Second Inning a White Sox base-runner started to steal Second, and was thrown out by Half a Mile or so. As he slid into the Waiting Ball, the Girl exclaimed: "Oh, how stupid!"

"Oh, No," said her Instructor, "that wasn't wrong. They call that Trying to Steal a Base, and he takes a Chance that he can get there Ahead of the Ball."

"Yes," said the Girl, "but didn't he see the Catcher signal for a Pitch-out? I did."

Moral: *When about to Teach, first learn whether it is to be Primary or Graduate Work.*

* * *

Sierra Moon-Down

By Helen Poteat Stallings

Cry again, white owl,
You will not waken
This sleeping valley.
The far snow-tipped mountains
Are too old to care.
Sleeps placidly the village court-house,
Holding aloft its golden flagpole,
Challenging the giant moon.

Horses escaped from their corral
Move like dreams across the square,
Dark shadows, with one white shadow,
Moving slowly on heavy, unshod feet.
Cry again, white owl,
Nested safely in the ranch posts
Bluebirds may hear you
And feel their small hearts beat.
The innkeeper's fowls are
Sheltered securely.
Under the dew-wet meadows gray
Gophers are covered deep and warm.

Cry again, white owl,
Your wild cry will not waken
This sleeping valley.

How It Was

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

Illustration by Harry Townsend

Richard Drayton was nearly fifty when his father died. One would have expected him to grieve, since he was a man of normal affections, but no one could have forecast the event as a crisis in his life. Old Henry Drayton, the father, had always been an ineffectual person, although in his latter days he had become an appealing and picturesque figure. There was attached to him the legend—always so hard to believe, and therefore so attractive, about a gentle and well-preserved old man—that he had been very wild in his youth. There was the story, for example, that Drayton's blindness was the result of some parental folly long ago. But the two were obviously on the best of terms. Henry Drayton took an almost pathetic pride in his son's success, while Richard made as much of his father as if he had had reason to be proud of him. All of which made grief natural, but did not explain why Drayton should even think of dropping out of things when the tie was broken. Certainly he had no cause whatever to reproach himself; whereas, if the old story were true, he owed to his father one of the heaviest handicaps that can befall a man.

Richard Drayton had succeeded, in spite of his blindness. He had increased the family fortune enormously—rescuing it, everybody knew, from the wreck it was falling into when he took over the business from his father's feeble hands. He had been busy with public affairs, moreover, long before he accepted public office. When he went to the Senate, he went because his own party at least recognized his wisdom and honesty as well as his capacity for getting things done. If in a way his blindness was a help rather than a hindrance, the advantage was due him. He had struggled against heavy odds, and he had shown that without eyes he was a better man than most of those who can see. During the campaign his opponent said privately long before the election that he should lose his faith in human instincts if he won out. A blind man can have no enemies, but a blind man who is also able can have almost anything else he asks for. Drayton made a good record in Washington, too, as the leaders of the opposite party ruefully admitted. He never asked any favors on account of his infirmity, but he always won a little more esteem for what he did than would have come for the same action to a man who could see. And nobody grudged him his good fame.

It remains to add that in his private life he had been as fortunate—except, always, for his blindness—as in business and politics. At thirty he had married Alicia Gardner, a brave and competent woman, who had devoted herself with equal fervor to his career and to their three handsome children. Being an outspoken creature, she used to say that she had married Richard because, without eyes, he was worth any half-dozen other men she had ever met. It was as clear as daylight that they were a happy pair.

With everything to give zest to life Drayton should not have been thrown off his course, one would think, by the death of his father at so ripe an age. He had never before shown any sign of morbidity, and he had seemed ambitious as well as eager for work. Yet three days after the funeral he went to Manlove, the chairman of the State committee, and announced that he shouldn't be a candidate for re-election when his term expired. The primaries were coming on in three months' time.

"What's that?" cried Manlove, who was a bundle of nerves, though he usually kept them under good control.

"I've decided it isn't worth while," Drayton answered. "I've had enough of public life."

"But you've made good, senator," protested Manlove, wriggling in his swivel-chair with astonishment and perplexity. "What's the sense in talking about quitting? You'll have a walk-over this time."

"I'm not giving up because I fear defeat." Drayton had a supernal way with him at times which people might have resented if he had been less competent and if he had not been blind. "I wish to retire from public life, that's all."

Manlove, who had had long experience as a lawyer and political manager, looked both worried and incredulous. Drayton, sitting straight in the leather-backed chair opposite him, was the best party asset in the State at the moment, and had to be handled with discretion even when he behaved absurdly—as he had never done before. Manlove naturally suspected some hidden sense of injury, and began to probe for it.

"Don't you realize that you can't very well get out—not in justice to the rest of us—when you've got the whole party behind you? It isn't often that a man has such strong backing as you've got right now. If anybody has been suggesting the contrary, he's a double-dyed fool."

A faint smile played about Drayton's marred but handsome face. "You're on the wrong track, Manlove. I've been treated with nothing but kindness, and I'm ever so grateful. But I've made up my mind to retire. I'm not indispensable, and I prefer a quiet life."

"You don't like it in Washington?" asked Manlove, showing by his tone that he was completely puzzled. Men didn't give up an office, in his experience, except for cogent reasons.

"Yes, I like Washington very much, but I'm tired of it. You may not realize that a blind man has to work harder to keep track of things than a man who can see. I've worked very hard for thirty years, and I propose to take a rest."

"Of course, you've been a glutton for work," granted Manlove, "but you don't look as if you felt the strain of it. Couldn't you take a vacation—go somewhere—before the campaign begins?"

"I intend to, and while it is on as well. I consider that I've earned a long holiday."

"Yes, yes, you have! But you don't want to drop out when you've got everything going your own way. You—you've got responsibilities, too, senator. You mustn't forget that."

"It's precisely what I'm going to do. I've been shouldering responsibilities all my life, but I'm through with them.

Except that I shall probably attend to my private affairs from force of habit, I plan to spend a useless and unencumbered old age."

Manlove was bewildered, and he was becoming righteously displeased. "What's happened to you?" he burst out. "We can't argue this thing unless you'll show your hand. Tell me what's on your mind. You know that I've always been your friend."

Drayton got up from his chair and walked with his hesitating blind man's step to the desk behind which Manlove was ensconced. Resting one hand upon it, he extended the other. "We'll shake on that, Manlove. You've been the best of friends, and I'm sorry to disappoint you if you've really been counting on me. But the fact is I've no incentive to go on any longer. Suppose we leave it there."

His tone was so decisive that Manlove couldn't well refuse to shake hands and let him go. The austere attendant without whom Drayton never went anywhere came forward from his station near the door, and Drayton grasped his arm. They were out and away before Manlove had recovered from the shock.

Manlove was by no means satisfied to let it go at that, however. Left alone, he puzzled and puzzled over the matter, but failed completely to hit on any reason for Drayton's sudden anouncement. He thought of old Henry Drayton's death, but he could see no connection. It wasn't as if the father could have left either properties or debts that required attention—nothing of consequence, certainly, since everybody knew that Richard Drayton had been managing the estate since he was thirty. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that the loss of his father had plunged him in grief. He behaved with perfect self-command. What incentive could have disappeared? For the life of him, Manlove could not see.

Neither could the innermost circle of his political friends, to whom he confided the state of affairs after extracting pledges of complete secrecy. It was important that no hint of Drayton's disastrous resolve should get out for the present. Possibly something could be done to make him change his mind, though Manlove was at a loss about the arguments to use. How could you argue with a man who refused to say anything except that he didn't like his office any longer and was going to chuck it? The political friends did not know. They shook their heads and, after the manner of their kind, begged Manlove to "get in touch with the senator at once," as they put it. He was the manager, they intimated, and therefore ought to manage. Personally, it was clear, they had no desire to try to move Drayton if his mind was made up. They had experienced his firmness before, some of them to their confusion. As to what was going on in his mind, they professed indifference. The thing to do was to get him to take back his announcement and consent to go into the primaries like a sensible man.

This was all very well, but it neither helped nor comforted the State chairman. He mulled over his difficulties for three days, and at the end of that time could think of nothing better to do than make a last desperate appeal to Drayton himself. Although there were two or three men not unwilling to accept the nomination, and possibly able to carry the election, Manlove couldn't give up a certainty without a struggle. He got into his car and headed for Drayton's house in the country, preferring—for all sorts of reasons—to arrive unannounced.

As he drove up the avenue of elms, his hope forsook him. If Drayton had lost his taste for public life and intended to throw off his responsibilities, he had everything he needed—save the use of his eyes—to make him happy in idleness. It might be foolish to attempt to dissuade him. Yet Manlove was not the kind that gives up in the face of difficulties, and he had besides the incentive of curiosity. He could not imagine what had happened to destroy Drayton's ambition almost overnight, for apparently nothing else had changed. He would see. Perhaps in his own home Drayton would talk more freely than he had been willing to do the other day, and just possibly he might still be open to argument.

Unfortunately for Manlove's plans Drayton was not about. The sympathetic maid who came to the door said that he had gone driving. Wouldn't Mr. Manlove wait? He thought not, since the senator's wanderings in the pony phaeton he affected were admittedly of uncertain length; but he hesitated, for he wished to get the interview over with, and he had motored forty miles.

While he stood irresolute, a car whirled up the drive. Mrs. Drayton stepped out briskly and greeted him. As always, she was cordial, although she looked to Manlove either troubled or far from well. Possibly, he thought, black was unbecoming to her, or possibly she hated to have her husband retire, was worrying about it, and might prove an ally. Although he did not know her at all intimately, he remembered that she had the reputation of having been a useful as well as a devoted wife. So he accepted gratefully her invitation to come in for a cup of tea with her while he waited.

"Richard won't be long now," she said. "He likes to poke about the country with our funny pony. He says he can think better in that basket phaeton than anywhere else. I go with him when I can, but he insists that Mac is quite as good company as I am. You know Mac, don't you? Everybody does who knows my husband. Of course, the joke of it is that Mac never speaks if he can help it."

Quite at ease she led the way to a room overlooking the garden that Manlove had never entered before. This was evidently her own room, and usually closed to political visitors. Manlove felt surer of his ground now. Mrs. Drayton wouldn't bring him in here unless she wished to talk. So far, so good. What he wanted, first of all, was enlightenment. Even if she approved her husband's decision, she might clear up the situation and furnish a basis for argument.

Until she had given him tea, however, she prattled inconsequently, making him laugh with funny tales of the pony phaeton and the saturnine attendant. The pony really belonged to her fifteen-year-old son, it appeared, but had never struck his fancy, which was strange because, like the gloomy attendant, it attracted minor adventures. Manlove said little, but took pains to keep the conversation going. There would be no sense in forcing the note. He was right, as things turned out. After ten minutes of desultory talk, Mrs. Drayton turned to him with a suddenly altered tone.

"My husband called on you the other day, didn't he?"

"Yes. And he gave me a very disagreeable surprise."

"He told me. You don't think he ought to give up?"

"I certainly don't," Manlove broke out in the impetuous way he had when he let himself go. "I don't say we couldn't elect another man, but I'm sure we couldn't get anybody else half so good. I think he has a duty in the matter."

"Perhaps he has. On the other hand, Mr. Manlove, have you ever considered what his life has been like? Perhaps he has a right to his long holiday." Mrs. Drayton's voice was level and quiet.

Manlove frowned nervously. "Just what do you mean? Of course, I know the senator has been a terror for work. He's accomplished a lot. Do you mean he's in danger of a breakdown?"

"Oh, no. He says he has never been better in his life, and I think it's true. But hasn't he earned a rest?"

"Why, I suppose he has, if you put it that way. What I can't see is why he wants to quit. He always gives the impression of liking to do things, and he's in the position to have even more influence if he goes back to Washington for a second term."

"That's true enough," said Mrs. Drayton, "but he seems not to care about it—not now."

"Do you mind telling me why not? That's precisely what I couldn't find out when we had our talk."

Mrs. Drayton hesitated. "He didn't tell you?"

"No. He said very firmly that he didn't care to run again, and left it there."

"Then perhaps I'd better not talk. He's quite capable of making any explanations that are necessary."

"That's very true!" Manlove laughed, though uneasily. "But don't you see where it leaves me, Mrs. Drayton? I honestly want what's best for him as well as the party, but I can't understand why his father's death—if that is it—should make such a difference with his plans. I have the feeling that if I only knew I might somehow save him from making a big mistake."

Mrs. Drayton turned her head away from her visitor and looked out at the garden. For a little she did not speak, and Manlove's gaze followed hers to the sunlit green of the turf, the blended gaiety of the borders. It was very peaceful here, he thought, and it would be very tempting to a man who really cared nothing for the struggle of active life. At last Mrs. Drayton shifted her eyes back to Manlove.

"Do you happen to know," she asked, "how my husband lost his sight?"

Manlove started. What was the woman driving at? There was some old story, of course, which involved the father scandalously, but he couldn't—it was so faded in his memory—recall just what had happened, if indeed he had ever known the details.

"I'm not sure I've ever been told," he answered with complete honesty. "It was an accident of some sort, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it was an accident." Mrs. Drayton was very grave. "I think perhaps you ought to know—perhaps I ought to tell you. Richard couldn't do that. It may help you to understand his position now."

"Please do," he urged her.

"It was common knowledge at the time, or I couldn't speak of it. There's very little to tell, really. My father-in-law—" She broke off. "It seems cruel to say it, with the dear old man just gone, and it's almost incredible when one thinks how gentle and patient he was—but I suppose it is a fact that he was wild with drink at the time. It was very long ago."

"He fired the shot?" said Manlove quietly, partly remembering now and thinking to help her out.

"He was fooling with the gun in a dangerous way, and threatening to kill himself. Richard—a mere college boy then, you understand—tried to take the gun away. Then it happened. I don't know whether it was worse for my husband or for his father."

"Terrible for both of them," Manlove murmured. "I'm very glad you have told me."

"You begin to see?"

"It makes what the senator has accomplished more wonderful. He must have gone straight on as if nothing had happened to him."

Mrs. Drayton smiled. "As a matter of fact, he didn't. He would say that he went all to pieces, though I think he's unjust to himself about it. The shock was horrible in every way, and probably his poor father's grief didn't help at first. You can understand?"

"It would have been worse than death for any father."

"He nearly died of it," declared Mrs. Drayton. "Both of them have told me that. Later, of course, he was all the prouder of what my husband accomplished."

"He must have been—poor man!" exclaimed Manlove.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Drayton, "I've never seen anything more beautiful than their devotion to one another. There has always been pathos in it for me, considering what it was that brought them so close. I'm sure that everything Richard has done, every obstacle he has made light of, has given his father more pleasure than any one else in the world—even me. Infinitely more than he has got out of it all for himself. Success, for him, has been something to make his father happier."

Manlove regarded himself as hard-boiled. Most of his acquaintances, both in and out of politics, would have agreed with the estimate and cited instances to prove the point. Yet he found it hard to speak. He wished he had kept away, for he hated to get so stirred up. What Drayton did was his own affair. Obviously, he took his father's death much harder than appeared from his manner. Pride and native reticence made him hide his grief; but he might very well feel that the chief reason for hard work was gone, since his father could no longer enjoy the results of it.

"I understand," said Manlove at length. "I think he has every right to give up, but I hope all the same that he won't. It would be a pity."

"Yes, it would be a pity." Mrs. Drayton spoke as if she were weighing every word. "I believe he would be happier to keep on, but I can't help seeing that he has earned his holiday. Isn't that true?"

"Yes; oh, yes. I hadn't realized before." Manlove made a wry grimace. "It doesn't make what I've got to do any easier, to tell the truth. I've got to present the claims of the party, and it's going to be hard work."

Just then there were steps in the hall outside the open door.

"Thanks, Mac. I'll do very well now," said Drayton at the threshold. "In here, Alicia?"

Mrs. Drayton was at his side in a moment. "Yes, dear, and I have Mr. Manlove with me."

"Manlove?" A frown gathered on Drayton's face, but it changed almost instantly to a welcoming smile. "How are you, Manlove? Hatching something with my wife?"

"Taking counsel, that's all," said Manlove, clasping the hand uncertainly outstretched. "The truth is, Mrs. Drayton is almost too loyal to you. I can see that she agrees with me, but she sides with you."

Drayton chuckled quietly and groped for a chair. "What else did you expect, my dear fellow? You have met her before. Aren't you ready to admit that I have a right to leave the arena if I want to?"

"That isn't the question," returned Manlove. "To my mind it's a question of living up to an opportunity. I'm forcing myself on you like this, senator, because I believe you have a great chance and a real duty."

"And will disarrange your plans if I don't run?"

"That's a consideration, certainly," agreed Manlove without a smile. "But I hope it's only a minor one."

"Of course it is." Drayton dropped his tone of mockery. "I suppose it's inevitable that we have this thing out. Maybe I was too high and mighty the other day. I didn't intend to be rude, but I may have been. I had just made up my mind that I could be free, and I couldn't stand the thought of interference. But I owe you an explanation, at least."

"What I'd like to know," said Manlove slowly, "is why you wish to be free. It's a thing I've no right to say, perhaps, but I can't believe that a public man ought to let his private troubles interfere with his services to the people. Shouldn't you say so of another man?"

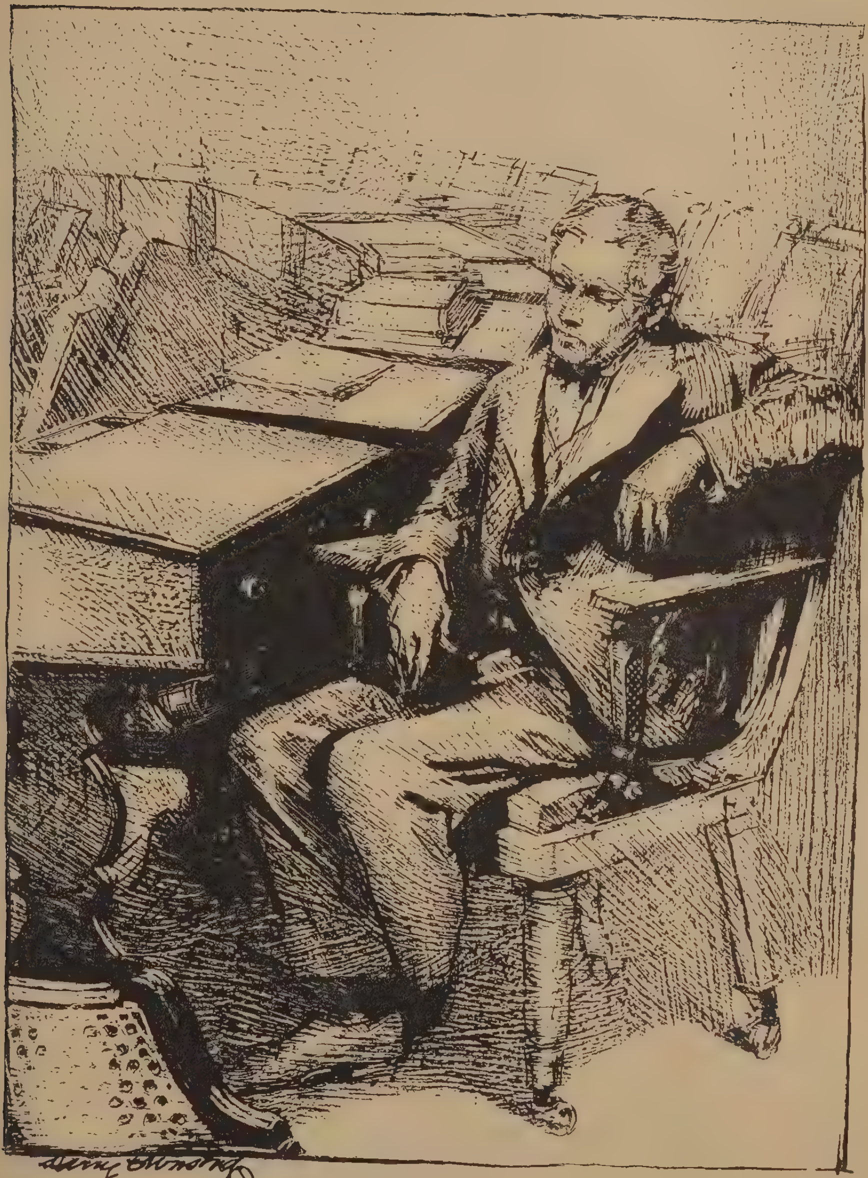
Drayton's face grew strained, as if he, too, failed to understand. Then his expression cleared. "No, Manlove, you haven't got it right, though it's very true that I loved my father as much as a son well could. It isn't because I'm hard hit by his death that I'm inclined to give up public life. It's because—it's very hard to explain."

"I think Mr. Manlove knows the old story," suggested Mrs. Drayton gently. "He will understand."

"Yes, yes. Thank you, my dear. Don't you see, Manlove? I've worked my level best, ever since I was a mere boy, simply and solely to keep my dear father from feeling that a mistake of his had cut me off from things. I couldn't do anything else, could I? I've made him think that I liked the work and the worry, when all the while I've wanted leisure to think, and to have the books read to me that I really care about, and in my poor blind way to enjoy life. By nature I'm a lazy fellow, and, as I was saying to you the other day, a blind man has to concentrate his attention terribly if he's going to accomplish anything. But now there's no reason why I should keep up the pretence."

"You mean that you've made your career what it has been for the sake of convincing him that your—your misfortune didn't matter?" Manlove was rephrasing it to himself as the poignancy of the situation sank in.

"Just about that," went on Drayton cheerfully. "Of course I've been interested in the things I've done, but they've never been my chief incentive. I couldn't spoil his life by letting him believe he had spoiled mine. In a way I've enjoyed myself, but I've always taken it for granted that I needn't go on beyond my father's lifetime. Heaven forgive me! I suppose I've looked to his death, half unconsciously, as a time of re-



A living sacrifice for thirty years—hadn't he the right to indolent peace?—Page 455.

lease." His voice broke a little as he spoke the words.

Manlove was silent. How could he urge further labor on this blind man who to mitigate a father's just remorse had given up his life to heroic effort? A living sacrifice for thirty years, according to his own admission—hadn't he the right to indolent peace?

Drayton waited a little, as if for assent. When no one spoke, he shifted in his chair and threw up his arms with a gesture of appeal. "I hear no enthusiastic applause," he said in a different tone. "Won't you come to my help, Manlove? I know that my wife disapproves of me, but I hoped you might back me up."

Mrs. Drayton rose quickly and placed herself behind his chair, laying one hand on his shoulder. "My dear Dick, how can you? I'm incapable of disapproving of anything you decide on. But I don't want you to do anything that you'll regret later."

"Applause!" Manlove found his voice at last. "My dear senator, don't you realize that if your story got out, nothing either you or I could do—or the other party, for that matter—would keep people from voting for you? Yet I'm not going to urge you any longer to keep on—I can't. Publicly and privately you've done your part. Only—well, I'd like to vote for you just once more, myself."

Drayton reached up and took his wife's hand; but when he spoke, his words were for Manlove. "It's good of you to say so. I appreciate it. The worst of it is that I'm afraid I shall have to accept your offer. I've been thinking hard on my own account, and I'm not so sure as I was that I can give up my job until I'm beaten at the polls. Driving about with Mac has had a very steadying effect."

"You mean you might consider—?" In his eagerness Manlove did not complete his question, but his face brightened.

"Just that," went on Drayton. "I still stick to it that I have a right to my freedom, but I'm not sure I can take it. You think I mustn't, and so does my wife, whose judgment is also very sound."

"My dear! my dear!" protested Mrs. Drayton vehemently. "You shan't be forced into something you don't like simply because you think it will please me. I shall be perfectly satisfied to have you retire."

Drayton smiled, but did not relax his pressure of her hand. "No, that couldn't well be, though you'd try magnificently to like it. The fact is, we can't wholly control our preferences, though we can steer our behavior. That's what I must do. A man can't, I suppose, give up responsibilities he has assumed unless he has a very good excuse—not lightly, for a preference merely."

Manlove saw that he had won his point, yet he felt far from happy. "Hang it all, senator!" he burst out. "I've half a mind to say that I won't on any account manage a campaign for you. I would, too, if I had only my own inclinations to consider."

"There you are!" exclaimed Drayton. "Nobody is free. I was foolish to think for a moment that I might be. Besides—it's a habit, of course—I probably shouldn't like living even in this blessed spot for eight or nine months a year. I'm very much afraid I'm chained to my accustomed work."

Mrs. Drayton disengaged her hand from his, but patted his shoulder.

"More than that, my dear, you rather like your chains. So do I, and so, no doubt, does Mr. Manlove. We're middle-aged together, and rebellion is not only useless—it's distasteful to us."

"That's very true," said Manlove gravely, and rose to go.

"No; you're both wrong," Drayton declared, rising in turn. "Revolution is what we can't stand. An occasional rebellion, properly safeguarded against success, keeps alive the fires of youth. The correct ironic ending for all this, you know, would be a whacking victory for my opponent next November."

Manlove crossed his fingers piously.

* * *

Youth's Defiance

By Elizabeth Larocque

We cry, it is not so, it cannot be,
It is not fair that Life should treat us thus;
Others are twisted, broken, but not we,
For surely happiness was meant for us.

And surely dreams come true and Life is sweet,
And moonlight never ceases to be fair,
And there are wings upon our thoughts and feet,
And great adventures wait for us out there.

And surely love is strong and has no end,
And kisses are like fire and like dew,
And we have each a thousand years to spend,
For surely, surely, all our dreams come true.

And surely—but our voices break and cease,
And silence clasps our hearts and turns us pale,
And mocks our happiness, and slays our peace,
And soils our Faith, and leaves it gray and stale.

For moonlight plays us false, and kisses fall
Like fire, but as lightly as the dew;
And Life's a spoken word beyond recall,
And of a thousand dreams but one comes true.

And love is like the flickering of a flame,
And we who once had faith are now too wise,
And we who once looked heavenward toward fame
Have seen our star come hurtling down the skies.

Innocence Abroad

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

Sweet girl graduates pursue culture and cute places to eat, delight tourist agents and European merchants, help pay off war debts.

TELL me honestly now—do you know a college woman under thirty whose book-shelf does not display the familiar red back of "A Guide to the Louvre"? Do you know a recent sweet-girl graduate who does not, through first-hand knowledge, itch to correct your faltering pronunciation of Magdalen College, threepenny, *pain au beurre,* St. John Ervine, Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs? Or one who does not look arch at mention of the Folies Bergères and who cannot quote the price of her fringed shawl in lire?

You do? Look at the corners of her mantelpiece. Surely there is a blue-and-white Della Robbia medallion . . .

If Diogenic research among your acquaintances does produce that phenomenon, a college woman who has not yet been abroad, the chances are a hundred to one that she is, unless she is ill, stupid, or afraid of the water, at this moment hoarding her savings for a third-class passage.

To the true college girl the European venture, as soon as possible after commencement, is well-nigh indispensable. It is the accepted thing, the cultured thing. Years ago, on that first day of her freshman year, when she faced the registrar with her health certificate and her father's check for the semester's tuition, the college girl forswore crudity for all time. At that moment she dedicated the future to the conventional, the cultured, and the cultural. During four years of expensive mental hardship she has learned what every astute bachelor of arts must know—namely, how to separate those cultural things she must do from those she can pretend to have done. The trip abroad falls into the first class. It cannot be faked. The travelled manner gives final shine to that conversational front which is, after all, the beginning and end of culture. And, even for tea-table purposes, the travelled manner must be genuine.

It is primarily for cultural reasons, therefore, that Innocence, during the last few years, has gone abroad *en masse*. Adult America has, of course, gone too. Advertising men, members of the Bar Association, butter-and-egg magnates, rent-gougers, and their wives, all feeling slightly ridiculous, have walked the gang-plank with their orchids and bon-voyage baskets; have squinted along the pointing finger of the tourist-party guide at the best-known scenery, museums, and cathedrals; have made the usual comments on French coffee and plumbing, and have returned home. Humorists have run riot at their expense. But the innocents, the college girls, speeding on the last lap of their costly education—these are a separate group, a group too engaging for malicious gibes. Light-hearted, shallow-pated, and often very pretty, they have, for the summer, thrown open their minds to the history of civilization. They are a piquant spectacle—as picturesque and as harmless as the pigeons who, like them, swoop down suddenly in front of St. Paul's or San Marco, flutter and fuss, get frightfully underfoot, and then, in a jiffy, are gone.

They may go first-class or third.

Affluent Innocence, travelling first-class, finds the details of its trip indexed and simplified past believing. Long before commencement the travel clubs and agencies are busy among the senior classes in women's colleges, and trips abroad rank with proms, final examinations, and "After college—what?" as a topic of conversation. Folders give scrupulous advice about pocket-money, baggage-transportation, thickness of underwear. "A light raincoat should be provided. Rubber-soled deck-shoes will also prove a comfort. Those wearing glasses would be wise to take an extra pair of lenses." Pursuit of the evasive passport is charted, step by step.

So Innocence is made ready to go—vaccinated, inoculated, and shadowed to the very gang-plank by a fluttering but complacent mama laden with last-minute purchases—a sewing-kit, a dozen extra handkerchiefs — and breathless with vague, last-minute warnings against rumored perils—drinking-water, airplanes, foreign young men, indigestion, *Cimex lectularius,* and colds.

II

Culture aside, the college girls' desire, first and last, is to see Paris. On this point their hearts beat as one. Hence, conducted tours land, more often than not, at Cherbourg, where our innocents adventurously set foot on foreign soil.

They swoop down upon the railway-carriages, find them just like the ones in the movies, stow their baggage on the racks, and shrill excitedly:

"*'Ne permettez pas les enfants à jouer avec la serrure'*—my dear, imagine that! In French!"

Thrilled, the innocents are absolutely thrilled, as they unflaggingly declare. Thrilled by the tiny French diner, by the waiter, and the menu card; weary, but still thrilled to alight, at dusk, at the Gare St. Lazare. They are hungry and have slight headaches, but what innocent, arriving in Paris for the first time, would not sooner perish than relax?

On the short, jolting ride to their hotel, they peer out of the taxi, nudging each other vigorously—"Vera, look; *blanchisserie, pâtisserie.* See, it says *Avenue de l'Opéra.* There's *Chocolat Ménier,* and *Dubonnet*—what in the world is *Dubonnet?* There's a café, see, with tables right on the sidewalk. And a policeman—what is it they call them? There's the Louvre—of course it is, it has a big sign up in front. There is that thing, you know—the Arc—the Arc—and look, just *look* at the pink lights! Isn't this simply divine? Did you hear what the porter said to me? He asked me *'Combien de bagages?'* and I understood, only I said *'treize'* instead of *'trois,'* you know, and you should have —oh, just look at that perfectly *tiny* taxi!" The *concierge* of their hotel, the water-taps that say *chaud* and *froid,* the *hors d'œuvres* at dinner—everything is thrilling. Will the smiling *garçon* really bring *petit déjeuner* to their bedsides in the morning?

Early next day, piling into chartered automobiles, they fix bright eyes on the guides who show them Paris, gravely reminding one another that they had this or that incident in History 205 A, such and such a building in Art 13. They are serious and appreciative. They resolve to come back to Sainte Chapelle when the sun is shining through the multicolored windows, to attend a service at Notre Dame, to spend hours browsing in the book-stalls. In their enthusiasm at seeing Venus de Milo in person, they purchase the red "Guide to the Louvre" and assure one another that this hasty trip to culture's treasure-house is the first of many.

Thus for the first day or two. Then Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Paris?" claims them, with its insidious suggestions of delightful places for lunch or tea as an antidote to sightseeing. Culture struggles briefly, then gives way to cuisine. Between meals there are, of course, trips to Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Belleau Wood, but there is also a great deal of shopping—hats, bags, gloves, handkerchiefs, prints, frocks, lingerie, perfume, and jewelry. The steady trickle of coins through the innocents' excited fingers forms no insignificant part of the ten billions of francs which pour into France each year from foreign tourists. The free moments between the Panthéon de la Guerre, St. Etienne-du-Mont, the Opéra, and the iniquitous Folies are crammed with the search after the "adorable," the "cunning," the "unusual," and the "chic," all up and down the Rue de Rivoli, street of gray arches, beginning, for them, with Rumpelmayer's, which Innocence knows well, and ending with the Louvre, which Innocence has never found time to revisit.

It is a hurried, crowded, excited week in Paris. The innocents hate to leave. Sights, shops, and restaurants have kept them as busy as dyspeptic. They tell one another that they do not feel that they have had time really to know Paris. All plan to come back the next year and spend the winter studying. They pack their purchases and start on to Marseilles, waving gay *au revoir* to the city of their greatest thrills. They will never be happy, they are sure, until they are back in Paris—studying.

III

Marseilles; then eastward ho, next day, to Nice.

"Nice is wonderful," the innocents write home. "This afternoon we took a drive along the cliffs over the sea and stopped at Monte Carlo. We didn't gamble, of course—just looked on. We heard our first Italian to-day—an old man was singing, and when Vera gave him some money he said: *'Grazia, signoretta.'* Tell Mary not to get a cover for the living-room table; I'll see what I can pick up in Italy. You ought to see the olive-trees on little terraces—the kind you've always read about. . . . It's nice to be seeing the country instead of just 'sights.' We're a little tired of sightseeing."

Tired of sightseeing before they have been two weeks in Europe? The innocents! Ahead of them—sitting on the Seven Hills and drunk with the blood of exhausted tourists—ahead of them is Rome.

Vertimeglia. The Italian border. The innocents are dumped out of the train and hustled into the customs-room. The baggage inspected, they sprinkle their first spoonful of cheese on their soup and tell one another they love being in Italy. One girl produces a handbook of ready-pronounced Italian phrases from which she instructs the others: *"Quanto?" "Tropo."*

But the zest of the arrival in Paris

has gone, never to be recaptured, and these are subdued innocents who set about the business of adoring Italy. They adore Genoa, where the streets are so narrow that the houses almost meet across them; where lines of bright-colored washing are stretched from one house to another. Innocence reflects that Columbus must have walked up these streets. And the Two Gentlemen—oh, no, that was Verona.

Eleven weary hours from Genoa to Rome. Did the innocents once bubble and prance on entering a new city? They do so no more. Sunset brings first sight of the Roman campagna, of distant hills and pointed trees. Forums, catacombs, baths, vaticans, temples, and arches whiz bewilderingly past the windows of the taxicab, on the ride to the hotel, recalling illustrations in ancient-history text-books and photographs in the college art library. Seated on the window-ledges of their hotel rooms, watching the moon rise over an arched wall built in the third year of Our Lord, and listening to music from a café across the way, our peregrine martyrs think uneagerly of the two months before they can start home. They steel themselves for more sightseeing.

There is need of steeling, verily, for on reaching the Eternal City the best of chaperons goes grim. In five days' time the innocents "do" Rome—to the last Madonna, Holy Family, and Annunciation. It is very warm in Rome. The innocents' clothes are mussed; their hats are battered and sad. They steal away, between ruins, for a spumoni or an orange ice. Almost they admit that they loathe the Forum Romanum; that the Sistine Chapel makes their necks ache; that the Museum of Sculpture seems a personal affront. The final solace—food—is robbed of its allure when one girl meets an old friend of the family in the Pantheon and is warned that the drinking-water is full of typhoid germs and the spaghetti crawling with bugs. The innocents do not like Italians. One innocent reports that, as she was walking home from the Vatican, a man followed her.

Still gallant, but with fast-ebbing strength, the toilers press on to Naples. They drive about the city in the bright sunlight and, when no annunciations or vaticans demand inspection, they brighten immeasurably. Rome, it is agreed, was historic and all that, but it had no real atmosphere or charm, whereas Naples is adorable. Capri and the glass-bottomed boats are adorable. Fringed shawls are bought in Amalfi; fringed shawls are bought in Sorrento. Toward evening of the third day they mount the side of Vesuvius, try to recall who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," sit in a scarlet sunset, and have dinner. They adore the sparkling bay. They adore having a buried city underneath them. They adore having dinner.

Then Florence—cajoling, refreshing, ingratiating. The innocents are in love with Florence, and who is not? With scarcely a murmur they look at the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campanile, and aching feet are forgotten for love of the blue and gold sunshine, the Ponte Vecchio, and the ceaseless sweet bells of Florence.

A few hardy ones climb the tower in the Boboli gardens and look down on the city, snug in its valley, on the proud tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, which has the evening mists beneath its chin. They are led to meditate: will Cousin Bert really like that leather desk-set? . . . Or perhaps there is a drive to Fiesole and along the paths of the Cascini at sundown; a glimpse of blackly silhouetted boats poised on pink water. The fresh air makes them hungry. They would sell their souls, they say, for some real American food.

IV

What now? Oh, yes, Venice. Gondolas carry the innocents along intricate waterways and over the Grand Canal, and they try hard to be thrilled. But Venice is moonlit, restless with song, and the innocents have left their beaux at home. Venice falls flat.

Milan follows, and Milan is difficult. Innocence has yearned for an end to churches but there is one—which has in it Leonardo's "Last Supper." A print purchased in a shop near the entrance will do to remember it by. . . .

But come, come—this is only half the trip. The march lies to Switzerland —railway-coaches, motors, and steamers. Innocence lays a weary head in Interlaken.

Here is respite. Here are clean hotels, fresh air, and good food. Here is rest. Deep rest. These astounding adventurers awake to find themselves reborn. They fairly bound along the way to Lucerne, where they look good-naturedly at the Lion, take long walks, eat huge teas, and revel in the absence of art.

Revivified, they get painlessly through Heidelberg. The thrilled and excited cries, abandoned somewhere in France, though less spontaneous, are heard once more—"Oh, cute! Adorable! Isn't it here, my dear, that every one gets those sabre-cuts on their cheeks?"

In Amsterdam there are canals and men smoking long pipes in the doorways. The innocents buy cheese and wooden shoes. Those who bought wooden shoes sell them during the evening to those who bought none.

The Hague is a bore. It's where the World Court sits, but what of that? Antwerp is intolerable. Brussels is worse. It's a long trip, a long trip . . .

Then, at last, the white cliffs of Dover. Sassenachs, ahoy! Oh, merrie, merrie England! Only a week now between the innocents and their sailing-date, a week which is spent in London and passes like a confused dream. Looking back over it, they remember chiefly their delight at hearing the English language, at bathtubs, eggs for breakfast, hand-organs playing jazz tunes in front of hotel windows. Pipes for their fathers, for the sake of going into Dunhill's; scarfs for their mothers, for the thrill of shopping at Liberty's. Climax: the cashing of the last traveller's checks into green dollar bills.

Panting from the effort to close obese suitcases, Innocence sets out for Southampton and the boat. Once on board, the misery, the boredom, the aching feet, all the annoyances of the three months are forgotten. Our innocents look back, buoyant with achievement, and are convinced for all time that they adored Paris, worshipped Italy, loved Switzerland and Germany, idolized England. They have been abroad. They have had a wonderful time.

V

So ends the odyssey of affluence. What, then, of the third-class innocents, sweltering somewhere among the engines and stanchly maintaining that their discomforts are fun?

There is little obvious difference between Innocence wealthy and Innocence poor, except that the former has at least two thousand dollars, and the latter at most five hundred dollars, to spend. Thanks to modern fashions, the innocents, above decks and below, look almost exactly alike. Thanks to modern education, they bring the same conventional background and the same serious mien to their inspection of the Old World. Their motive, the lust for self-improvement, for closer contact with culture, is the same, but whereas affluent Innocence occasionally loses sight of its motive in the sweet delirium of spending its money, third-class bon-voyagers never do. They have precious little money to spend.

Furthermore, steerage innocents have a better time. Students' Third Cabin, out of Cunard Lines by Cornell University, is, in its way, the triumph of higher education, dating from the summer of 1922, when two Cornell sophomores, one of whom was Burke Dowling Adams, went to Europe in the steerage.

Gasping for breath in garlic-scented corridors and tripping over immigrant babies and rolls of bedding, these two boys agreed that if they had their own crowd, a few ukuleles, and enough burned cork for a minstrel show, the crossing would be no more uncomfortable than life in the average fraternity house. Mr. Adams offered his idea to the steamship companies, one after another, and it was the Cunard Lines which finally, and half-heartedly, gave him the steerage of the diminutive *Saxonia* to fill with students.

When, in a few months' time, he had filled this and the steerage portion of two other boats with students and professors, Cunard officials seized upon him as a smart young man. Adams got the job. Other companies, jolted into wakefulness when immigration restrictions left their steerage quarters almost empty, hired publicity men and joined in pursuit of the poor but ambitious scholar, who found that the heartening droop of foreign rates of exchange made his longed-for trip abroad possible for five hundred dollars or less.

There are, nowadays, a number of boats dedicated exclusively to third-class passengers, but our innocents avoid these if possible. If third-class it must be, then let them be battened down beneath the hatches of one of the swanky liners with magic in its name! Give them the dignity of three funnels, the consciousness of movie stars and royal suites above them.

On these large boats the innocents find in the third-class several hundred other voyagers besides themselves: school-teachers, mothers of nine, uneasy bachelors of middle age, foreigners returning home, dusty young men who admit having worked their way through small, sectarian colleges.

It's livelier down near the stoke-hole than on the first-class deck. The atmosphere is informal—very. The bachelor, in private life a bookkeeper, spending ten years' savings on this delirious one month's holiday and aghast at his own foolhardiness, is asked to make a fourth at bridge. He trumps his partner's ace uneasily and wonders if she would teach him to dance. The obscure German violinist, on a passionate pilgrimage to Bayreuth, singles out the drab girl who has never had a date, leans against the rail beside her, and tells her her eyes are beautiful. His foreign accent sweeps her off her feet—her trip abroad is a success.

It is probably just a month's trip—that is, two weeks for the voyages across and back and two weeks for sightseeing. If so, there are two main objectives—Paris and London.

Emerging from their submarine retreat, the innocents descend hotly upon

Paris, where they spend five days, leaving the city smoking behind them. In one morning's tour of the city they see—just listen:

Opéra, Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, Arc de Triomphe, Bois de Boulogne, Trocadéro, Eiffel Tower, Panthéon de la Guerre, Les Invalides and Napoléon's Tomb, Luxembourg Gallery and Garden, Panthéon, St. Etienne-du-Mont, Cluny, Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, Louvre, Place Vendôme, Place de l'Opéra, Montmartre, Sacré Cœur, Place de la République, Père Lachaise Cemetery, Place de la Nation, Place de la Bastille, Place des Vosges, Hôtel de Ville, St. Gervais, Notre Dame, Palais Royal, etc. Yes, *et cetera.*

In the afternoon of the same day, believe it or not, they polish off Versailles and Malmaison. Next day they scramble into motor-coaches bound for Rheims and the battle-fields. They need no rest, these innocents; they will rest when they get home. Everywhere they find motor-coaches spilling over with friends, classmates, and shipboard acquaintances, all bubbling intensely.

They stay at a small hotel on the Left Bank. For economy's sake they master the bus system, the Métro, and the Nord-Sud, of which the rich innocents have not even guessed the existence. They wash their own stockings and have lunch at restaurants where the *prix fixe* amounts to twenty cents.

Paris has few secrets from these innocents. They have not lingered in the shops after buying handkerchiefs and gloves to take home to their families. Instead, they have explored the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, Montparnasse, and the Bois. They can tell of riding up and down the Seine in boats, of seeing the original site of the Bastille, the markets on Sunday morning, Chartres and Amiens, Victor Hugo's birthplace, and the rooms where Marie Antoinette and Robespierre were imprisoned. Invincible, they have been several times to the Louvre, contributing their precious franc pieces to the three and one-half millions which are that museum's annual gate-receipts. Possibly they have returned to Sainte Chapelle on a sunny day.

Astonishing that they do so much in so short a time, while the wealthy innocents do so little? You forget that they have had much less to eat.

From Paris to Brussels, to Ostend, to Dover—they pillage as they fly. Then London. They must not miss a thing.

Nor do they. Brightly they await the motor-coaches and the lecturer, that they may be out to pluck Britannia's plums. Trafalgar Square, National Gallery, Edith Cavell Memorial, Thames Embankment, The Temple, London Bridge, Billingsgate, Southwark Cathedral, Tower Bridge, Tower of London, Trinity Square, Mansion House, Bank of England, Lombard Street, Cheapside and Old Jewry, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill and Circus, Fleet Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, British Museum, Bedford Square, Regent Park, Wallace Collection, Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Whitehall, War Office, Houses of Parliament, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, Tate Gallery, St. James Palace, Marlborough House—one by one the plums drop into the outspread pinafore of Innocence, to be borne away and made into conversational jam.

The second day they jounce to Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Stokes Poges, where the curfew, they accurately reflect, tolled the knell of parting day. Twenty-four hours remain in London for shopping, adventure, atmosphere, and art. Southampton, and the trip is ended.

Or this third-cabin marathon may be extended a few days more, to engirdle Glasgow, Edinburgh, the Lake country, and the Shakespeare country. Third-class innocents may take as many as six weeks and explore Germany and Switzerland in their breathless flight. Heaven help them, they are even known to include Italy and the Rhine, and all for very little more than five hundred dollars!

Wherever they go, whatever they suffer, it is all one. They return home, like the first group, bringing only pleasant memories. Europe was wonderful. They have been abroad.

Even so it fares with the innocents, "sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements."

"Knowledge and improvements," continues that provocative scalawag Sterne, "are to be gotten by sailing and posting for that purpose, but whether useful knowledge and real improvements is all a lottery. . . ."

A lottery? Fie, Mr. Sterne, what innocent will agree with you? Returning first-class or third, the innocents never doubt the success of their adventure. Surely they have got what they were posting after.

Surely. They have acquired first-hand knowledge of the politer capitals of the globe; they have called at the best-known places on culture's visiting-list. They have nodding acquaintance with all the works of art they need to know. Theirs, forever after, is the inestimable privilege of saying lightly—or, better still, allowing their listeners to infer—that they have been abroad.

They may decorate their walls with the proper prints, introduce a French phrase into their conversation, join in a discussion of shipboard etiquette, even venture a solution, based on personal experience, of some tangle in international relations. They may, if they wish, rest here from striving. They have been to college and have had a trip abroad. Culturally, conversationally, they are equipped for American life, of whatever sort.

If they do not wish to rest here; if beneath innocence there is outcropping intelligence, this first trip will have done no harm. They have the courage of having done the thing once—courage, we have Emerson's word for it, consists in having done a thing once—and some day they may return to travel as leisurely, as appreciatively, as profitably, and as pleasantly as possible.

* * *

Noise and Silence

By William Hamilton Hayne

Noise is an anarchist who slaughters calm,
And his explosives wreck all rest and peace;
Silence, his gentle sister, with soft palm,
Comes in his wake, and brings benign surcease.

The Wedding-Ring

BY CONAL O'RIORDAN
Author of "Yet Do Not Grieve"

Even a honeymoon may fatigue when a man is past forty; and Mr. Adamson, though he had married a charming as well as pretty lady, too young to know better, already dozed away the hour before dinner. His bride being the only daughter of a man passing for well-to-do in Memphis, U. S. A., and rich in Europe, there was money to throw about on their honeymoon, and that commonly meant late hours. Only the forty winks before dinner saved Mr. Adamson from falling asleep soon afterward. To fall asleep immediately after dinner is not a romantic way of passing your honeymoon; and, although Mr. Adamson had never honeymooned, in his wife's sense of the word, before, he had always been romantic. As for Mrs. Adamson, unlike the young women she had met in the American women's hospital at Paris during the war, which caught them in France, she was as romantic as Mr. Adamson's Victorian mother.

The Adamson marriage had been pure romance. A man of letters, with one or two vaguely distinguished books to his credit in the British Museum catalogue, and perhaps none other, Mr. Adamson had profited by the war in finding occupation as liaison officer on the Western front; drawing in pay no very great sum, yet more than he had earned by his pen in his days of best promise. And then, just as this new and successful career was threatened with closure by the double-faced angel of peace, Mr. Adamson's own guardian spirit bewildered a poor, stray German airman, remote from the firing-line, into the wasteful dropping of a too long-hoarded bomb: Cupid's own bomb, which blew Mr. Adamson, with the most interesting fracture in his knee, into the future Mrs. Adamson's arms.

Although it was positively Lenore Danby's duty in the Great War to take Mr. Adamson in her arms, lifting him in and out of bed, that was no reason, in the view of some score if not hundreds of her admirers, known and unknown to her, that she should marry a good-for-nothing-in-particular gentleman perhaps twice her age. Even he, though not wholly ignorant of women, was all but surprised when she answered his carefully thought-out and, in a literary sense, most commendable proposal with a straightforward "Yes." Her parents were not pleased: they were not warmed by her romantic commendation of him; but they allowed her to present him and admitted that he was presentable. And Mr. Adamson's angel guardian did him one more yeoman service by seducing Lenore's English cousin, Lady Angela Cornerstone, into leaving her husband for a coolie. "We may have our doubts whether Bert Adamson is a white man," said Mr. Danby to Mrs. Danby, "but it's sure he isn't a Chink."

When he considered his niece's escapade and heard his brother-in-law, the noble Earl of Havering, describe his emotion, Mr. Danby contemplated almost with pride his son-in-law's severely Caucasian countenance. For Mr. Adamson really did look a perfect English gentleman; and who shall say that he was not what he looked? To Lenore Danby he seemed not only the perfection of Englishry and gentlemanliness but the cream of Old World culture: for example, alone of all the officers she knew who spoke French, he made himself comprehensible to Frenchmen; and also he could talk about books, and listen without impatience while she herself talked about them, even American books. He was, in short, the most wonderful man in Lenore Danby's world. True, that was a world which, until the war threw open the gates for Lenore and her cousin to follow their several bents, was far from wonderful: it would have been easy for a man of even less distinction than Mr. Adamson to cut some sort of figure in it.

And there was no real harm in Adamson: he knew too well on which side his bread was buttered to turn out a bad husband; whatever his weaknesses he suffered not at all from *nostalgie-de-la-boue*. When he married Lenore Danby he did so with the full determination to live happily ever after. He would have been glad to spend his honeymoon drinking the waters of Contrexeville, but Lenore preferred Paris. There she had felt the first pang of love, there she dreamed of knowing its full joy.

To Mr. Adamson it was ridiculously bourgeois to spend your honeymoon at the Grand Hotel, but, since his father-in-law had paid for a suite, he was too well-mannered to say so pointblank; so there they were, and in one of the most comfortable apartments in that, after all, comfortable hotel, Mr. Adamson snored just a little while his wife was dressing for dinner. But he snored in such very gentlemanly fashion, in a low chair in front of the sitting-room fire, that Mrs. Adamson, behind the folding doors in their bedroom, heard nothing of it; and when, as the clock struck seven, she came into the sitting-room, he semiconsciously silenced himself, and for a moment she was not sure in the dusk, seeming pitch-darkness to her after the brilliant lighting by which she had dressed, whether he was there or not. Travelling in the luminous flood from her bedroom, she found her way to his chair and laid a hand on his arm. Then, as he took no notice, she said a little nervously: "It's gone seven, Albert."

To which Albert, starting but very little, replied as one might who had been awake all the time: "Oh, ah . . . has it?"

Said his wife: "It has. Didn't you hear it strike?"

"Strike? Why, yes. To be sure it did," said Mr. Adamson, "you must have heard it yourself; what's the good of asking me?"

His wife's hand slid down the sleeve of his frock coat as she murmured: "You're not cross?"

"Cross!" snorted her husband, "I?" for he conceived himself to be rightly offended at the imputation. And when she suggested that he had been asleep, he rose with some alacrity to say, for he thought it would sound better standing: "I never heard that being cross and being asleep were the same thing."

She knew that he would like her to

laugh a little here; so she did, and asked: "Do you think we might have a little light?"

More affably he replied, "Certainly, my dear. I'll ring," and he fingered the bell beside him, to be reached without moving.

This time her hand fell again on his arm, too late to restrain him: "Oh, why bother the poor waiter?" And, although he rejoined that it was his business, she continued: "I'll switch it on." But, hazed by the strange room in the darkness, she had to appeal to him. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all," said Mr. Adamson with cold politeness. "Since the matter is urgent," and he touched a button next the bell, illuminating a single sixteen-candle-power bulb over his head.

She laughed outright. "Is that all I'm allowed to have?"

Still politely he answered, "As many as you please," and made a stately progress round the room, switching on all the lights. He had regained the fireplace, yawning, when the waiter answered the bell and stood a moment unnoticed until he suggested: "Monsieur a sonné?"

In excellent French Mr. Adamson signified his gracious pleasure that he should extinguish the light in the bedroom and close the folding doors. When he was gone Mrs. Adamson said indignantly: "An American waiter wouldn't stand being rung up for nothing like that."

To which he replied sardonically: "Have you ever tried?" There fell a silence between them until, more amiably, he went on: "We're in Paris, my dear, and you must believe me when I say that, though I may not know America, I do know Paris."

He was not altogether pleased with her answer: "I want to know Paris, oh, so dearly; I want to know Paris." As he looked at his watch and asked, "Why?" she went on: "Because I want to know everything you know."

Too impulsively he answered, "Stuff!" but sentimentalized his voice to continue: "My dear, I could not bear you to know half the suffering I have borne in Paris."

Her eyes sought his pitifully: "When I was nursing your dear wound?"

He patted her head reassuringly: "Long before that. Apart from you, Paris is not for me a place . . ." he looked sadly aside while he thought of what to say next, "a place of happy memories."

"Why, then," she asked him, "did you bring me to Paris?"

He answered truly: "Because you made me. You must remember, Lenore, that the very day we became engaged you made me promise to bring you to Paris." He added, as though with deep meaning, while wondering what he meant: "I keep my promises."

She was roguish in reply. "Do you, indeed? You promised to bring me to all your old haunts"; whereupon he coughed and reminded her that they had been to the Théâtre Français more than once; and she, patting his cheek, retorted: "Any one could see that you'd been educated by Jesuits."

Mr. Adamson had indeed learned something from that society in his youth, but he now declared with a witty air: "The Jesuits said no one would ever see that I'd been educated at all."

Refusing to be put off, she demanded: "When are we going to the Latin Quarter?"

"We've been there three times," said Mr. Adamson.

This roused her indignation and she cried: "Oh, Albert, how could you say that? I've not been near the Latin Quarter once. I've seen nothing that wasn't as ordinary as Central Park the whole time we've been here."

Shrugging his shoulders as with regret that she found his old haunts too ordinary for her, he insisted that she had been to the Latin Quarter three times, and, being pressed, instanced a performance of "Phèdre" at the Odéon, a debate on Cambodia at the Palais de Luxembourg, and a conference on the Tuscan Renaissance at the Sorbonne.

She protested that she didn't count theatres or Parliaments or universities, saying: "It's too ridiculous to call a lecture that I couldn't even follow the Latin Quarter." Her tone even turned sharp as she summed up: "I almost suspect you don't mean to bring me to the Latin Quarter after all."

Still Mr. Adamson remained affable, if there was something subacid in his tone, as he said: "If, instead of doubting me, you will kindly explain what you mean by the Latin Quarter, I shall endeavor to show it to you. . . . If you are thinking of the Morgue, I may say that it is not in the Latin Quarter, but in the Ile de la cité." Lest this should not content her, he added: "It is no longer open to the public."

Lenore's pretty face was adorable with indignation as she cried: "I don't want to see dead people: I want to see live people—to see the people you lived amongst when you were the age I am now."

Mr. Adamson's voice was agreeably pathetic: "My dear Lenore, can't you understand that these people are dead for me? The Quartier latin for me is full of ghosts, you might as well ask me to show you la neige d'antan." He regretted having to spoil his effect by adding explanatorily: "Last year's snow."

She insisted: "But all the people you know can't be dead."

Mr. Adamson replied readily that they were not: "There's Paul Donnet the poet, who's dining with us to-night, you'll see plenty of him if you give him the chance."

Mrs. Adamson perhaps illogically replied: "Oh, I don't think we need, do you?" She added half apologetically: "I feel sorry for his wife all the time, he seems such a . . . I don't quite know what sort of man."

Mr. Adamson smiled good-humoredly: "There you are. You ask me to show you my old friends, and then you find fault with them. I suppose you don't even care for her?"

His wife looked at him: "Not very much. Do you?"

Mr. Adamson shrugged his shoulders and went on: "Paul will be in the Academy one of these days."

"He writes such horrible books," she protested, and when he asked her how she knew they were horrible, confessed she was glad she could not read them.

"Well," said Mr. Adamson genially, "I'll not pretend to be sorry." Nor did he quarrel with her when she pleaded that she could not understand how any one could be interested in French literature. Actually he laid down the law in her favor, saying: "Oh, it's largely an affectation. I don't care for it, I'm not sure that I ever did." He repeated that he would never have come to Paris again if it hadn't been for her.

Yet there was determination in her answer: "Anyhow, now we are here, I should like to see whatever there is to be seen, however naughty it is, and then go away and forget all about it."

Mildly amused he let fall the phrase: "You talk as if you wanted to sow your wild oats." And she rejoined, as quickly, that women had no wild oats to sow. Whereupon he let slip the further apothegm: "Luckily, or they'd never be done with it."

Suddenly she turned quite serious with the question: "Albert, when they speak of a man sowing his wild oats what do they mean?"

He repeated blankly: "What do they mean?"

"Yes, what do they mean?" she insisted.

Mr. Adamson was bland in reply: "I haven't a notion what they mean now. In my father's time I've heard him say it meant drinking a bottle too much after dinner and wrenching off a door-knocker." Feeling this matter disposed of, he put his hand to his chin and visualized his new case of razors, given him as a wedding-present; for his wife declared he looked younger clean-shaven.

He made an instinctive movement toward the bedroom door, but was held by her eyes lifted to his, and the direct question: "Had you no wild oats to sow?"

He answered, with crushing readiness, that most certainly he had not. And indeed he was so unconscious of any fault in himself that he expressed his astonishment at her asking him such a question.

Thereupon his wife impulsively seized his righteously indignant hands and kissed them. "Oh, thank you, Albert," she cried; "you have taken such a load off my mind." She went on in self-exculpation: "That horrible Madame Donnet said something the other night, or I thought she did, about the time you and he were living together, and for a moment I . . . no, I didn't believe it." Tears actually welled in her eyes as she pulled off the wedding-ring that slipped so easily over her charming finger and presented it to him. "Take this and keep it till to-morrow."

Mr. Adamson, a trifle nonplussed for him, took it mechanically, asking: "What for?"

"To punish me," she answered; "to punish me for not believing in you, let me believe I'm not really married to you."

Mr. Adamson smiled kindly if wearily as he played with the ring: "Isn't that unnecessarily severe, Lenore?"

"No, no," said his wife, "it's only just. A woman should never doubt her husband. Do keep it. . . . It will be terrible, but it will be fun."

"Very well," said Mr. Adamson indulgently; "if it amuses you, I'll keep it. And now I must go and dress."

Yet she kept him talking with the question: "Why should Madame Donnet be so malicious?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mr. Adamson.

Still Lenore went on: "You know she asked me what was my dot . . . wasn't my father very rich? . . . why did she ask those questions?"

Mr. Adamson produced his watch again. "When I said I knew Paris, my dear, I did not say that I knew why Madame Donnet talked nonsense."

Whereupon Mrs. Adamson, again changing her tone, returned: "She pretends to know why you do most things."

As one who does not hear, Mr. Adamson cut her short: "Look at the time! They'll be here in a moment, and I've got to shave." He slipped the ring into his trouser-pocket and stepped swiftly into the bedroom.

Following him to the door, possibly to pursue the conversation, she found it locked and called to him: "What have you done with my ring?"

She listened but got no answer, and called louder over the swish of the razor on the strop: "Albert!"

And Albert called back from within: "All right, wait till I've done shaving."

She was standing irresolute, tapping with her bereft fingers on the bedroom door, when she was conscious of the waiter entering behind her. Throwing a glance over her shoulder, she saw him look round with an embarrassed air, as he said: "Hé, Madame! Monsieur pas ici?"

Jumping to conclusions, she knocked again at the bedroom door and cried: "Albert, these people are come already! What shall I do?"

Mr. Adamson answered nonchalantly: "Have them up. You can entertain them till I'm ready."

In obedience Lenore turned to the waiter and summoned up her best accent to say: "Faites monter, s'il vous plaît."

Said the waiter doubtfully, "Que je la fasse monter?" and Mrs. Adamson, missing the point of what he said, confirmed the order.

But when he was gone panic seized her again, and she pleaded through the door: "I wish you wouldn't leave me alone to entertain these people." Whereupon Mr. Adamson laughed and bade her not worry. Then her eye fell upon the naked finger of her left hand and she all but screamed: "At least give me back my ring."

Quite at his ease Mr. Adamson answered: "Your ring? . . . Where should it be? . . . I don't see it anywhere." Then, after a long pause: "I'll look for it when I've done shaving."

And then in came the waiter, ushering a lady, in a mumble of words among which Mrs. Adamson distinguished only "Madame la Comtesse . . ." She wheeled round from the door to perceive that her visitor was not Madame Donnet. She turned appealingly to the waiter, but he was gone. She considered her visitor, to make sure she was not mistaken, and found herself confronted by a ponderously built woman with an airy manner. Lenore pinched herself into possession of a little French: "Mais, mais, Madame, vous n'êtes pas Madame Donnet, je pense."

The countess stopped her with a benevolent smile and a pat on the shoulder. "Never mind about French, my dear," she said, "plain English'll do for me."

Lenore feebly murmured her thanks, and repeated her point about her visitor not being the lady she had expected.

"No," said the other, "indeed, you're quite right. I'm not Madame Donnet any more than you're Mr. Adamson. I was told by that waiter Mr. Adamson was at home or I shouldn't have troubled to come up." She gazed at her hostess with scrutiny that grew kind as she took in her youthfulness. "Will you be Mrs. Adamson?"

Lenore answered uneasily: "I am Mrs. Adamson. . . . I thought you were some one . . . a lady we expected."

The countess took this news with a dramatic wave of the hand. "And lo and behold, I'm a lady you didn't expect!" As it were to emphasize this point she sat down and went on: "You thought I was Madame Paul Donnet, did you?" She threw a glance at Mrs. Adamson. "It was Madame Paul you meant, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Mrs. Adamson, her uneasiness growing at this lady so sure of her knowledge.

"Well, now," said the visitor confidentially, "I'll tell you the difference between Madame Paul Donnet and me: I'm big and she's little. She dyes her hair and I've no need to as yet, thank Heaven. I'm Irish and she's French, or some say German. That's the difference between us."

Mrs. Adamson suggested, as she thought reasonably: "Madame Donnet is a friend of yours?"

To which the countess replied, as she seemed to think no less reasonably: "Oh, I've known Paul these twenty years . . . since he and your husband were living in the rue Soufflot."

Mrs. Adamson's eye lit reproachfully on the folding doors as she tried to say politely: "I didn't catch your name, I'm afraid."

Her visitor thrust a not very small hand into an unusually large vanity bag, and after some search produced a card-case, in which, however, she failed to find a card; yet waving the case as a sign of good faith, and diffusing a strange odor of cocoa about the room, she answered: "Madame la Comtesse de la Tour de Montmartre. . . . The count was killed in the war, but I've kept his name ever since."

"He was killed in the war?" said Mrs. Adamson wonderingly.

"Yes, my dear," the countess insisted, "in the war before last. I was only twenty then."

Mrs. Adamson dropped her air of wonderment to say: "How very sad!"

"You're right, my dear," said the countess, "it was, indeed. I was only twenty, you might say, and the baron . . ."

"The baron?" queried Mrs. Adamson; "don't you mean the count?"

"Of course I do," the lady agreed; "I mean the count. He was rather less if anything."

"Less?" echoed Mrs. Adamson without definite meaning.

"I mean younger than me," said Madame la Comtesse; "it was quite a boy-and-girl affair." Having made this point, she went on: "I remember well the news of his death; I'd just moved to the rue Soufflot." She broke off to inquire why her hostess turned pale.

Mrs. Adamson tried to smile as she repeated questioningly: "The rue Soufflot?"

"I think," said the countess, "it was the rue Soufflot. . . . I couldn't be sure of a thing like that. One of the streets off the Boule Miche . . . and Paul . . ."

"Paul who?" asked Mrs. Adamson.

But the countess only answered: "There, there; why should I pour out my troubles? Do you tell me about yours. How's your husband?" She made a circular gesture. "Where is he that I don't see him?"

Mrs. Adamson, with hardening tone, asked: "Did you particularly wish to see him?"

And her visitor answered, a little in the same key: "Well, yes, I did rather particularly wish to see him."

Which made Mrs. Adamson's voice harder still as she said: "May I ask why?"

The countess laughed rather harshly. "Well, now, that's a real young wife's question, that is, why another lady should want to see her husband. Still, I'm not the one to be offended. Paul told me that Albert . . ."

Mrs. Adamson cut her short with the question: "Whom do you mean by Albert?"

Her visitor's eyes dulled a moment. "There, now, to be sure I may have mixed him up with some one else." Then, studying her hostess's face, they grew brighter: "Surely the man's name is Albert?"

"What man?" Mrs. Adamson persisted.

Her visitor smiled. "Albert Adamson—isn't that your husband's name?"

Mrs. Adamson made a mighty effort to stand on her new, strained, and precarious dignity. "By what right do you call my husband by his Christian name?"

Her guest, unimpressed, retorted: "If you asked what right he had to have a Christian name there might be some sense in that." Then, seeing the young form wilt before her, she recovered her good nature: "There, there, I see, my dear, that you've a lot to learn, and I'm not the one to teach it to you. I'll be off, not to keep the taxi waiting these hard times."

She rose to go. "Give my compliments to your husband and say I'll write to him. Just say the baroness . . . or the countess, it doesn't matter which; he'll know who it is." At the door she hesitated. "Better still, just tell him that I'll be glad to meet him at the old place." As the young wife made no answer, she came close to her to say emphatically: "You won't forget the message, will you?"

Then Mrs. Adamson turned on her. "I don't know who you are or what you are, but certainly I will not give him that message."

Her visitor, outstaring her, asked patronizingly: "Why not, my dear?"

Whereupon poor young Mrs. Adamson saw red and shook her clenched fists at her. "A message that I don't understand! How dare you?" she cried. Yet something made her cry it under her breath, so that Mr. Adamson might not hear it.

Her visitor did not appear to hear it either, for she merely said: "What's the matter with your hand, my dear? . . . The left hand?" and ere Mrs. Adamson could thrust it behind her back, she seized it eagerly but not unkindly, then burst into a peal of laughter. "Well, I never! No wedding-ring! . . . So you're one of us, after all!"

There they stood, Lenore Adamson speechless with rage and abashment and the baroness-countess triumphantly mirthful. She said at last, sobering and even a little indignant: "And he made a fool of you too!" She shook a reproving finger: "And you putting on side with me who's old enough to be your mother, as he is to be your father, and knew him when you must have been in your basinette, if you know what that is. You ought to be there now, you little ninny, or the kindergarten to teach you sense. To think of you stopping at a hotel like this and cheeking me, to be sure, and not even enough knowledge of society to wear a wedding-ring on your finger." Another peal of laughter was checked to add: "I'll heap coals of fire on your head; I'll lend you one of mine."

But Mrs. Adamson had surrendered long before this last threat, and was crying against her terrible visitor's laughter: "Oh, why did you come here . . . why?"

She felt her glass house shattered about her ears, and bent her head, to find it coming to rest in the most unaccountable manner on the too splendid bosom of her assailant, who was talking to her quite soothingly. "There, there, dear. Don't take on so, don't! It breaks my heart to see you. I wouldn't hurt a little silly, innocent fool like you for the world. You brought it on yourself by asking ninny questions and calling him your husband. . . . I suppose you really thought he was your husband? He called you his wife in the sight of Heaven, I dare say—that was a great joke in the rue Soufflot. He took me in with that for a bit. Not for long, I must say that for him."

Mrs. Adamson reared her head an instant to hiss with cold passion: "You mean that he deceived you?"

The baroness-countess shook her head. "Well, no, to be fair to Bert, he did not deceive me. I had been deceived before that. To tell you the truth, I don't think he could deceive anybody. If you're deceived I think it must be partly your own fault, or perhaps it was the war; that covered a multitude of sins, they say, and you were a bit sentimental over him; I can see that."

Mrs. Adamson broke right away from her. "I would rather not discuss my relations with him."

Her visitor nodded with unwearying sympathy. "I quite understand. These things seem delicate until they're over and done with."

Said Mrs. Adamson tragically: "Some relations can never be done with."

The countess-baroness pursed her lips cogitatively: "You mean to make him marry you? Well, between you and me, I dare say you can . . . if you think it wise."

"Wise!" Mrs. Adamson echoed; "wise!"

But the other seemed not to hear, or at all events to understand. She was living in the rue Soufflot. "I could have made him marry me, Paul says, but, bless your heart, in the old days I never thought of that."

Worse bewildered was Mrs. Adamson. "Didn't you . . ." She found it difficult to speak. "Didn't you care for him enough?"

Her visitor obligingly turned introspective. "Oh, yes, I cared for him," and almost with enthusiasm she explained: "I liked that blarneying way of his, . . . I dare say he must have got it still?" She waited for an answer to this question, but, not getting it, went on: "I grew quite fond of him in the end, and you'll be pretty fond of him too, I dare say."

This time the answer came sharply: "I love him."

The visitor almost sobbed with sympathetic indignation: "Ah, he's a bad man, my dear, a bad man. I could box his ears when I hear you talk like that." She pressed Mrs. Adamson's hand. "You're far too good for him, my dear."

This time Mrs. Adamson returned the pressure, murmuring: "You too love him still?"

She was disappointed when her visitor guffawed: "Indeed and I don't, my dear. The only person I love is my old mother in Ireland, who thinks that the baron—it was a baron he was, really, I only made him a count afterward—my poor mother thinks he left me rolling in money and that I'm most undutiful because I only send her forty pounds a year—a thousand francs that used to be, but it seems more like a million now." She broke off. "I don't know whether forty pounds means much to you, but every year it means more to me." She added practically: "Two hundred dollars it would be."

Mrs. Adamson did not appear to be listening; she only said: "If you don't love him, why did you come here?"

The baroness drew a long breath as she looked at her. "I'll tell you, my dear, since you've got to be told, and tell you without any bones. Paul Donnet told me that Albert, your Albert, if you like to call him so, was here in Paris with an American wife and, so he supposed, a rich wife, and after all I see part of what he said was true, wasn't it?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Adamson; "go on."

"Well, I wanted the money urgently for my poor old mother; she's very devout, you know, and gives it all to the priests and saints and I don't know what, and then writes me a post-card to say she hasn't a decent stitch to go to mass. She's terribly devoted to Saint Aloysius, though I can't bear the sight of him on his picture post-cards."

"I don't understand," moaned Mrs. Adamson.

"No more do I," said the baroness; "but I can't bear to think of my poor mother moping at home blaming me for getting her out of favor with Saint Aloysius, and I thought that the easiest way would be to borrow it from Albert."

"You mean you would borrow money from him?" Mrs. Adamson protested wonderingly.

"I call it borrow, my dear," said her visitor honestly, "but I'm not sure that Albert wouldn't try to pretend it was blackmail. I'm far from liking to go to him." She looked at Mrs. Adamson hopefully. "See here, my dear, between ourselves, could you lend me a little bit of it? Say a thousand francs? That's barely ten pounds now; I'd pay it back some day, or in any case there'd be a roof for you in Paris if you fell on hard times."

The two women looked at each other for a long while. Then at last Mrs. Adamson broke silence. "I don't think I should like to lend you a thousand francs; in fact, I haven't got it." As the other offered to turn away she stopped her with an entreating gesture. "Now don't condemn me at once," and they were looking in each other's eyes again as she went on: "You asked what two hundred dollars means to me. At present—hard times may come to me too—it means very little. I have forty pounds in English notes in this room. May I give them to you?"

The baroness's hand opened and closed, but she only said very thoughtfully: "You want never to see me again."

Mrs. Adamson, mastering her voice as she went to her desk, answered: "I want him never to see you again, that's all." She held out the notes as she crossed the room back to her visitor. The movement was natural and without condescension.

The baroness nodded: "I understand. I'll take your money. It's a bargain." She counted the notes deliberately, though making queer noises in her throat. She seemed to be suffering almost from croup when she spoke again. "My mother will be praying for you in a day or two. . . . Only, she'll call you the baron, of course." Her mouth opened and shut several times idly ere she spoke the next sentence. "Do you know, if I'd been in your shoes, I should have done by you as you are doing by me."

Mrs. Adamson in a low voice answered: "I believe you would."

"Thank you, my dear," said the baroness; "you and I are different from one another, and yet we understand. It does you good to meet a woman like you sometimes." She made a movement to the door, the notes safely packed in the bag with its atmosphere of cocoa: "I'll post you that wedding-ring to-night. I hope it won't bring you bad luck."

Mrs. Adamson found herself between the baroness and the door, actually opening it for her to go out, hoping the while that Mr. Adamson would not hear her having hysterics: "Don't trouble to send me a wedding-ring," she whispered; "I have one of my own, but it slipped off just before you came."

At the door the baroness was again a woman of the world. "If you really have one," said she, "be sure always to wear it, night and day, in public or not. It's the only way not to forget. Besides, it'll make him fonder of you if he sees you like wearing his ring, wherever it came from. You'll find men most extraordinary. Well, good-by, my dear." She offered to kiss her.

Mrs. Adamson, after a hesitation too brief to be perceptible to the baroness, met lips with lips. "Good-by," said she.

The baroness patted her cheek almost with the air of administering a benediction: "Good-by, and God bless you."

Mrs. Adamson heard herself echo the words "Good-by, and God bless you"; then the door closed and she came back to the chair by the fire where she had found her husband sitting twenty minutes since. She dropped into it and felt her head drooping forward slowly into her hands.

As the clock struck half past seven Mr. Adamson re-entered from the bedroom, fully dressed and debonair, looking a different man. He came straight toward her, as though she were the only thing in the world that mattered, and pressing his cheek to hers said with passionate gaiety, "My rich and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore"; to which she did not reply; so, looking round, he cried cheerfully: "Hello! Where's everybody? What have you done with the Donnets?" As she did not answer him he sniffed and inquired: "Who's been drinking cocoa?"

To this she answered, "No one," in a voice which turned him irritable.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded; "you're not crying?" Then he flung away from her. "Oh, confound it all, this is absurd." He snapped his fingers. "Oh, aye. I forgot, it's that confounded ring . . . I found it in my pocket . . . I have it here somewhere." After some elegant fumbling he produced it, and with it the sentimental note in his voice: "There, Lenore, I'm not going to keep it till to-morrow, it's too precious, our wedding-ring. I'll not risk losing it; you can take it back again."

It was disgruntling to him that she should be so long answering; at length she did say with a strange meekness that was very pleasing to him: "Put it on my finger."

Gallantly he obeyed, almost singing with his consciousness of true nobility: "There we are. Now you're my"—he paused to dry her eyes with his own handkerchief—"my own little wife again. Now you're forgiven." He shook his finger at her with chivalrous roguery: "You'll never doubt me again, will you?"

He waited most hopefully for the response, but it had not yet come when the waiter behind them was heard to announce: "Monsieur et Madame Paul Donnet."

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In London, in the window where I am writing, I have a magnificent view of the river. Of all riparian decorations, bridges are the best; the arches over the Thames are in themselves beautiful and so crowded with historical associations that they are to me holy places. On a clear dawn, more than a hundred years ago, Wordsworth came over the Westminster Bridge and marvelled at the silence of the town and at the smokeless air. Parliament is now in session, and although I do not go to bed early, I can see by the light on the tower that the House is still vocal. I take a last look at Waterloo Bridge, hoping it will be here when I visit London again. Apart from the profanation of its destruction, the building of its successor will mean an inferno of noise continuously day and night for about three years, with results fatal to hotel bedrooms, clubs, and to some of the most desirable apartments in London.

This week ought to be called Galsworthy Week; anyhow, I thus christen it. "Swan Song," the last novel on the Forsytes, made its appearance Wednesday; and at the Wyndham Theatre, under the management of Mr. Leon M. Lion, there is an admirable revival of the play "Justice." Long reviews of "Swan Song" appear in all the papers, for every one feels that a great work has been completed. *Finis coronat opus.* Yesterday *The Morning Post* devoted its leading article to its economic and social significance:

> As a Conservative newspaper, we venture to hope that the institution of private property will survive the death of Mr. Soames Forsyte, for whom we entertain a profound respect, and more sympathy than his author might care to approve. The anæmia and declension in tenacity of some of the other characters, whom Mr. Galsworthy seems to prefer, please us less, since they mark that over-refinement which presages decay and dissolution. The family is a dynasty which follows the course of most dynasties; it springs from the soil; it begins with the Shepherd Kings; practical men make it great; satiety and idleness come later; fibres are either loosened or drawn too fine, and then come sentimentalism, abnegation, eccentricity, philanthropy, and Liberalism. We do not think that the process is inevitable; but it is frequent, and Mr. Galsworthy follows it, not, indeed, with gusto, but with a certain ironic satisfaction. We hope we do him no injustice if we suspect him sometimes of loading his dice against property; but we admit that he is reasonably fair to our friend Soames. . . . The last generation of the Nineteenth Century, the first generation of the Twentieth Century—or that part of it which lived north of the Park—will be judged by the Forsyte Saga; so we are justified in concerning ourselves with its fairness. Novelists serve as historians for most people. The Eighteenth Century may or may not have been as Fielding represented it; but his picture lives more securely than the pages of Lecky. . . . Nor shall we attempt to oppose our opinions to the magic of Mr. Galsworthy's style. After all, we should prefer the testimony of Mr. Galsworthy to that of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Wells. And we are more fortunate than our contemporaries, who are to live—terrible fate!—in "Main Street" and "Elmer Gantry."

Mr. Galsworthy has, I think, received this week the highest compliment that could be paid to a literary artist. The death of Soames Forsyte has attracted more general attention than would have resulted from the death of almost any person in public life. Every one feels that Soames is real and that he stands as the last representative of a great line and an old order;"what's to come is still unsure."

This same week that admirable actor and producer Mr. Leon M. Lion has staged a revival of Mr. Galsworthy's play "Justice," which had its first performance years ago at the Shubert Theatre in New Haven, Conn. I was present on that ever-memorable first night; and as I walked down the aisle after the final curtain an estimable woman asked me if I did not find the play terribly depressing. "No, not depressing," I replied; "this is a great play; it is provocative, it is serious; but like all truly great art, it is not depressing, but exhilarating. Musical comedy I call depressing." Well, this London revival merely strengthens one's belief in the greatness of the play. It was extremely well done; Mr. Lion's interpretation of the character of Falder was magnificent, and the whole performance made a profound impression on the audience.

After the play, as I was talking with Mr. Lion in his dressing-room, a letter was brought in to him with the information that the writer was waiting for an answer. He asked me to read it, and I saw that this play—which arouses intense sympathy with those who are sick and in prison—has an afterpiece which I might have guessed, although I did not. It seems that a man who had served his term in prison was now trying to find a job. Mr. Lion had already lent him some money, and this letter was a request for just double the previous sum. Immediately I asked that if the actor who played the part of Falder received such entreaties, what was the fate of the author? Mr. Lion informed me that Mr. Galsworthy had received no end of begging letters from those who had been in prison, and that they seemed to feel they had a right to make such demands on such a man. His sympathy and generosity are well known; I suppose the success of this drama has cost its author far more in gifts than his receipts in royalties. Such is the fate of a successful writer on a social theme.

In to-day's London *Observer* Mr. St. John Ervine laments that there is no word for the inhabitants of the United States.

> However, the inhabitants of the United States—it is a great nuisance that no adequate name has yet been invented for them: we cannot call them United Staters, and Canadians, not unreasonably, object to their being called Americans, as if there were no other Americans—are entitled to make what laws they please.

I doubt if Canadians really object to our being called Americans. Last week I heard an Englishman addressing an English audience. He was describing his travels, and said that he "landed in Quebec, travelled in Canada for a while and then in America." Our Ambassador here is called the American Ambassador. "American" is a convenient name; it carries no assumptions.

The admirable Percival Wren has completed his "Beau" trilogy so that we now have "Beau Geste," "Beau Sabreur," and finally "Beau Ideal." These are magnificent romances, and come nearer than anything else in our time to the incomparable "Three Musketeers." The superficial resemblance is further strengthened by there being three gallant brothers and an equally splendid American, who corresponds to

D'Artagnan. The third volume, while perhaps not quite so good as the first, is better than the second; the series ends in a burst of glory, though I am sorry to have it end at all. Apart from the wildly exciting incidents—and the author is a born story-teller—there is a tonic value in the portrayal of such characters. Those who remember the masterpiece of the late James Lane Allen—I refer of course to "The Choir Invisible"—will remember that the tremendous emphasis placed in that narrative on Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" was not on its artistic but on its spiritual side. Mr. Allen evidently believed with all his might that young men and women in America needed the inspiration of courage, courtesy, and unselfishness furnished so abundantly by the King Arthur stories. To take an additional and even more striking illustration, every one who has read "The Three Musketeers"—and who has not?—should certainly read Stevenson's short essay on the character of D'Artagnan. The fact that the gallant Gascon is not immaculate, not a saint, seems to emphasize the noble qualities he actually did possess. Stevenson said that the whole man rang true like a gold coin. There have been both in poetry and in history characters more beautiful than that of D'Artagnan; but suppose you were, in a cruel emergency, hard beset by able and unscrupulous foes, is there any man you can think of that you would be happier to see come to your relief? Absolute loyalty is after all a definite virtue; and there are times when its value makes itself especially felt. In Shakespeare's "King Henry Sixth," when a wabbling king sat on a wabbling throne, and the room was filled with arrogant and insulting enemies and, what was worse, with half-hearted and inefficient friends, the voice of Lord Clifford comes down the long corridors of time with undiminished masculinity.

> "King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
> Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence."

So I believe that we need in these days of miraculous machinery not merely the change of air afforded by the Beau Geste family, but we need also their reckless courage, their unstinted loyalty, their divine unselfishness. Hundreds of thousands of comfortable Americans will be for years to come stirred by the battle-cry:

Stout Fella!

As a postscript, let me suggest that after one has read Mr. Erskine's extremely clever "Galahad" and paid full tribute to its wit and humor, one would do well to read "The Choir Invisible."

I have not yet met in England any one who has a good word to say for Margot Asquith's new novel, "Octavia." Nevertheless it is a good story well told. Although nothing would induce me to mount a horse, I enjoy tales of hunting. I will take any fence or ditch you like, so long as I take it only on the printed page. This book is filled with stirring descriptions of the Unspeakable in pursuit of the Uneatable; but the best things in the novel are in the conversations. Excellent talk it is, and from a large variety of characters. I do not like Octavia, for it is impossible to like any one who is completely self-centred; but she is an attractive girl in many respects, and it is easy to see why so many men fall in love with her, which is more than can be said of many heroines of fiction.

Emanie Sachs, whose novel "Talk" caused a good deal of that in Bowling

Green, Ky., where she is not only forgiven but sincerely admired, has written a very good novel of Jewish life in New York under the title "Red Damask." The events, conversations, and persons in this story all seem true. One feels that one has lived with these people and shared their experiences. Perhaps the best character is the grandfather, who is a triumph. Emanie Sachs sees life without glamour and without bitterness; she is remarkable for her lack of prejudice. By the way, I asked her father where she got her first name, as it was new to me; he said his own name was Emanuel, and he coined a feminine form for her; it was prophetic of her originality.

I cannot fully share the general admiration for "The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, a novel written by an American in French, and well translated by somebody else. André Maurois speaks of it prefatorily as if it were a work of genius; I find it written in the manner of "Madame Bovary" minus the genius. It is intelligent, well-wrought, industrious, without a spark of inspiration. But those who enjoy a study of incipient insanity becoming acute, ought to enjoy this. Those who think "Main Street" depressing ought certainly to read "The Closed Garden," for compared with this small town in France, Minnesota is Paradise enow.

I have myself, I think, less nationalistic bias than most people I meet. I asked a lady at dinner the other evening if she were English, and while she was not in the least ungracious in her reply, she informed me that she was very proud of the fact that she was not English at all; she was Irish; she would not be English for anything in the world. Upon which the lady on my other side informed me that although *she* was English, she had often (in certain moments) wished she were of some other nationality. I asked her to specify, and she said: "Well, either French or American." I like very much the answer given to a questioner by Henry Bernstein, the famous French playwright. Some one asked him if he were ashamed of being a Jew—he must have known him quite well. "No, I am not ashamed of being a Jew. I am not proud of it, either. I am neither ashamed nor proud of anything with which I had nothing to do." That seems to me a civilized reply to an uncivilized question. I love America, of course; I am content to be an American; but since it is certain that if I had been born in Germany I should be equally glad of being a German, why all this shoulder-chipping nationalistic assertiveness? One of the innumerable evils of nationalistic pride is that it so often prevents one from learning anything, from acquiring new ideas and new points of view. Americans travel extensively in Europe; the results of such travel should be seen in the enlargement of the mind, in a greater receptivity. This is surely the case with most Americans whom one meets abroad. But there are others.

I went into a London tobacco-shop and inquired what kinds of pipe-tobacco were on sale there. The reply was "All kinds." An American voice behind me shouted: "You lie! There are more kinds of tobacco in America than in all the shops in England." On a train I met a fellow countryman who told me that this was his first trip abroad and it would be his last. There was nothing in all Europe which could hold a candle to things in his native State alone. It seems he was a specialist in cattle and had spent his time in Europe visiting the slaughter-houses, and was returning with the firm conviction that Europe wasn't "in it" with America. Such persons are now rare; they should be rarer.

I have never been in Japan. I do not hate the Japanese. I am not afraid of the Japanese. I do not patronize the Japanese. I never call them "Japs" or regard them condescendingly as a "wonderful little people." One of the finest men I ever knew was a Japanese graduate student at Yale named Shibata; he is now a teacher in a university in Japan and is, I believe, a Buddhist. He is in every respect a high-minded, modest, unassuming, noble, unselfish gentleman. Well, I have been reading a short new book on Japan that is chiefly remarkable for its absolute objectivity. I cannot discover in it any bias; the man describes with singular absence of passion exactly what he saw. The volume is called "Japanese All," and is written by Doctor J. Ingram Bryan, who lived in Japan for years. He tells us what he saw in the streets, on the tramways, in the hotels; he tells us of the theatres, of the police, of the social habits and customs of the country. A good book.

Miss Irma Kraft has written an excellent manual of the contemporary theatre in all countries called "Plays, Players, and Playhouses." It is a brief survey of the present state of the drama in all parts of the world. She has happily combined a vast amount of information with a lively style.

Our well-beloved American novelist Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has written a charming love-story in "Two Flights Up." There is an original twist in the plot, and the house and the street are made so real that I know I have passed that way more than once.

A fine collection of tales of murder awaits the reader in "Fifteen Cells," by Stuart Martin. The book might honestly have been called *Fifteen Thrills.* "Juggernaut," by Alice Campbell, is a crime-novel of unusual force and ingenuity. The villain, a physician, is an incarnate devil.

Three famous American actors died almost simultaneously — Holbrook Blinn, Robert Mantell, Leo Ditrichstein. The last two had finished their careers; but Mr. Blinn was in his prime. I first saw him years ago in an interesting American play called "The Boss." He developed steadily and became an artist of unusual charm and suavity. Mr. Mantell performed a great and lasting service to America in his productions of Shakespeare. He was never a great actor and suffered under many natural deficiencies. But suppose every one improved what talents he had as Mr. Mantell improved his—what a world this would be! He gave me the only opportunities I ever had for hearing in English "King John" and "King Lear." He made both plays steadily interesting, which is more than can be said for many Shakespearian performances; and his Lear had thrilling moments. Mr. Ditrichstein was for many years a matinée idol, which was a very bad thing for him. He had a magnetic personality, and appeared in many popular rôles. It may have been his unwillingness to be seen in an unattractive part that made him ruin artistically one of the finest comedies of the twentieth century, "Das Konzert," by Hermann Bahr. When I say "ruin" I am not talking with reference to the box-office; Mr. Ditrichstein's version had a prodigious success, and perhaps the receipts sufficiently pleased the German author, so that he did not care what was done with his play. But it was a pity to take that splendid comedy and change it into a vehicle to exhibit a star, so that much of its significance was lost. I saw the New York version and twice in Germany I heard the original. The last time I heard it in Munich I found that the person in the adjoining seat was the distinguished Mrs. Beach, one of our few really important American musical composers. We had good talk between the acts.

Speaking of good talk, it has been my happy lot to meet many expert conversationalists; never have I met a better one than "A. E.," George W. Russell, of Dublin. He made two journeys to America this year; one to give a course of public lectures in various parts of the country, one to take the degree of Doctor of Letters at Yale. I have always had an immense respect for his character and personality; he is the first citizen of Ireland, and the best thing that could happen to that country would be to make him absolute dictator for life. Although he is the opposite of a political trimmer, he wins and retains the affection and respect of men of all parties and classes. As every one knows, he is remarkable not only for his versatility but for his distinguished excellence in the various ways of showing it. He is a poet, painter, politician, farmer, journalist; he has a positive genius for friendship, and I could hear him talk till his voice gave out, which would never happen. Nothing is more exhausting than to listen to a steady stream of unimportant gabble. I do not doubt that many men and women have been talked to death. The amazing thing about A. E. is that although the stream of talk never ceases, *every word is interesting.* I mean just exactly that. He came to my house at eleven in the morning and began talking. He contrived somehow to eat a good lunch without ceasing to talk. He continued talking till five minutes to five, when we all went to his lecture, where he talked magnificently on the platform for an hour. We returned to my house, he talking on the way. We sat down. Dinner gave him no rest, for he performed in an even more impressive manner the miracle he had worked at lunch. He then talked continuously till ten o'clock. He had therefore talked without ceasing from 11 A. M. till 10 P. M., and what is more remarkable, I had listened every moment with enchantment. What a man!

In Hugh Walpole's novel "Wintersmoon" I am forced to meditate on what I call the *luxury of grief.* The young hero of this excellent novel seems to me a selfish prig; and his unlovely qualities he shows most abundantly after the death of his infant son. Immensely rich people have of course every bodily convenience, every personal luxury; but have you sufficiently considered that they are also able to indulge themselves in the luxury of grief in a way fortunately impossible to the average human being? The infant son dies, as I knew he would; he was too good to carry on; he smelt of mortality from the start. Now God forbid that I should make light of or treat lightly the death of a child. But it is something that happens frequently and parents bear it as best they can. The ordinary father and mother are in fact forced to do so; they have to go on with the day's work. Even though they know they have the deep, sincere, loving sympathy of their friends, they know too, being somewhat aware of their place in the universe, that they have no right to make themselves impossible to these friends, who undoubtedly have troubles of their own. But take an illustration like Mr. Walpole's here. His hero is rich, independent, the head of a great house. He gives himself up totally and exclusively to the luxury of grief. No one dares enter the room where he is except on tiptoe; for months no one dares smile, laugh, take any interest in what goes on in the world. Every other member of the family, including the mother of the child, all the servants, all acquaintances, must accommodate themselves to the silent grief of this man, as if he were King Louis XIV, and they were all servile courtiers. Finally, after many weeks, his own mother has the amazing temerity to suggest faintly that there is such a thing as religion, and that there may be some possible consolation. Ah, she has committed the unpardonable sin. She has intruded on his grief. "Mother, you must leave the house." She is banished. What that young man needed was an honest, fearless friend to tell him plainly what a cad he was. Grief can be even more selfish than joy.

I could not help comparing his histrionic absorption in sorrow—for he was really dramatizing himself—with a farmer's widow I knew in Michigan, who is now happily released from her woe. She had worked hard all her life, as only a farmer's wife can work; she had also brought up four sons and a daughter, all of whom became married. Her husband died in early middle age; her only daughter died in childbirth; three of her sons died. The only one remaining lived with his wife and children in another place. She was left alone. She never made any complaint, and would have been surprised had she felt that she was entitled to any especial consideration from her neighbors. But her actual state of mind was revealed in a casual remark she made which still seems to me more tragic than any lamentation. I called on her one day and commented on a terrific thunder-storm which had interrupted the silence of the night. She said quietly: "Years ago when my husband was alive I was in terror if a thunder-storm happened in the night; now that I am alone I don't mind a bit. I have no fear at all."

Turgenev, although he was a wealthy aristocrat, understood perfectly the sufferings of the poor. In one of his "Poems in Prose" he describes a poor widow who has just lost her only son. A rich woman comes in to see her, and is shocked to find her eating soup. It is of course all she has to eat; it is her regular dinner-time; and as she eats, her tears fall steadily into the dish. The wealthy and comfortable visitor says: "How can you eat when you have lost your son?" "But you don't understand," says the heart-broken solitary, "this is cabbage soup and it is hot," and she went on eating and crying.

I compliment the New York *World* on securing St. John Ervine for the coming season as visiting drama critic. This is news of the first importance. Mr. Ervine is a dramatist, a novelist, a critic; he is also an Irishman who never hesitates to speak his mind. He should bring many new readers to *The World* and interest all the old ones. It is also a matter of rejoicing to me that *The World* is going to try the experiment of waiting a full twenty-four hours before printing the criticisms of new plays; so that the critic will have time to give the matter consideration, and leisure to write his considered opinions at some length. I was discussing this matter a day or two ago in London with Mr.

Charles Morgan, the able and brilliant critic of the London *Times*. He told me that his predecessor, Mr. A. B. Walkley, had given that matter some attention, and had decided that after all he would rather not wait. This was his reason. If all the new plays were important, waiting a day would be better; unhappily, the vast majority were trivial; and it was better to write immediately while the impression—light at best—was fresh, than to wait and perhaps lose it altogether. Well, I had not thought of that; but I believe it elevates the dignity both of the drama and of criticism to give the critic time to feel that he is a critic and not a reporter.

Typographical errors are often pleasant to contemplate. Last June, when I gave a commencement address down South, I was informed it would be given in the grove. I was pleased to see in the local paper that my commencement oration would be delivered in the *grave*. This must have excited all those who really believe in "messages" from the other world.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Goya

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When an exhibition of Spanish painting was held at the Metropolitan Museum early in the present year it was interesting to observe the penetrating appeal that Goya made to the public. He had, along with El Greco and Velasquez, the status of an old master, but he seemed to speak, more persuasively than either of them, in a language understood by all. More recently a traveller returned from Spain confirmed with a vengeance this latter-day sympathy for the eighteenth-century painter. He had been poring over the great collection of works assembled in Madrid in commemoration of the centenary of Goya's death, and, with a large gesture, he gave me the measure of what he felt on the subject. "Two hundred years from now," he said, "I believe Goya will be recognized as a bigger man than Velasquez." It is a tall order, taller than I can compass, but as a declaration of faith it touches my imagination, for it points to the secret of this artist's genius—his overwhelming vitality, that imposes itself upon us as with the strength of a force of nature. He is one of the most intensely affirmative figures in the history of painting, almost artlessly dynamic, flinging his cards upon the table with a kind of reckless candor, an artist to his finger tips, but an artist steeped in things purely human. A portrait by him is unmistakably truth itself. His gallery is a gallery of men and women, a gallery of living souls. If he has stimulated painters from Delacroix to Fortuny, it has been because he knew how to paint, but his influence upon such types—upon a Manet, say, or a Sargent—has been due in part to the same thing that has so moved the layman, to an energy embracing other mysteries than those of technic. He is an exemplar of character and brushwork made one.

Also he is an illustration of the powerful singularity with which Spain dowers her artistic sons. Even when they are adopted, as in the case of El Greco, their individuality is beyond cavil. We talk, comprehensively, of the Spanish school as a school, but the outstanding members of it are nothing if not isolated phenomena. With El Greco you begin by reckoning with certain factors, like Tintoretto, in his formative period, but when he gets into his stride at Toledo it is as though the mystic in him and the craftsman were inextricably united and he emerged at once eternally Spanish and eternally personal. Velasquez is nominally the pupil of Herrera and Pacheco, but the master of "Las Hilanderas" remains unique, inexplicable, a worker of technical miracles whose rise is itself a miracle. Goya has this Spanish detachment from everything that customarily accounts for a painter's evolution. He is not thrown up by a national movement, developed by a teacher. He happens. This despite his susceptibility to the greatest of his predecessors. Of course he pondered the masters who had gone before him. Beruete, one of the most luminous of his critics, shrewdly ascribes a deep significance to Goya's employment by the King, in 1788, to bring together the paintings housed in a dozen of the royal palaces throughout the country. This affair brought him face to face not only with the Italian and Flemish treasures now in the Prado, but, particularly, with the works of Velasquez. These last so impressed him that he paused to make etchings of more than one of them. Beruete cannot speak too appreciatively of this episode. "The works of Velasquez," he says, "after a century of neglect, found their rebirth in the mind of another Spanish genius, capable of grasping their merit, and the only man of his time who was worthy to continue their tradition." Yes, but Goya was to continue that tradition absolutely in his own way.

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He was of Aragonese origin, having been born, on March 30, 1746, in the tiny village of Fuendetodos, only a short distance from Saragossa. The details of his ancestry and early upbringing are hard to come at, for in the voluminous literature that has grown around his name the biographers are notable for their differing views on this or that point. On the whole it is to be concluded that while there was good blood in the family, it was on the peasant or small-farmer level when Goya came into the world. Whether or not it is true that he owed his start as an artist to the intervention of a priest, who saw him drawing a pig on a barn wall, it is certain that he began in modest conditions. Yet it is suggestive of some aid in the background, at the hands of a generous patron if not from his father, that he began very soon. It is said that he was an art student by the time he was twelve. His master, in Saragossa, was one José Luzan, a mediocre painter long since forgotten but a thoroughgoing teacher by whom Goya was well disciplined in the rudiments. It must have been Luzan who helped to bring out his natural aptitude as a draftsman. But very little is known about his pupilage and, indeed, the memoirs have a good deal more to say about his character and habits in youth and young manhood. He had extraordinary vigor and a quick temper into the bargain. There are stories of his plunging into the street fights common in the Saragossa of his day and even, in consequence, of his having to flee to Madrid to evade the clutches of the Inquisition. In the capital he continued his artistic studies, probably at the new Academy of San Fernando, and after a few years he is discovered at Rome, in contact with Raphael Mengs, of all men in the world, an oracle of classical convention whose antique wisdom must have puzzled the young Spanish realist even while it intrigued him. He looked at pictures and amused himself, dipping into violence, as was his wont. There is record of his entering a competition opened by the Academy of Parma, the subject—incongruously enough, for him—"Hannibal Looking upon the Plains of Italy from the Heights of the Alps." His talent must have by then got under way. He won the second prize. On his return to Spain he was fairly ready to range himself, an accepted practitioner, thick with Francisco Bayeu, the court painter, whose sister he ultimately married, and presently given employment in the decoration of the cathedral at Saragossa.

From this engagement he went on

to Madrid and in due course was commissioned to make the tapestry cartoons which visitors to the Prado will recall as amongst his liveliest and most agreeable productions. The rest of his life is a stream of headlong activities—incessant painting, sometimes of masterpieces and sometimes of pot boilers; excursions into etching which gave us, among other things, the fascinating satirical obscurities of the great series of "Los Caprichos"; social adventures without end and love affairs almost as numerous; sword play, the bull ring, and a slowly but assiduously cultivated alliance with the Bourbon dynasty. There is scandal in his chronicle, and he is, in fact, for all the religious paintings that he put forth, a true child of the quite irreligious phase of the eighteenth century. He had his share of illness, first and last, and deafness, too, fell upon him, but he was a sturdy creature and lived on to a green old age. He was 82 when he died at Bordeaux on April 16, 1828.

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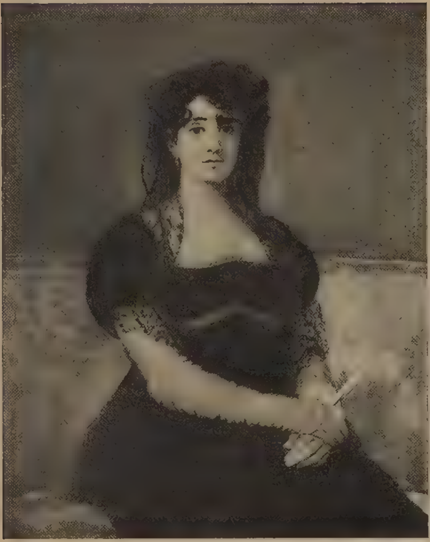
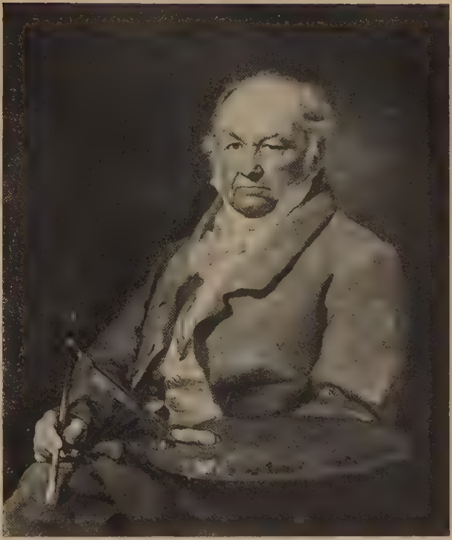
Though he painted some scores of devotional pictures it is not to their spiritual qualities that he owes his fame. When he produced his altar piece for the cathedral at Seville, "Saint Justa and Saint Rufina," legend has it that he chose two ladies of more than dubious character for his models, and whether this be true or not it is obvious that the picture is rooted in observation of living types of Spanish womanhood, not in any visionary conception. Life, in short, was his watchword. It was in portraiture and *genre* that he excelled, which is to say in those regions which permitted him to see and touch his subjects. The grim, even *macabre*, symbolism of the plates that make "Los Caprichos" indicate that he had imagination. But the biting attack of those mysterious designs, in which he castigated the errors of his time, is to be felt rather than understood, at least by our world to-day, and there is something suggestive in this very unwillingness of some of Goya's most impassioned work to yield up its key. Perhaps, with all due respect for his passion, the key would unlock no very great philosophical profundities. Speculation here only drives us back upon the central fact of his genius, his fidelity to the thing seen. Again I must note, in passing, that originality of his. Velasquez was a master of the thing seen but in the alembic of his art it is simplified, synthesized. The fact is translated into the purity and serenity of art. In Goya it is flung raw and bleeding upon the canvas, with no æsthetic *parti pris* to soften its impact upon our eyes. When Gericault, one of the great liberators of modern French art, painted his momentous "Raft of the Medusa," a tincture of composition as the academy understood it still persisted in his dramatic naturalism. Goya's breach with convention was far more drastic. It is a curious testimony to his inborn Aragonese independence that though he became a member of the Academy of San Fernando and rose to be its president, the picture by him that used to belong to that institution, "The Madhouse," is so little academic that it has the awful vividness, the shuddering impressiveness, of unqualified actuality. I remember the impression which Goya made upon me when I first saw him in the rich array of his works hanging in the Prado. It was that of an ebullient pictorial annotator upon the



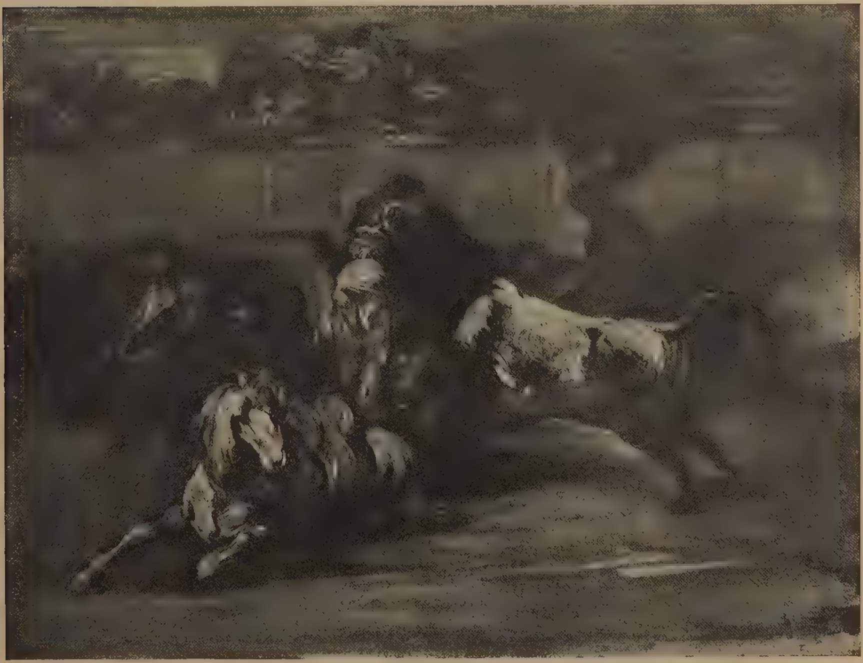
Portrait of an Actress.

From the painting by Goya.



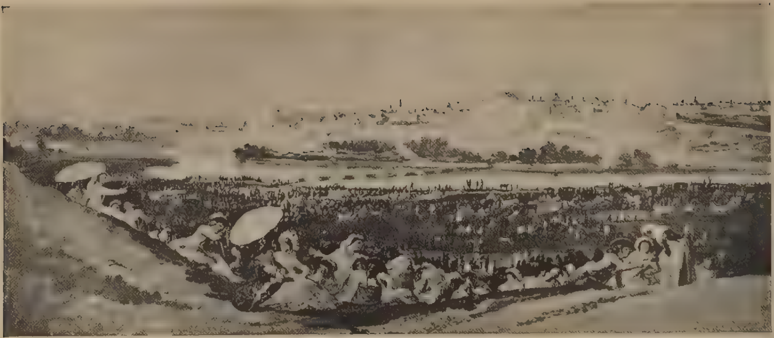
Goya.

From the portrait by Lopez in the Prado.

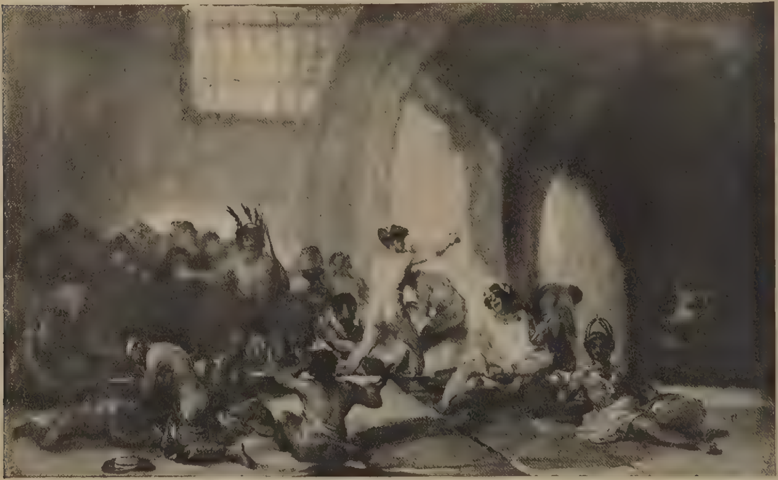


A Bull Fight.

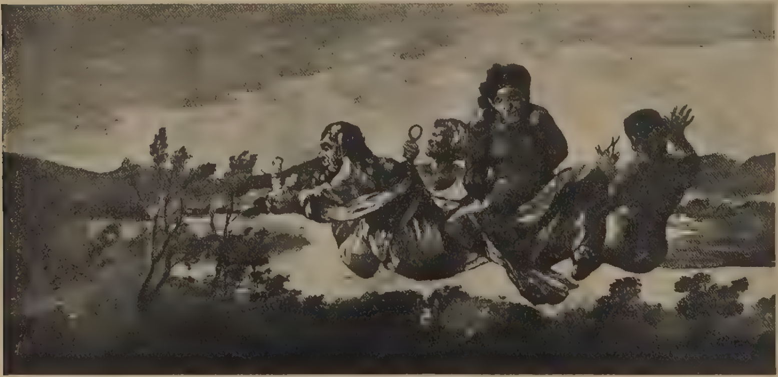
From the painting by Goya.



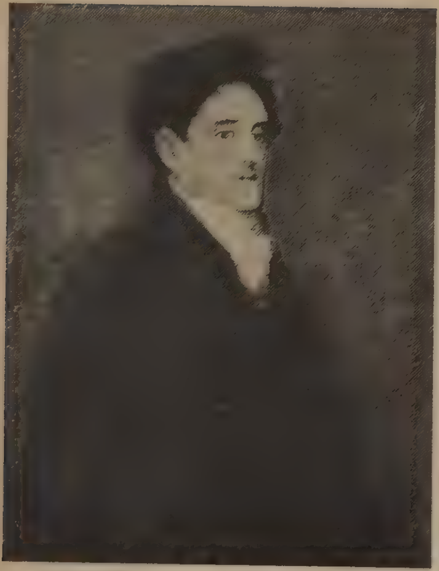
La Romeria de San Isidro.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.



The Madhouse.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.

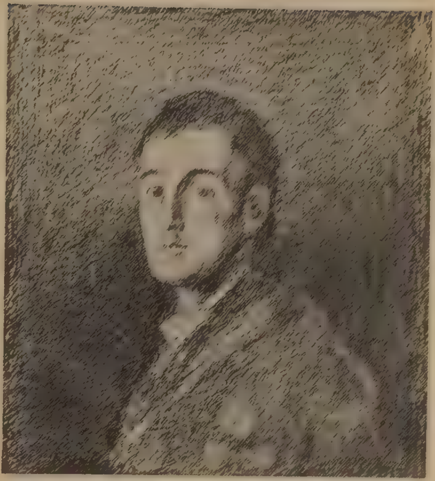


The Fates.
From the painting by Goya in the Prado.



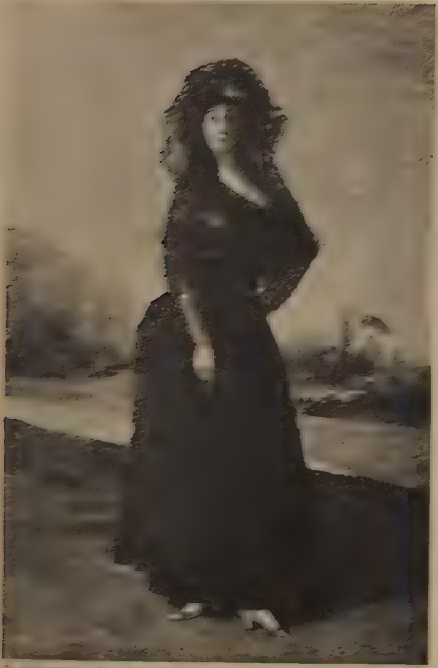
Don Joaquin Ferrer.

From the painting by Goya.



Wellington.

From the drawing by Goya in the British Museum.



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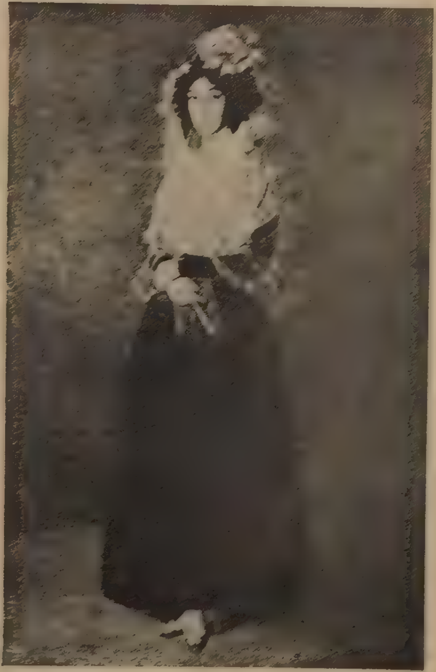
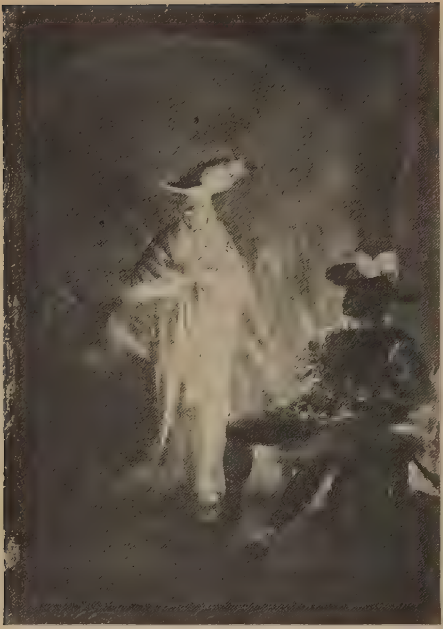
The Duchess of Alba.

From the painting by Goya in the Hispanic Museum.



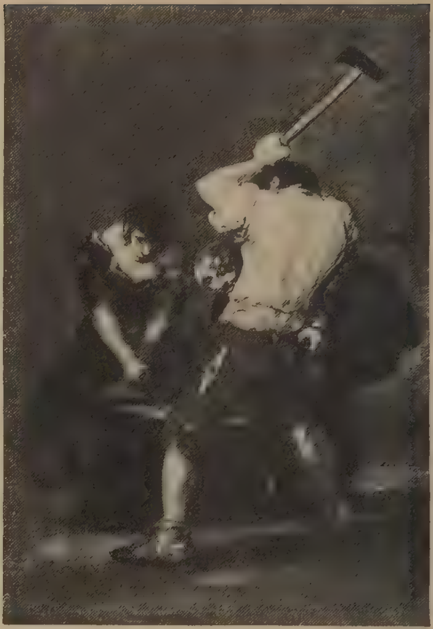
The Marquesa de la Solana.

From the painting by Goya.



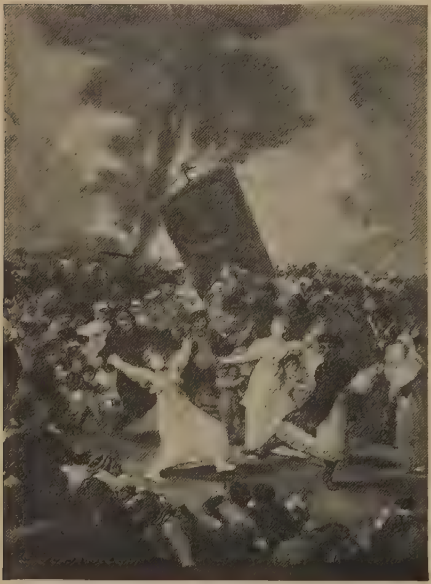
Don Juan and the Commander.

From the painting by Goya.



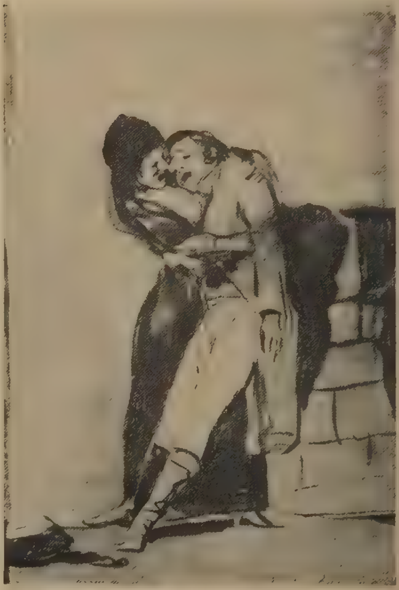
The Forge.

From the painting by Goya in the Frick Collection.



Carnival Scene.

From the tapestry cartoon by Goya in the Prado.



Love and Death.

From the drawing by Goya in the Prado.

Spain in which he lived and moved and had his being. Not only national types but national life, its color and its movement, looked out from the walls. He seized this warm, human stuff with a ruthless eye, interpreting it with a touch as racy as Hogarth's and—with its peculiar degree of directness—more in harmony with our modern point of view.

He knew how to pull a design together so as to make it picturesquely effective. When he arranged one of his groups for tapestry he framed it with the right decorative judgment. A picture of his is usually well knit. In "The Forge" he sets his three burly figures in a perfect and almost monumental balance. How skilfully he disposes not only the figures but the light and shade in "The Statue of the Commander!" Yet while he is lavish of drama, and, indeed, cannot paint a picture without giving it a certain emotional point, he is never melodramatic, never departs from the propriety of nature. When he celebrates historic themes, as in his two pictures dedicated to the bloody Second of May, 1808, in Madrid—the fight with the Mamelukes and the execution scene—you feel that he has not allowed fervor or pity to lure him into a trace of deviation from the truth as he felt it to have happened. The Parcæ as some artists paint them are more or less graciously embodied fates. Goya sensed the terror in them and he made them terrible, the bleak, ugly, fearsome masters of mankind. He was *dix-huitieme,* no doubt, and well aware of French ideas, but where Watteau, Boucher, and the rest were all for mundane grace and charm Goya unflinchingly holds the mirror up to nature and, as often as not, is evocative of the things of pain rather than the things of pleasure.

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The same merciless mood accompanies him on his adventures as a portrait painter. Criticism discriminates amongst the three hundred portraits that he left. Beruete assigns to his late thirties the true expansion of his art in this field. Up to 1783, the Spanish writer asserts, he had not made "a single striking portrait, nor one in which appeared those individual qualities which he was to show later." But once his talent was unfolded it proceeded to operate under the auspices of that same temperament which we have seen animating him from the beginning—hot, eager, forthright, cynical, searching, with a kind of sardonic gusto in it. Like Velasquez, he was much about the court, but if there was a difference between their masters there was also a decisive difference between the two men themselves. I do not share my prophetic friend's belief that this difference will declare itself two hundred years hence in Goya's favor. There is a calm perfection about Velasquez, a beautiful poise, which seems to insure his supremacy. But in one respect Goya undoubtedly challenges him, in the piercing eloquence of his psychology. It is as though this initiate in life knew all men and women, to their depths, and was prepared to take incredible liberties. There comes back to mind the old story of the doctors who were enabled correctly to diagnose the nervous ailment of a patient only after they had seen her portrait painted by Sargent. The American might have taken his cue from Goya. King or courtier, poet or bull fighter, duchess or actress, he grasps each in his or her quiddity, placing the image upon canvas with that stamp of spiritual truth upon it which makes a portrait of enduring and universal rather than of merely temporary, private interest. Furthermore, while his period gave him a hard-bitten society to portray, abounding in the worldliest of wordly traits, he had it in him to paint over and over again, with the utmost sensitiveness, the delicate characteristics of childhood. And he does these things with a magnificent brush.

I have glanced at the cult that painters have had for him, from Delacroix down. It takes account of a manual power that did not immediately find itself and that was, to be sure, unevenly exerted. At its best it discloses the originality and authority of genius. "I can only see masses in light," he was wont to say, "and masses in shadow, planes which advance, or planes which recede, reliefs or backgrounds. . . . Nature is the only master in drawing." In that big, free way he saw the object and so rendered it, a sure, swinging workman. Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt were his own sole masters, he said. He was of the race of the great technicians, the men from whom there flowed our modern tradition. He had, too, their supreme sincerity. He could, on occasion, be as graceful as any of the Frenchmen to whom I alluded just now, as witness, for example, his "Marquesa de la Solana" or the "Duchess of Alba" at the Hispanic Museum. But he never dreamt of sacrificing the simple, palpitant fact to any factitious hypothesis of grace. In the length and breadth of his portraiture you find nothing to suggest the formalism in design so representative of the period in England and in France. He may pose his sitter a little stiffly sometimes, but in general he makes you feel that he has taken that sitter as he found him. When he gets to work on the face, on the eyes and mouth, invoking the nuances of character, you forget all about "pattern" and think only of the personality to the fore. You think only of human nature—and of brilliant craftsmanship, of the restraint and polish with which a contour is defined, of color now silvery and now flashing, of a brush that is both deft and weighty. He is indeed a painter's painter, with his dexterity and his directness. With his insight, too, he is a painter for all mankind. Compare "Las Meninas" and "The Family of Charles IV." The masterpiece of Velasquez, as a piece of pure painting, is incomparable, a touchstone for all technicians. But Goya's family group at least approaches it in virtuosity, and as a human document it cuts even deeper.

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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

Borgia

(Continued from page 432 of this number.)

hocks. Around four, wouldn't you and Lawrence like some tennis? Tea will be at five."

From the garden, by the hollyhocks, Marfa heard Anthony Beach's high staccato above her on the terrace:

"What they each need is a live and hearty and dangerous husband."

She heard Mrs. Beach's amused laughter, and then her mocking voice:

"And isn't that what I need too, Anthony?" And again: "The gigantic vanity of men—to think that all that a woman lacks is a husband!" And later: "And, Anthony, only think! All married men are so sure that their wives have exactly what they need. . . ."

"Well!" came his small, penetrating, terrierlike tone, "and haven't you what you need?"

"Anthony!" she cried, with more laughter, "Anthony . . . I haven't needed anything from anybody for years and years. I'm myself, my darling. Were the cigarettes right? They weren't!" The rich variations of her compunction floated down into the garden.

Marfa thought: "At four o'clock. Nothing could happen to-day. I'll put on my green muslin."

As she put on the green muslin, she thought of Paul Barker. "How horrible that I should put on the very one. . . . But I don't look well in tennis things. And I'll be leaving in the morning."

She came down on the terrace and found Miss Brand looking asleep in a deck-chair in the pergola. Lawrence was there, with an incense-stick. With it he signalled to Marfa, smiling, as if he expected her to understand. "She's not asleep," Marfa thought, and as if she had heard her, Miss Brand spoke without opening her eyes, and asked the time. "Wasn't there to be some tennis?" she asked, and when he did not reply: "Don't you want to go now?"

As Marfa looked from her distance, but sharply aware of them, it seemed to her as if something that was ordinarily invisible abruptly put forth its powers: as if the enormous energy of the sun, or the hidden beat of its manifestation as light, or the violent pressure and weight of the air seized on the scene and accented it, made it its own. She waited, expecting that some fine substance might crack with a sound and the pieces fly over the terrace. It was as if Maude Brand were the bad witch, making the pleasant scene intolerable. Still without opening her eyes, as Marfa joined them and Lawrence rose, Miss Brand said: "Miss Manchester, do you know how lucky you are to play tennis—play anything at all?" "Not as badly as I play," Marfa said. Miss Brand put out her hand and Lawrence helped her to her feet. She stood for a moment erect, pale, swaying a little. "I would give anything to have a game with you," she said. When Lawrence suggested pleasantly, "Come and try it," she flashed him a glance of black displeasure, put her hand to her side, and arched her brows. "Will you sit in the garden?" he suggested. "I'll go to my room," she said severely. She moved to the door without looking at Marfa, who wondered, "Why be so solemn about it?" and rebounded her balls on the terrace with an air of pleasure.

The way to the courts lay through the garden. As they passed the intensely green grass before the hollyhocks he broke the silence in which Marfa and he had walked down from the terrace, and said, "Let me stretch out here on the grass for a minute—do you mind?" and threw himself face downward at the foot of the hollyhocks.

He looked so tall. It was so that Paul Barker had looked in his coffin. And little Ben, when they had laid him on the river-bank, how tall, how tall he had seemed.

The hum of the garden was like the hum of some giant weaving. Color ascended, green, blue, rose, yellow, violet—a current of color, sweeping up from the ground, but instead of pouring free through the air, it fashioned itself into bells, cups, and little suns, and the green into slim shapes that turned and quivered. The little lake lay beaten upon by gentle onslaughts of wind and light, and all the color of the air slid over it in vanishing patterns. The lapping water, the flowing air, the invisible tides of warmth and light, these, she thought, were simple; the suns and the forces went on simply; she alone was complex. She and this man and his sister and Anthony Beach and all the people in and about her home, they were complex. Well, the suns and the forces were ordered. She and these others were not ordered—save Cousin Vina. How did one get organized, like the suns and the forces. . . .

Lawrence Brand sat up, and she looked into his face, serene, unshadowed, bright. All of a sudden she was saying:

"Do you feel sure about things? Everything?"

She hardly had time to think that if he looked puzzled she should dislike him.

"I used to," he said. "I used to know just how everything ought to be."

"Not now?"

"Now I don't know anything, excepting that I'm of no use on earth."

His veined brown hands and arms hugged his knees; his brown eyes were marked with rays of burnt umber, the lids came to little crests which gave him always an upward look; his thick hair, brown too, pressed upward as if it were doing its utmost; his lips were sharply cut and colored; and there were his alert attention, his swift answers, his laughter. She made the inventory and summed up that which was not in his look but in his air: "You must be, because you look so terribly tired." But he answered, with his way of replying before her sentence was finished: "Tired with wondering what I'm for!" Though her obvious answer was unspoken, he replied to it all the same: "If I even did well enough by Maude—but I don't. I irritate her. She'd be better with some one else, though she doesn't think so." He pulled up some grass and said: "My father left us enough to live on decently—and expected me to look after her." Then he looked at her in a manner of surprise, as if she had spoken. "Of course the modern way would be a nurse and a house," said Marfa, and added: "I expect that sounds brutal to you." "Not to me, of course," he answered; "but she suffers so frightfully—physically, I mean—that I can't bear to leave her. She's never free from suffering, really." Marfa suggested: "Is nobody thinking about *you?*" "Are you?" he asked. "Then thanks tremendously. And tell me something: do you honestly think I'd be such a lot better off in business, scrambling to make money and get the best of the other fellow? Or in law, getting the wrong people put in jail, or keeping people out when they ought to be there, or fussing over their wretched squabbles?" She said: "Well, there are other things . . ." "Most men don't find them—I never did. I should have gone along with the rest—sold stuff, made money, or done business in red ink. Are the college chaps any better off? Nobody's of much use. But I've never got reconciled to being of no more use than all of them are." Marfa stared at him. "But what about getting the most out of one's life?" she asked. He shrugged and grinned, and looked at her appraisingly. "Are they—all the others—doing that?" he wanted to know. "Are you?" he demanded. She said: "Oh, I . . ." and added: "I'm not in that. I'm not counted. I've been left out of it. Do you think," she asked him gravely, "that I can be the devil?" He accepted this transfer of attention from himself to her, said, "You're a pretty little devil, if you are," and, unable after all to sustain the transfer, rose and proposed: "Let's play."

The court was a vessel brimming with milky light, with shapes of shadow lapping at the edges like dark tongues. The air had a certain odor—fruity, fresh, almost snowy. The green went round them with a sense of motion, and the unclouded sky had emerged from its distance and seemed ready to spread itself down, to show what was beyond. He played an admirable game, as if his unappeased desire for excellence had expressed itself so. In her effort to hold her own, Marfa felt confused and insistent, against the large color and the long silence of the day. He beat her so shockingly that she said, as they walked back to the house for tea: "Perhaps you are the one person in the world to whom I shall not bring ill luck."

"You've made me unchivalrous already," he reminded her; and then said slowly: "But it's bully luck to have met you at all, you know. Don't, for the Lord's sake, go home—or go anywhere," he begged.

"I'm going to-morrow," she told him.

Tea, after all, was indoors, was spread in the wide hall, because the light had hurt Maude Brand's eyes. The hall was dim and high, and as the two entered, the figures about the table seemed remote—a man and two women seen through the small end of a field-glass, very far, very clear, and made of some other substance, harder and brighter than flesh. Maude in heavy white, since she was always chilly; Mrs. Beach in thin white, since she was always warm; Anthony Beach, in white flannel trousers; and all three so serious, going painstakingly through their ceremony. The gravity of their considerations, "Two lumps? Lemon? Hot water?" seemed abruptly laughable, as to two arriving from the stars.

"Had you a good game?" Maude asked. She spoke without expression in voice or face. It was as if the blank and blind side of a bowl had given utterance, an utterance without inflection, emitted from unexpected lips, thin and almost motionless, below painted eyes, pale and somnolent. Lawrence, whom she had addressed, said, "Great, thanks," the vitality of his words hardly accenting the intense vitality of his presence, all pulsing, like the body of a glowworm, with life, burning brightly. Mrs. Beach's "Were the courts in condition?" was like a motif of music, sounding in its appointed place, pure and accurate and expectable. And her husband's plaintive "This new man doesn't seem to have the knack, somehow," was spread over the talk like a thin brown ash, useless and without nourishment to any conversation. There came to Marfa a faint impression that all these words, these presences, these beings were no more than so many motions, no more than so many sounds in the quiet hollow of the room, itself barely disturbed by the invasion. But this was too much for her, she could not think it through, and she retired into the bright security of praising the muffins.

Anthony Beach suddenly asserted himself—manifestly feeling a sudden need to be positive and dominant, saying: "What a day! A day to make a man feel like running a race!" He threw back his shoulders, braced his legs, flourished his spoon and—sipped his tea. His wife said rapidly, and without looking at him: "How virile of you, Anthony." Maude Brand, her eyes turned a bit away toward the baseboard of the room, which she most often addressed, spoke with an air of pain and wonder: "How would you like never to feel as if you wanted to move from your chair or your bed? I suppose really that's the way with me." Her words went over the group like a fog, quenching everybody.

Marfa sat miserably in her high-backed chair, the flush of her exercise gone from her face, her eyes dulled, some protective web, which she usually wore, now all torn and ravelled. When Mrs. Beach asked her to have sugar, she accepted with the fervor of some escape, and took three lumps, as if in sheer refuge. Then she leaned forward remorsefully and said loudly: "Oh, Miss Brand, that must be terrible!" Miss Brand turned, focussed upon her, and said dryly: "It is." At this Lawrence resolutely set himself to talk, manifestly somewhat at random, about a French fishing-village whose name he said that he could not remember. When, in the midst of this, a diversion was caused by the arrival of more hot water and more muffins, he turned, looked at Marfa sitting beside him, and said low: "Don't go home to-morrow." But she answered: "I must, I must!" He went on softly: "Then it's because you want to get away from us—and I don't know that I blame you for that . . ." He went on like this softly.

Mrs. Beach had turned to a portfolio to look for an etching of a village in Brittany which she remembered. There was a moment of silence.

Then Miss Brand's voice broke over the group, as if a dead thing had abruptly received some charge and could make the motions of life. She turned suddenly full upon Marfa. "Miss Manchester," she said, "Mrs. Beach tells me that you are most interesting. Do tell me about your work." Marfa felt as if some terrific spot of light had been cast upon her from a point intolerably near. "I have no work," she said, trembling. "No work!" cried Miss Brand; "then you must find it very difficult to make yourself interesting. How do you manage?" At the surprise of the onslaught, Marfa was shaken as by a blow, as by a series of blows. "Don't you see," she said faintly, "that I am not interesting." Miss Brand put down her cup, set her elbows on the arms of her chair, joined her hands loosely, and bent upon Marfa the terrible batteries of her attention. It was as if a lioness, idle and absent in its cage, had abruptly focussed all its secret animal strength upon a face beyond the bars. "Oh, but you must be interesting!" she cried. "You are bound to be. You are so small and lovely—so feminine. Men must adore you. Don't men adore you?" If there had been in her tone a hint of disdain or amusement, Marfa might have combated it; but there was only this powerful rancor, manifested not in voice or expression but in mute detonations that could not be met or measured. Marfa remained silent, tried to meet those merciless eyes, wavered, and dropped her own. The questions went on, charged with that fierce vitality: "Come now—do you sing? Do you play? Do you dance divinely? Or is it some art which cannot be practised before such as I?" She threw herself back in her chair and regarded Marfa with half-closed eyes. "What is the secret of your charm?" she asked, her look immovably upon Marfa's face. Marfa's dry lips managed a phrase, "I am a woman without charm"; on which Maude Brand cried: "The most dangerous sort! All the Circes are without charm! It is worse than I feared! What do you do—that is so enticing?"

Lawrence, who had seemed root-bound, now sprang up, moved toward his sister, said sternly: "Let's go and read a while." She appeared not to know that he was there, that he had spoken. Now in her own voice there began to sound a broken tremolo, barely detectable, shaking the tone as strong wind upon taut wire. "Come!" she cried, "how ever do you manage it?"

Here Anthony Beach set down his cup obliviously, obliviously remarked that this Chinese tea looked deceptively weak, and joined his wife, saying as he did so: "My dear, you always seem to be looking for something." To which she replied absently: "Can it be that I have lost you, Anthony?"

"That next chapter—it was one of the best . . ." Lawrence strove to say.

"You have been in no haste to go on with it," Maude Brand said to him, her eyes not turned from Marfa. "And now I am interested. I am running something down. All my life I have wondered about the charm of women—how do they hold men? Women who couldn't hold me for an hour seem to interest men unconscionably. Why is it? I never could see. Now I mean to make this charming, charming creature help me out. You will help me out, won't you, my dear?" she cried, still with that bent brow, that gaze from eyes that did not waver.

Marfa got to her feet, feeling ill, feeling poisoned, as by some intolerable miasma released about her. She glanced up at Lawrence, and the distress on his face gave her power to reply. "You are talking quite flattering nonsense," she forced herself to say coolly, and moved to join the Beaches. But Miss Brand's hot hand shot out and clasped her wrist. "Come," she cried again, "I'm a poor sick creature, without power and without glory. Give me lessons in womanly charm!" She broke into low laughter, which seemed to shake her, as she might have been shaken by uncontrollable anger. "Give me lessons in fascination!" she cried. "It will be quite safe with me—I shall never use it. But how it would amuse me to know what women do. . . ." Her laughter ceased suddenly, her hand still clung to Marfa's wrist, but she leaned back and sat motionless, her breathing strained and intensified. Marfa could feel how her slight body was shaken, as by the release of some current, a current bearing away her strength, so that her hand fell nerveless, and she sat with closed eyes.

As if that powerful release of energy were pushing at her, Marfa moved away, reached the table where the Beaches were examining etchings.

"I think," said Mrs. Beach, "that it may have been this of Saint Malo. Sweet little place, Saint Malo. I remember once . . ."

Her gentle, accurate tones went on about Saint Malo, and about what she remembered. It was as if the precision of her could not be disturbed, could not even be aware of the terrible invisible violences of another, in her presence.

"That's the place," Anthony Beach burst out, "where I had the perfect *turbot!*" But he was merely oblivious, at the other end of some undetectable scale of possible reaction.

Maude Brand rose. "I am ill," she said, with difficulty; "I feel as if I were dying."

Lawrence, Mrs. Beach, Anthony brought her water, brought her brandy, led her to her room. She moved away like a sleep-walker, like one without the energy of any form of life. Marfa stood trembling, still beaten upon by those monstrous currents which had been generated and let loose before her. She thought: "She poisoned herself—she poisoned me. It was as dense and fearful as a gas. She is killing him. . . ." She thought: "I don't see how I can leave him."

The first chimes sounded for dinner. Marfa went down the stairway, listened on the landing, listened in the hall. She thought: "If I were to go into the drawing-room and find her there alone, I should die of terror." She felt like an animal moving from covert to covert. "An animal," she thought, "afraid of a charge of words, as once they were afraid of wilder strength than their own." At the door of the drawing-room she paused.

Lawrence was there alone. He hurried toward her. He was not pale, he did not look distressed, but he seemed drained of vitality, of breath. "How can we apologize to you?" he said, very low. She liked him for that plural, she murmured something, and he went on: "She is very ill—she is not accountable. . . ." In a moment she was trying to comfort him in his sharp embarrassment. "I expect now you'll be getting away from here as soon as possible," he said sadly. "God knows, I can't blame you." She said nothing. "Is it early to-morrow?" he asked. "Shall I not see you after to-night?" She stood looking up at him, the bright carved lips, the brows irregularly drawn, the eyes with their pointed lids and sharp lights. She thought that he seemed to be looking at her from a net. She said: "I wish that you were leaving too." But at that he smiled ironically, and mocked her: "If only I were going to some board of trade now—to buy or sell, and yell like a Comanche—and play a man's part!" She asked: "No—but what would you like to be doing?" "I'd like best," he said gravely, "to be talking with you. But not always in snatches. Are you leaving to-morrow?" He wandered down the room, looked at a print, struck a chord on the piano, turned and looked at her, saying: "Well, I suppose I'm never to see you again. That's all right. I don't need anybody or anything. No one does." She remained standing at the far end of the room. The low lights left them hardly visible to each other. They were like two on opposite sides of a curtain of light and color, on opposite sides of a physical chasm, calling to one another. She said nothing and he called roughly, "Good-by—good-by!" then came toward her, and said: "Will you do this one thing for me? Will you stay over to-morrow? I can't explain—but being with you is the first rest I've had in—in nine years. Will you stay over to-morrow?" Suddenly she spoke as if a weight had been lifted. "I expect I'll bring you something hideous," she told him, "but —yes. I'll stay." "Oh, thanks . . ." he said fervently, under his breath. He stood quietly looking at her, at her hair and her face. She thought: "He's so wretched with that woman around, that anything helps." "Thanks no end," he was saying. "I can't tell you . . ."

A high-pitched voice cried rapidly, "Then tell *me*—oh, pray do!" and Maude Brand came into the room.

Lawrence said: "You weren't coming down, you were going to bed—your headache . . ." She cried: "Yes, but my boredom! I wanted company—such good company!" She was looking ill but really lovely, in green, thin and shining, like the scales of a transparent fish. Her graying hair was bound with brilliants, the lines of her frankly bony neck were set off by a chain of jewels. Her thin shoulders, thin arms, flat breast, and frail body seemed to tremble with a restless light which escaped from her only in her heavy-lidded eyes. She passed by Lawrence and came directly to Marfa and said, with mocking distinctness: "How are you this evening, you small thing?" Marfa stood rigid, saying she did not know what.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach came in together. "Anthony sends his pearl buttons to the laundry regularly," said Mrs. Beach, "and we never fail to be late for every dinner, in consequence. Shall we go out?"

"Then why doesn't it occur to her to give me another set?" Anthony Beach inquired.

She said: "Anthony, if I think of you all the time, how can I be diverted to your waistcoat buttons?"

Miss Brand's look went back to Marfa's face.

"May I please," she said, in her high, swift voice, "sit by Miss Manchester?"

"I knew you two would like each other," said Mrs. Beach obliviously. Also Anthony Beach, absorbed in the external, facing toward the excellent dinner which he foresaw, saw nothing else.

The dinner was to Marfa a nightmare. The attention, the extravagant courtesy, the bright motionless look laid upon her, were not less than devilish. It was so that some unearthly imp might press his look upon a victim, shadowing, by a mental torture, physical tortures to come. "I think so. Don't *you* think so, Miss Manchester?"—with that abrupt turning of the batteries upon Marfa, body leaning sidewise toward her, face outthrust, eyes relentlessly waiting, and all that breathless hanging upon Marfa's reply: "I'm not sure—do let us hear what Miss Manchester has to say." And again: "Wait, wait—I'm sure Miss Manchester has an opinion on this." Marfa gathered all her power and tried to be quiet, to be unaware of this contrivance to discomfort her. She spoke gently and reasonably, replied sincerely. But the more rational she was, the more the woman insisted. Lawrence, wretched and helpless, Anthony Beach, deeply preoccupied, noticed nothing, but introduced both golf and the market, only to have them die. At last Mrs. Beach, from out her harmony, was aware that something preposterous was occurring, and looked with faintly troubled eyes at Maude Brand, who had just cried: "Oh, Miss Manchester—I *long* to know your ideas on spiritual things. What do you think of the virgin birth?" Marfa said gravely, "How original of you to be interested," and sat trembling, while Lawrence rushed into more breathless and random talk, talk during which his sister listened with downcast eyes, with an air of waiting, and then went back to it: "No, but really, what *do* you think . . ." Mrs. Beach now said in distress to Lawrence, "She is not well . . ." and Maude cried: "Oh, very, very well to-night, Mrs. Beach! I expect to set out early in the morning to see our new house. And this house that we think of buying—Miss Manchester, we must surely have your opinion on that! You're not leaving to-morrow?" Marfa met her eyes steadily, even smiled, and said: "No, not to-morrow. I'm going with you to see the new house."

At the end of dinner, exhausted as by some violent physical experience, Maude Brand went to her room.

In her own room Marfa wept. She thought: "I even bring out the worst in her. Some one else could soothe and make her herself—I excite her, make her quite devilish. It's the ghastly way that I do everything. . . ." She thought: "I mean to be right—and Maude Brand is ill and bitter, and yet I do the same kind of harm that she does." She looked into the dark and thought: "Harm? What is harm? We're all grovelling along together. Isn't that all. . . ." And later: ". . . war and pestilence needed to keep down the population. Then people like me must be co-operators with war and pestilence. Breed and kill, breed and cause death—but I don't breed! I'm death, and no more. . . ."

She sat at her dark window. There was a heavy ripple and tearing of thunder, as if some unthinkable fabric were for a moment shaken free, like a banner, in a giant wind, and then were split and tossed away, with wild footsteps running after. She looked and listened and felt a rod thrusting through all, silent, motionless, unshaken, too powerful to doubt, too frail to touch. . . .

The morning was blue and broken with clouds, froth-white, as if the rushing currents of air had thrown up snowy foam from their viewless waves. The car made its way like a thing escaped from ten thousand years of life as dead metal, and motionless tree, and now at last set free in flight. In its speed was the spirit of the old adventures of galleon and sail. In the long slow wash of the centuries there had returned a rhythmic stress upon picturesque accomplishment, so that flight over road and through high space were the logical inheritors of the flight of the corsair and the god.

Between Mrs. Beach and Lawrence sat Marfa, thankful for the weary quiet of Maude Brand, leaning relaxed and abstracted beside Anthony Beach, who drove. Now Anthony came alive, perhaps felt his heirship to corsair and god, and, with an air of light and leisure, co-operated rather than presided at the wheel. Mrs. Beach sat dreaming and tranced, her eyes manifestly seeing in space some lovelier geometry than lived in form. Lawrence had sunk beside Marfa with a joyous "Thank God," and she was aware of him form and spirit, and reaches of being to which his eyes merely alluded.

Not two months, she thought, since she and her family had motored away with Marcus Bartholomew, had swerved aside to visit Garvin. Not two months since with Uncle Marshall and Aunt Phœbe and Ben and

Louise, they had motored to The Dells. Hardly three months since Paul Barker had been driving her about Old Town. On the deep blue of the sky she saw Marcus Bartholomew, on the deck of a vessel, beside her father—on a camel in a dark pass, on a wabbly boat on an inland sea—dead and tall, like Paul and Ben and Lawrence—oh, not Lawrence! He was here—yet. "I haven't killed him yet," she thought, "and I've only crippled Max Garvin. . . ." She hid her face in her hands. Lawrence said, "Oh, I say!" and slipped his arm about her; and Mrs. Beach sat, tranced and dreaming, presumably following the patterns of a farther geometry. All the way to Fairhaven, Maude Brand scarcely spoke.

Fairhaven. Its lake harbored no more than a small white launch and a blue canoe. It lay twenty miles from the Beachs', and looked in the noon light like a place of colored clays, carefully modelled and laid upon the valley. There was a story—a bankrupt, a forced sale, a dispersal, and now the long house, so innocently unaware, lay alone, empty of motion. It did not yet look deserted, not even expectant; it wore still its air of confident househood, certain of its right to be owned and occupied. The house was like a widow of thirty, not too regretful, not yet anxious, and warmed by a quite lovely complaisance.

Lawrence fitted the key and they entered the hall. It did not meet them, like a "furnished" passage, but presented an aspect of conscious aloofness, as does a portrait. This place seemed no more attentive to Lawrence, seeing in it a possible home, than to Maude, who at once scorned it, or to Mrs. Beach, who met it with a look as blank as its own, or to Anthony, wondering if the fireplaces would draw, or to Marfa, entering with the open gaze of one recollectedly facing something never before seen—that new and burnished experience.

The square living-room, empty, expressionless; the dining-room, where voices seemed hardly to have ceased; the kitchen, carrying yet its air of former activity. Marfa said suddenly that it was a brutal thing for one family after another to live in the same house—"setting echoes and impressions on one another, mixing all the pictures." At this Maude Brand turned upon her a stricken face and said: "That's the kind of thing that I might have thought of—once. Not any more." Marfa flushed, affirmed that it wasn't much to think of, and heard Anthony Beach saying: "I didn't quite catch that." At this, Maude smiled at her, quite gaily—they smiled together, and Marfa felt warmed and reassured, and Lawrence, seeing, grinned comfortably. The sun smote warmly on some tiles, the breeze might be heard rippling without, and a kingfisher rasped joyously along the water. It was a moment of bright color, of bright sound, a moment revealing no more than the bright form of casual human relationship; but it moved over the three like some unexpected light. Anthony Beach was examining the drafts, and Cousin Vina was saying that the rooms would open up well for entertaining. Marfa thought: "They are always casual and happy and matter of course. It is only Lawrence and her—and I—who are tragic. Is it only because we are young?" Perhaps Cousin Vina and Cousin Anthony had been tragic and had forgotten it. Perhaps they were tragic now and didn't notice it. They might have the same turmoils, only they didn't take it so hard. . . . She speculated on what might be their tragedies, thought of debt, disagreement, weariness of each other, love of some one else, and dismissed all these cases as shadowy beside her own.

The rooms of the upper floors turned on their visitors blind and startled faces. On the dead air of these rooms were printed voices and dreams. On a shelf lay a woman's glove. "No," Lawrence murmured, "it isn't decent to live in a house where others have lived." But now Marfa had changed her mind, and told him that he was intellectually exclusive, and should be willing to lay his gloves where other gloves had been. He fell behind the others and said: "Good God, if I were looking at this house with you. If it were to be our home. . . ."

As they emerged on the grass terrace above the toy lake, abruptly the silence which had wrapped Maude Brand was broken by her laughter. She must have heard his words, for she turned on Marfa and cried: "Well? Do *you* like the house? Should *you* like living here?" Marfa looked at her and replied, "Extremely," and Maude said with slow significance: "When we are living here, you must come one day and see us." Mrs. Beach looked at them, vaguely troubled, and her husband cried heartily that there was good soil in the garden.

For no reason they now dispersed, Maude walking alone and rapidly toward some flaming zinnia beds, Marfa to the lake, the others as pleased them, save Lawrence, held by Anthony in talk about fertilizer. From the edge of the lake Marfa stared at the house, white and innocent in its glossy trees. She looked until it wavered and brightened at the edges, flowed into the green and gleamed like marble in the sun. She rested her eyes in the green and looked back at the house to find faint rose and violet clouding over it. The zinnias were flaming shores of color rising on either side of the gray current of the walks, flooding smoothly toward the lake. The smooth white walls of the house, the smooth green sheet of the lawn, the smooth blue water, and the tide of color and gray walks gave her a shock of pleasure. When she saw Lawrence freed from Anthony and hurrying toward her, she smiled at him brightly and said: "You know, it's heaven, really. This heavenly place, these pleasant people walking about What are we frightened of? What are we disagreeable about? What are you sad about?" He replied: "Well, I am happy." They walked along the edge of the lake. The little waves curled on the soft sand gently, like kittens at play. The shadows seemed cut from another substance, of a sharp hard brightness. To look on the bright water and then to look back on the bright mounded green gave clarity beyond the power of the eye to sustain. Countless forms and colors seemed to lie just beyond the eye, which however did not strive but rested content on the red canoe, the white launch; and the sky, of the blue of the virgin's robe.

"I've played at life," Lawrence had said. "Don't be solemn—we all play at life," she assured him. "No, but I ought to have something to offer to a woman—a good grocery business, or something." "Women don't want groceries." "Yes, but they do. They think they don't—but when they see other women's husbands' grocery—or garage—or profession, they want one too. Wouldn't you?" She said: "I've never thought of any of that." The words that flowed between them were motions, no more, carrying on a commerce of ideas with which neither was much concerned. The words made a causeway over which ran loneliness and young despair and young boredom. These two vortices announced themselves to each other through the blind medium of words, uttered at random, carrying nothing of the force behind the utterance. Not of love. Chiefly of a desire for refuge. The search—more primitive than love—the search for a place of refuge from wild beasts.

Two talking by a lake. They sat on an old rustic bench and stared round, and stared at each other. Refuges for each other, in the current of they knew not what. Maude Brand came walking toward them. She stepped carefully, as a cat steps, lifting her white-shod feet. The Beaches, murmuring comfortably, were examining the rock-garden. Maude Brand had left them and came walking toward the two talking comfortably on the old rustic bench. They did not hear her. They saw only each other and the flowing green and blue of leaves and lake. Lawrence, brown, compact, with his lifted pointed eyelids, was saying: "You don't know what it is—you and this place—and the thought of living here with you. I find I've always been mad about you. . . ."

He looked up and saw his sister. She was standing quite close to them, looking down at them over her left arm; her long eyes appeared slanted and half closed in the sun. And perhaps because of his longing to have his life conditioned like that of others, he pretended that it was so, and merely looked up at her lazily, reached out his hand, and said:

"Hello, sis. How would you like to have Miss Manchester for a sister—eh?"

With some shred of a *savoir-faire* which had never left her, save in dealing with those nearest to her, she miraculously met this:

"Jolly!" she said lightly. "Oh, very. But yet would it be so jolly?—for Miss Manchester, of course I mean."

But the acid in her was stronger than any *savoir-faire*. "How ever did you come to think of that?" she now asked.

"Nearly any one would have thought of it," he returned coolly.

"Oh? Even Miss Manchester herself?"

"I'm hoping so," he said simply.

She looked at Marfa. "He does well to consult me," she said. "For whomever he marries will have to have me about all day. Doesn't that terrify you?"

Marfa looked up at her mutely. She was desperately trying to remember herself as she had been with others, as she had been at home, able to say what she would like to say. She thought of herself with Marcus Bartholomew, and she so scornful, so competent with scorn and with words. She remembered herself before her mother, so superior, so sure. And Luna! Why could she not wither this woman as she was accustomed to devastate poor Luna? But Marfa sat there mutely, even forcing her lips to a faint smile.

"She knows you'd be a sport," Lawrence insisted to Maude without much conviction. "However, she's not even considering me, I'm afraid," he added.

Maude turned her stiff white length so that she seemed in the sunshine to blaze down upon Marfa like a goddess. "Don't mind him," she said. "I should warn you: he talks like that to every woman we meet."

Not the words but their vindictiveness suddenly shattered Marfa, as if there had fallen upon her a mighty mass of physical substance.

"I have been simple enough to take him seriously," she said coldly. "I am going to marry him—if he is serious."

Maude Brand looked down at them, expressionless, silent. Marfa's look fluttered down from her face, which seemed to flatten, as if some enveloping and rounding haze were torn away. The face became terrible, as if it had terror of its own, like lava.

"Then I'm the first to wish you happiness, God bless you!" she said. The words fell like some casual and frightfully wonted curse. She turned and walked along the shore of the lake, away from them, away from the house and the gardens.

"You didn't mean it," said Lawrence just above his breath.

"Of course I didn't mean it. You haven't even asked me."

"I do ask you."

"We met each other yesterday."

"Don't be absurd!"

Vortices, announcing themselves to each other in the search more primitive than love, the search for a place of refuge from wild beasts.

He broke into a bald recital of that which he had never before uttered:

"She was never right. As a child she had rages that left her ill for days. It wasn't her fault—it was my father's fault. He wasn't—in his family he wasn't a man of good-will. He took offense—looked for slights—resented everything. He had meant to be a senator, he was a promoter and a miner to his death—so he always insisted on his own importance. Even money made no difference—he could make money, but that didn't help. His eyes were pointed and he had no eyebrows, and his face had veins all over it when he spoke out sharply. All this he took out on my mother. In society he was agreeable, and foolish with women—always paying compliments and saying 'Ladies, ladies!' My mother told me that before Maude was born he would come into the house and not speak to her. When she complained, he would show her a terrible attention—defer to her in a loud voice, show a false heartiness, a false tenderness, put a frightful emphasis on everything that he said to her, force her to talk. My mother told this to Maude too—it may have been this that marked her, or it may have been the fact of my father himself. Was it not strange—a man like that, and yet as honest as he was about the mines. . . . At dinner, last night, I could see my father's face, all veins, there in Maude's face. . . . As a girl at school, no one could be friends with her—she made every one miserable.

"Then Allen came. Allen Oxley. I remember when he met her. She became an angel. In his presence all her beauty and her fineness lived—no one could have been more exquisite. They were engaged—like that! She was happy, she was perfect. We were all happy, even my father became himself and was gentle—and my mother was like a star. We had seven weeks of knowing what life could be like when people know how to live.

"But one day—it was a matter of the wedding-gown. A girl from the shop in town had brought it all the way out and they were trying it in the back parlor—it was a great ugly old house. My mother was there. I was on the veranda when Allen came up. I went with him into the front parlor. And we heard Maude. She was screaming at the girl, about the dress.

"Allen threw open the door—no one could have stopped him. My sister stood there, in her wedding-gown and veil, screaming at the frightened girl. He stood watching her. I think when she looked in his face, she knew that it was the end.

"From that day she has never tried any more. The terrible rages have left her—she doesn't seem to have energy for them. But there is this cold devilishness. . . . Sometimes I think if Allen had married her, he could have kept the angel in her alive. She has killed it—she carries about in her the strangled body of her angel. . . ."

He was dry-eyed, but he was drawing strange sobbing breaths. Her hands were fiercely on his.

"But you—you . . ." she said, "that is your life. . . ."

He said: "You see, I can't ask any one to share it. And I can't leave her . . . I can't do that. . . ."

Marfa cried: "Of course you can leave her! It's wicked to ruin your life. . . ."

He muttered: "You don't understand. I'm not perfect! I devil her, as I did just now about marrying you. . . ."

"Then you don't want to marry me?"

He took her in his arms, and now, for the first time, seeing all that he had suffered, and since perhaps she was not to have him, she felt for him a rush of tenderness.

Some time later Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Beach emerged from the gardens and came toward the lake. Innumerable clouds, waved and white, lay cupped in the smooth water, now of the pallid blue of noon. The images of elms were delicately stitched about the shore. Bright peace was on the sunny green, and the faint sombreness of the shadows was no more than the faint obscurity of a thought, or a cessation of motion upon glossy ripples, half invisible. The vast pulse beating, recurrent sunshine and shadow smiting upon mineral, vegetable, animal, upon body and mind of the human being, upon event, mood, and upon all manifestation of life.

Without his glasses, Anthony Beach looked as if some one had expressed him in another language.

"Vina," he said, "do you like this place better than our own?"

She regarded him with an air of stupefaction and replied: "It wouldn't occur to me to want it."

"You don't seem to want anything, my dear," he said, with annoyance.

She looked at him, with her clouded smile, her eyes puzzled, and perhaps trying to find their way back to some remembered unrest.

"Can it be," he cried, "that you don't even want me?"

After a moment she said: "Sometimes I think there must be another way to be conscious than by owning things—and people. Only not you, Anthony," she enigmatically added.

She went forward leisurely, her green gown, her ash-blond hair, her slow motions toned to the garden and to the day.

"Damn," said Anthony, and followed her.

"Where's Maude?" Mrs. Beach asked Lawrence and Marfa.

As they rose they made ambiguous gestures toward the bend in the shore along which she had walked when she left them. Anthony said that they must be getting to So-and-so for lunch. His wife's eyes were on the farther shore, on the many greens pierced by light points, motionless in the coolness and the warmth of the perfect day. Only the poplar leaves and the locust leaves stirred a little, a drunken bee hurled his body against Marfa's blue gown, and a kingfisher stammered in his incessant search for food. Across a far bridge the roll of wheels came softly, and the water slapped and fondled at the sides of the white launch and the red canoe. "She went that way," Lawrence said, and looked, and they all walked along the shore, looking.

At the bend they saw her, sitting on a bench in the bright sunlight. They walked toward her slowly, and discussed the ownership of the little launch, the danger of canoes, and the picturesqueness of sail-boats. They went walking toward Maude, these four, and felt gay and at ease in the pleasant sunlight, felt light-hearted and gentle and without any violent preoccupation. And Maude Brand did not turn or look toward them.

They came quite close to her, and she had not turned. Then something in the aspect of her shoulder, her head, her hands, fixed their look sharply upon her. It was Lawrence who cried out and sprang toward her.

Her head had fallen sidewise, her hands lay in strange lines of relaxation. Her hat had tipped forward, her lips were parted.

It was wild and terrible to see the inanimate where they had looked for the animate—a shattering breach of trust in the order of things. She looked as if disintegration were already upon her. She must have been dead for quite half an hour, for her hands and her face were already cold. Innumerable clouds, waved and white, lay cupped in the smooth water, still of the pallid blue of the noon.

Silence and suspension in the house, now that the telegrams were sent, and the men from town were busy, there in the guest-room. The aspect of the house was altered. All its currents flowed differently. The comfortable objects of use existed no longer in their own right, but as tributary to the one controlling circumstance. The change was not only in the mind of those in the house; assuredly the change was in the objects themselves. These withdrew, were diminished, were lowered in some rate of being. And death was seen to be not the negative, but the powerful positive, the dominant in that house.

Through the terrible difference of the journey home following that glossy car in which Maude Brand rode alone, and the arrival before frightened faces, Marfa moved as one webbed and netted. Through that dense haze, shadowed as by some looming bulk, she saw Anthony Beach's agitation, an emotion expressible only in vast indignation; saw Cousin Vina's calm overlaid with tears and sobbing, slow tears, broken breaths—no shattering of her serenity but, instead, its slow bleeding. Beyond all she saw Lawrence, tense, wrapt, his pointed look fixed on some far place, his hands torturing each other. And if only he had said something, made some sound besides that thick breath, a groan without power to sustain itself, dying in his chest below closed lips.

As in some fearful sustained music, there came a pause, when she felt the power to escape, and she hurried out by a side entrance and down to the garden. The phlox and the ageratum stood, blurred and artificial; the green looked gray; the sun might have been shining or might have been veiled. With the impulse for hiding, for burial, Marfa sat by some shrubbery and laid her face on the stone bench. Then the thought that she had been holding below the rim of consciousness shot up and glowed before her like a column of flame.

Against the sparkle of the lake, she saw again the tortured face of Maude Brand, the javelins that thrust from her, the nerves which bled in her voice, the strange faceless figure whose look had long become the look of the dead. She saw herself, impersonal, a figure of bloom and tranquillity, smiling up at the poor palpitant thing, and striking at her with words that she did not mean. Now she saw that mutilated being, breathing its own miasma, moving blindly along the border of the lake, torn by the word that it had heard and had believed. The slight margin of being which had remained unpoisoned by its own decay had begun to emit its toxin of hate for the one creature whom she loved. In spite of her appearance of indifference, it had been her thought of Lawrence alone which had created in his sister the thin trickle of sweetness that had kept her alive. Now abruptly this changed to bitterness, and the organism could bear no more. . . . What if she was distraught, had made herself absurd? Here had been cause to quiet her with some beauty, and instead, she had been beaten to death, in sheer wantonness, by a word. . . .

A column of flame. Flame, figured with faces mocking at Marfa's certainty that this ruin, more fearful than all the others, lay before her as her own work. She had looked up by the lake, had smiled, had said one sentence which she did not mean, and that sick creature had fallen, had sat on a bench in the sun, with her head sidewise, her arms strangely disposed, her lips apart.

"I do murder, and nothing but murder," Marfa said aloud, and beat on the stone with her closed hands.

Anthony Beach and Lawrence came from the house, Lawrence silent, Anthony demanding why the damned doctors had taken so long, and doubting their ability to tell what had killed her. When Lawrence saw Marfa, he said brutally to Anthony: "Excuse me, will you, sir? I must speak to her. . . ." The little man stared and murmured and trotted back toward the house.

Lawrence drew Marfa to her feet, sat beside her on the bench, held and cherished her.

She drew away from him; she cried: "If only I had gone yesterday—I knew! I knew!"

He did not understand her, muttered, "Thank God, you were here," and when she cried loudly, "But I killed her!" he stared at her, as if she were mad.

"I said the words that ended everything for her . . ." said Marfa, with a manner of exhaustion. "It was only I . . ."

"Good God," said Lawrence. "Do you think that moment was anything? It was the months and years when I should have been trying to heal her. . . ."

He seemed hardly to take account of her case, and she set herself to tell him, went over and over it, finding it impossible to be articulate, trying to cry out like one tranced and saying nothing that reached him. "What is the use of pretending there's nothing in all this? I've watched this—I know. I bring misfortune, death to everybody. Don't comfort me. Help me. There must be a way to get out. . . ." Then she cried: "Oh, I'm thinking of myself even now. . . ." For an instant he was there before her, clear and brilliant, tense face, tortured hands, himself, living his life, meeting life and death, a being separate and tremendous, cut away from everything. For an instant she saw him so, as sharply as she sensed herself; then he merged again with the flow of all that was external to her, and she went on about herself: "I'm made of something that draws disaster. . . ." He said low: "Sometimes I've thought that Maude made her own misery—even her illness. That if she had been decent to people she would have been different. Every time she spoke, she seemed to poison herself. I've seen her talk with people whom I knew that she hated or envied—and afterward she would be exhausted, like a runner . . . would find it difficult to breathe or to move—I think she poisoned herself. . . ." Marfa said low: "Maybe I do that to others. . . . But why? I'm not evil, I don't hate anybody—I didn't hate Paul Barker or little Ben. . . ." He said: "Don't, don't," and held her, but she drew away from him and cried: "Maybe it's because I'm nothing! I'm nothing, and the evil rushes in, and I give it off to people. . . ." And at this she broke into a passion of sobbing and cried: "I don't want to be like that. I want to bring everything good and nothing bad. But I bring everything bad and nothing good—what is there for anybody like that?" He held her, murmured to her, and her words did not enter him.

The house door closed and Anthony Beach came out again, and with him one of the doctors. They came down the path in the dusk, two creatures, the one small and anxious, the other huge, attentive, sunk in routine. The doctor was presented to Marfa and began to speak to Lawrence: technical words, involved and running into one another, as one utters words too long familiar to receive their due, or as a great singer forms words liquidly, as if some vast shape were being builded from words, the words being nothing, the shape being all. But now from this haze of sounds one word was thrust out and blazed up before them. "Malignant," the doctor said, "malignant."

With that word occupying the air, they walked toward the house, spoke for a while with the other doctors; saw them go—three shapes holding power to twitch aside the curtain of the flesh and reveal its secret of cell but not of spirit. Or was it of spirit? Malignant. . . .

"That was what she was sometimes—malignant," Lawrence muttered. "Good God, perhaps it's true. . . ."

Mrs. Beach came into the room and something of her serenity spread through the air, faint and frosty, like a tranquil evening in September. They all drew together about a light fire. They said nothing, save Anthony, who tried to cheer them up by telling an amusing story, at whose conclusion his wife laid her hand on his with a gesture that was very like compassion. And this he must have felt, for he found fault with the fire.

In her room, across the passage from the room where Maude Brand lay, Marfa moved in the darkness from window to window. In its fearful suddenness, the event seemed naked, having its implications revealed like ghastly members. A word could kill, a word had killed. That in her which made her speak the word had killed. This was absurd! What in her could have killed any one or brought down all other misfortune. . . . She held her ear to her life and found her life empty. "I'm like anybody else," she kept defending, and tried to think of catastrophe induced by others. But one never knew about them. One knew only about oneself. One slew and stabbed, one wrecked and abandoned, one destroyed, and all in secret. One went with clean hands and innocent face, and no one knew. So everybody tried to comfort one, and the comfort might be accepted and believed, and life would go on as before. But if one wanted to meet this, to cleanse the stables . . . Here she lost the thread of all of it and went on standing by the window and repeating: to cleanse the stables. But then into the rectangle of lamplight from a lower window a little animal loped, and she became absorbed in trying to determine whether it was a cat or a rabbit.

In the night she woke to a shivering horror, without any formula of thought. The sense of Lawrence stole over her, warm and like a home, but she drove it away: "I must let him go! I shall harm him more than she did. . . ."

She began to recall the tenor of her life, not now with regard to tragedy, but with regard to the trivial, the unconsidered. Small vortices, with herself as centre:

The day upon which she had visited her father's sister, Aunt Esmeralda, a widow living in Chicago. Aunt Esmeralda, who seldom allowed herself a treat, took them all for a long ride on the cable-car, counting the fare from her little steel purse and inquiring anxiously about transfers. This aunt was a woman who constantly looked down her past and brought up little incidents, still bleeding: "That was the day he started South. I never saw him again." "She held my hand as she lay dying, but she didn't know me. Thought I was Minnie, that she couldn't bear. It was hard." "We went down cellar and there he lay, breathing heavy." In a life now without emotion, Aunt Esmeralda participated thus violently in her own past, or reviled her neighbors until she trembled. At the end of an afternoon of this, shrieked above the clangor of the cable-cars, she had turned to Marfa and inquired, as they sipped their tea in the kitchen: "Did you enjoy your ride?" And Marfa had answered: "Oh, it doesn't make me sick to ride on the street-car any more." Against the darkness she saw now her aunt's face, her flabby muscles drawn down with her disappointment, after all the cable-fares.

And once her father had brought her a silver bracelet, when she wanted one of gold. She remembered, as he watched her unwrap the parcel, how his lips parted pleasantly in expectation of her delight, and the fashion in which his hand kept jerking upward from the wrist. But as the bracelet appeared, she had merely looked and kept on looking, not lifting her eyes, then slipped the bracelet on her arm without a word. Moments after she was torn by the patience with which he had looked away, as if it were all right; and she had said lamely, "When I'm happy I never can say anything, father," but had known that he was not deceived.

And once her mother had said, "How would you like to have a reception? I could borrow Mrs. Graf's dishes with the autumn leaves . . ." and she had replied loftily: "Mother! Young girls don't have receptions. They have teas." Now she saw again the fashion in which her mother had accepted this, looking a little away, as if she ought to have known. And once she had said, "Mother, sip your tea from your spoon only *once,* and after that drink it from the cup"; and her mother had said: "I'll remember." And then the "piece." One which her mother had learned to play to surprise her, and had played with careful accuracy, without announcement, on an evening when they had all sat together. But the air interrupted a letter that Marfa was writing, and she had said, "Mother, would you mind not playing any more"; on which her mother, not hearing, absorbed in her own performance, and proud of it (since her fingers were a little stiff from rheumatism), said with pleased expectation: "Did you say 'Play it again'?" A dainty tragedy.

A train of such things—said and unsaid, or set at naught; and bright looks unregarded. She remembered that every one had such agonies, and that one either recalled and agonized, or forgot. She felt shamed and sentimental and then thought: "But even if it were not I. Are there not people so toned into things that nothing happens like that? People who don't draw such things to themselves any more than they draw tragedy. . . ." She was standing again by the open window in the chilly air, and she beat her hands softly together. But she felt a little proud, too, that she should be so sensitive that such trifling things could pierce her.

She stayed through the third day, and laid an expensive wreath on Maude's coffin at the station. She sat with Lawrence for an hour that morning, and thought: "Already he speaks differently, has become his own man." He was absorbed with the business thrust upon him, was not so deeply absorbed in her, and she had not yet liked him so much. Mr.

and Mrs. Beach were to leave with him, Marfa herself was going home. He whispered: "The first minute I can, I'm coming to Old Town. Marfa, do you know that you're engaged to me?" She would not burden him now with her omens, and, besides, she wanted the comfort of his kiss. At this kiss Anthony Beach said "Well," just audibly, and Mrs. Beach looked tranquil.

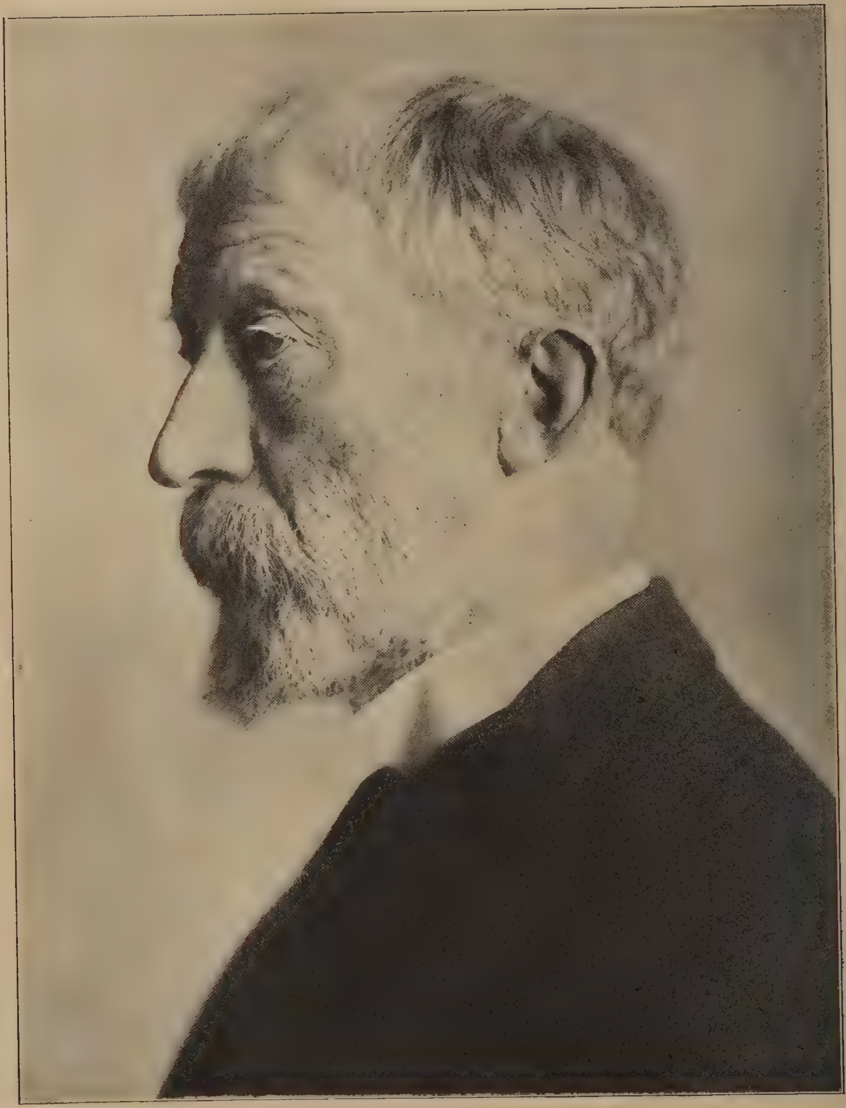
But when the train took them, and Marfa had turned back to the station to await her own, she looked about on the people and thought: "Just by being where they are, I could bring any one of them death or unhappiness." There was a small woman in black with many buttons made like black raspberries. This woman had a seeking look, but not for anything material. She went peering about among the passengers, narrowing her shortsighted eyes, yet she seemed not to expect to find that for which she sought, but went on looking, by some compulsion. Abruptly Marfa imagined that large commonplace face thrown out of drawing by grief. "If she came to live at our house," Marfa thought, "I'd be certain to give her a salad that would make her ill, or to trip her down some steps." She smiled at herself and nevertheless went on devising such things: the young girl with the eyes of one born at prayer; the old man who counted noiselessly and groaned audibly; the man and woman, both thin and both lame, who smiled at each other like two children at school and talked much and agreed, as if their companionship were from choice and their lameness incidental and forgotten—what would come over the lives of these if once they were to be touched by her? She walked among them, thinking of these things; and then remembered with annoyance: "Marcus Bartholomew would call this my form of romance."

She reached home that evening, and was received into the arms of her mother and Luna, who expressed their love in fussiness, in asking many questions, and in pathetically hastening to cover anything which they said and too late remembered might annoy her. But she looked at them and thought: "Even they are not safe. In the end I shall bring them both to disaster." Through the night she tried to face her situation and prayed: "God, if there are such people—without harmony — who bring destruction wherever they go, is there anything for them but hell here and nothingness after . . .?" For answer, there was the mocking face of Marcus Bartholomew on the darkness. She thought: "Perhaps I'm in love with him, and that's why I've turned to Lawrence. Perhaps all that love can be, for me, is to make traps to draw people in to be destroyed." She thought of herself with loathing, as one having no place with beings of earth, but instead an independent spirit, ravening among the forms. But Marcus Bartholomew had said: "You want distinction and, by Gad, you mean to have it, even if you identify yourself with the devil to get it." Yet there were the terrible facts of disaster and death which had actually followed her feet, her word, her whim. "Perhaps I *am* the devil. . . ."

Clear and pure, like the sound of music rising from dead wood and catgut, there soared and pierced her thought a thin awareness of herself. Not the one who lay there in misery, nervously remembering and fearing; not the one who had chosen this or that, inconsequent in mental functioning; not the mere pale bulk of muscle and bone woven together to make the form of her. None of these, but rather an awareness of one who rose and hung free, briefly looking down on the creature. As sharp as a cleavage of life from death, she saw below her the substance of her form and knew herself to be not that. Was it in this form that there had been built, down God knew how many lives, some heritage of power to attract and dispense evil? What if she herself, hanging separate, intent and pure, were to knead at those cells as one kneads at substance. . . . She plunged into the mold of muscle, nerve, and brain curled beneath the covers, and lay laughing softly. Was she so romantic that she must split her own nature, so that one part might amaze the other? "Your form of romance," also, it might be. Yet there had been that one flash of freedom, of feeling herself some familiar and unfamiliar I. . . .

It was gone, and she fell asleep dreading her next day's visit to Max Garvin.

(To be concluded in November.)



A. B. Frost.

A. B. Frost died June 22 at his home in Pasadena at the age of seventy-seven. He was born in Philadelphia in 1851. Typically American, self-taught in art, his humorous drawings and hunting pictures made him famous. His career covered four important decades, his work ending only with his life. Much of his best-known work appeared in this magazine. His last published drawings, illustrating "A Bow to Progress," by Thomas Boyd, were in the October, 1927, number. Frost was at the peak of his power when the Gibson girl was becoming famous. We have asked her creator to write his recollections of Mr. Frost.

—See "A. B. Frost—A Personal Tribute," page 539.

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The Present-Day Tammany

BY GEORGE W. OLVANY

Leader of the Tammany Organization; Former Judge of General Sessions, New York

Tammany Hall is one of the most vital, if unofficial, issues in the interesting Presidential campaign just drawing to a close. What is Governor Smith's relation to Tammany? Is Tammany the foe of reform? Has it been disloyal to the Democratic Party? We have asked Judge Olvany to give his answer. He has done so.

In the last three generations—since the close of the Civil War—the Democratic party has named eleven men for the presidency. Six of them—Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Parker, and Smith—were New Yorkers. Three of the six—Seymour, Tilden, and Smith—have been conspicuous members of Tammany Hall.

Horatio Seymour was defeated by Ulysses S. Grant, who had a plurality of only 305,456 votes of the total vote of 5,724,688. Seymour carried New York, New Jersey, Oregon, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Maryland. The election of Grant was inevitable, for Grant sympathisers dominated the election in the Southern States where voting was permitted. The votes of Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, all concededly Seymour States, by special act of Congress were not counted. The electors of Florida, also by act of a Republican "reconstruction" Congress, were chosen by the Federal-controlled State legislatures.

Samuel J. Tilden had a clear majority of the popular vote cast in 1876, and a majority of the electoral vote until the honest result was nullified by the infamous report made by a "returning board" manipulated by the Republican national administration.

Alfred E. Smith, from present indications, will receive a clear majority of both the popular and the electoral votes to be cast this fall. No such jugglery as followed and set aside the elections of 1868 and 1876 can prevail in 1928. The Democratic party is thoroughly united to-day, as it was for the campaigns of Seymour, Tilden, Cleveland, and Wilson. Reaction and radicalism have disappeared.

The convention that nominated Alfred E. Smith was noteworthy for the harmony that marked its sessions and its councils. Every delegate had his say and voted as he willed. No one dictated and no one was silenced. A policy of liberal conservatism that sought to guarantee personal liberty and collective prosperity prevailed throughout. That aim was accomplished without domination by any individual or clique of individuals.

In selecting the outstanding leader of the party the Democratic convention did the obvious and proper thing. His selection required no secret conferences, no trades, no deals, no manipulations. The will of the majority of the States and the majority of the party voters was carried out. That will had been expressed in party caucus and in local and State primaries. The strength of every candidate was tested by vote on the convention floor. The man who had received the greatest ovations in the party conventions of 1920 and 1924 was named on the first ballot this year. The choice of the convention has come up from the ranks. Unsullied, unafraid, and unpledged, he had by ability, character, and fitness forged to the front in city, State, and nation.

As the associate of the presidential candidate the convention selected for second place on the party ticket its leader in the United States Senate. It could not have done better. No one questions the ability, the honesty, the safety, the courage, or the Democracy of Joe T. Robinson. Other States had favorite sons for the place, but the overwhelming demand was for Robinson, and his selection left no heartburnings and has caused no regrets.

Four times Alfred E. Smith has been selected governor of the most populous and progressive State in the nation. No party owns it. While its residents are not radical there is no reactionary majority. The candidate of "isms" and wildcat nostrums gets scant consideration, but intrusions upon personal liberty and suggestions of paternalism in government are equally resented, the popular vote indicates.

How wholly unwarranted any assertion that the candidate of the Democratic party this year was forced upon the convention, or had to be accepted by the 1,100 delegates merely because this or that delegation or group of delegates from a single State favored the candidate, is disclosed by an examination of the facts. New York is the most populous State in the Union; has the most delegates at national conventions. In the Democratic convention this year New York had, as for some years past, 90 of the 1,100 votes in the convention. This is a trifle more than 8 per cent of the required total of 66 per cent of the vote for a nomination. Of the 90 votes allotted to the State of New York the Tammany delegates, representing New York County in the convention, numbered only 23. Twenty-three delegates are but 2 per cent of the voting strength of the convention. No thinking, unprejudiced voter in any political party would assert with any possibility of belief that 2 per cent of the delegates to a great national gathering of representative citizens can hope to "dictate" to the other 98 per cent. In the face of this actual condition assertions are made that the Tammany delegates—2 per cent of the voting strength of the convention—dictated the nomination of Governor Smith.

Any declaration that convention delegates were "overwhelmed" by unofficial visitors in the convention city is equally untenable. The total number of New Yorkers, including delegates, alternates, and non-delegates, so far as records kept by the New York delegation disclose, in Houston at convention time did not exceed 700. All told, they numbered less than 5 per cent of the total average attendance during the convention sessions.

In face of all the facts, the utter lack of candor of declarations that the "New York machine" or "representatives of Tammany" brought about the nomination of Alfred E. Smith must be evident to any man or woman who undertakes a thoughtful analysis of the nomination of Smith and Robinson.

There is no merit in assertions that, because Governor Smith is a member in good standing in the party organization of the city in which he was born, other Democrats should oppose him. The inference that a party candidate should not be a member of the party organization is undemocratic. Governor Smith certainly deserves better at the hands of his party because of being identified with it than if he were either hostile to it or aloof and not identified with it.

The Democratic party in New York has been militant and progressive for one hundred years. Its representatives have held the most important offices in the gift of the people of the State. Its record is one of which its leaders and enrolled members are justly proud. The Democratic party in New York City is giving the most efficient administration the city has ever known. In the last thirty years Democratic candidates have been successful in five of the seven city-wide elections. Since legislative enlargement of the area of the city in 1898 Democratic administrations have controlled during twenty-five years. Democratic majorities have increased in the city and in the State.

There is no section of the United States where political organizations and elections are more closely supervised, or more minutely directed and controlled by law, than in New York. Official ballots prepared and issued under acts of the State legislature have been provided since 1890. Since 1896 party organizations and their committees have been subject to every possible legal supervision, safety, and equality. The county or city is the organization unit. No voter enrolled in a party under provisions of law can be excluded from participation in party meetings, primaries, or elections. No party voter can be prevented from enrolment.

Membership in party committees in New York can be secured or denied only under strict, legally defined conditions. Nominations for party or public offices are likewise legally safeguarded. Official ballots, official voting-lists and voting-booths prepared at public expense by sworn officials, are provided in order to assure compliance with law and guarantee secret and honest balloting.

All polling-places are presided over by bipartisan boards whose members supervise registration and enrolment preceding elections, as well as the casting of votes on primary and election days. At all polling-places provision is made for watchers and challengers of opposition parties, whose rights are guaranteed and defined by law. These watchers are authorized to challenge any person whose right to the suffrage they consider questionable.

Since the State took over the supervision of political parties and candidates in 1890 there have been a score of amendments to the Ballot Reform Act. These amendments strengthen the articles dealing with party organization and enrolment, party nominations, primary elections, and official boards and ballots. The Democratic organization of New York County, generally known as Tammany Hall, has actively advocated ballot-reform. Its representatives in the legislature brought about equal suffrage for men and women.

It has been since elections and election machinery have come under strict legal supervision that Tammany has scored its greatest successes and won the most pronounced evidences of public confidence. It has triumphed over "fusions" of party and factional adversaries, and has increased its representation in Congress, in the State legislature, and in county and city offices.

The most striking and convincing refutation of the charge that Tammany wins at the polls by fraud has occurred within the recollection of most present-day voters. After George B. McClellan had been elected mayor in 1904 by a large majority it was asserted that his re-election two years later was by manipulation and fraud. His adversary was backed by a well-financed combination of so-called independent voters. Every accusation that had registered against Tammany for a century and every new one that invention could devise was lodged against the mayor and Tammany.

Charles E. Hughes, late Republican candidate for President, was governor. He was appealed to by the anti-Tammany forces, and suits were started in every court that had any semblance of jurisdiction. About every expedient possible to "expose" Tammany was resorted to and advertised.

After innumerable manœuvres the case came up for trial before Judge John S. Lambert, a Republican Supreme Court judge, one of the ablest jurists in the State of New York. A special jury was chosen, the impanelling of which took three weeks, and hundreds of witnesses were examined. By order of the court all the ballot-boxes were opened and the contents examined by representatives of all shades of public opinion and indisputable evidence proved that the election had been absolutely fair. No fraud or corruption was revealed, and the charges against Tammany that there had been a fraudulent election were absolutely shattered.

Legislative investigations of Tammany officials and of New York City Democratic administrations have been frequent, both before and after the McClellan election contest. Extravagant charges of waste of public funds, corruption, and general irregularity, all fostered by political enemies and disappointed self-seekers who have hired professional reformers and beaters of the "tom-toms" of reaction, special privilege, and bigotry have preceded all important elections.

For a time these unwarranted charges attracted attention. Of recent years, however, the New York public has not only refused to believe these slanders but has resented them. Political muck-raking investigations have strengthened Tammany and reacted against the slanderers and muck-rakers.

In this day and generation it is generally taken for granted in New York that assaults upon and fabrications about Tammany are intended for political capital in other sections of the country, where the present-day Tammany is unknown, and where the traditions of what happened half a century ago may pass current as of to-day.

The fact that the present-day Tammany has advocated election reforms, fought for woman suffrage, enacted the most progressive social-service and public-welfare laws in the world, and that these laws and the Tammany-made industrial code for the protection of wage-earners of both sexes have been copied by most of the States of the Union and by foreign governments is never stressed by the leather-lunged hirelings of so-called "reform movements" that sprout, attain rank growth, and wither all within a few years.

Tammany's constructive work has been the result of constructive leadership. For the thirty years that the present generation can envision, the leaders of Tammany have been men who have withstood and disproved the libels and lies that have been levelled at them, and at the same time have been training in and for public service young men of keen intellects, vision, and honesty of purpose that have brought one of them to be a presidential candidate, another a United States senator, still another to be mayor of the greatest city in the world, and scores to be judges, legislators, and directing forces in great financial, industrial, and manufacturing enterprises.

When Alfred E. Smith was first elected governor, ten years ago, his plurality in the State was 15,108 votes over the then Republican governor. When a candidate in the Republican landslide of 1920 he was defeated by 74,000 votes. He ran ahead of the Democratic presidential candidate by 1,017,000 votes in the sixty-two counties of the State. In order that the record may not be distorted in accounting for the great discrepancy between the Democratic vote cast for governor and that cast for President, it is well to note that in New York County, the home of the governor, his vote exceeded that of the presidential candidate by 133,000. The record shows that throughout the State nearly 500,000 citizens who voted the Republican national ticket voted for the Democratic candidate for governor.

In the election of 1922 Governor Smith won by a plurality of 285,945, a popular plurality never before attained in New York by any candidate for State or local office. His adversary that year was Nathan L. Miller, who had defeated him in the presidential landslide of 1920. In 1924—another presidential year—Governor Smith was elected by a plurality of 108,595. He was the only Democrat elected on the State ticket. The Republican candidate was Theodore Roosevelt. In 1926 Governor Smith was re-elected by a plurality of 247,676. The Republican organization of the State marshalled its full strength against him, but his total vote was 130,000 more than that cast for him in 1922, when he rolled up his record plurality. Despite the fact that the Republicans rallied their full presidential-time vote against Governor Smith and Robert F. Wagner, Democratic candidate for United States senator, both were victorious, and for the first time in more than a generation New York State had two Democrats (Methodists) in the United States Senate as well as a Democratic governor.

With this record of achievement to the credit of Governor Smith and the Democratic organization of New York City, there can be no just or truthful ground for attack upon the Democracy of the governor or of the organization of which he has been for twenty-five years a conspicuous member.

Because the Democratic organization committees of New York County meet in the building of the Tammany Society, the New York County Democratic organization has been known for a century past as Tammany Hall.

The Tammany Society came into being in 1786, and has been conspicuous in public affairs since the birth of the Democratic party. The society has kept alight the fires of democracy. It is more respected, more militant, and more active to-day than it has ever been. It occupies an unique place in American history. It has been since its incorporation a patriotic and fraternal institution. Its membership has included Presidents, governors, cabinet officers, United States senators, ambassadors, jurists, bankers, university leaders, and men in all walks of life down to laborers for a daily wage.

The Tammany Society, although officially wholly apart from politics, espoused the cause of democracy from the foundation of the present national form of government. It has been for democratic and liberal principles, as Thomas Jefferson enunciated them, since Jefferson challenged the aristocratic and undemocratic principles laid down by Alexander Hamilton and his Federal party associates at the beginning of the life of the nation.

Jefferson found in the "Liberty Boys" of Revolutionary days, and in the Tammany Society, which succeeded the Liberty Boys at the close of the Revolution, advocates of manhood suffrage, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, upon which the Democratic party was founded. The New York Tammany Society's espousal of Jeffersonian Democratic principles was taken up by Tammany societies in Philadelphia, Ohio, Kentucky, and New Jersey. After Jefferson had vanquished the Federalist party the Tammany societies, except that in New York, dwindled, and because of lack of activity ceased to exist everywhere except in New York City. The Tammany Society of New York has had a home of its own since 1790. Its first home was called a wigwam and museum. The society has since then had a permanent meeting-place, and since 1817 the meeting-place of the society has also been the meeting-place of the Democratic party committees in New York County.

In the one hundred and forty-two years of its active existence the Tammany Society, as has been the case with practically every active organization, whether it be political, social, or other, has not been able to keep some scamps from membership. The Tammany Society and the Democratic organization in New York City, however, promptly proscribed, prosecuted, and punished every evil-doer found in its ranks. In the days following the Civil War a clique of local office-holders was proven faithless. The leaders of the party promptly disowned and prosecuted them. It was these loyal leaders who came into power in Tammany following the party house-cleaning. Charles O'Conor and Samuel J. Tilden, conspicuous members of the society, and Horatio Seymour, a Sachem of the society, were all honored by Tammany and the Democracy of New York for their activity in ridding the Democratic party and the society of the evil faction that for a short time fastened itself on the membership. Tilden, Seymour, and O'Conor were all nominated for the presidency. The latter, however, declined to run.

The Tammany Society, from its earliest days, prospered by reason of its tolerance, liberalism, and democracy. Its principles were largely in opposition to those of the Society of the Cincinnati, which stood in the popular mind for aristocracy, and had the backing of the Federalist group led by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. The Society of the Cincinnati was made up largely of large landholders, bankers and the like who had been officers of the Revolutionary period, who were either sceptical about entering upon the "experiment" of popular government or who believed that there should be a class distinction, in which the "men of affairs" should receive titles and be rulers and hereditary nobles of the new nation. The Tammany Society, on the other hand, was for the exact equality of all, rabidly republican, resentful of the disfranchisement of the Revolutionary soldiers, and sympathetic with the revolutionists in France. The rival rallies and parades of the partisans of the two societies roused the populace, and after the supporters of Thomas Jefferson had sided with the Society of Tammany, the standing of that organization in the popular mind in New York City was well established. Alexander Hamilton characterized the processions of the Society of Tammany as grotesque spectacles. The Federalists and former Tories, following his lead, derided and vilified Tammany.

Since Hamilton's time, at the end of the eighteenth century, attacks upon Tammany, chiefly by the reactionary elements of the community, have been continuous. They had their inception in the espousal by Tammany of the principles of Jeffersonian democracy, and have been largely directed against Jeffersonian tenets. Those who distrust the common people and are apologetic in discussing those guarantees of liberty and equality which Jefferson had written into the Constitution, lead in attacks upon Tammany and its principles.

Tammany has always championed law and order. Its sons and daughters have been in the forefront in battles for the preservation of the Constitution and of the nation. In times of strife it has raised and equipped regiments of soldiers, and its members have volunteered for service in defense of the republic, in suppression of lawlessness, and in alleviation of suffering and want. Its aims and accomplishments have attracted not only the native sons of New York but thousands of those who, born in other sections of the country, have become New Yorkers.

In troublous days following the close of the Civil War it was to New York and Tammany that the leaders of the distressed and almost prostrate South looked for sympathetic guidance. The first Democratic national convention following the struggle between the North and the South was held in Tammany Hall. At that time leaders of the Southern cause were still being harassed and persecuted. A distinguished leader of Tammany, Charles O'Conor, had been the leading counsel in the defense of the President of the Confederate States. Congress had enacted several measures for the punishment of the South, and Republican members of both the Senate and House of Representatives were still bringing forward new proposals of oppression.

When the Democratic convention met in Tammany Hall one of the bills under debate in Congress was to determine what further measures were to be enacted "against those who endeavored in the late conflict to dismember this republic." A similar Republican measure was entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," providing that Southern States should be divided into five zones, each under a military form of government to be operated under authority of presidential appointees.

It was to Tammany Democrats of New York that Southern delegates looked for sympathy and friendship. August Belmont, a Tammany Sachem who had been a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1860 and chairman of the Democratic national committee from 1864 to 1872, cordially welcomed the Democratic hosts, particularly the Southern delegates, "to the home of the Society of Tammany and to the temple erected to the goddess of liberty by her stanchest defenders and most fervent worshippers." The convention was marked by a resumption of cordial relations by delegates from all sections of the country, many of whom, for years prior to the gathering, had been on opposing sides. The Southern delegates joined heartily in the selection of Horatio Seymour, chairman of the convention, Tammany Sachem and Democratic governor, as the candidate for President. Tammany and the New York Democracy made a gallant fight in the national campaign, and the electoral vote of New York was cast for Seymour.

Tammany representatives in Congress, for years following the convention of 1868, championed the South in the congressional struggle incidental to the reconstruction period. Every effort to visit punishment upon the Southern States was resented by the representatives of the New York Democracy, and in most cases their efforts were successful. This championship of the South continued while a helping hand or sympathetic support was needed. It was never more effective than in the defeat of the final effort of the Republican reactionaries made in the year 1900, when the Lodge Force Bill was stricken from the list of Congressional measures.

While efforts to oppress and "reconstruct" the South are no longer attempted, measures for the "regulation," investigation, and obliteration of Tammany Hall are constantly being brought forward. These measures no longer attract much attention in the Eastern States, for they are recognized as thinly disguised political attacks, manipulated as propaganda, of the opponents of Democracy, having for their purpose the making of opportunities for slanderous and legally unjustifiable assaults upon a militant, well-ordered, active Democratic organization. Charges without justification, attacks that ordinarily would be punishable in courts of justice, reckless untruths conjured up by irresponsible seekers after publicity, are all given circulation in these partisan political investigation periods. It is upon these usually unwarranted and unfounded charges that the residents of communities far removed from Tammany's influence and activities are fed. At home these slanderous and libellous assertions are answered at the polls by Democratic victories.

The Tammany Society is governed to-day, as it was one hundred and forty years ago, by a board of trustees who are designated as Sachems. This board is made up of men of standing, who have the confidence of the community in which the society is doing its work. The chairman of this board, at the present time, is the official head of a non-partisan board of elections. He is now in his one hundredth year and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. He has been Grand Sachem for seventeen years, and has the respect of millions of men and women who know of his life and deeds. Surely no thinking man or woman in this republic believes that a man who has reached the age of the Grand Sachem of Tammany would be a participant in or give sanction to misrule or chicanery on the part of any organization with which, in the evening of his life, he was conspicuously identified. Tammany and the New York

Democratic organization are doing today, with the approval of a great majority of the men and women within the scope of their activity, what they have been doing for more than one hundred years. They are working for the welfare and betterment of the most conglomerate population in the world. They are distinctly New York organizations, and have their aspirations for widening the field of their activities. Many of their conspicuous members have rendered such outstanding public service as to win the respect and admiration of the rest of the country. Tammany rejoices in such membership. Tammany has always realized that for any organization to be a success it must be on the side of the right-thinking, law-abiding, self-respecting people.

It is the human element in Tammany that has given it strength. The people of New York are the largest-hearted in the world, and when they put their stamp of approval upon an organization it is because that organization is entitled to approval.

The service rendered by Tammany is well described by Charles A. Beard, a leading authority on political affairs in the United States and a long-time director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, which has been one of the most aggressive and unrelenting critics of Tammany and its policies. Mr. Beard, in a review of Tammany, said: "Tammany is our greatest social-service agency, and it holds its power because it understands sympathetically the needs and trials of the masses. Its leaders visit those who are sick and in distress. . . . Tammany asks no questions and fills out no pink and green cards. Its office hours are not from ten to four, but continuous. . . . Its virtue is its humanity, its understanding of the human needs of the common man. . . . Under Tammany mayors the Health Department of New York was transformed into the greatest single service of its kind in the world."

Tammany, since its inception, has maintained and will continue to maintain the principles of democracy laid down by Thomas Jefferson. They are:

> Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political;
>
> Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none;
>
> The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad;
>
> The support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies;
>
> The diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason;
>
> Freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected; freedom of religion and freedom of the press;
>
> The supremacy of the civil over the military authority; a well-disciplined militia—our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them;
>
> Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid;
>
> Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened;
>
> The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith;
>
> A jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword where peaceable remedies are unprovided;
>
> Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.

With these principles for guidance, Tammany has no misgivings as to past, present, or future.

A Laboratory for the Investigation of Early Man

BY JAMES HENRY BREASTED

Author of "A History of Egypt," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The noted orientalist and historian gives an authoritative account of the achievements of the Oriental Institute, some of the results of its research and what they are telling us of early man.

THE age-long development of the natural world, disclosing stage after stage of that purely physical and material evolution which produced our globe and transformed it from lifelessness into a scene of unfolding life, has long been accessible to the modern educated reader in authoritative books written by scientists of recognized ability. The investigations which have made such books possible have been carried on for generations in laboratories of astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, zoology, and paleontology. The evolution of the physical background out of which man and human society have emerged has thus been studied in highly specialized laboratories which have been for a long time enjoying large financial support.

On the contrary, there has never been a laboratory for the investigation of the development of early man who emerged from this background as the highest form of life which has yet appeared in the universe, in so far as its life is known to us. There has never been a home for the systematic study of the earliest known stages of human life, especially since man became the first, and thus far the only, tool-making creature on the globe. Neither have elaborate investigations comparable with those in natural science, ever been devoted to the special purpose of correlating the two great stages of ancient human development; viz., early historic and prehistoric man. Vast bodies of evidence lie perishing, untouched or only slightly and superficially examined. The books which sketch what has already been done have perhaps been able to suggest a line of piers, but the piers remain unbuilt and no complete bridge has ever been thrown across them to connect the earliest known *prehistoric* developments in the ancient Near East with the shores of *historic* Europe.

The traditional orientalists, usually involved in university teaching of ancient oriental languages, have accepted early man as a civilized creature already possessed of writing and the material basis of civilization in agriculture, cattle-breeding, industry, and commerce. Such scholars have unavoidably been absorbed in language study, and the consequent duties of the classroom and the lecture hall. Traditional university organization has given them neither the time nor the financial resources to gratify any wider or more far-reaching interests. The customary "sabbatical year," which permitted the orientalist a few brief months of wandering in the Orient with a pocket note-book in his hand would have been ludicrous had it not also been so pathetically futile.

Nor has it been very much better when some more energetic colleague has succeeded in arousing interest and securing a temporary fund for an "expedition." How many ancient city-mounds of the old lands around the eastern Mediterranean now lie open and exposed to plundering at the hands of modern vandal natives! And have remained so ever since the funds of such an "expedition" gave out and the work was never completed because no further funds could be found to support it.

Such a scientific situation of unparalleled need and opportunity can only be met by a *permanent* research organization especially manned and financed both to salvage the vast body of perishing evidence scattered through the ancient lands of the Near East, and also to study and digest this evidence and to make it accessible to science and eventually to educated people everywhere. The creation of such a permanent institution has been made possible at the University of Chicago in the form of an Oriental Institute through the enlightened generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the subsequent growth of the Institute has likewise been due largely to the same generous donor, but also to several appropriations by the General Education Board and gifts by Mr. Julius Rosenwald and others.

The establishment of the Institute has made it possible to transform a university Department of Oriental Languages into an investigative body,—a research group to whose ranks have been added other specialized groups of investigators having no teaching duties and appointed solely to carry on a series of related research projects in the vast field of early human development upon which modern life has been built up. The purpose of the Oriental Institute is to contribute to the understanding of human life by furnishing fuller knowledge of the stages and processes of the long development by which we have become what we are. This purpose involves us primarily in the task of recovering a whole group of lost civilizations in the Near East, where the civilization which we of the West have inherited arose.

The understanding of the surviving records of these ancient peoples began a little over a century, about three generations, ago, with the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphic in 1822, followed by that of Old Persian and Assyrian a generation later. The process of decipherment is, however, not yet completed. We are just beginning to read the mysterious "Hittite" cuneiform records, but other systems of ancient writing like Cretan, or Hittite hieroglyphic, are still to be deciphered. The creation of the necessary handbooks and books of reference on all these languages and civilizations is still going on. Along with such studies must go also the analysis, translation, indexing, and organization of all the written records.

Such work is carried on at the American headquarters in Chicago; but the huge bodies of evidence in the field which have not yet been salvaged or studied demand that the Oriental Institute should therefore maintain a series of field expeditions in the Near East. The headquarters building of the

Institute in Egypt is at Luxor (see Fig. 2), while its headquarters building in western Asia is at Megiddo (Armageddon) in Palestine (see Figs. 4 and 6).

It should be understood that notwithstanding the highly varied nature of such far-reaching investigations, they are all historical in purpose. For the ultimate result of such researches as these should be a new account of human beginnings leading to a history of the origins of civilization and of the earliest civilized societies, based on a fuller knowledge than has been available before. A brief survey of the various research projects of the Institute, with some indication of the results attained or still to be expected, will make clearer their character and final purpose.

As philologists dealing with an extensive group of lost languages, the orientalists have had little inclination to study the human developments which preceded writing. The rise of writing itself, the conquest of metals, the domestication of the once wild animals as burden-bearers and as a constant source of food, the domestication of the wild grasses to become our food grains, the appearance of pottery, and the successive improvements in stone tool-making, all form stages of human advance which, as every one knows, long preceded writing and the rise of written records.

Moreover, such researches into the *earliest* stages of man's life can be carried on only by scientists having a good knowledge of surface geology. The Oriental Institute has therefore organized a "Prehistoric Survey" manned by experienced geologists, under the leadership of Doctor K. S. Sandford of Oxford, as Field Director. The investigations of this survey are planned to cover northeast Africa and western Asia. In method we can no longer be satisfied as formerly to make such a survey by merely picking up early flint implements found lying *on the surface,* but we must examine exposed geological cross-sections and find the human artifacts *embedded in the natural formations,* which unmistakably date the flint tools to the age that produced the geological formation, as truly as they date the accompanying fossil remains of lowlier life.

During the past two seasons (1926–28) the Survey has covered much of the ground between the First Nile Cataract and the Delta, and has recovered a series of fundamentally important facts in the geology and prehistory of the northern Nile valley. They have discovered the heretofore unplaced southern head of the long narrow Nile estuary, an arm of the sea which extended as far south as Esneh, above Luxor, and now some seven hundred miles from the sea. They have demonstrated that when the sea-water, owing to changes of level, retreated from this long narrow inlet, now the valley of the lower Nile, there were plentiful rains throughout northern Africa. The river was therefore draining a large area and carrying off a great volume of water. In successive pluvial periods, which may coincide with the changes in precipitation which produced the successive southern advances of the ice in Glacial Europe, a vast Nile deposited one river terrace after another along its prehistoric banks. These terraces are five in number, with the oldest at the top (Fig. 1). They have often been transversely cut through by lateral drainage channels bringing down the run-off from the plateau into the Nile, thus exposing cross-sections of the terraces, which are now accessible for careful examination.

The uppermost terrace is 150 feet above present normal Nile level, and the others range at 100, 50, 30, and 10 feet. Thus far the Survey has found the 150-foot terrace sterile of all traces of man; but all the others, on the contrary, have been found by the Survey to contain plentiful stone implements embedded in their structure. The oldest of these implements are of course those found in the 100-foot terrace. It is of great interest to observe that the artifacts from this terrace are the most primitive in the entire series, as we should expect; while those from the 50-foot terrace are noticeably more advanced, and corresponding progress and improvement in technique, form, and finish are observable as we pass on to the implements of the 30-foot and finally to the 10-foot terrace, the latest of all. Here again, as we should expect, the latest terrace yields the most improved and advanced forms.

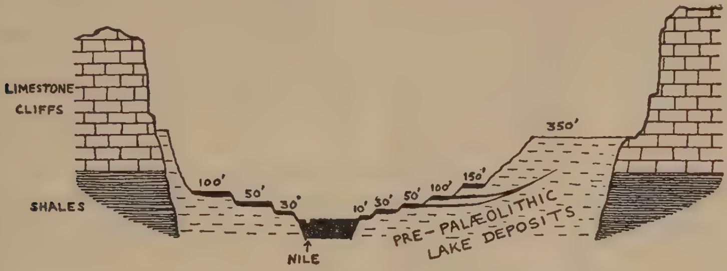


Fig. 1. Diagrammatic Cross-section of the Nile Valley in the Region of Thebes (Luxor).

(From Oriental Institute Communications, No. 3.) The complete sequence of five terraces is seen on the right cut into the Pre-Palæolithic lake or gulf deposits, also two freshet tributaries (wadis) cutting through the 50 and 100 foot terraces; on the left the 10 and 150 foot terraces have disappeared. The present channel of the Nile appears meandering to the left in the deep black alluvium.

Last season (1927–28) the Survey was carried into the great depression of the Fayum, some sixty miles above Cairo on the west side of the valley, and was able to trace the terrace formations from the Nile valley into the Fayum, with resulting connections showing that the earliest evidences of man in the Nile terraces can hardly be anything else than early Pleistocene in date. In a preliminary way we can therefore now place north African man (not Negro) in geological history. At a time roughly corresponding with the beginnings of the European Ice Age the north African hunters wandered far across a well-watered plateau which is now the Sahara, and eventually dropped down into the Nile valley, where they continued their hunting life along the river. They were there before the 100-foot terrace was formed, and while it was being deposited their tools, as they were lost or carried away by freshets, were embedded in the structure of the terrace. After those days there went on a secular change of enormous length, either lowering the level of the sea or raising that of the northeast African mainland itself, so that the Nile waters could continue the tremendous process of cutting down the river bed a hundred feet. The hunters followed the lowering Nile shores into the valley, and thus to-day the researches of the Survey have revealed both the geologically recent history of the formation of the Nile valley and the associated story of the advance of early man, united in a geological record which gives us the evidence of the earliest men yet discovered in the ancient Near East. The length of that record is a matter for the geologists to determine and they are commendably careful and reserved; but there can be no doubt of its enormous length, and several hundred thousand years would not seem to be excessive for the completion of the age-long process above sketched.

For the first time we have found on another continent a yardstick of combined geological and human development which we shall soon be able to lay alongside the series of such advancing human and geological stages already observed in Europe. A striking genetic parallelism is already observable and the corresponding cultural stages in Africa and Europe are easily recognizable. Whether these stages, European and north African, belong side by side, both culturally and chronologically, is, however, a large problem requiring much further investigation. In general, however, the entire period represented by the four lower Nile Terraces forms the Old Stone Age, that is, the Palæolithic Age, in Egypt. At its close the desiccation of the region now included in the Sahara set in, and the Nile began bringing down from the Abyssinian highlands an annual burden of black soil now forming the alluvial floor of the lower Nile valley, between the ancient river-banks still discernible in the remains of the ten-foot terrace. For a long stretch in Upper Egypt this alluvial floor of black soil (Fig. 1) is some thirty feet deep, and in Lower Egypt it is much deeper. It is impossible to compute the rate of accumulation with precision, but nine to ten thousand years is a minimum length for the period required to lay down this deep floor, and evidence from Memphis and Heliopolis, close to the Delta, where levels as low as fifty or sixty feet below the surface yielded pottery fragments, would indicate a period thousands of years longer.

We may call the Nile dwellers of this epoch "alluvial man," as contrasted with the "plateau" or "terrace man," who left his flint implements in the Nile terraces, where the Institute Survey has found them. Many cemeteries in the desert along the margin of the alluvium have yielded thousands of burials from the latest stages of this alluvial man's development. They were first found in 1894 and such cemeteries have since revealed that they belonged to settlements of Nile dwellers who already possessed cattle, grain, flax, and pottery, and had made a beginning in the use of copper. Together with still earlier, so-called "Badarian" cemeteries recently discovered, they reach back at least a thousand years before the earliest Pharaohs of the dynasties and probably much earlier. This culture has therefore commonly been called "pre-dynastic."

The whole series of stages during which these pre-dynastic people were domesticating animals, grain, and flax, inventing pottery, and discovering metal, must lie buried deep under the black alluvium, and cases are not unknown where one corner of a pre-dynastic cemetery lay covered by the rising deposits of black soil. Remains of these stages could now be discovered only by boring through the alluvium over a wide area until a cemetery or settlement was located. It would in all probability lie below water-level; the excavation would be difficult and probably expensive; but it would restore to us at least some evidences of the culture of the Nile when its population was making the shift from a palæolithic hunting life to a neolithic agricultural existence, in possession of cattle and pottery and learning to use metal. It is hoped that the Oriental Institute may some day gain the funds for undertaking this important investigation of the lower alluvium.

It was these material conquests, made on the lower alluvium several thousand years before the rise of the earliest Pharaohs, which enabled Egyptian civilization, unhampered by the rigors of the European Ice-Age, to advance to the impressive achievements of the Pyramid Age after 3000 B. C. A social and political organization based on these material triumphs gave the early Pharaonic civilization a position from which to advance to higher conquests transcending such purely material achievements.

For the past six years the Institute has been conducting a project under the able editorship of Doctor Alan H. Gardiner of London, for collecting, editing, and translating the earliest religious literature of Egypt, out of which the Book of the Dead was afterward largely built up. This literature, hitherto little studied, we call "Coffin Texts," because they were written in black ink on the insides of the great cedar coffins in which the early Egyptian nobles were buried. They date from the twenty-fourth to the eighteenth century B. C. The coffins are often badly preserved and the writing, some four thousand years old, is frequently scarcely legible. To copy and thus rescue these ancient texts is a laborious task, but when they have been so collected they have been saved for science, and when carefully studied they reveal to us the first stage of human advance into a realm of new values, the inner values only discernible in human character and conduct.

The royal tombs which we call pyramids represent pure materialism, the endeavor to make conquest of immortality by an amazing and consciously victorious control of purely material resources. This gigantic effort of these earliest Titans of material conquest of course failed; the robbery and violation of every pyramid demonstrated to the early Egyptians themselves the colossal futility of such extreme dependence on material agencies. It was the first conscious collapse of materialism in human experience, and out of this gigantic failure emerged the earliest known age of dissillusionment. It was then, in the centuries just before 2000 B. C., that the men of the Nile turned to higher conquests. As it were through the dust and turmoil of what had been an engrossing material struggle, they began to discern the veiled glory of the moral vision, and the Coffin Texts reveal to us the dawning of the earliest known discernment that survival and happiness beyond the grave could be attained only after a morally worthy life on earth. The Nile valley was being transformed from a battle-field of purely material conquests into an arena of social forces which disclose the emergence of conscience and the earliest known cry for social justice, later to be taken up and sounded far down the centuries by the greatest prophets of the Ancient East, Egyptian, Hebrew, Christian, and Moslem. It is in such developments as these that the effort of the Oriental Institute to salvage and to study these earliest records of a dawning ethical consciousness should be viewed.

At the same time early man's intellectual ability to contemplate, to study, and in some limited degree to understand the visible world in which he lived, was slowly growing. The Institute is therefore likewise engaged in the study of this development as revealed in the earliest known scientific document, the Edwin Smith Surgical Papyrus. The nameless and unknown author, the earliest surgeon and surgical investigator known to us, may have lived as early as the thirtieth century B. C. The archaisms discernible in his language and writing would indicate that he could hardly have lived much later than the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh century B. C. A thousand years later, in the seventeenth century B. C., when our only surviving ancient copy of the treatise was written, many of its terms were already so old that they required explanation. Some one had therefore written out a series of definitions and explanations of such terms, and in our only manuscript these extraneous discussions or "glosses" are already included in the text of the treatise itself, forming a kind of ancient dictionary of terms, of incalculable value in translating the document.

The ancient surgeon arranges his materials very systematically, beginning his discussion at the top of the head and proceeding downward, like most modern treatises on human anatomy. The discussion of each case is likewise carefully arranged, beginning with a title, followed by the observations made in the examination of the patient, proceeding then with a diagnosis based on the examination, and concluding with the treatment if any is considered possible. The treatment is only slightly medicinal, the most notable office of the surgeon being his mechanical manipulation, such as surgical stitching, the earliest known occurrence of surgical suture as an aid to healing; the application of adhesive tape or plaster across a gaping wound when stitching was impracticable; the application of absorbent lint where necessary; the setting of fractured or dislocated bones with splints, or stiff rolls of linen, tampons or cushions of linen, etc.; structural supports for holding upright an unconscious patient suffering from dangerous fracture of the skull; and a number of others.

The treatise discloses an inductive method and in the main an attitude surprisingly scientific in spirit in an age so remote from modern times. We are able to observe the surgeon as a scientific investigator, repeatedly discussing cases of injured men whom he has no hope of saving, solely because of his scientific interest in the observable facts. He was working at a time so near the beginning of science that he possessed few or no descriptive terms or specialized designations, and we are able to follow his efforts to create and define such terms. For the first time in human speech we find here the word "brain." The ancient surgeon seems to have selected for it a current word meaning something like "marrow," to which he appended the phrase "of his skull," producing the designation "marrow of his skull" as the designation for "brain." He had already observed that the brain is in intimate connection with the nervous system, and, in spite of the elementary stage of his knowledge, he had already noted the localization of function in the brain. He charges his readers to note the side of the skull on which an injury is found, and to correlate with it the side on which the paralysis of the lower limbs occurs.

Space permits no further suggestion of the content of this unique treatise,

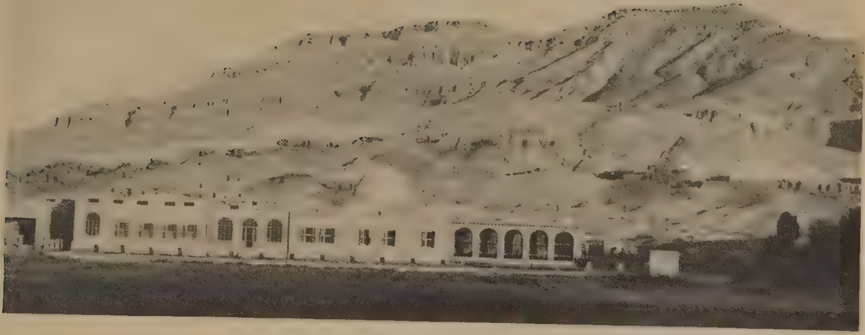


Fig. 2. Chicago House, the headquarters of the Oriental Institute in Egypt.

The cliffs of the Sahara plateau rise behind the house; in front is the edge of the black alluvium (see Fig. 1). The building visible is exclusively living quarters; behind it is another building comprising offices, work rooms, and the new Rosenwald Library.

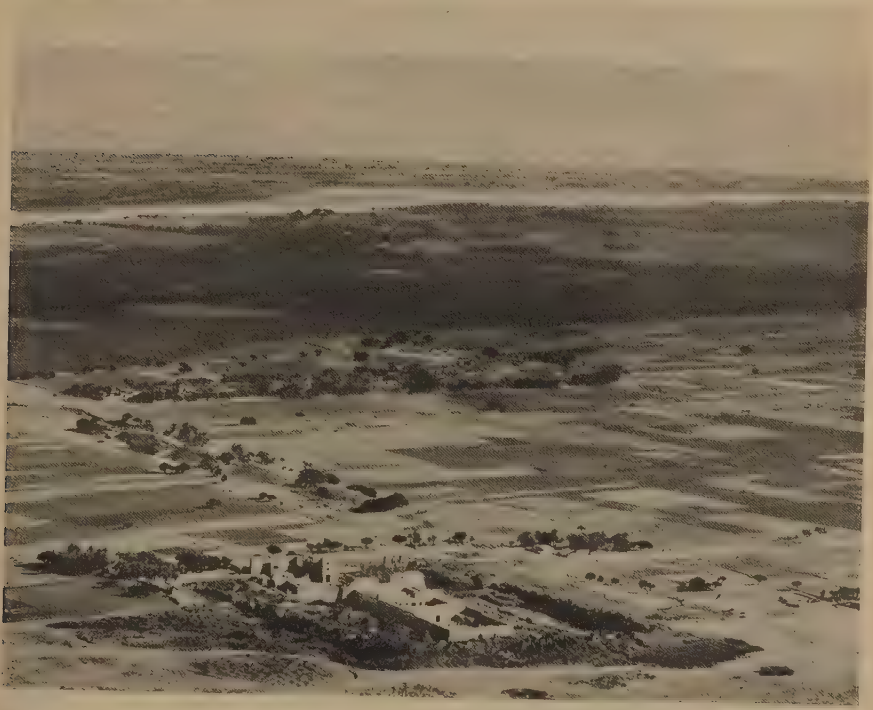


Fig. 3. View of the great temple and palace of Medinet Habu at ancient Thebes, opposite modern Luxor (taken from cliffs behind Chicago House).

In the foreground are the ruins of the temple and palace built by Rameses III (1200 B. C.). The Oriental Institute is saving the perishing historical records inscribed in this temple and also excavating the enclosure around the temple building in order to recover the architecture both of the palace surrounding the temple, and likewise of the temple itself.

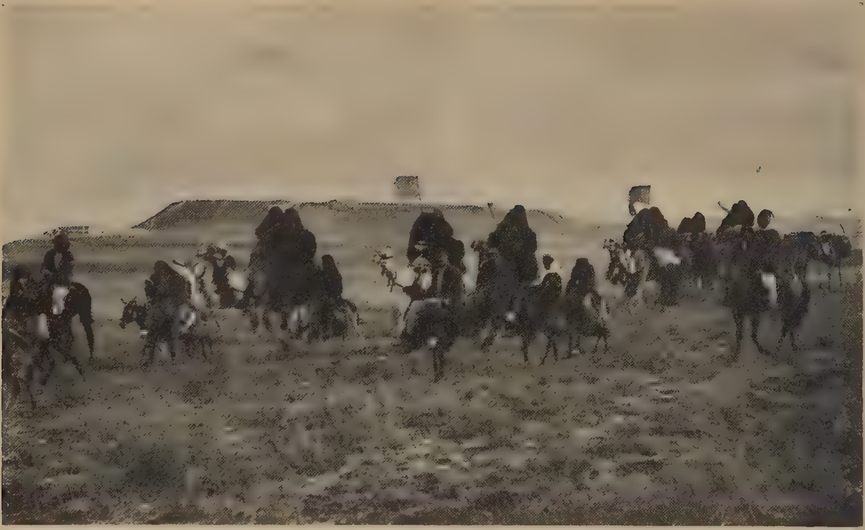


FIG. 4. The mound of Megiddo (Armageddon) in central Palestine.

A native fête in the foreground; the mound in the background; the headquarters house of the Oriental Institute at the left.

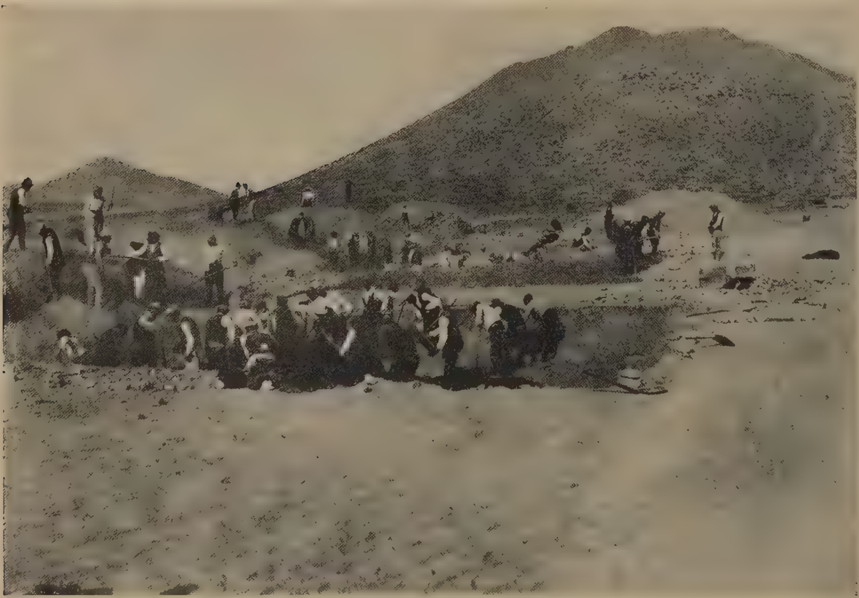


FIG. 5. Unidentified ancient Hittite city of central Asia Minor under excavation by the Oriental Institute.

The site is about 128 miles east-southeast of Angora, and is called "Alishar" after a neighboring modern village. The mound at the right covers the ancient citadel.

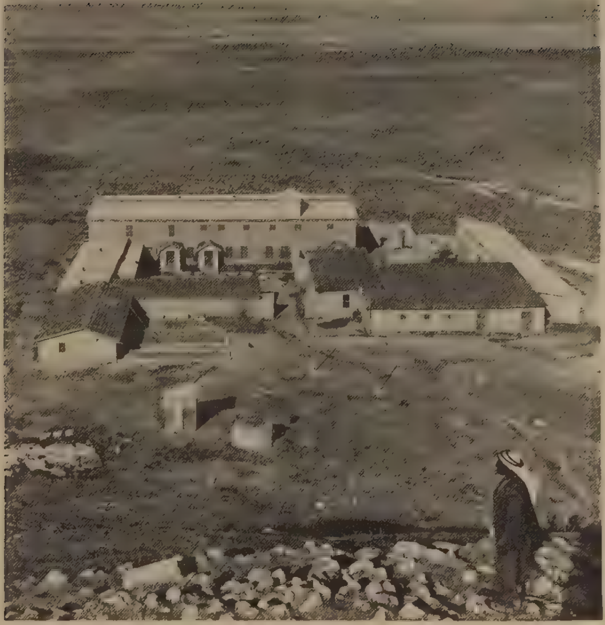


Fig. 6. The Asiatic headquarters of the Oriental Institute at Megiddo (Armageddon).

View taken from the mound looking northward across the Plain of Megiddo or Esdraelon to the highlands of Galilee, with Mt. Tabor on the horizon at the right and Nazareth at the left.

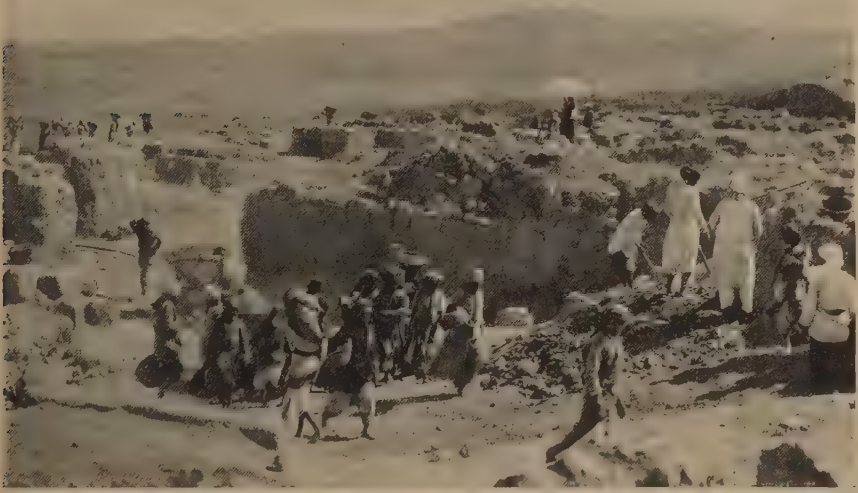


Fig. 7. Looking eastward to Mt. Gilboa across the excavations on the mound of Armageddon.

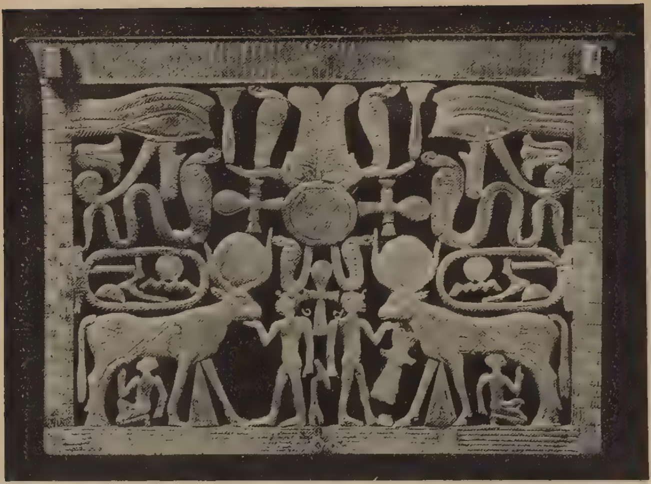


Fig. 8. Golden pectoral or breast ornament, presented to an unknown king of Palestine in the age of Abraham, about 1800 B. C.

The open-work design, elaborately engraved, shows the Egyptian Pharaoh, Amenemhet III, as a stripling twice represented on each side as he fondles the cow-goddess and also draws nourishment from her udder. She is obviously the "golden calf" of the Old Testament, and the royal tomb treasure from which this pectoral came contained also the wreckage of a statuette of such a golden calf.

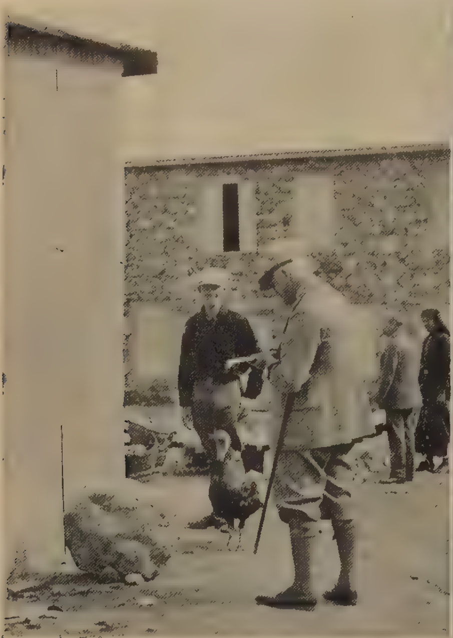


Fig. 9. Deciphering the name of Pharaoh Shishak at Armageddon.

"And it came to pass in the fifth year of king Rehoboam that Shishak took away the treasures of the house of Jehovah and the treasures of the king's house; he even took away all: and he took away all the shields of gold that Solomon had made." (I Kings, XIV, 25-26.) This campaign took place under Solomon's son in the Tenth Century B. C.

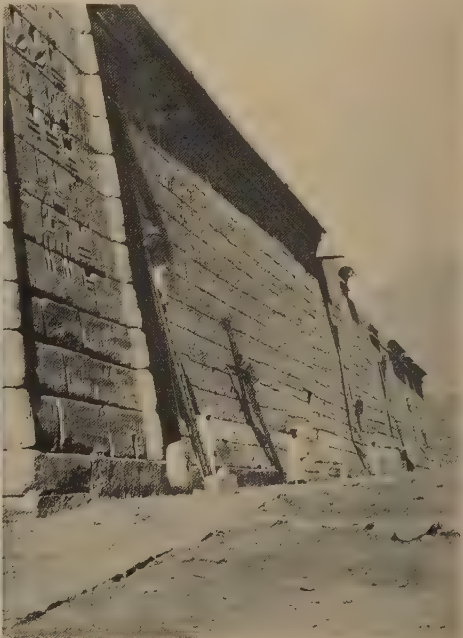


Fig. 10. A wall of Medinet Habu Temple showing the staff at work.

Six men on ladders are studying the original wall in order to supplement, to correct, and to make as complete as possible the composite record of the wall produced by combining the work of the draftsman with that of the Orientalist (who can read the inscription), inserted on the face of an enlarged photograph.

but the reader will observe that in such researches as the Coffin Texts Project and the study of this surgical treatise, the work of the Institute is disclosing the gradual unfolding of ancient human life in all directions, as the earlier, purely material conquests created a stabler social situation, in which permanence and stability of institutions afforded the human spirit the security and the leisure, the stimulus and the opportunity, for the development of these new and intangible values of which the life of man had never before been aware.

After 2000 B. C. the development of human organization both in Egypt and in western Asia gradually involved the whole Near East in political rivalries on a grand scale. The wealth derived from conquest was transmuted into noble architecture, and century after century the monuments of early civilization increased in number, size, and impressiveness. Gradually there grew up that imposing monumental world of the ancient East which so impressed the later peoples of Greece and Italy, from the time of Herodotus onward. The storms of war and the destructive forces of time and weather have left little of this tremendous world visible above ground. Nevertheless vast bodies of perishing evidence survive beneath the soil, and the Oriental Institute has organized as effectively as possible to begin the work of saving it for science and for modern knowledge.

One of the largest bodies of such unsalvaged evidence is found on the inscribed walls of the temples of Egypt, where is it slowly passing away, without having found complete and accurate record. One of the outstanding examples of this situation is the great temple of Medinet Habu on the west side of the Nile at Luxor. Built under Ramses III, beginning about 1200 B. C., the records on this enormous temple disclose for the first time the hostile collision of East and West. Over and over again on these walls in sculptured scenes and long inscriptions, we see the Pharaoh repelling European invaders on both his Egyptian and his Asiatic frontiers. Although reinforced by allies from the western Mediterranean, these intruders were chiefly the inhabitants of Crete and the Ægean lands, who had been driven out by the incoming barbarian Greeks in the migrations of southern Europe which brought the Greeks into their final homeland and likewise carried them into western Asia in wars and invasions of which the Trojan wars have become a household example, known to every schoolboy.

In order to begin the work of salvaging these priceless records at Medinet Habu, the Oriental Institute has erected a headquarters building (Fig. 2) near the temple (Fig. 3), equipped with photographic laboratory, drafting-rooms, general workrooms, and especially a complete oriental library, the first scientific library in Upper Egypt. The work of this expedition is under Doctor Harold H. Nelson as field director. Its object is to secure as nearly accurate facsimile copies of the records on the wall as a complete personnel and an elaborate equipment will permit. This is accomplished by producing a modern facsimile copy on photographic paper, put through successive stages of supplementary correction and completion by hand drawing, so that it combines in one record the speed and accuracy of the camera, the drafting ability of experienced artists, and the reading ability of trained orientalists or epigraphers who can read the ancient inscriptions. This field process, part of which is shown in Fig. 10, is the result of many years of effort to increase the speed, accuracy, and completeness of the work by the employment of every possible modern mechanical and chemical device. It includes over a score of successive stages of correction and proof-reading, and is now producing the first final publication of such records with as great a degree of completeness and accuracy as human fallibility may be expected to achieve.

The publication of this temple alone will fill probably six folio volumes of plates twenty by twenty-five inches, and the first volume is now on the press. Such a record would be incomplete without a full survey of the architecture also, and a final volume will be devoted to this section. The temple (Fig. 3) is surrounded by the palace and office buildings of the Pharaoh, which it has been found necessary to excavate. This architectural work has been in the hands of Professor Hoelscher of Hannover, who last winter cleared the residence portion of the palace. The royal dwelling included five apartments: one for the Pharaoh himself, one for his queen, and one for each of three ladies of the harem. In each apartment the excavation disclosed the sleeping-room with an adjoining bath, and, especially in the apartments of the three ladies, the baths are very well preserved, each with drainage connections leading to the catch basin in the neighboring outside street or gallery. We have here revealed to us more fully than ever before the intimate arrangements of the royal dwelling of the Pharaoh.

Among the northern foreigners who figure in the records at Medinet Habu are the mysterious Hittites, whose cuneiform records were deciphered during the World War, revealing for the first time in contemporary documents western Asiatic wars of which the Greek operations against Troy were a part, and definitely disclosing the Trojan wars as established historical events. For three seasons the Oriental Institute has been maintaining an expedition in the Hittite country of Asia Minor under H. H. von der Osten as field director, with whom Doctor Erich Schmidt has been associated as joint director since the first season. The first campaign resulted in the discovery of over fifty ancient Hittite sites previously unknown, some of them places of considerable size, and one of them the largest pre-Greek city of Asia Minor. In June 1928 the Expedition began the second season's clearance of a typical Hittite city mound known as Alishar Hüyük (Fig. 5), about 128 miles east-southeast of Angora. So little has been known of the development of Hittite civilization that this clearance has revealed for the first time the sequence of pottery forms yielded by the successive strata of a Hittite mound. This pottery sequence will serve us as the succession of fossil life in the rocks serves the geologist. Over thirty burials were found, a number of which unquestionably contained Hittite bodies. These will for the first time make it possible to study the racial physique of the Hittite people, and clarify one of the greatest racial problems of western Asia.

The cultural bridge between western Asia and Africa is Palestine and Syria, and the study of the evidence surviving in these regions is still in its beginnings. The Institute has a well-equipped expedition at Megiddo (Armageddon) in central Palestine (Fig. 4), with an expedition house which serves as the headquarters of Institute work in western Asia (Fig. 6). Megiddo was the fortress-city guarding the historic Plain of Esdraelon, which as the Plain of Armageddon became the proverbial battle-field of the ages. The clearance, at first under Doctor Clarence S. Fisher as field director, and then under Mr. P. L. O. Guy, has passed down through the late levels at the top to that of the Hebrew kings, with results which would require too much space to catalogue here. It is expected that the year of 1928 will carry the investigation down into the monuments of the pre-Hebrew period of Egyptian sovereignty in Palestine. Part of a great monument of victory erected by the Pharaoh Shishak in commemoration of his conquest of Palestine in the tenth century B. C., under Solomon's son Rehoboam, as recorded in the Old Testament (I Kings 14:25–26), was found early in the course of the work (Fig. 9), and there is every prospect that this famous stronghold will yield historical monuments more fully revealing to us the early relations between western Asia and Africa.

Besides these researches in the field, the Institute is conducting also a number of needed investigations at the American headquarters. An Assyrian dictionary, based for the first time on all the known cuneiform documents in that language has now filed some 360,000 alphabetically organized cards, each card bearing not only the word to be illustrated, but also the context. This project was begun under the editorship of Doctor D. D. Luckenbill, and since his lamented death is to be conducted by Doctor Edward Chiera. The origins of our proverbial wisdom in animal fables of the ancient Orient, including even the picturesque tales of Uncle Remus, which likewise arose in the Orient, are being investigated by Doctor Martin Sprengling. An effort toward the improvement of the corrupt Hebrew text of the Old Testament through the use of unpublished manuscripts of the ancient Syriac translations, is being carried on by both Doctor Sprengling and Doctor W. C. Graham. Through an arrangement just concluded with His Beatitude, Mar Severius Barsaum, Archbishop of Syria, who is now a member of the Institute, a project has also been launched by the Institute for the publication of the unpublished Syriac manuscripts in the oriental monasteries under the archbishop's charge.

This fragmentary and incomplete sketch of Institute activities may serve to suggest something of the range of its effort along a front which, geographically considered, stretches from the Black Sea in the north to the cataracts of the Nile in the south. Contemplated chronologically these investigations range from the earliest discernible traces of developing human life through the culmination of civilization in the ancient Near East, and its transition to Europe in the movements which contributed the foundations of Western civilization at the present day. Considered as later phases in the history of our globe, within the period since man appeared, these earliest stages of human advance, disclosed by this programme of research, form simply another chapter in evolution—operating on a higher plane than that of purely physical development, and advancing to supreme conquests, the triumphs of the human mind and spirit in a realm of imperishable values. In occupying such a field for the first time it is hoped that the Oriental Institute is justifying its existence as a permanent laboratory for the investigation of the early human career.

The Broadcasted Author

BY NELSON LLOYD

Author of "The Soldier of the Valley," etc.

Miss Killowill stood by the window looking out on the single long street of Pleasantville. In all the village not a light was burning. The new State road, the whitest of concrete, stretched in the moonlight, a clear band over the country, past the mill, over the bridge, and climbed the ridge-side, losing itself in a dark fringe of pines. Miss Killowill, in her mind, saw it running on eastward, over the mountains, into the world of light and life, of movies, cabarets, and theatres. She had heard only the echoes of that world carried to her by strange phenomena called ions and wave-lengths. She sighed. Truly, life in Pleasantville was dull.

"Grandpa," she said, as she pulled down the shade with a quick movement of discontent, "it is time you go to bed instead of setting up all night over your radio."

Mr. Killowill was in a rocking-chair, with his right ear projecting into the loud-speaker; his right hand was holding his pipe, and his left was fingering the dials of the mysterious machine on the table before him.

"Myrtle Mae, you just go right to bed yourself," he said, emitting a pillar of smoke. "There is an arthors' dinner on at the Waldorf-Astory to-night and I am going to tune in. Set your lamp at the head of the stairs and I will come along when I am good and ready."

Miss Killowill gave a disdainful sniff. "All right," she returned, "but I don't see what pleasure you get in listening in on the Waldorf-Astory when you have only once been as far away from home as Philadelphia since the Centennial."

Therewith she flounced up-stairs. "Myrtle Mae," the old man called to her in triumph before she had reached her room, "I've got WPZ now and the boys are starting to speak——"

A door slammed, and Mr. Killowill was left alone with the radio for company.

Out of the air, from over the hills and over the valleys on that cold December night came through the loud-speaker ". . . with us that distinguished playwright and author Mr. William Radcliffe Wheeler, who will talk to us to-night on boyhood memories and their effect on after-life."

Out of the air came first into the age-worn ear a prolonged clatter of applause, and then a sharp, resounding voice. Mr. Killowill knocked the ashes out of his pipe, filled it, and lighted it. With the loud-speaker in his hand and resting comfortably on the arm of his rocker, he leaned back, and listened, and smoked.

Mr. Wheeler was, contrary to the popular conception of authors, a modest man. He deprecated the suggestion of the toastmaster that he had ever created a real work of art. But his highest hope, he said, was that some day he would write a line, or even a phrase, that would live for generations. In the meantime he had to content himself with the humbler station of not an artist but of an artisan in words. He had tried in all his literary work to convey to his readers in a simple way a simple message that would cheer them on their journey through life. He felt that as an artisan in words he had had some measure of success, but he would confess now that the simple, homely philosophy which had won so many readers for his works was not his own.

"As a boy it was my privilege to live in a country village," he said. "As a man I look back on those days with deep affection. Far greater than the education which I received in the university was the deeper learning which I imbibed from the worthies of the Pleasantville store porch."

"Pleasantville—Pleasantville?" said Mr. Killowill to himself. Slowly he lifted the loud-speaker to the table and looked into the dark recesses of the ceiling. He was looking, too, into his own past. "Wheeler—William Wheeler?" The old man smiled. "Why, that must be the Willie Wheeler I knowed when I was a boy!"

The years rolled away from him and he saw himself sitting again on the cobbler's bench in the little brick shop that still stood beside this very house. About him was a chaos of the tools of his craft—hammers and awls, knives, needles, and lasts. Old boots, old shoes, and fragments of leather were strewn about his feet. Across from him, on the low box in which he kept his hides, was seated a boy, whose eyes were fixed upon him with interest and admiration. Daily when school was over, this boy would come, settle himself in his accustomed place, on the worn old box, and listen attentively to words of wisdom accompanied by the rat-tat-tat of the shoemaker's hammer as he drove wooden pegs into a boot-sole. He remembered the day when the boy had left the village, going, as so many of the village boys had gone, to seek wider opportunities than this narrow mountain valley offered them. He had missed the lad. Every one values an admiring auditor, and, losing his, he had for a long time felt a sense of loneliness as he sat on his low bench, ceaselessly sewing and hammering, with no one to listen to the fruits of his meditations. Then how strange! After all these years, out of the void, it seemed, the boy was speaking to him again.

He picked up the loud-speaker. He smiled as once more he heard the sharp, resounding voice.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I have to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to my boyhood friend, old Joe, the Pleasantville cobbler. Sitting at his feet I gained more wisdom than in the college classroom. He was a natural philosopher. I wish I could repeat to you a goodly number of his wise saws. For example, I may quote one that often recurs to me. 'Bill,' he said to me one day, 'men thinks life is a mystery. That's just because we are dumb. If we only knowed a little more, life would be as simple as arithmetic.' "

Mr. Killowill's pipe banged the arm of his chair. "I mind saying that well," he cried. "I surely did get off some good ones in those days."

He would have aroused his granddaughter to come and enjoy with him this remarkable and mysterious tribute to his character, but he realized that the speaker was drawing to a close, so he clutched the horn more firmly and held it closer to his ear.

"I suppose that old Joe has long since learned that little more which solves the mystery of life," Mr. Wheeler continued. "Often I have thought of the pleasure it would be to have him with me for a while in my quiet home in Birchbridge, among the Massachusetts hills. I could place him with his pipe before the open fire and it would be a rare joy to sit before him and listen to the simple wisdom, ripened by the passing years. I have a small boy and, as a father, I might wish that he, too, sit at the feet of the same simple master——"

The air was silent. Strain his ear though he might, Mr. Killowill heard nothing but the meaningless clatter of the code. Ships far out at sea had no thought for the old man in a distant mountain valley who was so eager to catch the last word from the authors' dinner. He fingered the dials in vain. WPZ had signed off.

Mr. Killowill was tired but pleased, and excitement added vim to his aged legs as he bounded up the dimly lighted stairs with a speed that belied his eighty years.

"Myrtle Mae," he shouted, "I have a nice invitation. You've heard me speak of Willie Wheeler, haven't you? Your mother knowed him and——"

Through the closed door came the sharp voice of Miss Killowill. "Grandpa, you've been dreaming again. That radio will be the death of you yet."

Mr. Wheeler was sitting before the fire in the living-room after dinner, thinking deeply. He was trying to solve a knotty problem in a projected play, and was in no mood to be disturbed. That he should be disturbed seemed unlikely, for he lived a mile from Birchbridge, and it was a rough night, snowing and blowing. So deep was he in his pondering, that he did not hear the sounds of a motor outside, the opening of a door, and footfalls in the hall. Even to one less absorbed they would have been muffled by the heavy curtains of the room.

The maid's voice startled him, jerked him roughly out of his study, and made him turn toward her half angrily.

"There is a Mr. Killowill to see you, sir," she announced.

"Killowill?" Mr. Wheeler fairly dredged the depths of his memory but found nothing. Neither did the smiling face of the old man who was coming toward him aid his recollection. He rose with a questioning stare.

"To see me?" he asked.

Mr. Killowill dropped a wicker suitcase on the floor, tossed a colossal derby on a chair; he threw open an overcoat that seemed too short for a man of his height and too wide for a man of his breadth; he came forward with a thin, yellow hand outstretched. "William, I am glad to see you," he cried. "I don't blame you being puzzled, either. After all these years we've both of us changed."

"You still have the best of me," returned the author, withdrawing his hand from his visitor's cordial grasp. "I do not wish to seem inhospitable, but may I ask just who you are?"

Mr. Killowill smiled benignly. He backed to a deep chair and sank into it. Mr. Wheeler gazed at him, frowning. He saw a slowly nodding head, and a gray-bearded face wreathed in supreme contentment. The answering gaze was such as his father might have given him. After a moment the smile died away and Mr. Killowill sighed.

"I have come a long way, William—a long way," he said. "I doubt if I'd have come at all had I knowed it was so far—in spite of your invitation. I am fair tuckered out." His head swung back, his eyes closed, lips parted showing a single tooth, like a stalactite guarding the entrance of a dark cavern. He gathered himself with apparent effort. "Still, it's good to be here and see you again—after thirty years."

Mr. Wheeler was perplexed and worried. He was beginning to see difficulty ahead. "All this means nothing to me," he cried testily. "Kindly explain who you are and what you——"

"After thirty years, you have changed a bit, William." Mr. Killowill did not seem to have heard the angry question. He wagged his head sagely. "Still, I can see signs of the same boy I knowed. Hair is lighter, a leetle thinner, and you've taken on flesh. But it is thirty years."

"Thirty years since when and what?" demanded the author, raising his voice to a higher pitch.

"Since you used to sit in my shop," the old man replied. "You on the box and me on my bench—discussing things in general. Don't you mind, William, don't you mind Joe Killowill, of Pleasantville, P-a, Joe, the cobbler? Of course you do!"

"Of course I do not," snapped Mr. Wheeler. "I have never been in Pleasantville, P-a, in my life. I did live in Pleasantville, Maine, at one time, and as to Joe, the cobbler, he was a—" He stopped. There flashed to his mind his speech. Here was the explanation of this strange visitor. That infernal speech! He saw the coincidence and its embarrassing results. Though he was worried and angry, he would have laughed outright had he not realized the seriousness of the situation to the old fellow in the chair before him, breathing heavily, worn out by his long travel. His face turned grave and his tone softer. "Mr. Killowill, I am sorry—very sorry. There has been a mistake. I see now——"

"I knowed you would see," said Mr. Killowill with a weary smile. His eyes closed and his voice was fainter. "Why, William, you and me was buddies, and when I heard your speech, heard how you had become a great wheelwright, like you said you were going to be, do you know I felt proud—proud that I had helped in your education. Then come your invitation, and I said to Myrtle Mae—that is my granddaughter—I says, I says—" The voice trailed off into silence. The eyes closed. The bearded chin sank into the breast, nestling in the rabbit fur of the overcoat collar. Mr. Killowill was in a profound and peaceful sleep.

Mr. Wheeler, now greatly alarmed, shook the relaxed figure gently, then with vigor. There was no response. He tried twitching the ears and beard. But in return the mouth twisted into a gentle smile and the breathing became deep, regular, and peaceful.

Not only Mr. Wheeler but the whole household were soon in a panic. Doctor Carter, called hastily from Birchbridge, could give them small comfort, after he had examined the thin, recumbent figure on the living-room divan.

"He is worn out," he said. "Came from Pennsylvania, you tell me—a long way for a man of his age to travel this cold weather. He must have quiet and rest. He may wake up at any minute; he may sleep for days; again, he may never wake up."

"But we can't keep him here," cried Mrs. Wheeler, almost in tears.

"There is no way out of it," the doctor replied. "You could not send him twenty miles to Pittsfield on a night like this. The sooner we get him to bed the better."

"We have no bed for him," Mrs. Wheeler protested. "There is only one guest-room, and my mother is coming to-morrow morning to occupy that."

Doctor Carter surveyed the room, considering the problem. "I see only one thing to do," he ventured. Then suddenly he turned to Wheeler. "By the way, why did this old fellow come here, anyway?"

The answer was given with rather a shamed face, for the author had to explain that both he and Mr. Killowill were victims of too luxuriant imaginations. When he had finished, it was difficult for the doctor to preserve his professional gravity.

"I was listening in, too, that night," he said, "and I thought that you were splendid—such feeling as you showed! But of course none of us expected this result. It is quite affecting—quite unusual." He hid his face in his handkerchief for a moment. "But we must abide by the result—get this old fellow awake comfortably, and I see but one way. We must make up a bed under him, right here on the divan. It is plenty——"

"But, doctor," pleaded Mrs. Wheeler, "we have people coming to dinner to-morrow night—a formal dinner to meet mother."

"I am sorry," was the rejoinder. "There is no way out of it. We must turn this room into a hospital. And, by the way, it would not do to let him wake up in a strange place with no one about. I shall send up Miss Higgins, the nurse, from the village. You can fix her a cot in that corner."

Having thus comfortably arranged the affairs of the Wheeler family, he departed, leaving them to watch the strange sleeper with impatience and anxiety. Here, indeed, was a dilemma—Mrs. Marsh coming in the morning for her annual visit, dinner-guests to meet her in the evening, and in bed in the living-room a perfect stranger, who might sleep on peaceably for days. Mrs. Wheeler gave way to tears. Her husband, by a sudden impulse, dived into the wicker suitcase in search of information. He found here, at last, a guiding light out of the difficulty. It was a post-card showing a picture of the Woolworth Building in New York and was addressed to Miss Myrtle Mae Killowill. He recalled the name as almost the last word the old man had spoken. It was good fortune that the card had not been mailed, for it gave the only clew as to those to whom he could appeal for relief from this unwelcome care. A night letter, he was satisfied, would bring aid promptly, and the wires were soon clicking with a message to apprise Miss Killowill of her grandfather's condition and appealing to her to hurry to him.

But however precarious that condition might have seemed to the Wheelers and to Miss Higgins, who had to watch Mr. Killowill sleeping on through the night and on through the morning, it gave no uneasiness to Miss Killowill. She wired back tersely: "Don't worry. Have written."

When another night passed and Mr. Killowill was still sleeping on quietly; when the next morning came and with it Miss Killowill's letter, the Wheelers were not only worrying but they were angry. To Myrtle Mae, as she explained, the whole case was a simple one. Her grandfather was merely having one of his comatose spells. She would have come to him, as Mr. Wheeler asked, but it was entirely unnecessary. Besides, her uncle and his family were expected at home for a visit.

"Grandpa has been having commytose spells more frequent of late," she wrote, "so they are nothing to worry about. He will wake up in a day or two. Then just feed him on hot broth and plenty of good strong whiskey punches, and he will be able to come home soon. Be sure to keep the loud-speaker by his bed, as the radio is a great comfort to him and keeps him from getting too restless."

"An inconsiderate woman," cried Mrs. Marsh, who was weary of being confined to the single guest-room.

"I shall write her my own opinion," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and explain how I have had to postpone an important dinner."

"But, after all, it is Wheeler's fault," put in Doctor Carter grimly. "If he had not had so much imagination, Mr. Killowill would have had this commytose spell at home."

"Look here, Carter," demanded the author, "can't you give us an idea how long a commytose spell lasts generally?"

"I cannot," replied the doctor. "You see, Mr. Killowill is in the same condition as an automobile with a slipping clutch. We can keep the engine running splendidly, but there is no connection between that and the steering-gear—his brain. We can't get at the clutch. We just have to wait till it takes hold of itself; then the shaft will turn, the whole machine work."

"You seem to have turned our house into a garage as well as a hospital," Mr. Wheeler retorted. "According to his granddaughter, it may be several days before we can back this venerable manobile out."

Whatever they might think of Miss Killowill's casual treatment of their troubles, her diagnosis proved correct and her prescriptions efficacious. Mr. Killowill did wake up in a day or two. Accurately it was the third morning after his arrival, when he yawned, opened his eyes, stretched himself and gazed about him, wondering. Miss Higgins rushed from the room to shout the good news to the family. Some time passed before the old man's numbed brain cleared and he sensed his position. The clutch seemed to take hold very gradually. He lay gazing mutely at the anxious faces about him.

"It's William, eh," he murmured after a while, "my old friend William, that I came to see."

"Yes, it is William," said Mr. Wheeler, in a soothing voice, holding a wasted hand in his. "Now keep quiet, Mr. Killowill. You will be all right in a little while."

A quizzical frown settled on the wrinkled face. "I must have had one of my commytose spells," he said. "I'm mighty sorry." His eyes turned to his unwilling hostess. "I hope I have not inconvenienced you, ma'am. I hadn't conceited to have a commytose spell here. You see, William and me——"

"You have been of no trouble at all," returned Mrs. Wheeler. Though that was far from being her opinion, she did, by an effort, make her voice sound sincere. "We have heard from your granddaughter, too, and everything is all right. Now you have only to rest and get well."

"You're kind, ma'am, you're very kind," said the invalid with a sigh of relief and contentment. "But you see I want to talk to William—that's why I came. I have a lot of good uns to tell him—good uns that happened since he left thirty years ago. He hasn't heard what became of his old friend Oscar Daffendiffer. You see——"

Mr. Wheeler did not hear what happened to Oscar Daffendiffer, for the voice trailed off into silence, the eyes closed again, and Mr. Killowill once more sank into a quiet, smiling slumber. For a time the Wheelers were in despair, fearing that this lapse of consciousness presaged another three days of coma, and great was the relief when the invalid not only roused himself an hour later, but called rather lustily for food. Broth was furnished. Myrtle Mae's other prescription proved beneficial, and by evening her grandfather was sitting up in bed. His one great desire was to talk to William of the days thirty years since, but Mr. Wheeler would not allow any waste of strength. His one desire was to husband the visitor's energies for the long homeward journey. Mrs. Marsh, too, was solicitous on this point. She was weary of being confined to one room and found relief in frequent visits to the divan to admonish Mr. Killowill to be quiet and take his medicine. Even the loud-speaker at his side failed to allay his restlessness. The next morning, after breakfast, Miss Higgins reported excitedly that Mr. Killowill was not only out of bed but was so spry as to be almost troublesome.

"Then, William," Mrs. Wheeler declared firmly, "I think we can explain his mistake to him and arrange for his leaving for his home in comfort."

"I am of the same mind," her husband answered as they moved toward the living-room door. "This has been an unfortunate coincidence and it is only fair that he should understand it."

Whatever his intention, he was halted at the door by the scene before him. He held a warning finger to his lips; then pointed into the room.

Mr. Killowill, wrapped in one of his host's dressing-gowns, was seated in a deep chair by the fire, smoking a comfortable pipe, also borrowed. By his side on a tabouret was a tall glass of his medicine, of which he took occasional appreciative sips. Before him, on an old Italian chest, sat William Wheeler, Junior. The boy's feet were drawn under him, and his arms embraced his knees. He was regarding the old man with wide eyes, speaking interest and admiration.

"You was asking when I was leaving," Mr. Killowill was saying. "Well, you see, William, I did not figure on staying so long—only just a night. But I had not counted on a commytose spell. I hope I have not inconvenienced your mother."

"Not at all," returned Junior cheerfully. "She was just saying at breakfast that she hoped you would soon be better."

"Well, I'm all right now," cried the old man, taking a sip of medicine. "I think I will get away to-morrow after I have had a nice long talk with your pa about the old times thirty years ago. Those was days——"

Junior interrupted. He was not interested in long-past days. He wanted to know of the more immediate present.

"Mr. Killowill," he demanded, "were you in the war?"

"What war?" asked Mr. Killowill.

"The last war—the Great War."

"Why, no," the old man replied with a slight hesitation. He feared that he was about to lose face, as the Chinese say. But in a moment the shadow went from him. "You see, Willie, I kind of fell between wars. I was too young for the Rebellion and too old for the Spanish War. Yet when the last war came I allowed I might serve as an interpreter, so I volunteered."

"As an interpreter!" Junior cried in amazement.

"As an interpreter," repeated the old man blandly. "You see, I am a splendid Pennsylvania Dutch speaker. But it seems they did not want any Pennsylvania Dutch interpreters and wouldn't take me. Still, I did serve in one war—the Slimgut Bushwhacking war."

"What was that? I never heard of that in my history," said the puzzled boy.

"Well, to be honest, it wasn't one of our big wars," replied Mr. Killowill. He waved his pipe in a deprecating gesture. "It only lasted a week, but then it was fierce. You see, some fellows came from the other side of the mountain and tried to lumber on our tract. We had to drive them off. The fighting kept up till the sheriff come and——"

"Were you wounded?" Junior interrupted.

"If a barrel full of bird shot in your chest means wounded, I was." The old man wagged his head solemnly to give emphasis to the gravity of his injury. "But see here, Willie—this is getting too personal. I don't like to talk about them things—wars in particular. As I said not so long ago to our preacher, the whole trouble with the world today comes of the old men talking about wars. If they just kept quiet, the young uns would never know there was such things. Now as I remarked heretofore——"

Junior was not to be put off. "Did you have such things as trenches and airplanes and tanks?" he asked.

Mr. Killowill leaned back in his chair and regarded the boy, chuckling deeply. He took another sip of medicine and laughed outright. "William," he said, "you are an exact copy of your pa when he was your size—the exact criterion of him—always putting questions, always getting my opinion. Next you'll be wanting me to sing 'The Old Gray Horse that Died in the Wilderness'!"

"Oh, please do!" Junior cried.

The denial was firm. "No. It might disturb the family. My voice isn't what it used to be—I sang like a nightingale once. But that was long ago, Willie, long ago. Yet when I see you, the image of your pa, setting on that chest, it seems like yesterday. There he is, on the old box where I kept my hides, and here am I, on my bench, driving pegs into shoes. We'd discuss things. I'd give him my opinion. Then sometimes I would tell him a good un on various folks, and sometimes we would sing. It fair broke my heart when he left."

"Why did he leave?" the boy demanded.

"Well, you see, it was this way," Mr. Killowill answered, measuring each word, for he was speaking of a day thirty years before, and recalling it in its detail. "He came into my shop one day—I can see him now—and he told me his mother was moving to Harmony to live. She had a brother there, a wagonmaker, and William was going to study under him to be a wheelwright. He was only fourteen then, and seemed to me to be kind of small to begin, but he was a bright boy—unusual gifted—so unusual that I remember saying to him: 'William, you'll be a big man. I'll hear from you again.' "

For a moment Mr. Killowill was silent. He was picturing that day so long ago when the boy, after a parting handshake, very stiff and formal, stepped out of the shop and down the village street, whistling gaily as he started on the long journey to greatness as a wheelwright. "And yet," the old man continued, after a meditative puff at his pipe, "I don't quite see how he come to take up arthoring along with the making of wheels. They don't seem to combine somehow."

"And you did hear from him again," cried Junior exultingly. "It must have surprised you."

"Surprised me?" the old man retorted. "Why, it fair stunned me. When it first came over the radio, Wheeler speaking, I set up. Wheeler is an unusual name—his was the only Wheeler family in our valley. William Wheeler? Nearer yet. Wheelwright? Why, boy, it was plain as day. Then Pleasantville—there could be no doubt. And when your pa spoke so nice of the times we had had together, and of the good I had done him, I felt proud, William, very proud to think I had helped him in his education. So next day I said to my granddaughter—that is Myrtle Mae—'I'm going to see an old boy friend of mine,' I says. 'There is not much time,' I says, 'for at best I can't live more than ten or fifteen years longer.' So the very next day I packed up and came." Mr. Killowill's voice rose in a note of self-recrimination. "Now don't it beat all—to have to have one of my commytose spells when every minute of my visit was so precious!"

In the shadows of the hall Mrs. Wheeler was plucking at her husband's sleeve. She drew him from behind the door into still safer recesses.

"Are you going to tell him, William?" she whispered.

"Tell him what?" asked her husband.

"Of his mistake—of your mistake," she answered.

"My mistake?" he retorted. "I did live in Pleasantville, Maine, as a boy."

"But you never knew an old cobbler named Joe," she said with a soft laugh. "It would be a crime to disillusion him."

"I know it would," the author said. He began to laugh, too. "Anyway, he will be going in a day or two."

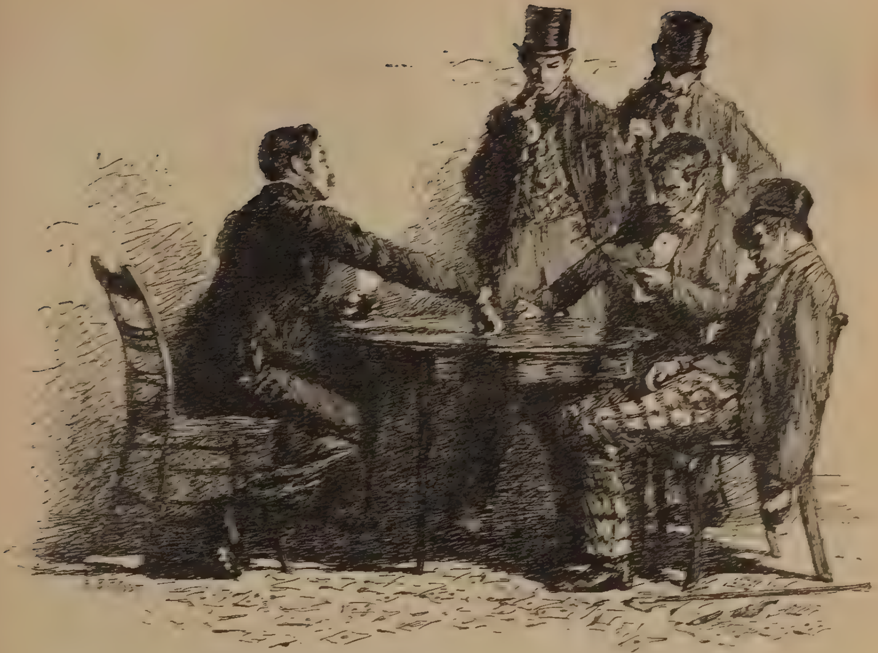
"I knew you would be kind," said his wife. She seized the lapels of his coat and looked at him with smiling, pleading eyes. She was sure that he would not resist them. "And, William," she went on softly, "I know that you depend on your imagination for our living, but promise me this—promise me that when you broadcast again, you will broadcast fact and not fiction."

"You can trust me on that, my dear," said Mr. Wheeler. "But now we have our present troubles to settle."

He lounged into the living-room, smoking his pipe. Carelessly, as though he had not a trouble in the world now that his old master was with him, he seated himself on the carved Italian chest.

"Joe," he said, "tell me that good one you promised me about my old friend Oscar Daffendiffer."

* * *



A. B. Frost—A Personal Tribute

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF DRAWINGS BY FROST

It was the latter part of January, 1890, that I met A. B. Frost. It came about in this way. E. A. Abbey had returned to this country for the winter. His chief reason for doing so was to get married. He had taken a studio in the old *Judge* Building, Fifth Avenue and 17th Street. At his bachelor's dinner—in this studio—I found myself sitting opposite A. B. Frost. On his right sat John S. Sargent (who had just painted "Carmencita") and on his other side was Charles McKim. At one end of the table sat Augustus Saint-Gaudens—. I remember my seat was between Twachtman and Stanford White.

There were about twenty-five guests in all. Most of those present I was seeing at close range—for the first time. I had met Abbey and Sargent a few weeks before at an exhibition of "black-and-white drawings" held in the old Salamagundi Club.

I had met Saint-Gaudens before, hav-

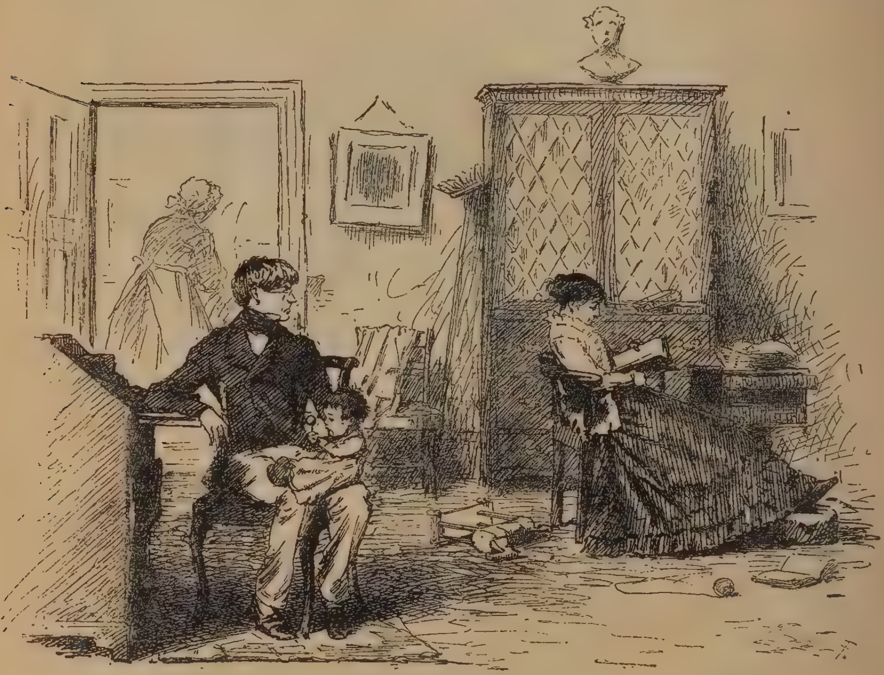
⁂ This and pages 540 and 543 contain four examples of Frost's early pen drawings which are interesting, especially when contrasted with much of his later work.

ing spent some weeks of a summer vacation in his studio in west 36th Street. I had also known C. S. Reinhart when he lived for a short time in Flushing, Long Island. But I was sitting opposite Frost, seeing and hearing him for the first time. That fact impressed me most. I could see and feel the charm and matchless humor that had attracted one so completely to his work. I was familiar with everything he had done—and, more or less subconsciously, I had some three years before "lifted" a figure from one of his drawings and used it in a drawing of mine—(One of those things to be lived down. The pilfering bothered me considerably, and I was aware of an uncomfortable moment as I sat opposite him.)

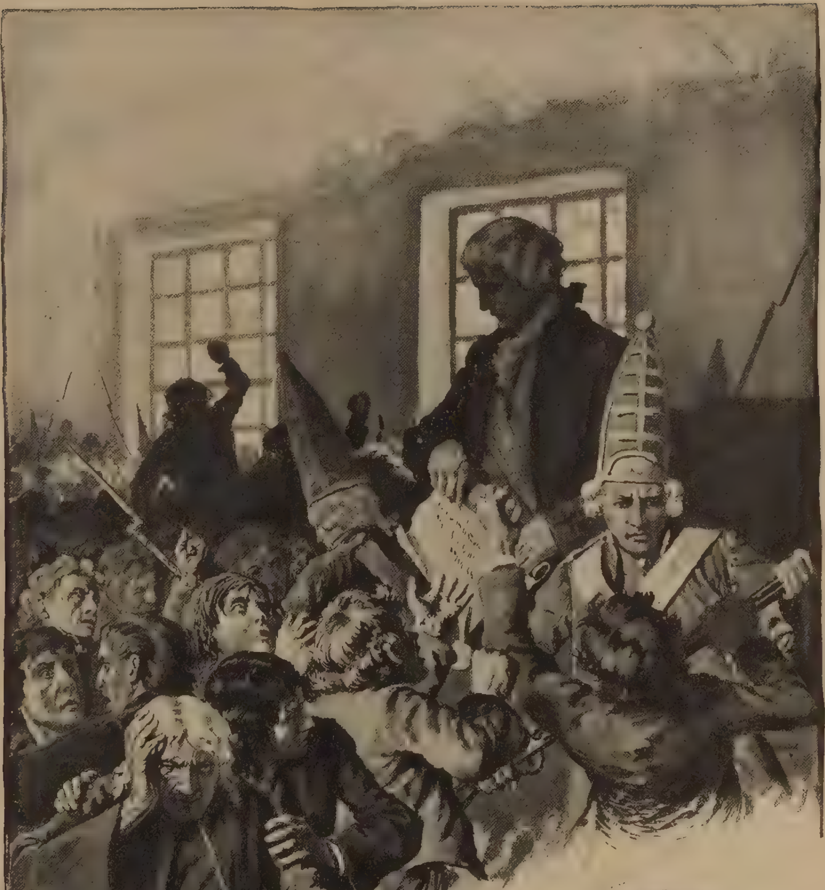
The warmth of his personality, so free from all "side," and his contagious good humor helped me forget that guilty feeling, and I recall it now for the first time in nearly forty years.

Abbey did not want any speeches—and had engaged a negro quartette with the evident understanding that they were to begin singing as soon as any one had talked more than a few minutes. And that was the reason one never heard the end of Frost's story, which was about a policeman and a cuckoo in Central Park. Every once in a while Frost would get up in an apparently serious manner—starting his story always identically in the same way, and arriving at the same point in it, when the quartette would start again to sing.

I once heard Mark Twain say (when



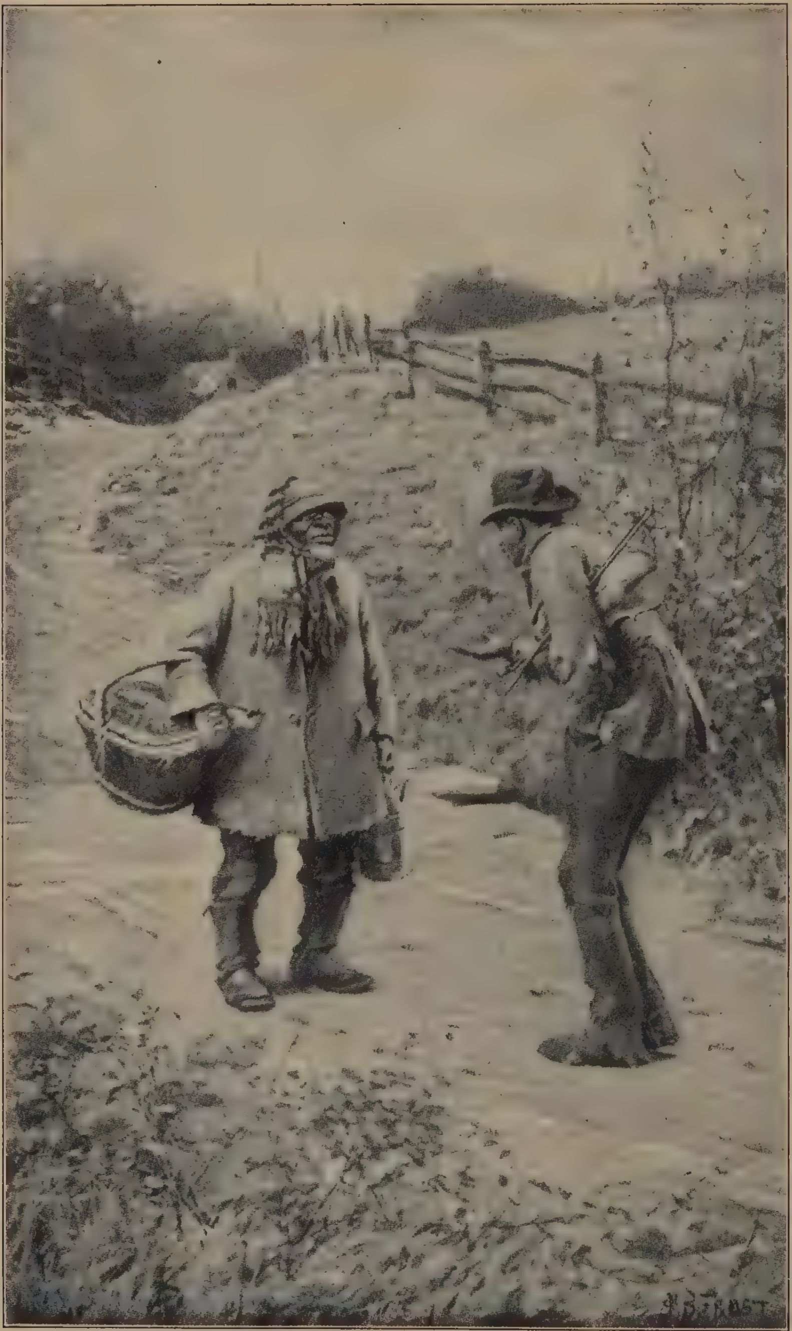
One of A. B. Frost's early drawings.



"Winslow reading the decree of expulsion."

A wood engraving from this drawing appeared in Volume III of Bryant's "History of the United States" in 1879.

A. B. Frost as he probably looked when Charles Dana Gibson first met him.



The Grasshopper and the Ant.

The frontispiece of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1894.

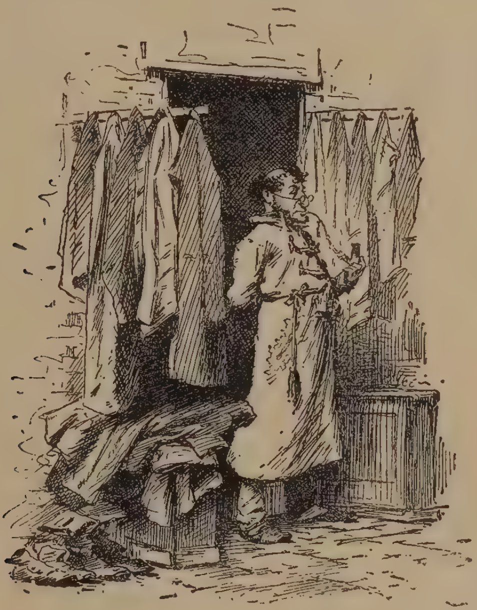
it was done right) that constant repetition was irresistibly funny.

Those of you who remember having seen Willis Sweatman and Lou Schoolcraft, with that never-to-be-forgotten box of pills, will understand how humorous constant repeating can be made. But it must be done as Frost did it that night. His unfinished story was the feature of the dinner. It took the joint effort of every one present to persuade him to get up each time. It was his solemnly going back each time to the beginning of his story that made it so funny. It was art of the first order, and was a study in good taste and restraint.

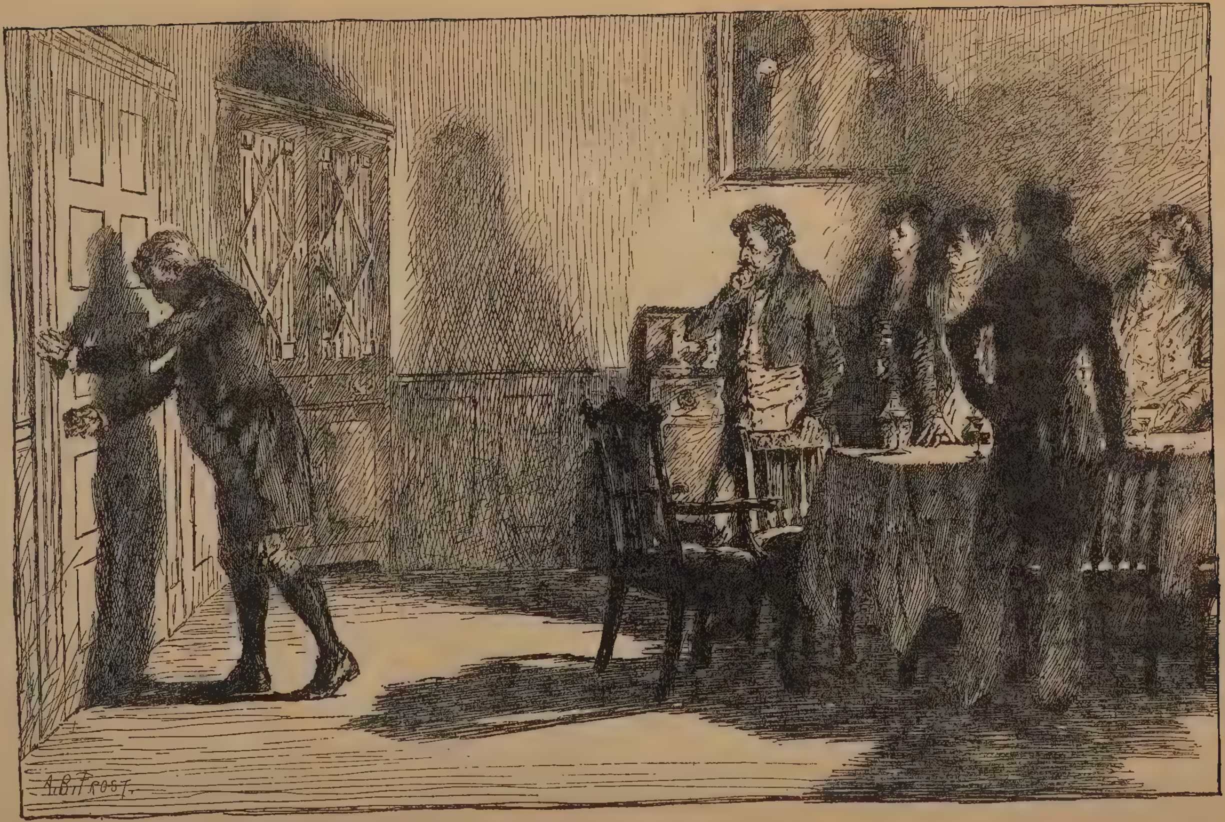
Frost had a splendid head. I remember discussing his appearance that night with Stanford White, who said Frost was a "throwback" to an older period, and also remarked that he (Frost) would have been at home in a large "ruff" collar.

His hair was sandy and thick and came straight across in a bang, high up on his broad forehead. His eyelids were heavy and his eyelashes very light, which gave his eyes a solemn and at the same time humorous expression. His nose was large, and below that was a sandy mustache and beard cut fairly close. His body was large and loose-jointed. He seemed big in every way.

No one but a great humorist could have carried off the unfinished story. A clumsy hand would have made a mess of it. I think the dinner must have been cooked at some near-by hotel. One of the courses was bear steak. There was barely room for the waiters to pass

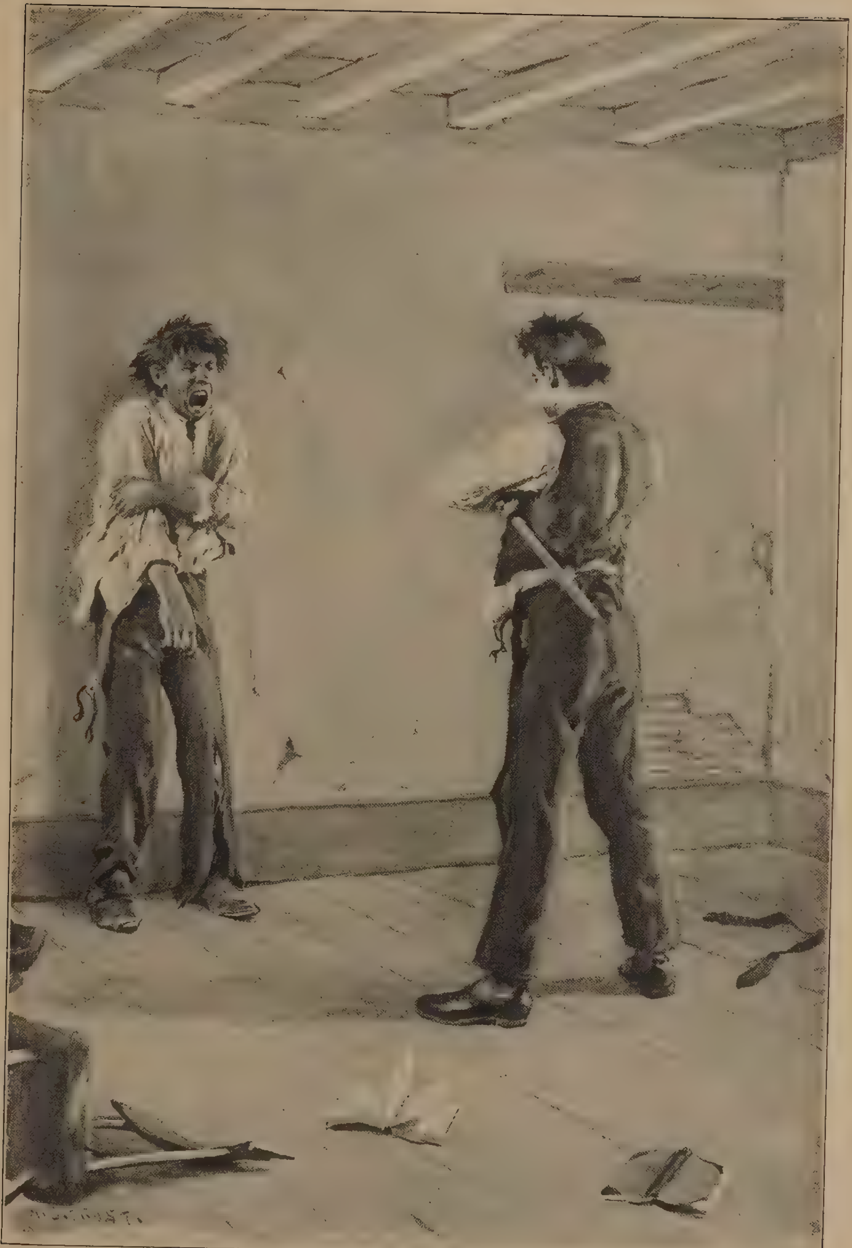


Another of A. B. Frost's early drawings.



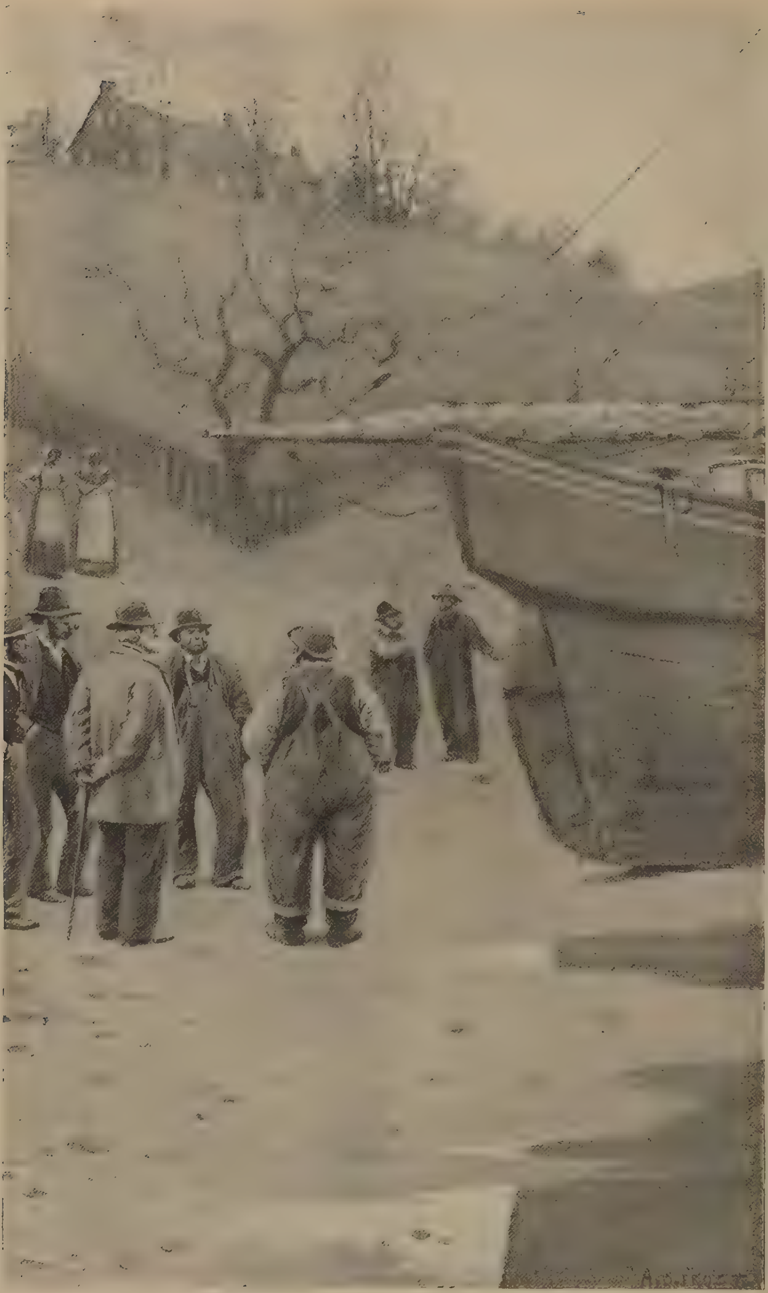
"And then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him."

From "The Story of a New York House," by H. C. Bunner, published in Volume One of Scribner's Magazine, February, 1887.



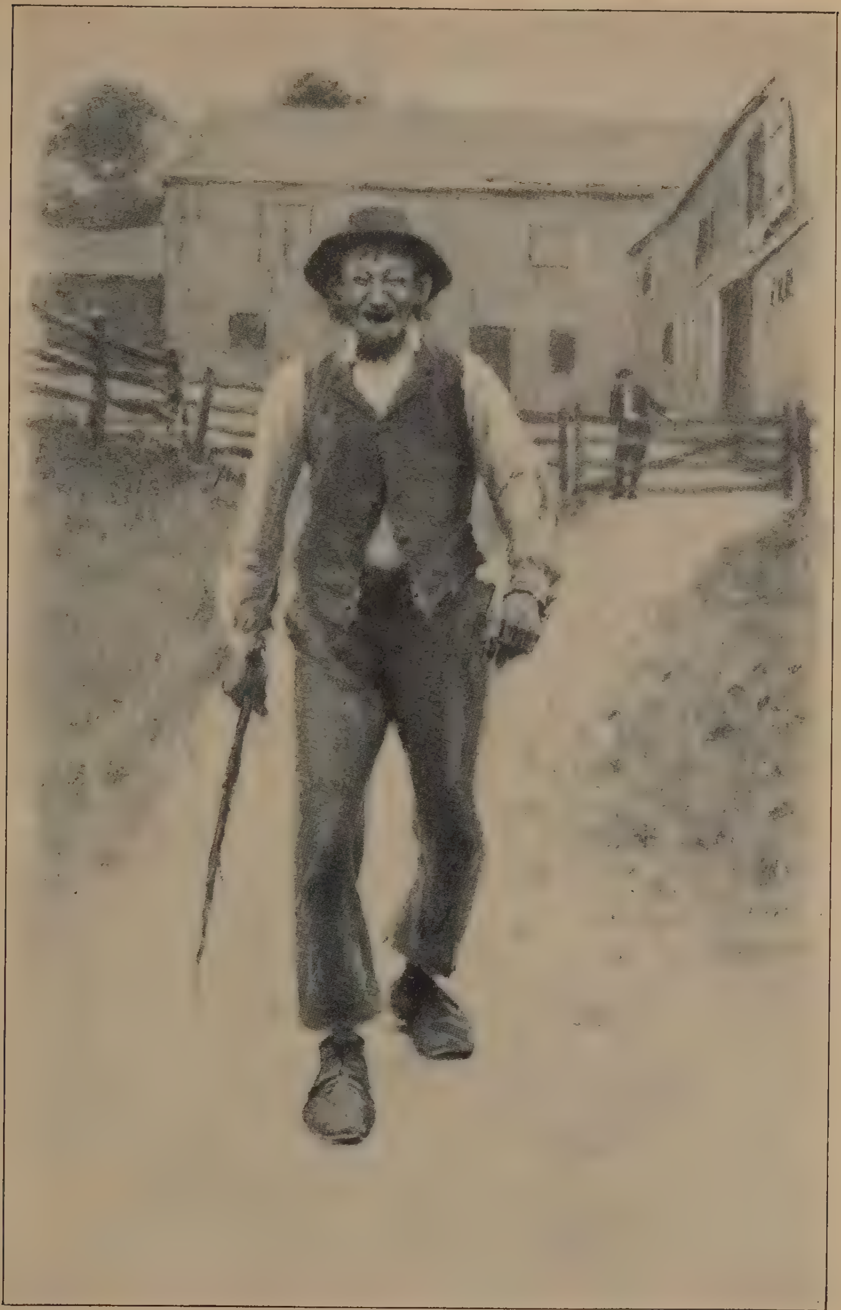
"William had felt the hand of 'Doogulus.' "

From "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd, published in August, 1904.



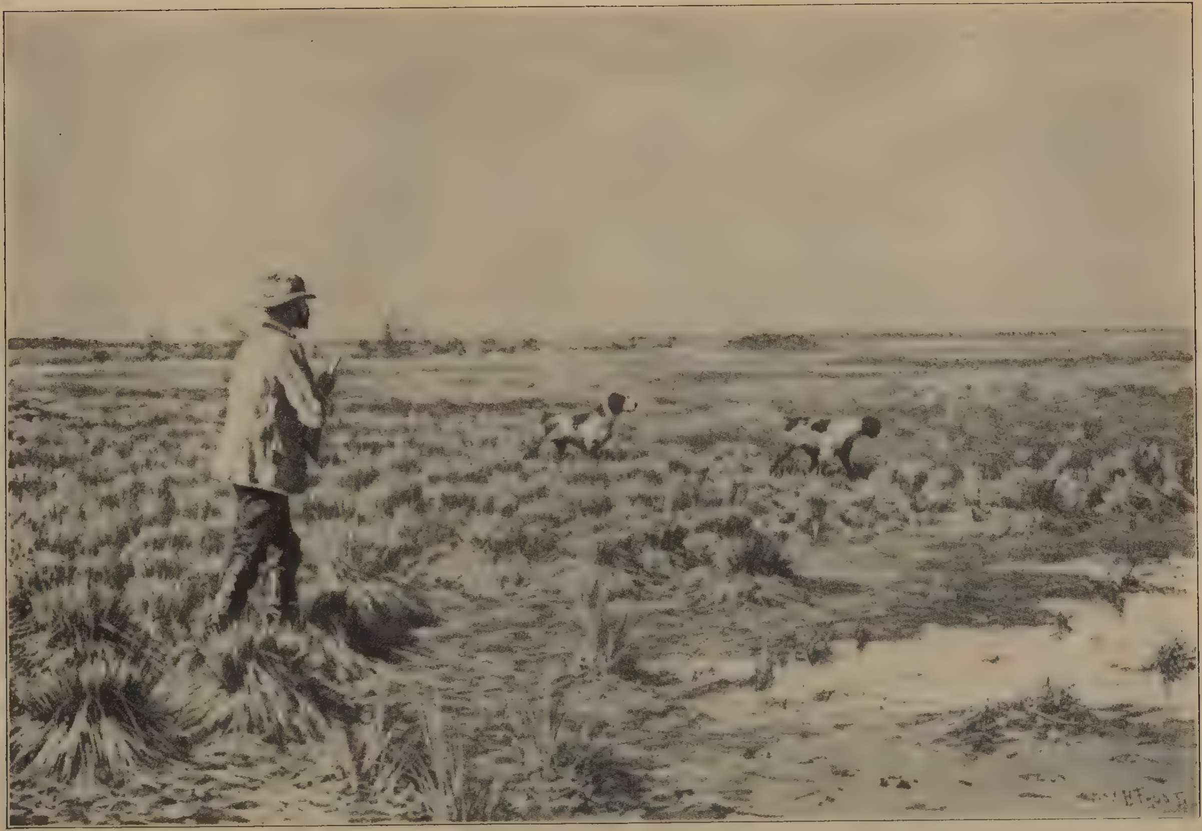
"I believe the creetur's teched."

An illustration for "The 'Teching' of the Vesper," by George S. Wasson, which appeared in the July, 1902, number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



"I could hear similar explosions as he went down the road."

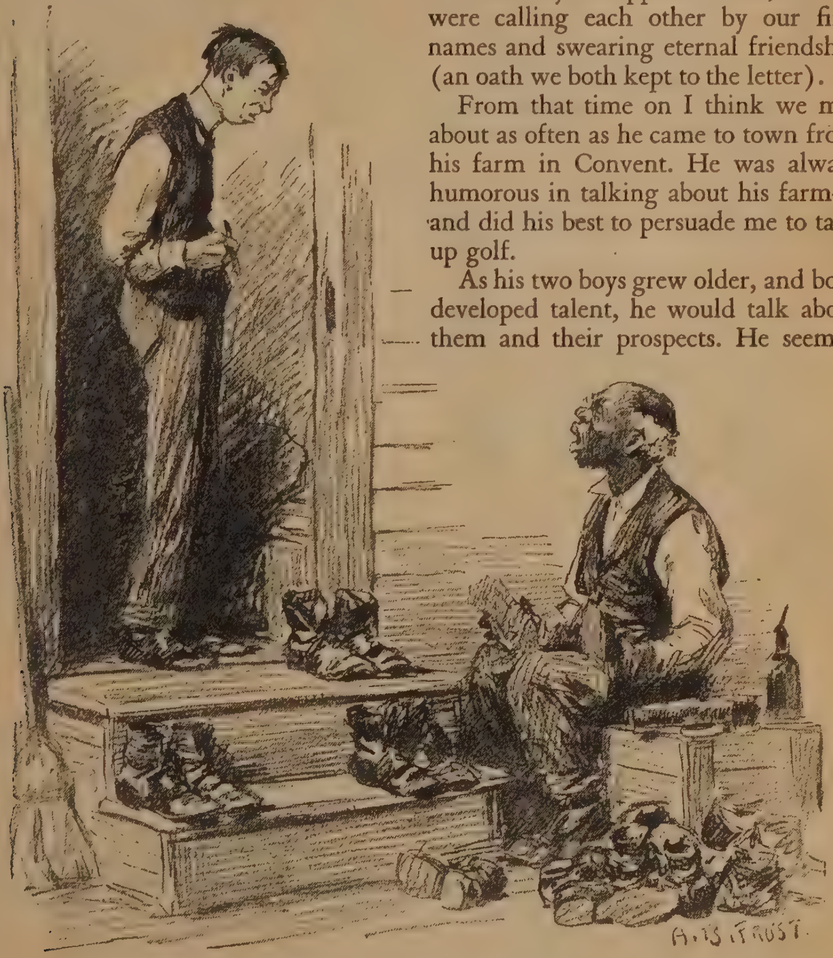
One of the drawings for "The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, used as frontispiece for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of August, 1900.



"Snipe."

One of A. B. Frost's many hunting pictures. This appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of November, 1897.

behind you, and most of us went home with a white band of cold bear grease across the backs of our coats.



"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile?"

An illustration made since Frost's residence in California for "The Trial of Jonathan Goode," by John Preston Buchanan, in the December, 1920, number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

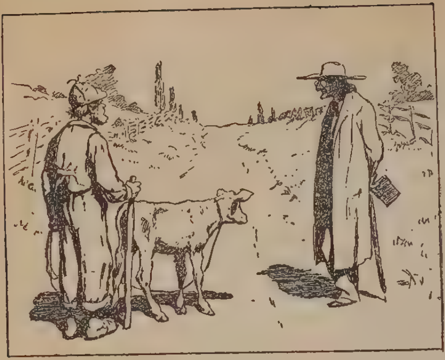
We all had to write or draw something on each other's shirt fronts, with the result that I went home that night with an original Frost, Sargent, Abbey, Saint-Gaudens, Twachtman, White, and McKim—all on one canvas—and taking with me not an altogether unpleasant feeling that I had "grown up."

I not only sat opposite Frost, but we were calling each other by our first names and swearing eternal friendship (an oath we both kept to the letter).

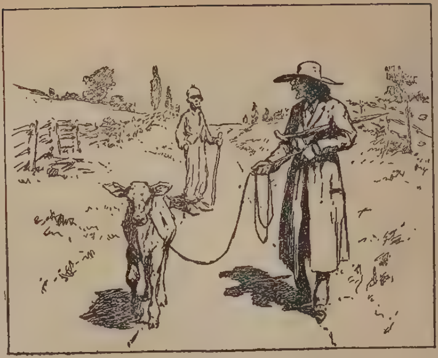
From that time on I think we met about as often as he came to town from his farm in Convent. He was always humorous in talking about his farm—and did his best to persuade me to take up golf.

As his two boys grew older, and both developed talent, he would talk about them and their prospects. He seemed filled with doubt as to his ability to help them.

What he had done in his own work was so much a part of himself, and so completely natural, that he never fan-

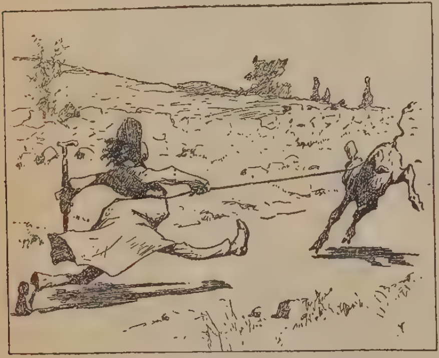


"Make veal of that pretty creature! 'Tis a shame!" says the Humane Man. "I will buy him and take him home to the children."

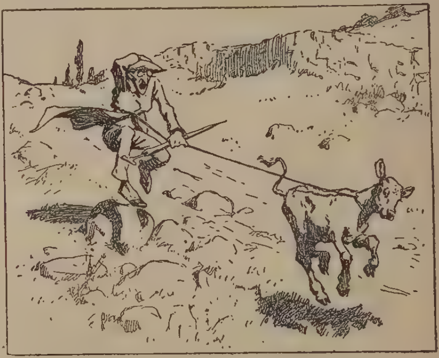


"Ef Oi was you, Oi wud niver toi that rope around me waist," says the former proprietor of the calf.

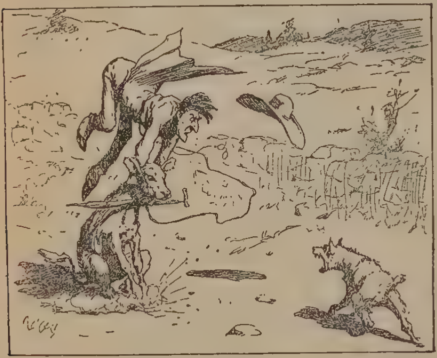
"Oh, never fear; he is a gentle thing," says the Humane Man.



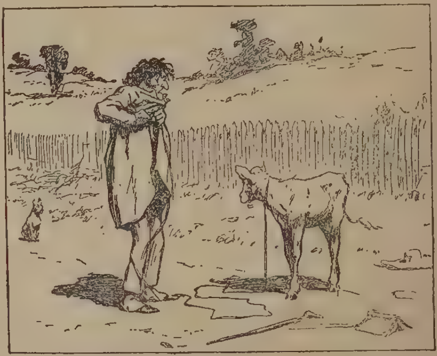
The "gentle thing" develops a tendency to play rather startling to the Humane Man.



And takes him for a little dash down a stony hill.



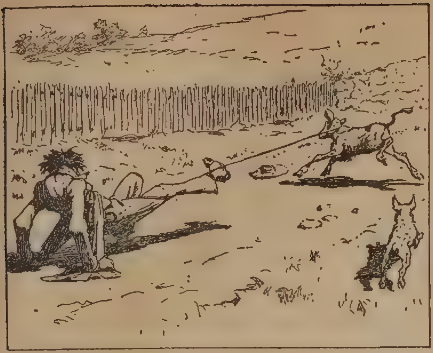
But is stopped at the bottom by a small dog.



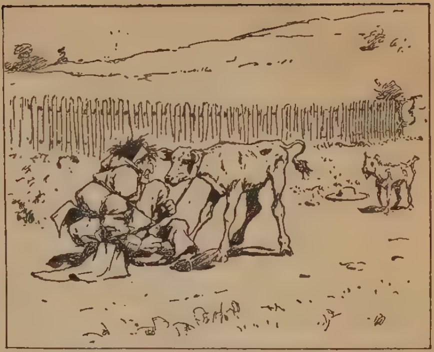
"Be still, little calfy, till I untie this cord—that's a good little calfy," says the Humane Man.

THE HUMANE MAN

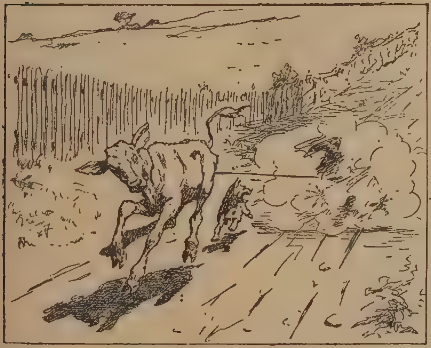
One of Frost's best-known comic series which first



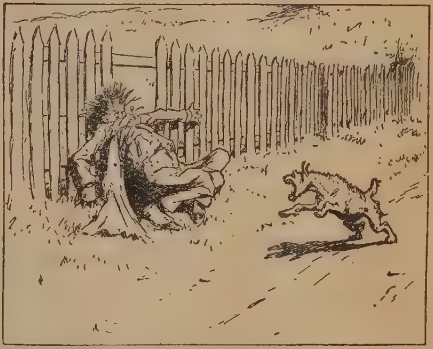
Renewal of hostilities by the dog, and a circus performance by the Humane Man and his purchase.



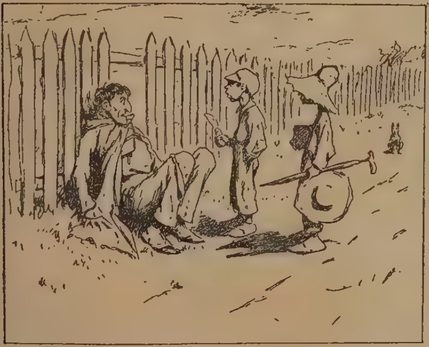
Sudden termination to the circus performance owing to the want of more rope. "You microcephalous idiot," says the Humane Man, "if I had a knife I'd——"



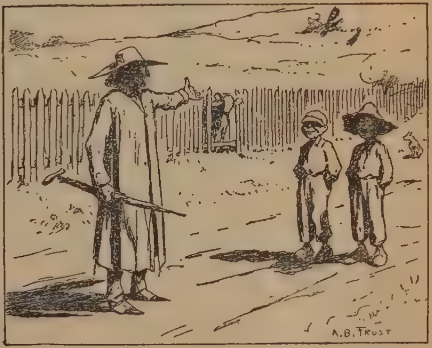
—but the sentence is never finished, for again the dog interferes and the Humane Man is unfurled.



The "pretty creature" becomes really alarmed and goes through a break in the fence leaving the Humane Man in a serious position.



Rescue of the Humane Man by the natives—mutual astonishment.



"Boys," says the Humane Man, "you may have the calf—he is yours on condition that he be made at once into *veal—minced veal!!*"

AND THE BULL CALF.

appeared in the advertising pages of Scribner's Magazine.

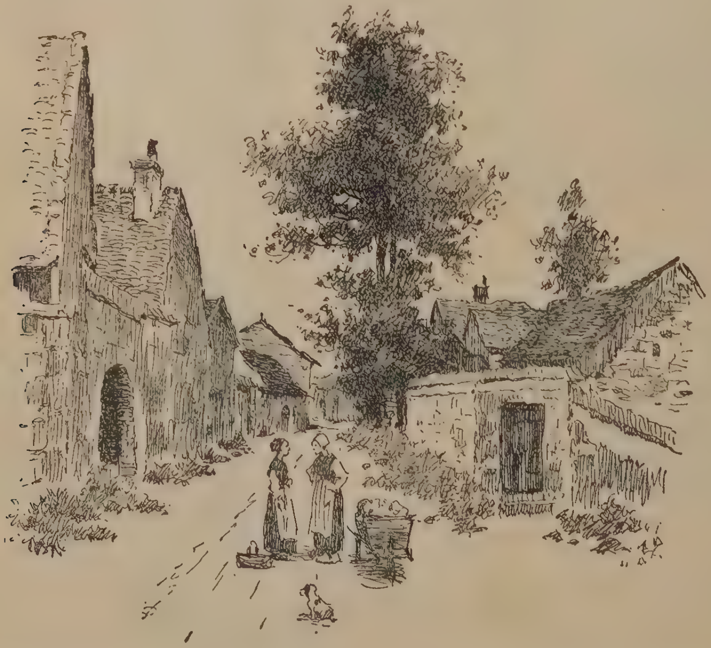
cied anything he had done as being out of the ordinary. As his boys developed he completely and willingly forgot his own work in the interest and excitement of watching theirs. He gave up his Convent house, went to Paris with them and later to Pasadena, Calif.

His friends of an earlier time were naturally fewer. But at any gathering of the Society of Illustrators the mention of his name never failed to bring a round of applause from a younger generation who only knew him by his matchless art.

As a humorous blender of the real and ridiculous, A. B. Frost has stood for fifty years the outstanding head of his profession—one of the very best America ever produced.

Many of his most famous drawings were sandwiched in among the advertising pages of Scribner's Magazine. In those days advertising copy wasn't what it is now, and people had to be tricked into looking at it. Frank Doubleday had charge of the pages and he scattered Frost's "Bull Calf" through the back part of one number, and "The Cat that took poison" through another. After that there was no trouble getting people to look through the advertisement pages.

A. B. Frost was typically American—as much so as Mark Twain or Uncle Remus. England gave us John Leach; Germany, Wolf; France, Daumier; Russia, Caron D'ache; and America gave us Frost.



Pen-and-ink sketch done by A. B. Frost while he was living in France, and published in Scribner's Magazine of March, 1924.

Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

Marfa Manchester believes herself to have brought misfortune, disaster and even death to her friends, to acquaintances. Paul Barker has died of a malady contracted on a visit on which he has accompanied her; Ben has been drowned on an expedition of her proposing. "Stir the fire," she has said to a friend and a flying spark has blinded the girl. An idle impulse comes for a day on the water and, in a squall, the yacht's cook is washed overboard. Max Garvin would bring her calendulas to-morrow, brings them a day earlier at her word, and is crippled in a motor accident. When Maude Brand dies, that bitter invalid, poisoned by jealousy of Marfa whom Lawrence Brand, Maude's brother, loves, Marfa thinks of herself as her murderer, since she has deepened that jealousy. In terror of action she will not keep her father from a Chinese expedition by objection, nor Marcus Bartholomew by asking him to stay for her sake, and she will not touch the life of the negro girl Effie, lest she harm her. She who meant to be so right finds herself wretched, confused, believes herself to be the author of evil.

She entered the dining-room and saw her mother reading at the breakfast-table. Marfa asked "Where's Luna?" not as one who cares, but at her mother's reply she stared, arrested. "Gone to the hospital to see Mr. Garvin?" she repeated. "Why, Luna hardly knows him. . . ." "She feels responsible," her mother murmured, and Marfa cried hotly: "For the accident? How absurd, mama; she had nothing to do with his accident." Mrs. Manchester seemed to use her rare grammatical errors for rich emphasis. "You speak jealous," she now said. Marfa flushed, said, "Luna is so . . ." and sat down. Her mother had closed her book—a volume of recipes—and was looking up at her with a patience, with an air of waiting, a look as of one who has waited for years to see a fruit-tree bear which, carefully tended, nonetheless never bears. "She usually stops in here to leave the thermos and the dishes," she volunteered; and when Marfa repeated, " 'Usually'! Does she go every morning then?" Mrs. Manchester admitted that Luna had been at the hospital every morning since her sister had been absent; and sat silent, still with that air of patience, that upward focussing look. Marfa said: "Mother, isn't it terrible for me to sit here and *know* that I've ruined his life too? . . ." To which her mother merely returned, "Oh, dear . . ." and added brightly: "Did you have a good time?" Marfa was silent and they heard the postman on the front veranda. Mrs. Manchester rose, and with short quick steps, a bit uneven, a bit stiff, ran to the door. Marfa thought: "She's young—her outline, her outside is young. But something has gone out of her—the haze, the sparkle, the hardness. . . ." Her mother came hurrying back with a letter. "It's not from papa!" she cried anxiously. "It's in a strange writing, from San Francisco. . . ." Marfa looked. "It's from Marcus Bartholomew," she said. Mrs. Manchester had got the letter open; but Marfa took it from her and read the brief blunt lines: They had not sailed with their party. Mr. Manchester had seemed too much under the weather after his trip, and Bartholomew had stayed with him. But the South American unit had found it convenient to arrive for the next boat, and the two would sail with them and would overtake the main body of the expedition at some point in China. That would give Mr. Manchester a week to pull himself together. Marfa said, "How heavenly of Mr. Bartholomew to wait over with him," and looked complacent, as if Mr. Bartholomew had waited for her sake. Her mother said: "Papa ought never to have gone. I should never have let him go." Her eyebrows arched, she examined space, sidewise. Marfa cried: "You! Why, you did your best to keep him! It was I who could have kept him here, if I had said the word." But her mother claimed irritably: "Nonsense. He is my husband. You are only his daughter." Marfa sat looking indignantly at her mother and said very distinctly: "If he gets sick—if he dies—it will be my fault, mother." Her mother wept, not as an expression of emotion, one might say, but as a process habitized and almost parenthetical. They fell silent. Luna opened the front door and came down the hall.

She entered the dining-room with bright eyes and a manner of haste. She was carrying a light basket covered with a napkin, and she held up a thermos bottle like a chalice. She cried: "He's feeling very bright to-day—looks better, eats better. One almost forgets that he'll never walk again." Marfa said warmly: "It's very good of you, Luna, to have taken my place while I was gone—to have carried things to this poor soul whose life I've ruined. . . ." Luna looked at her coldly. "Ruined?" she repeated. "His life is far from ruined. And, besides, if you remember, it was not your words over the telephone but my silence that is responsible for his accident." Marfa said quite loudly: "Luna, really, you are ridiculous. So is mama." She poured out the news of their father, passed over Luna's lamentations. "Mama thinks *she* let papa go," Marfa cried, "but it was I alone!" Luna set down her basket and turned, her body stiff in some sudden partial death. "Neither of you had the slightest thing to do with papa's leaving," she said. "It was my offering to go into the store that made him decide. Whatever comes to him on this trip is *my* doing."

Marfa looked at her mother and sister. There was Marcus Bartholomew's amused brutality: "You have to have some emotion—feeling guilty is the only one available. . . ." That, she thought, was true for Luna and her mother but it wasn't true for her. It was true of her mother, bored by the quiet routine of her house and facing a year of loneliness, or at least of difference; it was true of Luna, facing a lifetime of isolation which stretched either way from her present, a present immersed, amazingly, in the daily sale of bathtubs and lavatories. Marfa thought: "It isn't their Christian charity, taking the blame. Luna wants something to happen, wants to be *in* things. . . ."

She said aloud: "We must face the

facts. There are all those that I have remembered and haven't told you about —people whose death and misery I have been responsible for . . . I tell you that I am the one who brings evil to every one." She leaned forward and spoke with terrible distinctness: "Why, in these nine days, while I have been away, I have caused the death of a woman." Her mother regarded her with pointed eyes; Luna was suddenly terribly concerned and said: "Mama, I don't think Marfa is well." Marfa repeated: "Well!" She was aware of her own tone coming from the depth of her chest. She began to walk up and down the little dining-room and to say: "Don't speak to me so. I am living out the most terrible tragedies—one after another of them. Yet you pay no attention to all that. . . ."

Against the William and Mary sideboard she saw Marcus Bartholomew's smile, heard his mocking words: "You want pretense—tragedy—anything to break your monotony. No—I don't blame you. I think it's a healthful sign. . . ." She fell to sobbing, standing before the William and Mary sideboard and sobbing angrily. She brushed aside Luna's hands, turned away from her mother, and bit her lips as if she knew that she was playing the fool.

And as she did so, in a sudden calm, she seemed once more to see her own body, outlined there against the dark wood and the silver, its face distorted, its breath coming quickly, its hands torturing one another, and it crying out words which suddenly seemed unintelligible. Once more she had that certainty that her curious white body, in its arbitrary clothes, had nothing to do with her, with her herself who so oddly watched it.

"It doesn't matter," she said abruptly, sat down at the table again, peeled a peach.

Luna murmured with relief that doubtless the train had tired her, hesitated, and risked adding something:

"He," she said, ". . . Max Garvin, sent a message to you, Marfa. He said to tell you that I had been taking excellent care of him."

Marfa glanced up at Luna, and remained staring at her. For Luna's face seemed to be shining in a pink light, one that folded her features in something more golden than a blush, something that she unutterably enjoyed. She patted Marfa's arm, as if she were unaware of the gesture, and went away to her father's shop, walking erectly, stepping lightly, her even amber face lustrous and almost beautiful.

In the afternoon, at the hospital, in Max Garvin's room, Marfa sat staring at him without speaking. In that clean empty place of glass, porcelain, plaster, his broken body seemed to belong; a body drained of function, of action, even as was the white room. In her green muslin, she herself seemed irrelevant, like the rose phlox and rose gladioli burning on the table.

He said "How are you, and did you have a pleasant time?" quite as if he were lounging before a tea-table and had no personal preoccupation. When she forced herself to question him, he replied evasively, almost gaily, making out that he was well and able. "Think," he said, "of all the things I hate doing and now shall not be expected to do. That truck was a kind of liberation, you know. . . ." She said: "No human being ever had such perfect manners as you. Your life is taken away from you . . . like that! . . . and you make nothing of it. . . ." She ended in a sob.

He looked bored, said shortly: "Well, I don't like to be sympathized with, even by myself. Don't like to think about myself, in fact." She cried: "But I'm thinking of me . . ." stopped at his smile, and hurried on: "Don't you see how it would be with me . . .? For you don't fool me, Mr. Garvin. In the night—in that time before it gets light—I know how you must wake up and suffer over it—well, that's the way I feel about it—about you—all the time." "Thanks, but please don't," he said good-naturedly. She cried: "But I can't help it—it's killing me, really. If I hadn't telephoned . . ." He interrupted her sharply with: "Look here. *You* aren't in this at all. You had nothing to do with this. . . ." She cried warmly that she had to do with this more than he did, really . . . "for your body suffers, but with me it's more than that. It's more even than you, Mr. Garvin. It's the knowledge that I'm that kind of person—that things turn out terribly because of me. . . ."

He moved on his bed, that stiff, inanimate movement, as if he were a trunk which some outside force had turned. "Do you believe that?" he asked gravely. She said low: "I know it. I've thought of such things ever since I saw you. And since I saw you, I made something else frightful happen—just by a word, as I did with you—this time it meant death. . . ." "Oh, now, Miss Marfa," he interrupted, "you take too much on yourself." She blazed out at him: "Don't you tell me that! Marcus Bartholomew says it's because I want emotions . . . that I imagine all this, Mr. Garvin . . ." He said quickly: "No. He's wrong. Or he may be wrong. It's true of some, as he says. But it's also true of others that they do draw down disaster. Only—that, you know, needn't be true. You may be that sort, as you say. I don't know. But you needn't be so." She put out her hand, as if to cover his words, to snare them and make them her own. "Why not?" she cried, and not knowing how to phrase her question, cried: "What?" He looked as if he had no idea what to say to that, and answered only: "Well, I think you have to work on it. Get your body polarized to draw the good and not the ill. . . ." She cried: "But how, how?" At this he wore an air of embarrassment, and muttered: "Don't ask me." But she said tensely: "I do ask you. You *must* tell me. . . ." He said almost irritably, "*I* don't know. I'm not God," then relented and added: "Be awfully decent, that's all—over every little damn thing." At this she looked so indignant that he laughed and apologized. "I dare say you are, you know. But I wasn't." Already he spoke of himself, she noticed, as if his life had passed. "I wasn't. I poisoned myself—being greedy—running off after things that didn't belong to me—getting mad as a hatter—oh, Lord! 'When the devil was sick . . .' But we're such infernal fools. Well—you look decent. Most people do. But if you want the truth, you're probably all out of key, and things can't work out well for you—or for the people you're with. Mind, I don't mean in my case. You'd nothing to do with me. I had a disaster factory of my own, in me. . . ." He relaxed and said awkwardly: "I don't want to be brutal. But since this thing's happened to me, nothing but the truth seems worth talking about. Still, I don't want to be savage. . . ." He shouted querulously. "That's all I can tell you. Go out of your way to be decent and something happens to you after a while. But you can't do it on purpose, so that it *will* happen . . .

I don't think I can tell you anything," he muttered; "you're too pretty, too sure. . . ."

She now felt enormous irritation at him, amazement that manifestly he did not secretly admire her; horror that he did actually feel that indirectly she might have had something to do with his accident. She had wanted to continue to persuade him. Suddenly he said:

"Your sister seems a very harmonious person."

Luna? Luna harmonious? She stared at him incredulously.

He went on talking, looking up at some steel-white clouds and talking.

"I've noticed that about her. She seems to have in her something that does the right thing . . . makes things come out right. Had you noticed that?"

Marfa looked as if she felt that most certainly she never had noticed such a thing. But she said low: "Oh, yes. Luna does." And he shot out at her: "You're probably lying. Probably you don't think so at all. Are you sure you're not false like that all the time?" Then he looked horrified and said, "My God, what's the matter with me? Am I going to be a savage old cripple all the rest of my life?" and began to talk rapidly of Luna: "She comes into this room and brings with her an air of peace. She seems to be squared up with things . . . and yet she doesn't irritate you by being so thundering gentle as some women I've seen. That kind, I always suspect them. When they do cut loose, they can be the devil. But your sister seems to have got herself in shape, so that she matches with whatever happens . . . and her soups are supreme."

Marfa listened, and thought: "Well—Luna did want you not to drive over that night. She wanted us not to go to The Dells. She wanted me not to have anything to do with Paul Barker. . . . Maybe Luna *is* like that." She thought: "I can't remember a time when she ever really did bring misfortune to anybody."

"She's been an angel to me," Max Garvin concluded.

Marfa rose, feeling omitted and cold. She agreed rapidly that Luna was an angel, thanked him at large for all that he had said, and added mournfully: "But you mustn't think I feel any the less to blame about you. . . ."

"Oh, thunder," said he.

Marfa drove about the streets of Old Town. Tight little houses, looking finished and inflexible, and as if their people had been boxed up by the clapboards, securely nailed in there, and painted over. There were long low white or gray houses, shaped like coffins, and draped with vines or laid with pink rambler roses, in wreaths. The business houses turned to the road tan-colored inscrutable sides, as if they were crates of goods, shipped in by some giant traffic facility, and ranged along the streets, and bursting with raw materials. On the pavements the people moved, bottle-shaped, containers for process, for effervescence, for flatness, and with stopper-shaped heads, hollowed for the volatile, but hermetically sealed. Along the boulevards avenues of vast black trunks were ranged, piping the riches of earth to flow upward and outward, as fountains of green branches. And all houses, shops, and people shutting away their mystery; motors, animals, and birds moving about as vessels of some ceremony, whose factors were forever hidden. Marfa thought: "Bodies. Mine and theirs. Houses, shops, trees, men, animals—all bodies. What fills them, moves them?" Momentarily she had a sense of these inhabited by an energy, as her body was inhabited by her unfamiliar "I." She thought: "It's not my 'I' that makes misfortune. It's my body, like a bad brass, when the music comes. . . ." She lost all this, observing a new make of car, with a California license-plate.

She crossed the river, on a light black bridge, which seemed to have been insecurely affixed against the blue, a black lace arabesque on a pale valentine. The flow of the blue, the flow of the green, the flow of form as the meadows advanced, retreated, and ran round her, gave her a sense of isolation, of herself as a lonely point, stable in a flowing world. Here, it seemed, were great green bodies in eternal open motion, as in town the small bodies were crystallized and closed. Fixed or flowing, what did it matter, so long as the core remained secret? She flew between the fields, and once more—shadowy and incredible, she herself looked from a strange momentary window upon the body which sat confidently on that gray mohair seat of the car and capably drove, acting for her, as her instrument. Max Garvin said she hadn't tuned it in. Max Garvin said that Luna was an angel. She tried to remember occasions on which Luna hadn't been an angel at all.

From a row of walnut-trees by the roadside a gray squirrel ran, nosed along the concrete, walked on four legs, hopped on two, tail curved in a perpetual salute. He was unaware of her, incredulous that a car could mean catastrophe, whatever that was. Cars were safe, not being men with shotguns. He had lived forever, would live forever. Suddenly she was directly before him, honking and even shouting, not knowing how to turn to avoid his flight. He disappeared from her sight, before the engine. She slowed, looked back; there he lay, little body flattened, little bobbing head still incredulous. She sickened, thought, "Not even animals are safe from me," called herself ridiculous, since such things happened to any one; then remembered: "But things like that didn't happen to Saint Francis—couldn't happen to him. He was safety to all living things. He was life and not death." Max Garvin's words came back: "If you want the truth, you're probably all out of key and things can't work out right for you or for the people you're with. . . ." But she had meant to be so right. All of a sudden she felt indignation at Max Garvin, who didn't understand her, who discerned nothing of what she was. At the same time she felt monstrous loneliness. Perhaps Marcus Bartholomew would bring her father home. At this idea she felt warm and pleased, until she remembered how he had mocked at her for devising emotions. Well, there was Lawrence. At the thought of Lawrence she felt a shock, as at the image of one for some time unremembered. He would come to see her. She recalled his look, his manner, his odor; thought, "No, but I mustn't keep him, for I shall do him harm," and realized, as in a beating light, that she had this scruple, in all probability, merely because she didn't love him. Max Garvin's look came back to her when he had said: "Are you sure you're not false like that all the time?" Her body, there on the gray mohair seat, guiding the wheel, pressing the clutch, using the brake, sounding the horn, enjoying the motion—had she built it up of the false, through and through—sealed herself within a lot of cells as intractable as the clapboards and plaster and bricks of the houses in town—or as fluid and unstable as the fields? Or, by accusing her body of all this, was she trying to keep for herself, safe and detached within, some remnant of purity and rightness?

Max Garvin had said that Luna was an angel. She turned back toward town. She would go to see that angel.

In the office of the shop where she sold bathtubs and lavatories, Luna, long and amber, sat looking over a catalogue of plumbers' supplies. As Marfa entered this office, which was inordinately freighted with the superfluous, tidily disposed, she looked searchingly at Luna, as one who should say, "Produce your peace," and sat down, examining her mutely, as if looking for the intangible. Luna said: "Hello, dear. I'm going to plunge into colored tile, so to say. Don't you advise it?" To which Marfa returned: "I've been to see Mr. Garvin. He seems to think you're perfect. . . ." Nor did she turn away her eyes when Luna's face changed to that golden light which was more than any blush. She said nothing, but her hands seemed to caress the catalogue of plumbers' supplies. Marfa stared at her, and said: "Luna, you wouldn't think of . . ." And Luna at once replied: "Oh, he wouldn't want that!" Marfa looked away, murmuring: "Isn't that the way they decline a nomination they mean to accept?" Luna's hands fluttered the leaves of the catalogue. "Really, we've met not a dozen times," she explained. "A dozen!" cried Marfa. "My dear Luna, how antique of you. I've seen Lawrence for only two days." This her sister met with a lively interest, less in the subject than in her own escape. "Lawrence?" Luna repeated, and Marfa said calmly: "The brother of the woman I killed."

Suddenly Marfa was off, had plunged into a recounting of the tragedy of Maude Brand. Luna listened, her look revealing that she saw the thing moving before her in images. Sometimes she would pause, lingering too long on a moment—as at that image of Maude Brand in her gown of green fish-scales, her hair bound with brilliants, leaning toward Marfa at dinner, with that impudent mouth masked by solicitude; this portrait Luna seemed to follow with her eyes, inwardly watching it until after Marfa had opened the next camera, so that Luna lost a bit of the negative and was obliged to ask her to repeat. Once, at such a point, Marfa said a reproachful "You're not listening," to which Luna cried in distress that she was, she was—and could not explain that she was listening too well, listening with creative eyes. At the last, when Marfa recounted how they had found Maude Brand on the bench, the head fallen sidewise, the hands arrested wax, Luna cried out, rose, and stood helplessly in the little office, where there was no room to pace. "You see," Marfa concluded, "I killed her. It's no good saying she shouldn't have eaten her brother alive. So she shouldn't—but she was a poor sick thing, without vitality for anything but jealousy." She stopped and looked toward the half-curtain, where the heads outside were obliviously passing. "Marcus Bartholomew would say," she added, "that Maude Brand had no emotion and was trying to fill her quota by being annoyed with me. All the same, it was I who killed her. You can't say *you* did that, Luna!" she cried with satisfaction.

She expected a train of expostulation, of rebuttal, of assurance. Instead she heard Luna, standing there beside her, merely say softly and half articulately: "My poor Marfa. . . ." She looked up. "I did kill her, didn't I?" she demanded. Luna said, "Darling, darling," so gently that she seemed almost to be saying soothingly: "Of course, of course." At this unexpected and tacit acquiescence, Marfa began weeping, weeping which, as if she divined its relief, Luna did not try to check; so that her sister, being without interruption, at last interrupted herself, and said:

"Your way would have kept Max Garvin at home, would have kept us from The Dells—would have made me drop Paul Barker. What's wrong with me, Luna?"

Standing there in her straight blue gown, her amber face, with its flat edge of amber hair drooping above her sister, Luna abruptly stiffened as to some task, and when she spoke, her voice came from some far depth in her, where dwelt some sovereign authority.

"I think," she said, from that depth and in that poise, "I think, Marfa, that you care—that you care too much about yourself."

Marfa looked up in the astonishment of having received some broad missile. Her sister spoke quickly, while there was time:

"Thoughts are meant to turn outward. Yours all turn inward. They poison you, and then they act like a poison."

Marfa sprang up, knocking to the floor the catalogue of plumbers' supplies.

"How can you?" she cried. "Don't I die, thinking of other people and the wrong that I do them?"

"Of the wrong that *you* do them," Luna agreed, "because *you* do it. That's what you think of. It's the same thing. It's always yourself, Marfa."

Before Marfa could speak, the calm voice went on: "You don't care so much that Max Garvin is a cripple as that you think you've made him one. From the first, I noticed that. You've come away from him now, sitting there all twisted and tortured—oh, he doesn't let on, but his nurses tell me how he suffers—and you're not thinking of his suffering—you're not even thinking of him—you're thinking of yourself and of what can be wrong with you. I tell you, you didn't harm him—it was I, all I! But it's he that we ought both to be thinking of, and not quarrelling over who hurt him. It's Uncle Marshall and Aunt Phœbe, it's Paul Barker's parents, it's Mona that we ought to be remembering. It's not enough to know what's wrong with us!"

"I said 'with me,' " said Marfa icily, "not with you. You seem to be perfect."

"I don't care whether I'm perfect or a murderer—I don't care," said Luna, and picked up her catalogue. "I only care for his suffering," she added low.

In the small flawed mirror above the safe Marfa saw her own face, with its mistiness gone, with only its hard clarity showing through. She cried:

"What good does that do? Will it keep him from being a cripple?"

"It will help him with his life," said Luna. "If he'll let me, I'm going to marry him, Marfa."

As if she had expected this news and needed no time to digest it, Marfa exclaimed loudly: "He'll let you ruin your life, will he?"

"I'm not thinking of my life," said Luna with exaltation. "And he says that he will not marry me. But he loves me . . . and I shall make him let me see him through."

Marfa stared, her hard face softening, recovering its misty beauty. Suddenly she laughed low and inordinately:

"You're not thinking of him, either," she said. "You're thinking how noble you're going to be—and about how much you'll enjoy that." She kept on laughing. "You're thinking of yourself, just as much as I am!"

In the litter of the office, they stood looking at each other, the stream of heads passing obliviously above the half-curtain. Marfa went on to speak soft defensive wandering words, to which Luna seemed not to be listening.

There came a rap on the ground glass of the office door, and a boy thrust in a telegram. It was from Marcus Bartholomew, was addressed to Luna, and said:

"I am leaving for home to-day with your father who is improved but quite unequal to the journey."

"Thank God," said Marfa, "that I didn't push papa down to China to die, after all."

Luna looked at her and said with deliberation: "The darling. I'm glad he's safely out of all that."

Marfa merely obliviously exclaimed: "How awfully nice that Marcus Bartholomew is coming too!"

Going down-stairs in the dusk of the cool September night, Marfa heard a fire crackling in the dining-room, and she went to it. The fire was in the first rush of its burning, the table was partly laid for dinner, the room was empty. She sat before the fire and looked about, taking account of the familiar room, its familiarity a factor in the sudden attacking strangeness of its aspect. This was the dining-room. She stared about at it and found herself thinking: "It will be like this for fifty years. Will nothing change for me, either?"

Erralee came in with dishes—a sombre figure, negative in color, in clothes, in expression, the light catching the amber glass plates in her hand. It occurred to Marfa that neither now nor when she had seen her earlier in the day had Erralee had for her any smile of greeting, any softening of that even glaze of countenance.

"Erralee," Marfa said almost sharply, "how is Effie?"

The glaze cracked as if it had been struck from within. Erralee began to rock her body.

"Effie she try kill herself las' Sunday night," she said, rolling her head, her eyes closed, her arms wrapped round each other.

"What do you mean?" Marfa asked angrily.

"Yas'm. She take a powdah, but it didn't work—not yet it didn't. She's in the hospital in the city . . . yas'm."

"Why did she . . ."

"She couldn't get in no school—no'm, not even with mah fif' dollars. So she went to work in a laundry, an' the man that she work for—I don' rightly know, but she took the powdah. . . . Oh, mah Gawd, I'se burnt up the gravy. . . ."

Marfa sat still. At least she was not responsible for this. For Effie, whose life she had refused to interfere with, and expressly, lest she should cause harm to her too. She had had nothing to do with Effie's being in that laundry, she had not affected Effie in any way, she had withdrawn from all connection with Effie. Abruptly, in some great gust of terrible humor, the raw meaning of this opened to her. By her refusal to touch at Effie's life, she had not the less conditioned life for Effie. She wrapped her arms round her body as Erralee's had been wrapped, her body rocking as Erralee's had rocked. She said to herself that the whole world could not be responsible for the whole world. She said to herself that it was folly to blame herself for this—or for Mona. And in the flames she saw Marcus Bartholomew's face, laughing and saying: "No, there's no kick in that—nothing clean-cut and terrible, like murder. Nothing but compassion for the mess."

When Luna came home, Marfa met her in the passage, and said: "Luna. I wouldn't send Erralee's niece to school—wouldn't touch her life—I didn't dare. And now she's tried to kill herself . . . and I've done that."

Luna said: "That poor, poor child! I'll take Erralee and go to her. . . ."

Abruptly, in the dusk of the passage, Marfa saw her own body standing, crying out that it was to blame, and felt herself helpless somewhere inside that body. And she saw Luna's body, standing so quiet and so poised, while Luna thought of what was to be done for the girl. And Marfa cried out loudly:

"But *I* am just as able to think of myself nobly as you are! *I'll* go too and see what can be done for her!"

Coming down the stairs, Mrs. Manchester extended her spectacled face over the balustrade and said: "What you two found to get so interested in?"

The three came home together toward dawn—Marfa, Luna, Erralee. They had gone to the city, found the girl in her hospital, heard that she would recover, arranged that she should come to them on her discharge, and had returned on an express, rushing between a shower of sparks and a shower of stars.

At the Old Town station Luna said, "Let's go across to Ketchum's ridge," and they had sent Erralee home, dumb, the whites of her eyes trying to thank them.

The two stood on an elevation above the tracks, looking over river marshes to the indifferent changes in the east. Some rails cut the marshes; the steel caught the light in straight ribbons; some pools shook out the light into flat rosettes. Marfa said: "Luna, when we stood there by that girl's cot, you seemed to give her strength. She looked at you. And the woman in the next cot, that one bandaged to her eyes, her eyes followed you. If they looked toward me, they looked away, back toward you. You have something." Luna said: "It's nothing. I'm used to sick people—inside me, I mean." And Marfa cried: "Inside you! That's it. But inside me I must be like Maude Brand. Malignant!" Luna said, "That's morbid," and moved away, so that she could stand alone, looking over the marshes.

Marfa would not let her be. She called to her: "Luna! We had the same parents. You were born four years before I was. Had something happened to our parents in those four years?"

Luna turned to her the dark eyes, above their mats of shadow, and hollowed by her sleeplessness. "Don't put anything more on them," she said.

Marfa cried: "You see! Your spirit toward people is good—it's good. Perhaps it doesn't matter whether your head thinks straight or not."

Luna came toward her and said curiously: "Yesterday you spoke to me of Lawrence Brand, as if he—as if you—And then you talked about his sister and forgot him. Are you . . . do you . . ."

There was something about the nakedness of dawn, the nakedness of

(Continued on page 626 of this number.)

"Scarlet Journalism"

BY SILAS BENT

The value of illicit love to the newspapers is tremendous. The Beecher-Tilton scandal in the last century turned the tide and now the ballyhoo of lechery is at its highest, declares this able and experienced critic of the press, yet the papers refuse to print scientific facts about sex.

In Kansas City, some twenty years ago, Doctor B. Clark Hyde was accused of a series of murders. The theory of the prosecution was that he had undertaken to kill several heirs to the Swope fortune in order that his wife, who was one of them, might inherit a greater share under the terms of the will. Strictly scientific the murders were. The testimony at the first trial, which I reported, showed that Doctor Hyde infected with typhoid germs a water-cooler in the millionaire's household and then, in his capacity as family physician, caused to be administered to his patients capsules containing strychnine mixed with cyanide of potassium. Trained nurses gave the fatal dose innocently, because the capsules precisely resembled a medicine Doctor Hyde was prescribing for typhoid. There was, from a murderer's standpoint, this added advantage: That strychnine and cyanide cause different sorts of convulsions, so that neighborhood physicians summoned hastily when the death-throes began were quite bewildered by the symptoms.

In the first trial Doctor Hyde was sentenced to death, but he finally went free. My newspaper experience even then embraced a variety of murder mysteries, but this seemed to me more fascinating than any other I had encountered. My judgment, I was to find, was narrow-gauged. On my return to the office of the St. Louis newspaper for which I reported the trial the publisher said to me: "It was a good story, but not a great story. It lacked the supremely important selling factor—illicit love."

Until then I had not paused to reflect on the value of illicit love from the newspaper standpoint. Afterward I came to understand that, lacking this element, the Hyde-Swope case could not have got such generous space in the press had it not been for the mystery involved, the size of the estate, and the cold-blooded skill with which the killings were planned. Compared to a triangular complication, these were minor elements; and in recent years I have marvelled at the eight-column pages given to stories which, lacking all these, possessed at least the value of illicit love. Conspicuous among them, of course, was the Snyder-Gray case.

In this a corset salesman and his paramour clumsily did the woman's husband to death. There was never any mystery about it, the insurance involved certainly was not staggering, and the principals were of no social distinction. There is a snobbery among newspaper editors which sets great store on the "élite" factor: this it was that caused the nauseating daily splurge for months when the scion of an old and aristocratic family married a quadroon; if the young man had been a nobody, the nuptials would hardly have been noticed. But in the Snyder-Gray case the press was hard put to it to explain away the employment of "trained seals" by the score (including Will Durant, David Belasco, and Peggy Joyce), in addition to assigning to the case more skilled reporters than have ever been sent to a session of the League of Nations. Therefore news editors made a virtue of the status of the defendants. "The fact that the chief characters in the story were of the bourgeoisie," said the managing editor of the New York *Evening Post,* "was one of the important reasons why the case sold papers. It was understandable to more people." The city editor of *The World* chimed in: "Snyder-Gray was a great story because it was a great tragic drama . . . typifying and projecting as it were onto a screen the modern metropolitan psychology. It captivated the metropolitan reader with unparalleled strength, principally because every man saw a picture of himself in Henry Judd Gray and every woman a picture of herself in Ruth Brown Snyder." And the assistant editor of *The Herald Tribune* agreed that public interest arose from the fact that the man and woman were average, *normal* suburbanites!

A trade journal of the press, *Editor and Publisher,* gathered the symposium from which I have quoted; and although the periodical is sometimes outspoken in its criticism of journalistic methods, in this case it sought to justify the enormous inflation of a thoroughly sordid felony. In a column editorial under the title "A 'Good' Murder," it said that the crime presented "nearly all the popular points," and added: "Certain moralists are sure to high-hat this story and condemn the newspapers for printing it. But even they must read it and be thrilled. It is hot stuff, that's what it is. . . . A thousand sermons on the 'wages of sin' text would scarcely compare in value with the preachment that has run between the lines of this story."

That was the common newspaper defense, although one tabloid editor said bluntly that the story sold papers "because most newspaper readers are married, or hope to be; are committing adultery, or hope to." This cynical estimate of "reader interest" hardly accords with the theory that crime news acts as a social corrective and prophylactic. Let us turn from the editors, who think of news in terms of mass circulation, to Arthur Mefford, a reporter who helped cover the story. Said he:

"Never, in my opinion, was there another story in which so much bunk got into print; nor another story so badly faked. . . . Toward the last, except for a few of the older heads, the gang covering the courthouse and jail made no effort to verify the thousand and one rumors that sprang into existence out of thin air. Instead, they rushed to the telephone, hurried into print, and then had to deny it in the next edition. At the trial the same conditions prevailed. The whole affair was hippodromed."

Archbishop Whately, eminent alike as a logician, political economist, and theologian, once observed that to have a wrestling-match with a chimney-sweep was foolish; even if one were victorious one was befouled. Charles A. Dana and Horace Greeley, leaders in the journalism of an earlier day, apparently espoused that theory in evading wrestling-matches with merely salacious news. Dana barred from the old *Sun* such words as "seduction," "amour," "lust," and "adultery." "I won't have anything printed in *The Sun*," he declared, "that I would hesitate to read to my daughters at the breakfast-table." But Greeley, nevertheless, denounced all his competitors for their recklessness in "fanning the flames of hellish passions . . . for the sake of private gain," and called *The Sun* "a depraved and filthy sheet." As a fact all the New York papers, including Greeley's *Tribune,* and nearly all the provincial dailies, revelled in the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The Chicago *Tribune,* indeed, gave a greater coverage even than the New York papers, some of which printed special supplements in order to give full verbatim testimony. This happened in the middle seventies; and the case got more newspaper space, it has been asserted, than any other private event during the last century. The story marked the breaking of an old and decent tradition. Chester S. Lord, who was managing editor of *The Sun* from 1880 to 1913, said recently that the Beecher trial "created more public excitement" than any other he could recall, and that it "turned the tide." Since then, he added, "with increasing laxity, we have reached present-day conditions of plain language and verbatim testimony and unblushing description of the details of crime."

The increasing laxity of which Mr. Lord speaks goes farther than he indicates. During the half-century which elapsed between the Beecher-Tilton scandal and the Snyder-Gray murder scandal the American daily press became less and less discriminate in its exploitation of smut and lubricity. The divorce action of a rich banker and his wife ran like a sewer for years through its columns, and apparently no charge was too foul for publication; but these at least were persons whose wealth gave them a certain social consequence, entailing certain social responsibilities. The Snyder-Gray case, which covered a greater acreage of pulpwood than any of its predecessors, marked an evil eminence in the ballyhoo of lechery.

Not only as collectors of filth from the divorce courts, and as exhibitors of sex in crime, do the newspapers act as channels of suggestion. I pick up my daily as this is being written and note a half-column Associated Press story cabled from London, dealing with the costume Miss Helen Wills wore during an international tennis-match. Her ample skirt and middy blouse with quarter-sleeves moved the correspondent to assert that she was "fully two years behind the tennis-court fashions," and to quote Lady Crossfield as saying that within a decade the feminine players would dress like bathing beauties. (This is printed as though it were news, not a fashion article.) The despatch continues:

"The hard-hitting girls of to-day want the sheerest silken garments, dainty and diaphanous and they want no more of them than the law demands. Some of the Wimbledon stars appear on the courts in silken sweaters and jumpers of delicate hue. As the hard-fought matches progress they peel off one after another until it seems that the garments they have left could be numbered on one hand with two or three fingers idle."

Cable tolls are paid on such stuff, not because it has any element of news in it, but because it is titillating. When John S. Sumner raids a theatre or a book-shop or a picture-gallery he can be sure of newspaper co-operation, thus expanding the market for whatever it may be that Comstockery regards as unseemly. Under pretense of giving instruction in physical culture some newspapers print pictures of half-clad chorus girls; others conduct prize contests for beautiful women and shapely legs, display "art studies," and devote columns to the mistresses of night clubs. The process runs not only through the news columns but through features and fiction, as well as through rotogravure sections, sprinkled with pictures of undraped actresses and females in bathing-suits.

Doctor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, has made a discouraging study of Benjamin Franklin's paper and the papers of modern New York. He found that literature, music, art, and the stage took a fraction more than twenty-eight per cent of the space in Franklin's Philadelphia journal, whereas misconduct and crime occupied less than five per cent. In the present-day New York newspapers he finds that literature, music, art, and the stage occupy a fraction less than four per cent, while more than one-fourth is devoted to fashions, athletics, and sports, a fraction less than four per cent to misconduct and crime, less than one per cent to religion, and four-tenths of one per cent to education. Such surveys as these are not entirely satisfactory, because different persons apply different standards and categories, besides differing in their assignment of stories; how, for example, would the story about tennis costumes have been classified? It is more satisfactory, perhaps, for the individual reader to scrutinize his favorite paper on his own account, and determine what stories and pictures he regards as demoralizing, suggestive, cheapening, or debasing.

"A scarlet journalism," says the assistant managing editor of *The World,* "is coming into being and has already gone beyond the excesses of the yellow journalism of a generation ago." Meanwhile another editor of the same newspaper decries "a growing menace of puritanism in news." We shall see presently that, viewed in a certain light, the two men are not far apart. The second of them declares that he is not so much concerned about the tabloid picture papers (although one of them is sometimes called the *Pornographic)* as about the tendency of the whole press, including "the so-called decent papers," to create popular demigods—"pagan demigods" I myself have called them more than once. "Why," he asks, "did nobody publish the story of the history of the Lindbergh family? Because we think it would be bad for people to know that the domestic situation there was not as beautiful and harmonious as it ought to be, as the background for the immaculate young man whose high moral qualities rather than his engine enabled him to make the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris."

Observe, please, the use of the words "immaculate" and "moral." Colonel Lindbergh, a brave, modest, and prepossessing young man, has been exploited by the newspapers at the other end of the scale from their exploitation of Valentino.

Colonel Lindbergh's adventures have been a gold-mine for the daily press, but in Kansas City at least the newspapers got even richer pickings, so they reported, from the Hickman case. William Edward Hickman, a Kansas City youth, abducted, murdered, and mutilated a twelve-year-old Los Angeles girl, and delivered the torso to the father for a ransom of $1,500, paid on the assumption that the child was still alive. In the Missouri city, where the youth's parents were living, the story sold hundreds of thousands of additional papers.

So far as I know the only newspaper which handled the Hickman case courageously, conscientiously, and constructively was the Brooklyn *Eagle*. *The Eagle* is distinctly a "home" paper, of large circulation and great influence, published in a borough of churches and homes. It did not deal with the horrifying details of the Hickman story, but with its social implications, and gave the facts about the prevalence in New York City of such psychopathic cases. Let me quote some passages from one of its stories, written by Thomas S. Rice:

"Hickman is of the type of potential killer which is far more wide-spread than is generally supposed. At present practically no penal or legal jurisdiction in this country has the proper equipment in men and facilities for weeding out such killers when they run afoul of the law in their early stages, or for confining them for life, or for long and indefinite periods, when they are recognized.

"American papers pursue the ostrich-like policy of ignoring the danger to the community that lies in depraved offenders, and for fear of accusations of being sensational or filthy, refrain from warning the public by publishing at least the outlines of many cases which have been aired in the police courts or higher courts. Such prudery leads to a distinct disservice, in this writer's opinion, and the sooner the press and sociologists appreciate the fact, the more children will be saved from debauchery or murder, or both."

There followed a painstaking and shocking catalogue of the police and court records in New York City of men recently guilty of offenses against children; many of the offenders had been paroled. The newspaper did not set down the cases of disreputable women, but the cases of persons known to be of psychopathically unnatural habits. It was noted that the penal and reformatory institutions of the city were not provided with psychiatrists assigned to weed out the definitely abnormal and dangerous persons, for treatment in other institutions. Indeed, there are no other institutions, owing to public ignorance of the need for them, to which such patients could be sent.

"When the public," wrote Mr. Rice, who is a member of the New York Crime Commission as well as a reporter, "is properly aroused by publication of the actual, uncolored news of certain crimes, taxpayers may be expected to provide the money for a systematic reduction of the menace."

How many newspapers picked up the gauntlet thus thrown down by a sturdy contemporary? Mr. Rice tells me of two: a Long Island daily, which he does not name, and the Michigan City, Ind., *Evening News*. The latter has a circulation of 5,201. The big-city papers, which set the pace in the trumpeting of sex, ignored his pioneer work, and so the public is about as much in ignorance as before of the danger confronting its children. The press could not even enter a plea of confession and avoidance to his charge that they were doing their readers "a distinct disservice." Quite the contrary! I note that the newspapers of this country got from the last Congress postal reductions amounting to an annual cash subsidy, out of the taxpayers' pockets, of $6,600,000; and that this "is due," according to Louis Wiley, business manager of the New York *Times,* "very largely to the recognition by the President and Congress of the public service rendered by the press." On the record I should say that the Brooklyn *Eagle* and its two followers are entitled to their share of the subsidy, but that other newspapers might have some explaining to do. Is it possible that Congress has been negligent about the exact character of newspaper "service"?

The Eagle is almost unique in its scientific approach to news involving sex. Doctor Edwin E. Slosson, head of Science Service, caused a survey to be made of the uses to which the press puts scientific material issued by that agency. It was a good survey, because it covered forty papers in big cities and small towns daily for a period of two months. With that as a basis, Doctor Slosson declared:

"The conventional taboo on the free treatment of sex subjects in the press is supposed to have been removed, but this does not include science. A sex scandal will fill pages of even respectable papers with prurient detail, but it is impossible to get into print any item about the vitally important researches being made into the physiology and chemistry of sex, no matter how circumspectly and scientifically it may be worded. That is to say, sex problems are admitted to the press when they are indecently treated, but not when they are decently treated."

The only reply I have seen to this damaging indictment was that Science Service distributes features, and that "many editors think they are not responsible for the 'news,' but are responsible for feature material and editorial comment." Obviously, this is disingenuous. The same selective process can be exercised in every department of a newspaper, news and feature and editorial—even in the advertising pages. The truth is that newspaper editors think indecent sex material sells papers, while material treating sex from a detached, cool, and scientific standpoint does not sell papers, and tends to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

The venery, libertinism, and smut which the newspapers shovel cannot survive if newspaper readers have access to scientific analyses of sex behavior. About such an analysis there is the disinfectant quality of carbolic; it contains nothing obscene and nothing suggestive; but if the newspapers were to print it they would lose their market for triangular love-affairs, divorce-court indecencies, and sex crimes. The press prefers to deal with such news for revenue only. For financial reasons it has arrayed itself on the side of puritanism and obscurantism, as against science in the field of human conduct. It helps to maintain the taboo against intelligent and enlightened discussion of these matters. By indirection it applauds Cardinal Hayes in his pious pronouncement that "little children come trooping down from heaven." It fortifies public ignorance. It encourages the havoc of degeneracy, functional insanity, and dementia præcox.

I do not mean to say, of course, that publishers and editors are guilty of wilful depravity. It is sufficiently clear, I believe, that they have lost sight of their public obligation in a feverish competition for mass circulation, which fattens advertising revenues. For this they in part, in part newspaper advertisers, are to blame. A few journals, notably the Boston *Evening Transcript,* have taught the men who buy space the value of class as against mass. That the whole press has been too indolent or too greedy or too stupid thus to improve at one stroke the quality of its news, features, and paid announcements, as well as the standards of its readers, is to its deplorable discredit. So long as the present condition continues the newspapers will find that their actual and undeniable merits are obscured, in the public view, by their prurience. Until they mend their manners they will witness the deepening of a dislike and distrust already dangerously wide-spread.

* * *

One Hundred Per Cent

BY LEO V. JACKS

UNCLE HENRY flicked the reins over the black mare, and shifted his quid of Union Leader. "What'd you think of all the speechifyin' at the Crossin'?"

As any dutiful fifteen-year-old nephew would, I said it was good. The Crossing is a town of a thousand inhabitants, and, like many such towns, it takes its Fourth of July undiluted. When there is any Americanism to be dispensed, the Crossing always gulps a liberal dose.

This ideal rural festival had just terminated after a barbecue in the grove, many tubs of pink lemonade, firecrackers till hell wouldn't hold them, and of course some perspiring orators. Now it was sundown, and Uncle Henry and I were on our way home. The yeomen had milled around all day in the hot sun, red-faced, panting, and happy. They enjoyed everything.

The chief speaker was the Honorable J. O. Coughlin, our congressman, and if he didn't twist the British lion's tail, and pull all the feathers out of the Austrian eagle— He gave the French hell for not paying their war debt, and the crowd said he ought to know, for he was there in '18.

He talked at great length about the gallantry of our boys in the war, and he told a story of a very brave Y. secretary who had run out into no man's land, or some place, under the fire of eighty-four machine-guns and several regiments of the Bavarian Guard to rescue some wounded soldier. While this story was being related, I heard Uncle Henry swearing under his breath, and I thought maybe a mosquito had bitten him. Mr. Coughlin told none of his own brave deeds. I suppose he was too bashful.

As I studied him, I couldn't help thinking that he would be a dangerous man in a fight, for he was big and heavy, and he looked strong enough to put an awful push behind a bayonet. Then, too, he had an air of embattled virtue which indicated that when he was roused he could be terrible. It was a mighty good thing for our district that we had such a man to protect the public interests. And, yet, he had an ingratiating way; tall, with a fair, full face, and bright, trusting blue eyes, and a great hand-shake. He dressed very well.

A young boy is a natural-born hero-worshipper. You know how quickly he will construct a heroic character out of any big man he admires, and how badly he feels when he sees the feet of clay. I'll never forget the story of the Chicago White Sox trial, and the newsboy's wail, when Joe Jackson fled from the court-room with his hands over his face: "Say it ain't true, Joe, say it ain't true."

The mayor had introduced Coughlin as a veteran of many battles, who had gone into politics to purify them. I didn't see any medals on him, but he was probably modest and left them at home. The mayor said, anyway, that he had been in some desperate battles, so, like any youngster, I watched the big man with a good deal of admiration and not a little awe. I'd made up my mind that on our way home I'd quiz Uncle Henry about those battles.

Uncle Henry is thin-faced, and always clean-shaved. He has bright gray eyes and a retiring way. He is five feet nine, and he limps a little when he walks. He got a shrapnel bullet in his left foot at the Fond des Meszeires, and didn't go to the hospital.

So, you see, he is an alumnus of the A. E. F., and a clever one, too, and a skilled manipulator of the esteemed soixante-quinze. Now, as we jogged along, he hummed gently over the exploits of the mademoiselle from Bar-le-Duc, and the old farm-wagon rattled. Uncle Henry rolled his quid reflectively and ruminated for a moment. Then he spat accurately at a thirteen-striped gopher that darted out of the rut just in time to escape the encroaching wheels.

"Fourth of July speeches don't mean nothin', kid," he observed. "The politicians—and that goes for Coolidge and Coughlin, and 99 per cent of the men holding offices that they got by votes—they don't care a rap for the common people, or the soldiers either, spite of all they talk about battles, and brave boys, and all that."

"Well, if the politicians don't appreciate what the boys did in France, the people did," I said. "They've elected some of these fighting soldiers to good jobs. There's Mr. Coughlin——"

"Yeah? Well, if the people feel that way, they sure show their appreciation of the fighting man in strange ways.

"Now, I recall a fellow in our battery, and he was—but I'll tell you all about him.

"When our Brigade started up to the Marne in July, the dope had it that there would be a big battle. It came, too. Well, this fellow, a handsome blond with blue eyes and very fair hair, whom you can call Spicks or Sticks, or some such thing, was a cannoneer.

"In the middle of the last night, when we were getting close to the front, and we could hear the guns booming and see the red flashes on the sky-line, it began to rain cats and dogs, and what with all the mud and confusion, and the trampling, and the troops jammed up in the crossroads, and the black darkness, Sticks or Wicks lost his way, and went somewhere else. Damned if we didn't have to go into action without him.

"Our Brigade was in fighting at Fresnes, and Courmont, and the Croix Rouge Farm, and Chamery, and Dravegny, and old Death Valley, where we buried a lot of our good men, and so on, from July 30 to August 24. You'd think, now, wouldn't you, that a rabid patriot who was just yearning to kill him a few Germans would have found his way up to the front, and rejoined his regiment in the course of twenty-six consecutive days of hard fighting?

"But Sticks or Bicks couldn't find his way. By day the thunder of the guns could have guided him somewhat, and at night you could see the sky all lit up like the mouth of hell and fiery red for miles around Hangar Claudin, and Fismes, and Fismettes. But he didn't see or hear. From where we lost him it was only a ten-mile walk to Courmont, and many's the time we hiked thirty miles between sundown and sunrise, so the distance couldn't have bothered him much.

"But, anyway, on August 25 we were pulled out of the Aisne-Marne entertainment, and started elsewhere. And our boys went along feeling pretty chirrupy, because they had it that we were bound for a rest-camp. Soldiers are optimistic cusses. They still think a rest-camp means rest.

"Well, sir, second day on the road we ran right into Ticks or Spicks, and there were tears in his big blue eyes as he told First Lieutenant Finnegan, who happened to be our commanding officer because the captain had been killed by a shell, how hard he'd been hunting for us, and what a rocky time he'd had away from the battery, and, gee! couldn't he have something to eat? He was damn near starved.

"So the Looie rode back to the rolling-kitchen, and he said to the cooks: 'This poor son of something is in an awful fix. Can you give him a little snack?'

"They said they could, and they did.

"For the next three days Spicks or Hicks was one of the most diligent boys I ever laid my two eyes on, and he certainly made some of our prize duty-dodgers look like what they were. He chopped wood for the kitchen, and worked at this and that, and he begged Sergeant Nixon to give him back his old job on the 75.

"On August 27 came a God-awful hike. All day and no let-up. Top speed. Night fell. Some of our men began to get pretty leg-weary. The old horses groaned, and panted, and cursed in horse, and the colonel made every son get down and walk.

"The country we were passing through looked tough. Fields all shell-holes, and the houses in ruins. Besides, you don't go to rest-camps on twenty-four-hour forced marches. Finally, about three in the morning we began to see the old red flashes and hear the guns. We didn't know where we were, but we knew there was a hell of a battle going on, and that was the reason for all the hurry. We were slated for a nice juicy job, probably right in the front row.

"Then it rained. Ye gods, how it rained! But at last our column, blistered and tottering and groaning and cursing and starvation-hungry, pulled up under some trees in a meadow to take a final inventory before we stepped in where the water was deep.

"Then somebody discovered that Sticks was missing. Lost again. By God, that boy had tough luck! He always got lost when there was a battle in the offing.

"The great Oise-Aisne drive is all history now. We had a wild time in company with the First Moroccan Division. They're the greatest soldiers in the world. I take off my hat to those North Africans.

"Our division lost a lot of men, but

we took all our objectives, and buried our dead, and, finally, our brigade came out on the 6th of September, after about nine days of real big league battling.

"We were marching down the old sunshiny road toward the Forest of Retz when here came Sticks. Lord! he was a sorry-looking mess, but he was sorrier when Lieutenant Finnegan clapped eyes on him. 'Jesus-God!' Finnegan roared. 'Donner und Blitzen! Sacre nom du chien! Git me a pair of handcuffs quick!'

"And if he didn't grab that Sticks in a hurry, I hope to spit in your mess-kit.

"Believe it or not, Sticks had had a lot of hard luck. Practically all the hard luck in the A. E. F. There were tears in his eyes while he told about it, and Finnegan couldn't make him shut his mouth. And, believe me, he begged hard, and argued.

"For a while nobody really believed that he got lost the second time, but if you keep at a story long enough you can make some people swallow it. And, of course, we didn't have any handcuffs. What'd you do with handcuffs in a regiment of field artillery?

"So Finnegan had to let him go. But the officers were disgusted, and some of the enlisted men that'd had their friends or relatives killed said Spicks should be made an example of, and they talked about court-martial.

"You'd think, maybe, with all that hanging over his head, Picks would have deserted in dead earnest. But he didn't. He wore his air of injured virtue day and night. He was humbler than ever, and more diligent. He cut wood, and he didn't have to be told. He worked hard for the cooks, and he stuck to the battery like a leech. And all the time he protested innocence, and swore his disappearance had been an accident pure and simple. He may have been pure, but he was not so simple.

"We went to a damn rest-camp in the Haute-Marne, where we did everything but rest, and before there was time for a court-martial, before there was time for anything but one or two good drunks, the whole brigade was hustled away to Verdun. The underground telegraph said that all the battles fought up to date would shrink into nursery rhymes alongside what was coming. So we tightened our harness, and oiled the guns, and ate everything we could get. We never let the war interfere with our appetites. And every night we went legging it in thirty-mile hikes up through the Bar-le-Duc country, past Eurville-Bienville, and on to Esnes.

"It rained every night, and lots of the boys fell down by the road just plumb paralyzed, and every morning our column was thinner than the day before. And all day long the cripples would come staggering into camp, and the cooks fed them, and helped them along. We had good cooks.

"On the morning of September 23 we limped into the Bois de Brocourt. The rain stopped, and at six o'clock the sun shone. Lord! that was a beautiful morning. Some birds were singing, and the grass and leaves were sprinkled with rain-drops shining in the light. There were little sunny meadows all around. Lieutenant Finnegan said that when breakfast was over, and the horses fed and groomed and watered, we could sleep all day.

"When we lined up for mess, there was no Sticks at the kitchen. The head cook, Jones, said that Sticks was with them some time during the night, and then again, all of a sudden, he wasn't there. Just like that.

"Lieutenant Finnegan never said a word, but his face got as hard as a steel trap, and I figured it'd be the firing-squad for Sticks if we ever caught him again. So we went on blithely, and from September 26 to November 11 the Meuse-Argonne drive was on, forty-seven days of continuous battling in a country that'd make the Dismal Swamp look like a public playground.

"And our regiment fought in most of that fight, because we saw thirty-nine consecutive days of the fun. When they brought us out at last we could just totter, and that was all. Clothes in rags, equipment busted, guns blown up. Seventy-five per cent of the old horses were dead, 72 per cent of the men killed, wounded, or gassed.

"Nobody laughed, or joked, or talked. They just walked along, glassy-eyed. When it was time to rest, they rested, and when the guides said 'Go,' they got up passively, and went. Thirty-nine days in the Meuse-Argonne without a break. Ask anybody that was there.

"After a week or two we'd hobbled down into the neighborhood of Neuville-sur-Orne, and damned if we didn't walk right on to Private Sticks. And, believe it or not, he got lost on that hike to Verdun. He smiled a wan smile when they took him to the guardhouse. He said it was tough treatment for a poor boy who was trying to do his duty, and had had misfortunes. But the M. P. snapped him off, and said that the Y. was also doing its duty, and having misfortunes.

"Our regiment wasn't really a hard-hearted crowd, and nobody hated Sticks, though they all despised him. But you'd think we were a lot of Pontius Pilates from the way he behaved toward us. He got six months in the brig, and the guards cuffed him around a lot, but he was damned lucky he didn't get shot.

"When we finally came back to America, old Finnegan said: 'Turn the blankety-blank son of a skunk loose, and let him go.' So Sticks chirked up immediately. I heard he worked 'em for an honorable discharge."

The plodding team was beginning to descend into the old hollow around grandfather's farm, and we could hear the crows cawing in the woods, and some squirrels barking in the great cottonwoods overhead.

"Gee," I said, "that fellow was a dirty yellow coward, and I wouldn't trust him with anything. What made you think of him, Uncle Henry?"

"Oh, I *saw* him—at the Crossin'."

"You did?" I cried. "Who is he?"

Uncle Henry got rid of his quid of Union Leader, and flicked the reins sharply over the black mare before he answered: "Why, our honorable congressman, J. O. Coughlin."

* * *

From Prize-Ring to Professor

BY H. W. WHICKER

A personal record of one who has known the heights and depths of life. His answer to the question, Does college pay? is interesting.

My college career will end in June—like a theatre pass which automatically expires on a specified date. It began in 1915 on the campus of a Middle West university. It extends, in all, over a period of eight years, not including the twenty-one months I spent in the United States navy during the World War, a like period in the prize-wrestling ring, and an occasional attempt at teaching in the public schools. During those years I have been an athlete, an instructor of college English and journalism, head coach of a major branch of college athletics, and finally a graduate student.

When I first entered college I was thirteen years younger, and a skilled carpenter capable of earning good money in that field. Next June, if nothing happens, I shall be the possessor of two academic degrees, but I shall also be entirely unfitted for any professional connection with the world—barring, of course, that final refuge for the much-studied and little-learned, the public schools. And in this field, considering salaries paid, and the deplorable machinelike quantity-production tendencies of mass education which have finally made half respectable the ignoble business of sheep-herding, there are few opportunities for a professional career. I have before me, as I write, many application-blanks from high-school systems in various sections of America. Though it was not printed so, one condition stands out in bold type: *Candidates past forty-five years of age need not apply*. Eight years of preparation—ten years of future! Old men and women are no more wanted in the teaching profession than very young children in modern apartments. But it should be so; the regulation is an excellent one. Youth should not have its instruction from old age, or even middle age, for, at best, it is niggardly, suspicious, prudent to overcaution, and its animal heat is on the decline. Health, enthusiasm, idealism, and animal heat are prime requisites in any teacher of youth. The colt leaps on the treadmill; the aging gelding plods. Both come to the same end, but there is inspiration in the antics of the one.

And yet, in my case, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the view that college pays. I will grant, at the same time, that it is fast degenerating into an intellectual slaughter-house: run 'em up a chute; each menial have a blow at 'em as they pass; get 'em through; stamp 'em with a B.A. degree, and ship 'em out into the world to be devoured. But this is not so much college as it is life; and occasionally there is a break in the monotony when a pig escapes from the chute!

One September morning of 1915 I was for the first time upon a university campus. I wanted to do something, but

I did not know what I wanted to do. This was quite natural: few people know what they want to do, whatever their profession. If the yoke is on their necks and they submit like oxen, this cannot pass for intelligent foresight with any one but a banker. None of my professors knew what they wanted to do. The presidency was not the star to which Lincoln hitched his cart in his youth! If I do not yet know what I want to do, I may again offer myself the consolation that this is also life.

And in my ignorance the university misdirected me. But here again, in this labyrinth of life, all direction is at best misdirection, and this which I received was at least sincere. The fault cannot be chalked against the university, but against one whose nature permitted him to be misled. The ass is a product of birth, not circumstances.

I heard the chimes peal forth the university anthem, and that day, of all days of my life, I wanted to do something. As this sentiment struggled for an expression my young soul could not give it, I fixed my aim on a broad target much spotted by bad shooting—I would do something for my school! This catch-phrase was wagged with religious fervor by every tongue. It was a patriotism I could never at that time have questioned. "To my country," cried old Stephen Decatur, lifting his glass, "may she ever be in the right—but to my country, right or wrong!" It was a beautiful sentiment; and to be loyal to a cause, good or bad, is indeed something. No schoolboy, however, in a day when school history laid the foundation for all war propaganda, could take exception to the view that a man should fight for his country when she was in the wrong. In the militant little intellectual world of that morning it was dinned into my ears that I must give my all to the old school—to the team; but it never occurred to me that the school—or the team—were by the divine ordering of things to do anything for me. No freshman of that day or this was ever capable of such a heresy. To my college—my all, but to my college nevertheless! There in my heart it burned, a strange, thrilling sentiment not differing in the least from patriotism. A tradition, they called it—a tradition honored and never to be questioned—an axiomatic and prescribed principle of human conduct—that man, in this strange, straitened world, should give his all for his college—something which consisted, I was soon to learn, in cheering vociferously at every mention of the team.

Thus was I misdirected. I thought I was interested in art, but I knew nothing of art; nor did my friends. We were fine young fellows swaggering under our beer and infallibly diagnosing the shortcomings of the eternal female. Our interests were animal interests; we knew more of the body than of the soul. Consequently we glorified the body. What little recognition I had in college, back in those days, came not from my efforts in the abstract and lovely, but from physical achievements. To make the team was the most important thing in the world! And why not? No man of twenty or twenty-five is as yet a rational being if he is healthy. I am of the mind that the worst sin committed by modern college administration is in its policy of treating him as a man ten years before he is a man. Nature must so busy herself with bringing his animal body to its perfection and prime that she can permit him no chance to be a man until this has been accomplished. His soul is only in the bud when he is thirty; action, before this time, is his life. It was mine.

Logically, football is the worst of folly; so is every other sport, and the traditions built around it are none the less foolish. It is not improbable that from five to fifteen years are sacrificed by the athlete on the altar of victory for his place in line or backfield. Yet he is striving; he is generously sacrificing; he is loyal to a cause, and in the interests of this cause he is lavishly exercising his faculties. To compete with other men and win, for it is ever our nature to prey upon our kind, is something achieved; and to have won is worth all the years it costs after the half-century mark. It may be at best but child's play, but child's play, in its perspective, is every whit as much of worth as the fierce, menacing gestures of doddering old age in its little mills, its little sweatshops, and its little counting-houses. Life is a child's task from beginning to end. If, then, ten or twenty years of my life have gone into something on the surface so trivial, it at least has the advantage of subtracting these years from the period of my decline; it will at least prevent me from living overlong beyond my time, as is the case with many a hoary old sinner who, fearing to die, bestirs himself with ways and means of living long and badly. Gold is better bright from the prodigal's hand than tarnished in the miser's claw; and so with youth and health. In the end it will all be gone, at any rate; its worth is not in being jugged away until it sours, but in the sparkle with which it is for a brief moment port.

Before many months passed I made an ass of myself in college. I had it in me. I dabbled a bit here and a bit there, scratching out with indifference an occasional kernel of English, a few more of art, none at all from history, and even less from mathematics. In but one thing did I throw myself, and that, competitive games. I may never amount to anything, as the saying is to-day; in fact, I'm quite sure I won't. Yet, unlike the myriads who amount to nothing, and they are all who live and breathe, I can at least look back and say that there were years in which I lived cleanly, vigorously, fumbling the ball occasionally, and again making yardage for a cause.

I knew nothing when I left college to join the navy at the declaration of war with Germany. But for that matter no one knows anything, or ever will. I was in a goodly company. My body was still asserting itself. I could see nothing heroic in a man past the prime of his life, with the hoar frost of age around his ears, and given to philosophical commonplaces because his body had begun to wither in its autumn and creak in its joints. It was all a great experience, these twenty-one months which followed, but I cannot dwell upon them here. Their importance rests in the fact that I was again allied with a cause—a bigger cause.

In December of 1918 I was honorably discharged from the service at Bremerton, and, through some mystery of lost records, without the month or two of pay due me from the government. It was not long before I found myself penniless on the streets of Seattle. Democracy is a fickle mistress at best, and smiles only when she is in dire straits; prosperous now, and her chin up, she regarded her saviours as a serious form of the plague. Like any ex-service man hitching up his belt with hunger, it was necessary for me to live in whatever way I could. An adjustment to new and strange circumstances was imperative. In college I had mastered the rudiments of wrestling; my education in this field had continued in the navy. Consequently I turned to the wrestling-ring.

For the first time in my life I was without a cause; for pleasing the public, in whatever form, is not a cause—it is a vice, and none the less so that it comes from the prize-ring. I drifted for eighteen months: from the lumber-camps of Washington to the wheat towns of the Nez Percé prairie in Idaho; from the mining-camps of Montana to the cattle towns of Wyoming. It was a sorry existence at best, leaving me a misshapen nose, a cauliflower ear, and other facial deformities which skilled surgery was later to remove at a cost greater than I could afford.

In this, as in other things, I was temperamentally unfitted for an adjustment to circumstances; I had a supreme contempt for the mobs who alternately demanded either mine or my opponent's life and limbs; their adulation was worse even than their contempt. Ideals, which had somehow survived the rigors of the past few years, loomed across my path like the Great Wall of China. I did not realize, as I now do, that pleasing the crowd at whatever cost is the highest duty of a public servant, whether in the ring or the executive's chair. Neither did I know at that time that the actor's art is, and has ever been, a higher form of art than that of Hercules.

The promoters, I soon found, are compelled to study the likes and dislikes of their public in the same spirit as a writer of best-sellers or a publisher of newspapers. The promoter is far less brutal, and vastly more humane, than the crowd. He cannot afford to have his men injured, nor can they afford to be hurt. His ballyhoo of personal animosity, his traditions of annihilation summed up in such grotesque sobriquets as "The Manassa Mauler," "The Kansas City Butcher," "Strangler Ludke," and the various "Turrible Turks," are all for the entertainment of the public. These glowering giants, who in public are agents of death and destruction, are, after all, in private life, quite human, and in some cases the best of friends. On the stage they act their parts as faithfully as Barrymore the characters of Hamlet or Beau Brummel. Any stage must have its heroes and villains, even the ring. What goes on behind the scenes matters not. It is enough that they are, in their way, artists. If Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, and Strangler Lewis play their parts and play them well, this is all to their credit, and the public sees that in life which it can appreciate. For my part, I could not become a partner to the farce, nor could I endure the disillusionment concerning an institution which had so long summed up and totalled my fondest childhood ideals.

I was sick at heart and empty of purse when I received an offer to coach wrestling in a State institution belonging to the Pacific Coast Conference. What a change! The clouds were gone from my horizon as if by magic. The young men contending for places on the team were as I had been years before: the red blood of health was coursing through their veins; the restless eagerness of young manhood was in their movement; and they wanted to do something for their school, as I had once wanted to do something for mine. It was a revival of the ancient crusading spirit which sent knights a-galloping and a-spearing for their ladies. These young gentlemen were convinced that they were doing both themselves and the world a great service, and so they were. They fought for me; they honored and respected me far beyond my deserts. And to be even a little honored, even a little respected, by one's fellows is not by any means the least of life's wealth. This is one of the many things I must throw on the scales in favor of the balance that college, in my case, has paid.

It was during this first year that I renewed my correspondence with a professor who had taken a strange, fatherly interest in me years before on the university campus. I am by no means the only wayward son who has been the object of his affection; in fact, he had, and always will have, an impulsive love for any lad with enough spirit to make a fool of himself in the eyes of the world. Many a tender plant has he sheltered from the frost; and his interest in me makes me one of a brotherhood in bonds stronger than those of blood. I shall always regret that I was never able, during those days, to plumb the depths of his great soul. Had he been as physically imposing as my wrestling-coach or football mentor, it would have been different. His spirit was a part of all that is lovely and beautiful in human living; and, though he called it to my attention in divers ways, it made no more impression than an unassuming seed planted in the moist earth, and pregnant with a flower which has yet to bud and bloom. I thought the bronze bust of Dante a likeness of some fierce Sioux chieftain one day in his office, and it amused him more than I can tell. I tolerated him, I confess, because he was good to me beyond words, busying himself about me and looking after me like a father-confessor. His letters had followed me through the navy days; and in one instance, at Ellis Island, when what little I had was stolen, he mailed me a check I could not cash because my spirit had at last fallen under the spell of something nobler than material. I read his letter on my bunk that day through a mist of tears.

The coming of his letters again, now that I was out of the ring and could read them with an honest face, was like a gentle rain from heaven on a plant that is withering in the drought. My soul seemed to warm with a fire divine; beneath the strange surface-currents of life I began, for the first time, to discover the little cross-currents which belong to the soul. Under the influence of his letters I turned again to my neglected studies. By the end of my first year as coach I had completed the requirements for my B.A. degree with honors. For this I was given an academic instructorship in the institution.

The following year found me busy with my composition classes as well as with my athletic squads. I saw life in college, that year, from a new perspective. And from this perspective college students are a queer lot. They wear dirty cords, I know; but they wear them as the monk his cloth. They do queer things and make queer noises—but in the spirit of a crusader waging war on the infidel Turk. Their worst fault, I earnestly believe, is their overseriousness. Humor is not in them. Their ideals will not allow it, for their spirits are heavy under set standards of what life ought to be. They have no patience with the world as it is; they will have none of it, tempesting themselves rather to create one of their own. Their zeal in making the world better is that of a fanatic; hence their allegiance to any cause however foolish. It is only in their lighter moments, and these are far too few, that I have ever seen frivolity. On the football-field, in their dingy rooms where, among stolen traffic-signs and barber-posts, their heads are drooping over dry philosophical matter, in their bull-fests, everywhere, they are overserious, overready to reform something, join something, express themselves as something. Few of us are privileged, during this life, to know youth at its best; and to know it thus is to live in an atmosphere that is fresh and pure for the growth of the soul. Eight years on a campus is too small a price for such a return!

Then came graduate study. My professor of Chaucer was a fine, human little man come to life from an Old English print. And a scholar with true philosophic depth! Through him I came to know Chaucer; and through Chaucer, Boethius; and through Boethius, Plato; then Socrates, Aristotle, and that goodly company of old Greeks who gathered in the symposia of that day. It was the same in Shakespeare; I had contact here with a truly learned mind in the person of a most precise and methodical professor, who delighted in booting me headlong into the pool of scholarly excellence and holding me under until I was half drowned. Their influence upon me was that of my first professor, whose letters still come to me from the university. These men have at least given me a glimpse of life's lovelier and more beautiful things. They have given me a wealth not to be had from the United States mint. If I cannot carry it away and purchase happiness in life with it, this is not their fault.

Through these contacts I have learned, I fear, that Santa Claus is very much of a myth; that God does not wear whiskers, take shorthand notes, and drag after him an incinerator, and save exclusively the souls of Methodists and the chamber of commerce. The instruction I have had in a crowd has taught me a way of escape from The Crowd. If I am a moth tumbling back with my wings singed, I yet have the consolation of having been on my star. If, after these years, I find my level in the depths, when I had hoped to discover it on the heights, I have at least had an instant with the gods. College, then, has indeed paid.

* * *

Deportment

By Barbara Madison Tunnell

That deftly now I do comport myself
In the curt, casual mode you see is true.
To certain rubbish on an attic shelf,
Beside a faded hat and tarnished shoe,
I've summoned the concern of moth and mouse
And mildew. With a lofty, languid grace
I sit and sew and keep my pretty house
And nonchalantly tend my garden space,
No longer eager, raptured, or distrait.
The rose may take her lazy time to flower;
I shall not mutter at slow Spring's delay;
I count no minutes, mark no day, no hour;

But if I go stiff-lipped through lilac season,
Ransack a dusty shelf to find the reason.

Heroes Then and Now

BY FREDERICK PALMER

The reputations of the great military leaders of the World War viewed through the perspective of ten years by Frederick Palmer, who saw them all close at hand when their reputations were in the making: Kitchener, Haig, Foch, Joffre, Pershing, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and others.

THEY pass by in the light of ten years' perspective, the famous World War military leaders whom I saw close at hand when their reputations were in the making.

Some have grown with time; some have contracted; some have become shadows of tarnished tinsel. Each must be judged by the conditions which tried his soul in major crises, whether he was in the saddle receiving the cheers when victory came or spending himself in preparing the way for victory.

Lord Kitchener has grown. No man seems to have been so nearly indispensable to Britain. No one else could have been equal to the task performed by the empire's soldier pro-consul and bulldog warrior in the early stages of the war.

His overawing prestige alone was invaluable in winning public support for full authority in army preparation. He had vision in the midst of the blind and the short-sighted; he had the right measure of the power of the German military machine; a clear plan in the midst of confusion for the long struggle which he foresaw when "Business as usual!" was the cry in the streets, where it was considered almost treasonable in August, 1914, to think that the enemy would not be beaten in a few months.

I see him with his front of Jove in face of the bad news from Flanders which substituted gloom for optimism in the streets, and there in York House in prodigious labor far into the night in his lonely one-man power in what must be a one-man job. He knew how little they knew out in the streets which were sending him the raw recruits and untrained youth which he must form into an army and officers not for war on native races or bands of Boer riflemen, but against the inheritance and training of great armies in continental warfare.

He knew, and knew that he knew; and stuck to that thesis. His hand was on everything. In spite of his defects the sum of his arbitrary qualities was the need of the hour. He was the bridge between muddling and organization and preparedness and unpreparedness.

He had worked himself out before his tragic end. But the foundations were laid. It was time for younger and fresher men to carry on the building. He had survived his usefulness—but what a great usefulness by what an indomitable character!

Sir John French fades even as the glory of his "Contemptibles" waxes into one of Britain's most heroic legends. The dashing cavalryman of South Africa was a chip on the wave of the grudging retreat of his men before a power whose complicated tactics were not in the lexicon of his training. His place was not in that major-league arena.

Kitchener was kind to his old comrade in arms, but French made no allowances for Kitchener. What a change in the atmosphere of headquarters when Haig took his place!—a change which the censorship did not pass.

Haig, too, had vision; he, too, knew from the start. He had studied the German army on its home grounds. His mind expanded to the immense new problem. Early he said that it was to be a war of attrition. There was always calm at his headquarters, where life was as simple as at an English country house, when his was the most cruel task of attrition.

He had no elbow-room for manœuvre against the German wall. His new army was forced into offensives before it was ready. It was always answering the call to strike blows to relieve the French or Russians, alternately the hammer and the anvil in protracted siege warfare.

In spite of heavy losses for little ground gained and costly repulses, Haig held his place. He soundly opposed the eastern adventures which endangered and nearly brought disaster to his front. The nimble-minded Lloyd George disliked the calm soldier, to whom all politics was guile as repugnant as courted publicity, and would have preferred to have relieved him; but there was something impregnable in Haig's moral superiority which made the premier always hesitate on the brink of decision before the question: "Who to succeed him?"

Haig was far from a hero to the British public. He would not pose as a figure for propaganda's stuffing and gilding. But Haig was Haig, after all an embodiment of the poise and phlegm, the "back to the wall" stubbornness, and the great permanent qualities which the British like to think are pre-eminently their own.

Four years of stalling did not habituate him to the defense. When the opening came he was quick to action in the offensive which followed up his success of August, '18, by storming the Hindenburg line. Protests from London, lest his temerity—reversing the old complaint against him—incur too heavy losses, reached him after the victory was won by moderate losses.

His calm was will in control of highly sensitized nerves; and it was the strain of this, although no mark of it showed on his face, which brought his death. Nothing so became his method as its climax in placing all his own memoranda in the archives of the British Museum, not to be published for fifty years. So, dispassionately, he left his place in history to the time when hopefully history can be dispassionately written.

The tragedy among British generals in war's gamble of reputations was that of Sir Ian Hamilton at Gallipoli, which no man surely could have retrieved after the blundering introduction for which he was not responsible.

For Hamilton heart-break, and for "Bull" Allenby, glory! Hamilton would have been perfect in that Asia Minor campaign. Many a British general with his colonial campaigning experience of swift marches on exotic backgrounds and inheritance of dealing with native races would have been easily a hero to British imperial imagination in the taking of Jerusalem. The public liked to see the pins on the map move fast without considering the nature of the resistance.

In the military sense the Turkish campaign was a side-show, a raid; for, win the western front, and all the plums would fall. Lucky Allenby to have had the chance—and in making the most of it!—which he would not have had if he had been one of the shining lights in the war of attrition.

Joffre has grown to me in one sense. At least I see the value of his part better than in war days when, in contrast with Foch, Gallieni, Pétain, Castelnau, and other French generals, his heavy head was nodding over his desk.

We might say that it was without precedent that any general could survive Joffre's mistakes; but then there was McClellan, who could keep on losing battles and overestimating his enemy, and yet hold the faith of his soldiers. That of itself is a gift, and, as in Robert E. Lee's case, joined to masterly offensive—defensive strokes against heavy odds—it makes for true greatness.

Sound French staff views could not persuade Joffre that the Germans were coming through Belgium. He mobilized east of Rheims. There was no awakening him to the fact, in the early part of August, '14, that the Belgians at Liège were not really holding back the German right wing which was banking up in mobilization for its catapultic swing through Belgium. He made the wasteful abortive offensive into Alsace which precisely fitted into the German tactical scheme.

Wholly outwitted and outgeneralled at the start, and then flanked, Joffre was forced back by the full impact of the German masses when they were ready. Not superiority of numbers—quite insufficient against soldiers of equivalent metal—but only the very audacity of German confidence and contempt for the foe warranted the German hope of enveloping the French army and forcing another Sedan.

French courage and the generalship of subordinates saved the situation. On the French right, in Lorraine, Castelnau, who will also grow in history—son of the old *noblesse,* ardent royalist and Catholic under suspicion in Republican France to his professional cost—broke the charges of the German left on the slopes of the Grand Couronné and saved the gap of Miracourt.

Foch was in the centre, reading the enemy's mind, resolute and skilful in defense, masterful in his dispositions, timing boldly his answering offensive with opportunity. In Napoleon's time Foch would have been made a marshal on the spot.

And Gallieni, great heart, great soldier, was in Paris. From the first he had realized Joffre's mistakes. He was prompt to grasp how von Kluck was exposing his flank; he fathered the decisive counter-stroke. History might have been written very differently if Foch or Gallieni had been in command of the French army in July, 1914.

The German army was not a beaten but an arrested army when it fell back from the Marne on chosen positions. In the subsequent race to the sea the procrastination of the heavy Joffre also left the Germans to dig in on commanding ground in continuing the French line in northern France and Flanders.

But Joffre became the popular hero of the Marne. He was seen as having saved France from the fate of '70; as having drawn the Germans on to a crushing repulse by his counter-attack.

Ten years after the event we have a clearer answer to the question of "Why keep Joffre?" which was being asked in '14 and '15 in high military circles behind the curtain of censorship. He had the large head and the white hair of a sage on a body that was of the soil to the peasant, or to the townsman—one who might be seated in a chair in front of a prosperous shop, or one of solid worth.

He seemed to exemplify the sturdy qualities of a France in stubborn resistance when foreigners thought the French so emotional; and British phlegm to the British. Without engendering friction and bitterness, no other commander could have had the prestige after the Marne to weed out incompetent generals and colonels whose mistakes were an excuse for his mistakes.

He was a willing subject for the propagandists to endow with a benign, fatherly air,—a "Papa" Joffre to his soldiers. Like Kitchener he filled the need of the hour. He served as the bridge holding French morale steady, between the Marne and the time when the British new army should be ready. But he was a bridge in place too long—even before Verdun caught him napping.

He was as old a man for his years as Foch, of the same age, was young for his years. An appealing and charming incident that at a review, when, Joffre's steps being heavy and lagging, Foch gave him his arm and gently aided him forward so that he would receive the cheers.

Foch? What is there to say, except to write a number of volumes, or that Foch is Foch. His genius is as undisputed as his place is secure.

"Professor" Foch, author of "The Principles of War," was known to all military students before the despatches first carried notices about the doings of General Foch. But could the great expounder apply the principles of his book in action? So few expounders can, especially when that action is war. Foch could, even excelling his texts in his succession of demoralizing blows—after the turn of the tide and America was on the front in strength—with which he hastened the end.

As the phlegm of Joffre appealed to France in his part, so the electric touch of Foch appealed in his part. Foch's quick gestures and exclamatory directions over his map made great tradition live again in victorious combinations which recalled to the French mind the élan and swift dispositions of Napoleon's day.

It had seemed to be a misfortune that Foch, after his brilliant work on the Marne and in the Ypres salient, should so long be denied full play for his abilities. Yet it was fortunate for his fame. For surely under no leader could unified command have succeeded before attrition had sufficiently softened the enemy and America was making her armed strength felt in the war. The result would have been failure to break the trench wall and Allied dissensions embittered by recriminations. Probably unified command could have profitably come only in the unity of desperation which the German offensive of March, '18, compelled.

I think that in the world view Pétain among French generals has been too much obscured in the shadow of Foch's fame. Pétain, of "They shall not pass," was a colonel in the Marne battle who fought his way up to high place. He came to the command of the French army after the bloody, disorganizing failure of Nivelle's ambitious offensive in the spring of '17. (Poor Nivelle! Attrition had not yet gone far enough to apply his tactics which might have had success in September, '18.)

Pétain had to deal with mutiny of

some French regiments and utter discouragement. So close to his soldiers, a stern father who as a veteran of hard knocks knew veterans—a more efficient "Papa" than Joffre—he restored heart and discipline to the French army at a critical moment. A very able tactician—having the instinct of generalship, if not the book lore, as in Grant's case—he was all soldier. It was he who broke out to Foch, man of the world and good deal of a statesman, in the course of a conference:

"But that's the statesman's business, not the soldier's."

And Pershing? A commander from the Rio Grande who had been policing a frontier and chasing bandits came to sit in the councils of the masters who had had two years' experience of vast professional armies in action. But he had travelled much; he had seen war on a large scale between Russia and Japan.

It was very serious if the President had made a mistake in his choice. Pershing was far from home; he must have full authority. This was an advantage if the choice were right, but delayed the truth from reaching Washington if it were not.

It was soon clear that he was a good listener, but did his own thinking. After he had studied the situation he sent a despatch to Washington on July 11, '17, embodying his conclusions and his plan.

America must prepare to send at least two million men to France to win the war; he would prepare his organization to command and supply three millions if need be. The American sector would be in Lorraine: and when ready the American army would strike in the flank of the German line to cut the arterial Metz-Sedan railroad and possess the Briey iron-fields.

We had to make our army out of the raw, as England had, to face the German machine. Pershing saw that discipline must be rigorous and interpreted by rigid and specific regulations when officers too had to be trained. He would not exhaust his force piecemeal when half-trained, except to meet a crisis. He would instil it with the offensive spirit, weld it by unremitting application and standardization into homogeneity.

Once in action he would have a flow of reserves to keep on hammering in the Grant tradition. Through all the vicissitudes and conferences he never lost sight of his vision, and shaped every event toward the fulfilment of his plan of an integral American army which should be the final and decisive Allied reinforcement.

A Spartan, as hard on himself as his soldiers, he ploughed steadily toward his goal. His career had been one of absolute soldier subordination, and this he required of others.

Propaganda found him unresponsive to the arts that build up personal legends. That was not quite being a soldier to him.

On June 2, 1918, when the success of the third German offensive had started the evacuation of Paris, the premiers of France, Britain, and Italy (Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando), on Foch's authority, signed an appeal asking us to hasten three million men to France to assure, first security, and then victory. And Pershing's divisions already in France were now ready for battle and took the offensive.

By the 11th of November he had fed 1,200,000 men into the Meuse-Argonne battle, and we had 2,000,000 men in France. Prematurely for his preparedness he had pressed the offensive which had been planned for the spring of '19. We had cut the Metz-Sedan railroad. The Briey iron-fields were ours.

By the time that Haig's memoranda are released I should say Pershing will have such a place in history that any possessor will value one of those clear notes of instruction and command he used to write on his scratch-pad.

Time has added to the stature of another American general. Harbord entered the war as a captain. First the organizing chief of staff of the A. E. F., then a commander of a fighting division, he was sent in July, '18, to resolve order out of the chaos of the Service of Supply. The captains and experts in civil transport and industry had been in distress for want of leadership in an enterprise so strange to them. The former captain was equal to that giant task of co-ordination of 600,000 workers. So the soldiers in the Meuse-Argonne battle three thousand miles from the home base, then four hundred miles across France, had food and munitions.

When time has softened passions and we may not let partisanship interfere with our intellectual judgments, we shall be warranted in wondering if the honors of generalship were not with the Germans, considering the odds in resources against them. In future the military student may study the Mackensen drives and the tactical execution of Hindenburg's conceptions no less than Foch's thrusts which ended the war.

History has no more striking example of how the minds of a general and chief of staff fitted into each other to make the whole of high command than in Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Surely the most spectacular victory of the war was Tannenberg and the succeeding East Prussian campaign. Here divisions in action kept to the pattern as neatly as in a paper war game where the student makes the enemy plan and then his own for his delectation.

Not the whole story of the German army in the east is in how Hindenburg and Ludendorff retrieved the Austrian disaster at Lublin when the Russian army threatened the Hungarian plain, or in their finally driving Russia with its vast man-power to capitulation.

It was German command and battalions that retrieved the Austrian defeat in Serbia by driving the Serbian army back on Allied support from the sea; that turned Italy's inaugural offensive into a retreat that left her at bay on the Piave; and let the bold offensive, with which the Rumanians ushered in their part in the war, extend itself to be crushed overwhelmingly by well-coordinated drives on both flanks. Nowhere was an Allied soldier on German soil in the autumn of '17, except for a little strip of Alsace.

Then, in the spring of '18, with every Allied offensive in the East brought to a standstill, Hindenburg, after all the three years of fighting, could marshall superior forces on the western front. He introduced new tactics which nearly unlocked the siege line in the first of a series of offensives sweeping across the old Somme battle-field onto new ground.

The third German offensive, of May 27, '18, against the Aisne sector, which led to so deep an advance on the Paris road and the capture of Château-Thierry, was a surprise stroke in modern war, with its cumbersome equipment, when armies have airplanes for their eyes, no less compelling to admiration than that of Jackson at Chancellorsville. Twenty-five divisions, with all their artillery and supplies, were mobilized on a twenty-five-mile front unknown to the

French until the night before the attack, when it was too late to bring up reserves for resistance.

If Hindenburg, with Ludendorff as his chief of staff, had been in command of the German army at the outset of the war, it would have been an ill fortune for the Allies, unless Foch had been in command of the French. However unattractive his personality, time must give its meed to the genius of Ludendorff. He was of the type of his generation as Hindenburg was of his, an older generation. Surely we do not have to wait for further perspective to realize that Hindenburg was a great commander and a great man, and in him, as each people saw in its leaders, the Germans see, in fresh proof, the qualities of which they are proud as a people.

* * *

Seasons End

BY EDWARD SHENTON

When Stephen awoke, the room was dizzy with sunlight. He could not open his eyes all the way for the dazzle. The tide was in and he heard the water mulling softly about the piling. Gulls squalled over the junk washing in on the tide. The shrill gull cries and the pleasant low sound of the water entered the room on the bright morning sun.

Stephen got up quickly and held his face under the cool stream from the faucet. Then he fixed water for the coffee and began to dress. The morning was one for whistling. "By, By, Blackbird." A good tune and the words without much sense. . . . "Where somebody . . . waits for me . . . sugar's sweet . . ." Sugar? The sugar-bowl was empty. Stephen went out on the little porch and whistled for Carl; two short notes and a long descending note. He whistled twice and Carl appeared on the upper porch behind his room.

"Breakfast ready, Steve?"

"Ten minutes. Stop and get some sugar."

"Awright."

"And a quart of milk."

"Awright."

"Are the girls up?"

"I don't know. I'll whistle."

"Right!"

Carl ducked in and Stephen went back to put on his shirt. It was a handsome shirt. Carl had dyed it. The color was cerulean blue. There was satisfaction in wearing a shirt that color. When Stephen had it on he forgot about returning to the city; he could remember nothing of the city, and he believed he might stay on Rocky Neck forever; well, for a long time, anyway. He took the shirt from a hook and slipped it over his head. You could see it a good quarter-mile. Carl had done a fine job of dyeing. The color was absolutely even, except for a little lighter spot on the tail. . . .

The water began to bobble the kettle-lid. Stephen put four spoonfuls of coffee in a cup and mixed it with some egg. Perhaps George Moore made better coffee . . . perhaps. Ann's silver bracelet glistened on the tanned skin of Stephen's left wrist. He felt fine. When he felt badly the silver tarnished. It was a beautiful bracelet, made by Taos Indians in New Mexico. Stephen had never worn a bracelet before. That helped him to forget the city. On Rocky Neck no one cared if you wore a bracelet, but in the city some one might try to kiss you, and you would have to slug some one—doing what Jurgen called "the manly thing"—and get a black eye, probably. In Mexico you could wear a bracelet, earrings, too—if you wished. . . .

The coffee came to a boil. Stephen turned down the gas and went out to whistle for the girls; but the sun was so comfortable, the boats looked so natty, the white houses on the opposite shore of the harbor were so charming, he forgot to whistle and leaned over the railing and felt like hell, remembering a lot of things he did not want to remember. And he thought for the hundredth time what a fool he had been traipsing off to Mexico when he could have stayed all summer on Rocky Neck. . . .

The morning was warm as midsummer. Everything was clean-cut and brilliant and reduced in size by the clear air. Captain Bickford was out on the dock and had lifted the main-sheet on the *Slappensal*. The sheet was caught and the boat rode up on the mooring-can, hesitated, fell away, and ran up on the other tack. . . .

Stephen forgot to whistle, watching the boats. It was good to care about boats; they never gipped you. Some day he would buy a boat, a thirty-foot ketch, and follow the warm weather—sail South in October and come North in May. That was the way to live. . . .

Stephen whistled a couple of times, and Dotty whistled in reply. He saw her face, pale in the dim window of the tiny shack where she and Ann were living.

"Breakfast ready, Steve?"

"In five minutes. Is Ann up?"

"Getting up."

"Hop along."

"We'll be over in five minutes."

That meant ten. Stephen carried the table and chairs onto the porch so they could eat in the sunshine—four of them together in the New England Indian summer.

". . . Four of us together
In gray and sunny weather. . . ."

He hated rhymes. He sliced bananas for the cereal. The poem continued to unwind.

". . . In rainfall and starlight,
In fog and mist and sunlight. . . ."

Writing must be more fun than painting. Painting had to be ultimately static, even if it had an illusion of movement. A canvas was a size, and two dimensions only; depth was a pretense; but writing was continuous. Now, music . . . Boats were better. . . . What the hell!

". . . O we can't remember how to get
home. . . ."

Carl came in with sugar, milk, and a Boston *Herald*. He had shaved, and the fair skin of his face looked brown and healthy.

"The girls up?"

"Coming right over."

"I slept like a log."

"Fix the toaster, will you!"

"Isn't this a great morning?"

"Swell!"

"I never want to go back."

"Don't talk about it."

"Hello," said Dotty, coming in.

"Hello."

"Sleep well?"

"Where's Ann?"

"She'll be right over. She's washing her hair."

"Before breakfast?"

"Here she comes."

Ann's new-washed hair fluffed in a brown mane about her sun-dark face. Dotty's hair hung long and straight to the line of her jaw. She was letting her hair grow to please Carl. He liked it pulled back off her ears and caught at the nape of her neck. She was lovely with her hair up; she was a lovely child, anyway. She was charming in her russet-colored Russian blouse, the blue skirt just reaching her knees, bare tanned legs, short woollen socks, and flat-heeled kids' shoes. . . .

"Isn't this a gorgeous day?" Ann said.

"Great."

"We'll go over on the rocks all day."

"Right after breakfast."

"Did you ever taste a breakfast like this?" said Carl.

"Never."

"Such cereal!"

"Such bananas!"

"Such coffee!"

"George Moore never made coffee like this," Stephen said.

Captain Payne came out on Bickford's long floating dock. He was the only other summer visitor remaining on Rocky Neck. They yelled to him.

"Hi!"

"Good morning," he called. "Isn't this a lovely day?"

"Swell!"

"That's a lovely place to eat."

Captain Payne lived in a little gloomy house on the hill. They felt sorry for him, eating indoors. But Captain Payne never had to return to the city.

"Let's stay all winter. The four of us," Ann said.

". . . Four of us together
Across the amber heather. . . ."

"Isn't there heather over on the moors?" Stephen asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Let's stay all winter," Ann said. "Carl can send for his law-books and study. Dotty can get a job in the ten-cent store" . . .

"Dotty would look fine in the ten-cent store."

"Would I?"

"Sure."

"Stephen can draw." . . .

". . . In dewfall and twilight,
In haze and wind and lamplight. . . ."

"What will you do, Ann?"

"Oh, I'll walk, or watch you draw, or sew. I'd like to sew a lot of small, exquisite things. Like I did in Brittany that winter."

Ann and Stephen lit cigarettes.

"Let's go over on the rocks soon."

"Let's sit here a few minutes."

"I couldn't move if I wanted to. I'm so damned comfortable."

They leaned back drowsily. The smoke went up in two thin curls. They were so fond of each other. Four of them together.

". . . O we can't remember how to get home. . . ."

Somewhere south in the brightness lay Boston and New York and Philadelphia.

". . . Somewhere the cities toil,
The lean trains passing,
The dark steamers passing;

Somewhere little men and women
Go in and out of buildings
With glass doors revolving. . . ."

A long way off in the brilliant morning; too far for their memories.

". . . Here the days revolving,
Gray day, bright day, day of mist and wind.
Four of us together
In the brilliant wheel revolving,
Light and dark,
Day and night,
Wheeling . . . wheeling . . . wheeling. . . ."

Mrs. Lyle walked out on the wharf and began collecting sticks of driftwood.

"She can stay here all winter and she doesn't want to. We want to and can't."

"Hush, darling."

". . . Stars wheeling with us,
Sun revolving with us,
Winds blowing,
Tides sweeping,
Night and day revolving. . . ."

Some one rapped at the door. Stephen went in and found a messenger boy standing in the hallway. He signed for the telegram and returned to the porch, ripping the thin envelope. He read the message and tossed it to Ann. She read and passed it to Carl; it went on to Dotty. Ann picked up the coffee-pot and threw it as far as she could into the harbor. The splash set the gulls shrieking.

"Damn! Oh, damn it, Stephen!"

"Let's go over on the rocks," he said. "I won't leave till evening. I'll take the night-train from Boston."

"We'll all go."

"What for?"

"It's over," said Ann. "The summer's over. We might as well. It couldn't go on forever. We knew. It couldn't last. Nothing does."

She arose abruptly and left. Dotty followed her. Carl and Stephen sat at the dishevelled table and stared at the boats clustered about the T-headed wharf. Mrs. Lyle still picked the water-logged drift from the tide.

"This is the best damn spot in the world."

Stephen tore the telegram into squares and dropped them over the rail. The yellow bits floated serenely away. The tide was turning . . .

"O we can't remember how to get home. . . ."

II

They put on their bathing-suits, took blankets, books, and peppermints and went over onto the rocks. Along Wonson Street the polished horse-chestnuts shone among the tawny leaves in the gutters.

"Did you ever see anything as lovely as those trees?" Stephen said.

No one answered. Yesterday the trees were beautiful; but to-day it was difficult even to look at them. They walked despondently up the steep street and turned out onto the rocks.

"Say, look! The destroyers have gone."

"So they have."

They could see the outer harbor where the two destroyers had been anchored all summer. It had been pleasant watching the launches coming and going, hearing the bells struck when the wind blew from the west.

"They must have pulled out in the night."

The departure of the destroyers added to the sense of impermanence. How empty the harbor looked; the hills beyond were barren. The world was barren and empty. Ten Pound Island seemed bare, deserted, remote; the small white light-tower glittered in the distance. Nothing was friendly; all these loved things were no longer intimate.

They spread the blankets on a sheltered ledge. David Lyle came and seated himself on the lower rocks. He took off his bathing-jersey and stretched flat to get his back sunburnt. It was scarlet already and looked sore.

"I'd like to be tanned all over," Dotty said.

"This is the nicest morning we've had almost."

Quiet . . . quiet . . . quiet. . . .

Stephen looked at the three. They were such nice people together: all so lazy, so indifferent; they understood one another. . . . Ann, with her wild, intent, dark face; Dotty, with her young placid head in the shadow of Carl's raised shoulder; Carl, with his blond, curly hair. . . . Such damn nice people to live with. . . . To-morrow! Not to wake drenched in sunlight; not to hear the tide about the piling; not to take the *Slappensal* out among the anchored boats, with two reefs in the main-sheet and the quick waves bursting over the long deck; not to see, to hear, to smell; not to lie in the sun and feel it seep into your bones. . . . Stephen worshipped the sun. Heliolatry. Ann worshipped the moon. Was there a word? Dotty worshipped sleep. . . . Carl worshipped Dotty. . . . Not to be together—to-morrow. . . . Stephen leaped to his feet.

"Let's go in!"

"That's a good idea," Ann said.

They walked carefully over the barnacles growing in tiny ivory buds on the lower rocks. The water was clear and dark-colored.

"Coming, Dotty? Carl?"

"Its too cold."

"Let's swim a long way," Ann said.

They swam toward Ten Pound Island at a slow crawl, swimming side by side, an easy four-beat crawl, relaxed and comfortable. Swimming is the most impersonal of recreations, Stephen thought. He could feel the detachment taking possession of him. The future dwindled. The city could not reach him now. His left arm lifted easily; he caught a quick breath from the hollow of air below his mouth and saw the back of Ann's head, her hair slicked tight and the glint of her raised wet arm as they took the stroke together. She was captured by the same sensation. Their eyes, level with the surface of the water, peered over the thin crests of the ripples into a blur of sunlight. Shore gone, boats gone; time, too. No telegrams out here. Only the sharp chill of the water, the dull sound of their arms and legs, the enveloping glory of the sun. . . . They turned on their backs, resting.

"Marvellous?" said Ann.

"Nothing like it."

"Swim right on out?"

"Sure."

"Never come back?"

"Suits me."

"Darling" . . .

"Yes."

"Let's go back fast, or I will."

She turned so rapidly the water swirled over Stephen's face. She went off at top speed. There was a circular puddle of foam about her heels. Stephen could not catch her. When he reached the rocks Ann was standing watching him, panting, a thick stream of blood trailing down one brown leg where she had torn the skin scrambling over the barnacles. Stephen was winded. He lay on the warm rock, breathing hard. Ann sat beside him. She shuddered, and Stephen glanced up. She was weeping.

"I wanted to keep on so."

Carl and Dotty were asleep. Let them sleep. No reason for being awake.

Great lumps of cloud crawled toward the sun. The wind changed and sharpened. Stephen shivered and put on his sweat-shirt. They took the blanket and wrapped it about them, tucking the corners against the seeking wind.

"This never can happen again," Ann said.

"This? No, not again."

"Happiness is so damned impermanent."

"Don't moralize, Ann."

"I mean it."

"I know."

"You're impermanent, too, Stephen."

"I told you."

"That's all I know about you."

They were warm, folded in the blanket; drowsy from sun and wind and the swim.

"How long have we been here? Alone; like this?"

"Three weeks to-morrow."

"Is that all? We've done so much."

"We've done nothing."

"That's what I mean."

"Eating, swimming, sleeping, walking. Lotus-eaters."

"Marvellous to be a lotus-eater, Stephen."

Across the harbor the hills were dark and quiet. The fishing-schooners passed slowly down the channel. New England schooners; New England quiet. Three weeks of misty New England autumn sunlight, three weeks of clear New England nights. . . . Walking back from Gloucester; taking the detour and pausing to look up at the hillside where the seine-boats, out for repair, made great pale curves upon the dark earth. . . .

"Remember the night we danced in the street?"

. . . Walking the detour where the sheds of the boat-builders huddled over the rickety wharfs and the water scuffled uneasily in the shadows; wrestling with memories, perhaps, as they were. . . .

"Remember the night?"

. . . Going along the twisting road with all the old frame houses quiet with memories, their pallid gables lighter than the sky. . . .

"Remember?"

"Stephen!"

"Yes."

"We won't forget this—soon?"

"Not very, I think."

"I couldn't bear it if I thought we'd just . . . go off. . . . I've never been so happy."

The increasing violence of the wind awakened the sleepers. They gathered their possessions and wandered forlornly back to the road.

"Here's your bracelet, Ann," Stephen said. He drew the thin silver incomplete circle from his wrist.

"Now you're divorced," Carl said.

"Oh, go to hell, Carl!"

Ann slipped the bracelet over her own arm.

"It feels strange."

At the corner the Wheeler child met them. She said "Hello!" in her deep, expressionless voice.

"Elizabeth, we're going home," said Ann. "Aren't you sorry? Stephen and Ann and Carl and Dotty" . . .

The child glanced at Ann carelessly. She kicked a horse-chestnut and, raising her head, said:

"Good-by."

The four separated to dress and pack. Elizabeth considered the empty street. Every one could go home. She didn't care.

Rich Relations

BY EDWIN A. McALPIN

Author of "Old and New Books as Life Teachers"

They are distinct liabilities, declares one who sings the joys of life unencumbered by Rich Relations.

Charles Lamb, in his inimitable essay, "Poor Relations," took pity on the less fortunate members of society and placed them on a pedestal that assures them of literary immortality. Has not the time come to extend a like courtesy to Rich Relations?

Rich Relations are a delusion and a snare. They are a mirage in the desert; they are Dead Sea apples filled with dust and ashes; they are mock-cherries loaded with blossoms that never bear fruit. They are patronizing to our attainments and curt to our friends. They are supercilious to our sensibilities and critical of our failures. They are a stitch in the side to all social aspirations and a crick in the neck to our peace of mind.

Rich Relations are considered an asset by those who are fortunate enough not to have any. Every one who is afflicted with them discovers they are a liability and a constant source of irritation. They are dispensers of second-hand clothing and last-minute theatre tickets. Speaking of hand-me-down clothes—a recipient of a Rich Relation's bounty once said: "All the things they send me are nice. So nice that I am delighted to get them. But I wish I could once in a while buy my own clothes and the things I really want. It certainly gets tiresome always wearing the kind of clothes other people select."

At best, the donations of Rich Relations do not compensate for the extravagant standard of living they establish for their family connections. Their gifts are either luxuries or the kind of things they think their poor relations ought to have rather than the everyday necessities of life. Rich Relations prefer to give fur coats which are neither needed nor desired to paying for bread and potatoes. The essentials of life and health are too plebeian for them to think about.

While it is unfair to blame Rich Relations for all our extravagances, they are unquestionably pace-makers who run us off our feet and also run us into debt. They establish the standard of living for all their connections and seldom become contributors to the financial resources of the poor and needy members of the family. No one lives down to the income of their poor relations. Every one strives to live up to their Rich Relations. This effort to live up to the standards established by Rich Relations makes the pace a difficult one. When Rich Relations travel in a Rolls-Royce ordinary mortals find a Ford car unsatisfactory. Where they might own a Ford and have financial ease, they get a Buick and worry over the bills. Often "keeping up with the Joneses" is only another way of saying that every one is trying to keep in step with their Rich Relations.

The increased cost of living is strapped onto a man's back by his Rich Relations. They not only determine the kind of a car he must buy, but also decide on what street he must live. A man with Rich Relations cannot afford to live among wage-earners. It is too humiliating. He has to save his pennies and strain his pocketbook to pay rent in the "right kind" of social atmosphere. Social atmosphere and aristocratic neighbors have a tendency to increase the value of all houses blessed by these estimable qualities, and this increment of value is reflected in the rent. Some people might have sufficient courage to face the question of rent on its own merits if it were not for the vociferations of their Rich Relations. Living in the "wrong neighborhood" is looked upon as an insult to the whole family's prestige and traditions. It takes many trunkfuls of second-hand clothing and a cart-load of last-minute theatre tickets, which are after all only an extravagant and needless form of recreation, to compensate for this increase in the rent bill. Sometimes individuals have to sacrifice creature comforts which are essential to physical health for the sake of keeping peace with these Lares and Penates of their Rich Relations. Often the demon of worry is introduced into healthy minds because people are unable to make their income meet the expense account wished on them by their Rich Relations.

Worry is not only an unpleasant state of mind but it also develops nervous disorders which ruin physical health and destroy business efficiency. Worrying about the expense account is the beginning of a vicious circle. The more a person worries, the more difficult the problem becomes. A drastic cut in living expenses is frequently the only possible solution. Rich Relations make any such radical action next to an impossibility, and yet some of the most homelike homes found in every community are either on the "ragged edge of respectability" or even beyond the pale. These are the homes of cultured people who are blessed by having no Rich Relations.

The whole question of wealth and poverty depends on a personal equation. Only a few of the earth's unfortunate ones find it difficult to earn enough to buy the actual necessities of life. At the other extreme there are only a very few wealthy people who never have to consider money. Between these extremes the great majority lives. In this majority it is not the actual amount of income that counts so much as personal tastes and the ability to make every dollar do a dollar's work. Many families are rich on $6,000 a year, while there are other families who are poor on an annual income of $20,000.

For example, take a family that has an income of $500 a month. It is a modest household, but every member has all the necessities and some of the comforts of life. They live in an inexpensive suburb. To be sure, all the houses on the street are like buttons on a card, but every one owns his own home and takes pride in making it attractive. Springtime is a joy. The kitchen garden must be planted and cultivated. There is a friendly exchange of roots, bulbs, and clippings with kindly neighbors. The care of the garden gives "Father" plenty of exercise. He has no expenses of a country club or golf. The whole family is interested in the quality and quantity of vegetables and fruits produced. It is surprising how much truck can be raised in a small garden which is intelligently planned and cared for.

The father of a family such as we have just described once said: "I don't believe Old Money Bags Smith (the local rich man) gets as much fun out of his big estate as I do out of my little garden and home. Why, I am sure," he added, "I have more fun planning to get the parlor papered or a couple of new rose-bushes than he does in buying a whole house and lot."

The children of the family attend a public school. Therefore school elections are only secondary in importance to presidential elections. The mother is an active member of the parent-teacher association and school questions are thrashed out in many a family discussion. This fellowship of interests binds the children to their parents with bonds that nothing can break.

During the winter the local Y. M. C. A., with its day a week for women and girls, fills all the requirements of club life. The father, as well as the boys, there gets his exercise in a social atmosphere. Men's forums, volley-ball, and bowling enliven the evenings. This family is well-to-do because they are blessed by having no Rich Relations.

Now turn to the family which has $20,000 a year and Rich Relations. This family is impoverished by the standards of living established by the Rich Relations. The annual budget has to take account of more rent, and a big increase in amount paid as wages. The children go to expensive preparatory schools. School bills and extras, travelling expenses and clothes, cost about $2,000 a year per child. If there are four children in the home, these school bills alone amount to $8,000 a year. The location of their house makes membership in a country club a necessity.

Observation and experience prove that the first family has a larger margin between its expense account and its income than the second has. Paradoxical as it may seem, those who have the smaller income are really the better off financially. They have money in the bank and less to worry about than the other family has.

A dinner with Rich Relations is an ordeal that makes the bravest heart tremble. The torture begins when Bolster, the English butler, takes possession of our ready-made overcoat. How Bolster knows by the touch of his aristocratic fingers that the coat is ready-made has always been a mystery to me. His well-developed sixth sense seems to be working overtime, and his eyebrows go up and the corners of his mouth go down. His countenance registers a respectful but unmistakable protest of such penury.

Then there is the dinner itself! Rich Relations always feed the body with the richest food obtainable. They tickle the palate with sweet flavors and enliven the conversation with trite remarks! The food and drink they furnish are intended to remove all bitterness from the banalities of their table-talk. Family ghosts are aired for the guests' benefit and the skeleton in the closet has to rattle his bones.

Over the coffee and cigars Rich Relations wax eloquent with wisdom. They repeat hackneyed proverbs and time-worn saws. "It is not the amount you earn, but the amount you save," is one of their favorite axioms. They are patronizing to our business prospects and doubtful of our financial judgments. They are mentally on guard against anything that places their guests in a favorable position.

When the evening is over and the ready-made overcoat has been rescued from the disdainful hands of the dignified Bolster, we go home to our modest dwelling to face the nightmares superinduced by too much rich food and too little mental exercise.

The whole question of riches or poverty depends on a person's idea of values. The finest minds in each generation find more satisfaction in scientific research, art, literature, or social work than in merely making money. Future generations rise up and call these scientists, artists, authors, and reformers genii and benefactors. These intellectual giants not infrequently despise mere money-makers. In the judgment of these people of outstanding intellect the ability to make money is only a low order of intelligence; it is good in a way, but it is not the best thing a man can do.

Riches and poverty are always measured by a sliding scale which never registers twice alike. In a large family there are sure to be some members who at one and the same time are living in a dual relationship. They have Rich Relations who are setting a financial pace that these individuals find it impossible to follow. They have other less prosperous family connections to whom their standard of living is a burdensome pacemaker. During the passing of the years one branch of a family is up and another down. To-day we are struggling to keep in step with our prosperous connections and to-morrow we are setting the pace for our less fortunate relations.

To meet these varying vicissitudes of life every one needs a well-developed sense of humor. Yesterday we smiled with Charles Lamb at the foibles of our Poor Relations. To-day let us laugh in all kindliness at the idiosyncrasies of our Rich Relations. A fortunate turn in the wheel of life may cast our lot among them before we know it!

The most comforting thought of all is that character, intelligence, and the joy of life cannot be measured in terms of money, and these are the things that mean the most for human happiness.

* * *

Notes for a Poem

BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

THE moon unravels ropes of green
Upon the sea, and all between
The stars are broken into bits
And run bright silver through the slits
Of melting water. Nearer shore
The foolish waves rush up to pour
Half-measures tumbled on the sand,
While farther back a wing of land
Curves out to hold a single tree,
Wind-shapen, poised expectantly
For greeting what the night has found
Of news from vessels outward bound.

Now, suddenly the lighthouse eye
Opens and looks at all the sky:
A ship moves softly through the dark,
Steering a course by that small spark;
The wind I feel upon my mouth
Is driving all the swallows south.

William C. Brownell

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

The most discerning literary critic of our day is dead.

I have carefully weighed this estimate, and see, on reflection, no reason to qualify it—unless by the elimination of "literary." Since M. Paul Bourget's early "Etudes de Psychologie Littéraire," since Henry James's "French Poets and Novelists," and his later "Notes on Novelists," I know of nothing in modern French or English literary criticism possessing the range, the substance, the quality of being at what Matthew Arnold called "the centre," to the same degree as William Brownell's three or four volumes. But his mind, though in all ways formed to compare and to choose, and above all to exercise that subtlest critical function of detecting differences where most observers see only a resemblance, was perhaps at its best in sounding the springs of human character. One need but open "French Traits," that masterpiece of forty years ago which is a masterpiece still, to understand why the art of criticism has been called creative.

The critic of society brings to the appreciation of letters all the added power acquired in the larger field; Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters" and "American Prose Masters" would scarcely have been the books they are had not his analysis of the French soul preceded them. America produces numerous critics of life who have found out that there is something wrong with Main Street, but do not know the remedy because they have never really studied the alternatives. Such intellectual uneasiness is the first step to good criticism, but it does not lead far unless supplemented by the intellectual range and detachment needful for the survey of culture "from the centre all round." This sense of perspective, this power to comprehend and relate to each other different traditions and alien ideals, was the beginning of William Brownell's art; and no great critic has ever been able to do with less.

II

"French Traits," published in 1888, was at once recognized by the few French readers who came across it as an astonishingly penetrating estimate of the national character. That it is not better known in France, that it has never been translated into French, is perhaps partly due to the difficulty of rendering the author's nervous and subtle language, but much more to the incuriousness of France as to foreign judgments on things French. Never was a race more impenetrably enclosed in its own great tradition than the French before 1914. "French Traits," if written to-day, would have been translated hot from the press, and have run into many editions. But though known only to the discerning few, by them it was appreciated from the outset. Several years before the war one of Brownell's greatest admirers, M. André

Inscribed on the bust is
TO MY FRIEND WM. C. BROWNELL.
OLIN L. WARNER 1886.

Chevrillon, spoke to me of the book's amazing vitality, and of his wish to make it known to his compatriots by an article accompanied by the translation of typical selections. I hope this may still be done, for a recent re-reading proves to me that the intervening world-upheaval has not diminished the vitality which had struck M. André Chevrillon. As an attempt to define the fundamentals of French character the book is the truest ever written by a foreigner; and only those who have lived long in France can know how little of real importance it leaves unsaid, and how little of what it says requires to be modified in the light of conditions which look, on the surface, so new.

What most struck Brownell about the French was the stability of character which seems formed to sustain the shock of the revolutions and catastrophes provoked by that indefatigable engine, the French intellect. Twenty years before Mr. Kipling sang of France that she was "first to follow Truth, and last to leave old truths behind," Brownell had said: "France has most conspicuously of all nations changed with the epoch; in those successive readjustments which we call progress she has almost invariably been in the lead. She was the star of the ages of faith as she is the light of the age of fellowship. The contrast between her actual self and her monuments [*i. e.,* the symbols of her past] is, therefore, most striking; but at the same time it is superficial only and perfectly explicable. And its explanation gives the key to the French character; for there is one instinct of human nature, one aspiration of the mind, which France has incarnated with unbroken continuity—since there was a France at all France has embodied the *social instinct.*"

I should like to quote the whole development which follows, and, wandering from page to page, to cite fresh proofs of the dexterity with which our traveller from the new world takes apart the machinery of the old. But space permits only a few examples. "Society [in France] takes moral errors much more lightly than it does with us. . . . The main consideration is to have the heart right; until it is corrupt nothing occurs which can be called irreparable." . . . "Temperance is the most universal rule in speech, demeanor, taste, and habits. Nothing is less French than eccentricity. . . . The normal attitude is equipoise. . . . Their gaiety itself is consciously hygienic. Pleasure is their constant occupation mainly because they can extract out of it everything, and make it such an avowed motive. . . ." "Frugality is noticeable everywhere. It is the source of the self-respect of the poor. . . ." "It never occurs to a Frenchwoman to regret her sex. . . ." "Their rarer quality for dealing with subjects whose native realm is the borderland between the positive and the metaphysical. . . . Here their touch is invariably delicate and intuitively just. . . . They show immense tact . . . in treating of that entire range of topics the truth concerning which seems so accessible and is yet . . . so elusive—the nebulæ lying, as it were, within the penumbra of perception, neither quite outside its range in the clear light nor wholly within the shadow . . . where logical conclusion is divined to be incomplete and misleading . . . where scores of practical questions concerning love, marriage, manners, morals, criticism, are to be discussed without dogmatism, and the clearest view of them is seen to have qualifications. . . . This field they never mistake for the positive. They are no more unconsciously vague here than in the positive. . . ."

The sight which could probe so deeply into another race's characteristics has left little for later analysts to amend.

III

In 1902 came "Victorian Prose Masters." Among lovers of letters it excited an immediate interest; and I well remember the stimulus it was to my own imagination. Now, on re-reading it, I find that it "dates" more than the companion volume, perhaps because it is mainly concerned with figures still too august for clear discernment. Certainly, with much that is admirable, it contains judgments which time might have modified—doubtless did—and on the whole is less spontaneous and original than "American Prose Masters," which appeared in 1909. I thought at first that the diminished interest of the Victorian volume might be due to the fact that, dealing mainly with fiction, it omits all reference to the great Russian portent which was already filling the heavens. How situate Thackeray or even Balzac in those heavens without reference to the pole-star of Tolstoy's genius? But this argument falls, because—to my mind at least—the "George Eliot" and the "Meredith" contain the book's best pages. The "Thackeray," strangely enough, though the most "convinced" is the least convincing. I am impressed neither by the defense of Thackeray's buttonholing manner, nor by the curious depreciation of Balzac which is employed to throw the English novelist's genius into stronger relief. I agree in the estimate of Thackeray's almost unique natural endowment, but not with the proofs adduced.

But this, apropos of George Eliot: "It is the temperament, not the thinking, of men and women, that is permanently and rewardingly interesting in . . . fiction" . . . this, of George Meredith: "He is often heavy-handed, but always in the pursuit of deftness"—what beautiful foreshortenings they are, and how "modern," as we so oddly say in praise of things unaffected by time!

Such treasures, not rare in the Victorian volume, abound on every page of its successor. The writer's critical faculty had matured, and with it his sense of relative values. The firmness with which he situates his authors, without fear or favour, exactly where each belongs, makes the book unique in American criticism. My one quarrel with it is that a boy's happy memories of Leatherstocking perhaps give too rosy a glow to the appreciation of Cooper. But the "Hawthorne" and the "Poe" are models of serene impartiality, and yet those two were the authors most difficult for an American to judge objectively twenty-five years ago—Hawthorne because, for some mysterious reason, every old literary *cliché* still sprang full-armed to his defense whenever his name was mentioned, Poe because of the factitious prestige lent him by the genius of Baudelaire in the very country whose intellectual judgments were the source of Brownell's.

Of "The Marble Faun" he says: "Probably its admirers considered that the treatment poetized the moral. But a truth is not poetized by being devitalized." . . . Of "The House of the Seven Gables": "There is detail enough, but of singular thinness and an almost gaseous expansion"; and of the novels in general: "Hitherto, at all events among ourselves, their lack of substance has been deemed a quality instead of a defect." And of Hawthorne himself: "He unquestionably dwelt apart, and partly, perhaps, for this reason his soul was believed to be like a star. . . . His genius was a reflective one. . . . Revery was a state of mind which he indulged and applauded, and there can hardly be a more barren one for the production of anything more significant than conceits and fancies" . . . and he adds that all this is "not convincing to those who believe *that the artistic synthesis of nature should be more rather than less definite than its material.*" (I italicize this as a singularly happy summary of a central principle of creative art.)

The "Poe" is equally remarkable. "Foreign recognition sets such traps for our naïveté that it is prudent to be on our guard. . . . The theory that the foreign estimate previsages posterity's is open to some question" . . . and this: "He had no sense of awe. The sense of awe was a plaything with him. . . . He used it as one of the tools of his trade—to create his effects, to harrow his reader's nerves." . . . "Crime undoubtedly furnishes apposite material to the novelist of character as well as to the portraitist of manners, and is a personal as well as a social factor in human life. But this aspect of it Poe, *whose criminals are only criminals,* completely ignores. . . ."

Though I have quoted only depreciatory passages from these two chapters it must not be thought that Brownell felt the qualities less than the defects of the authors he dealt with. But Hawthorne and Poe had been mummified by undiscerning admiration; their cult was in danger of becoming a superstition, and Brownell's fearless hand merely swept away the flummery accumulated about their images. I know of nothing as honest and independent as his criticism of these two writers since the young Emerson's reverent but lucid estimate of the Lake Poets.

From the chapter on Emerson much might be quoted which would show that Brownell could praise as delicately and discerningly as he criticised; that in praise and depreciation he remained equally fearless and impartial. But when a book forms a series of reasoned judgments, and not a mere string of detachable epigrams, the only way to do justice to it is to read it.

The same may be said of all Brownell's books, including the little volume entitled "Criticism" (1914), and the remarkable "Genius of Style" which appeared only four years ago. In all his writings he showed his essential quality: enthusiasm guided by acumen. He could not have been so great a critic had he not had so generous a nature.

IV

How can I end without one personal word of the friend who was even wiser than the critic? I wonder to how many beginners it happens to be met on the threshold by two such guides as Brownell and Edward Burlingame, his colleague in the house of Scribner? I do not think I have ever forgotten one word of the counsels they gave me. Edward Burlingame's were often lapidary; as when, in the attempt to stem the first outrush of my fiction, he said to me one day, with his exquisite gentleness: "And now, wait awhile. You mustn't run the risk of becoming *a magazine bore.*"

Mr. Brownell would not have needed to say that; he made me feel it. As in criticism he achieved the difficult feat of setting up a standard which was classical without being academic, so in his spoken counsels the eagerest open-mindedness was combined with an unwavering perception of final values. Rarely as I saw him—alas, too rarely!—the sense of his wisdom and sympathy was always with me, like a guiding touch on my shoulder. Even now that light hand remains, to stimulate and restrain—surely the two chief offices of friendship. In thinking of him today I again give thanks for them.

* * *

Business Men of Letters

BY GERALD CARSON

It is not surprising, at a time when so many able and wilful critics are searching for flaws in the established order, that they should have glanced sharply to the left and found advertising.

This is, on the whole, fortunate. The little journals of discontent which speak with such admirable vigor and point of the deficiencies of our civilization have been in considerable need lately of new materials for their economic criticism.

Things have been going swimmingly in America. Changes in the public mind—or the development of scar tissue in the public conscience—have shut off several fields where the radical economists formerly operated. National prosperity has ushered in a new era of good feeling. For the first time in history the railroads are our friends. The public utilities, no longer robbers, have been herded into their reservations by a watchful government, and we now buy their blankets and basketwork with composure and a certain pleasant feeling, indeed, that they probably need the money more than we do. The maleficent "trusts" of twenty years ago have become public-spirited "mergers" which have at heart the good of the public and their competitors. The American people, by and large, have extended the right hand of fellowship to big business. Everybody seems to be reasonably happy except the farmer. And even his troubles are not as exciting now as they once were, because it has become a national tradition that the farmer should be discontented. We expect him, like the Petrarchian lover, to be inconsolable and slightly dishevelled.

This blood-brotherhood between manufacturer and consumer will last at least as long as the present prosperity follows its pleasant trajectory. Meanwhile the showy sins of advertising have been discovered. The public has been told of the economic waste of advertising, the high prices it causes, its fradulent claims, the sinful fortunes it has built. No longer may one turn the pages of one's magazine in blissful ignorance of economic evil. The fruit of the tree of knowledge now has national distribution.

II

In this contingency the advertising writer becomes, for the first time, an object of general interest and curiosity.

Who is he? What is it that he does, and what is his attitude toward it? Has he, perchance, any social or intellectual significance?

These questions are being asked oftener than they are answered. Advertising as we know it to-day is only about one generation old. Its pioneers are still alive, in many instances, gazing upon the modern complexity and subtlety of their simple art with mild-eyed wonder. Too close to us for proper perspective, advertising still waits for its historians, its biographers, and the curiosity of the general reader about "the man who writes the ads" grows apace.

A few years ago the Chicago office of the Associated Press sent out an amusing story which bears upon this point. The students of Northwestern University, feeling the need for a richer and more appealing background, announced that a committee of leading undergraduates had been formed to "revise" Northwestern's sacred traditions. While the method was somewhat abrupt, the intention was indubitably imaginative.

The position of advertising in our economic system parallels the position of the large midland universities in our educational structure. Advertising is beginning to acquire a sense of its own significance. It is beginning to feel its background and history. With some three hundred thousand people in the United States engaged in work related to advertising, the advertisement writer is about to emerge as the professional type evolved by our industrial civilization.

The history of all pioneering in America has been the repetition of this pattern. First, a few adventurous spirits bid good-by to their relatives and cross the mountains into the trackless forest. The trees are felled, corn planted between the stumps, families raised, the pioneers laid away in their last resting-place. Later come better houses, a new population, industrial cities. Then, with prosperity and leisure established, the older families begin to take an interest in their social standing, in the arts, in heirlooms, and the three brothers who came to North Carolina or Virginia or Massachusetts in 1720.

Like the native American family, every occupation too has had its early days when it was engaged in struggling up from obscure beginnings. In the eighteenth century the occupation of the investment banker was called "jobbing in stocks," and it was not intended to be a pretty or a complimentary term. The lawyer was long regarded as a noxious and parasitical growth, and it is only since the industrial revolution—indeed, only since the American Civil War, really—that manufacturing and "trade" have been considered honorable and respectable.

Advertising has been no exception, but its rise has followed a sharper arc, for the reason that it grew up as a part of our present economic order and because our civilization had already become definitely industrial by the time it appeared. But its origin was humble enough.

Before 1900, to take an arbitrary date, the advertising man was closely related to the medical gentleman with the checkered vest and wide-brimmed hat who ran travelling shows, offering the rural districts homœopathic medicine combined with entertainment. I have not been unfair in associating advertising with quack medicine; the association was even closer than I have indicated; it was an actual business arrangement. Advertising and patent medicines rose together.

Happily that partnership has been dissolved, the efficacy of advertising having been more clearly demonstrated than that of snake-oil. And with the passing of the patent-medicine era the showman and the stagy inspirationalist were gradually crowded out of the ranks of advertising by men whose creative gifts were of a considerably different order. Advertising began to be written by writers, intellectual workers, men who in another age—the eighteenth century, say—would have hired their pen to satire and become great political pamphleteers, or have slaved as booksellers' hacks at biographies of British worthies, or, as poets and playwrights, have secured food and shelter by the adroit use of dedicatory epistles directed to wealthy peers.

But now business is the patron of the arts, and we have a new order of men of letters who produce advertising—the first cultural development clearly assignable to our industrial society. It *is* a new order, fundamentally marked off from all other forms of creative writing by this characteristic: advertising is not a form of self-expression.

Although the art of advertisement writing is highly conscious art, its substance lies beyond the writer's control, and his own idiosyncrasy of style or manner must be rigorously excluded. Impersonality, unobtrusiveness, utter clarity—these are the mark of craftsmanlike advertising writing. Self-effacement, cruel and complete, is the certain lot of the writer. His sole task is to be persuasive and understood. Yet, like an early Christian martyr, he has his philosophy and his consolation; for in this immolation of self lies the very quintessence of professional triumph.

If advertising is different from the practice of explicitly literary craft in its suppression of the individual, it does have points where it touches closely on literature. The advertising writer belongs in the company of the artists; he *is* an artist, concerned with conveying both æsthetic and intellectual material. Like the poet and painter he gives an imaginative illusion of truth and reality. But, like the book-reviewer, he cannot command the *substance* of his discourse, because for that he is at the mercy of chance and what it brings him. This is the bed of Procrustes upon which the copywriter is stretched. He is cut to fit the subject and the space.

In addition to the limitations of subject-matter imposed upon the advertising writer are those of technic, too, for the very style and method of advertising presentation have been developed in ways which the novelist or essayist, when he attempts them, finds strange and difficult of assimilation. Advertising, like all literature, has its conventions; some sound, some as transitory and inexplicable as Helen Wills's eye-shades.

Much has been made of the dicta of H. L. Mencken, Stuart Sherman, and other men with a weather-eye to the future, that the new American writers are going to come out of the advertising agencies instead of the newspaper offices.

If there is anything in this, advertising style should be of considerable interest to those who feel responsible for the future of our national letters. Advertising writing is of the sparest sort—sketchy, lean, quick, frequently deficient in color and emotional content; not because the writer is, but because the manufacturer whose name signs the advertisement holds such qualities under suspicion. Since the ideas and information to be conveyed are often complicated and the space short, the copywriter must have enough dagger and go to plunge boldly *in medias res,* turn about dexterously, and come to an end with all the force and climactic emphasis of a sonneteer.

Does this recital of limitations make advertising writing seem repellent? It should not, for the people who write the advertisements are indubitably of the tribe which Mr. Sherwood Anderson likes to call, somewhat preciously, "writing fellows." Most of the advertising copywriters did not start out, of course, to be advertising writers. They started out to be what may be without disparagement called "real" writers; but, finding advertising instead, they became successful practitioners of a new craft or victims of a commercial age, according to one's point of view.

Copywriters in most cases are "real" writers who have uncovered a flair for selling, or men with merchandising instincts who have become skilled in the craft of writing. These are matters of temperament, of training, of accident. But all good advertising writers have this characteristic: they possess an overwhelming sensitiveness to the color and feeling of contemporary American life. Like social philosophers and non-stop flyers, they are concerned with what weather lies ahead, and for the same reason—self-preservation. Like poets, philosophers, and the really good novelists, they are professionally interested in observing acutely, living actively and fully in the high noon of our current year of grace.

A sharp difference enters at this point, however, between advertising and critical work. The copywriter makes no "criticism of life." He reflects life, but has no concern with its ends. New needs arise, new markets open, new commodities replace old ones. The advertising man helps to sell oil-heaters, electric ice-boxes, soap in newly contrived forms, because factories produce and people are willing to buy. And all of the impulses of pride, comfort, convenience, health, happiness, *impel* people to buy—new things. This sequence would develop if there were no advertising. Advertising merely facilitates the process. Whether it is good that our civilization should grow more complex, that our happiness should depend upon the possession of more and more things, whether we should allow science and invention to multiply our needs and desires as they undoubtedly do—these questions remain still the province of the creative writer. But the advertising man, *ex curia,* can be and often is, poet, philosopher, and novelist.

III

There is already a considerable literature upon the subject of advertising—profound books, statistical books, "how to" books, inspirational books; and schools of business and commerce offer courses in the technical aspects of advertising work. These are all evidences of the growing popularity and respectability of advertising, as well as pathetic indications of how human beings grasp for formulæ and rules of thumb to help them in the race for happiness and success.

To those who have examined advertising work in the light of books and courses the abstruse science of psychology looms up formidably. This somewhat mystical subject seems to be something you either possess or you don't; but, properly understood, it makes all easy and plain for the advertising writer. It is commonly thought that the advertising writer places great store by psychology, meaning thereby book psychology, the rules which professors have worked out to cover human motivation as they have observed it in their laboratories. But is it not clear that this function is simply one of analyzing, codifying, describing? Scientific method never explains anything. It offers nothing to the man engaged in creative tasks. No; the short-story writer knows, without a book, where to start and when to stop. Looking into his heart of hearts the master of fiction—writes. And if he writes well he stirs millions to laughter or tears and sends regiments of Ph.D.s scurrying to their cubicles to excogitate, after their peculiar and inchoate fashion.

The advertising writer, like the expressly creative writer, knows no psychology, unless it be—to speak emphatically but earnestly—something of the psychology of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, of Hawthorne, and Whitman, and all the goodly crew which lie between, who knew the range and character of human feeling and aspiration and were well content to leave it to those who creep closer to the ground to "transcribe, collect, translate, and quote."

IV

Nature produces few pure types. The advertising man is, in divers ways, a conservative and a radical. His observation and his interests incline him to a conservative attitude toward politics and our economic order. But almost always he is a literary radical. It is a part of his passion for the blood and tears of actual life as it has been caught by those authors who are especially significant for our generation.

There is little room here, you see, for the historical imagination. The books which have meant much to other generations are not primary to those possessed and enamoured of the life which flows about them. "What do they mean *now?*" is the axe with which the classics are slain. But Anatole France, George Moore, Frank Harris, Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Glenway Westcott, H. G. Wells, Gertrude Stein, and E. E. Cummings—names identified, you see, either with recent aspects of mind, or with original and heretical ideas of literary technic—these are writers to conjure with among the men who write of little tubes and cartons, of shoes and roofing-paper and beans and tires and salad-oil.

Sensitive to ideas and emotion as the advertising writer should be, he requires the balance of certain practical qualities to make his writing vital and effective. He must be merchant-minded. He must have a lively sense of the dependence of human life upon materials. To him the activities of commerce, which other ages have found sordid, acquire beauty because they have meaning. The grocery-store, with its rows and rows of cheerful tins and squat bottles, its mingled smell of oranges, greens, and butter, becomes beautiful, as a bridge or a watch or a locomotive, to a certain type of consciousness, is beautiful, and for the same reason; because it represents human skill and ingenuity adjusting the material world to human needs.

The flow of goods from factory to distributer, to retailer, to you and me, can thus present a pageant which becomes very real to one and filled with imaginative suggestion. Of course this poetry of groceries, if I may so term it, casts no universal spell. Writers who do not find business vital to human life or interesting in its relation to human nature often become cynics and eventually make a reputation for satire.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson, who has been a copywriter, failed to discover in himself this response to the subject-matter of advertising. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is not an advertising man, and Mr. Hergesheimer have written passages which were neither more nor less than first-rate advertising for boots and hats and delectable foods, because boots and hats and haberdashers and the occult activities of accomplished chefs struck them as being interesting and important.

"How can an intelligent man spend his life thinking about things that come in tin cans and paper cartons?" is a question often posed by those who seem to breathe easily in the realm of pure idea.

The reason, as I have been trying to indicate, is that the little jiggers in the tubes and cans and cartons—beans and shaving-cream and all—are symbols, shadows of ideas which lie at the base of all human activity. This is Platonic but true. And, once the things we use in living are grasped imaginatively, what could be a happier business than to spend one's day inviting thoughts about paints and wall-board, about motor-cars, or the feel of finely balanced tools, about tinned foods which make women happier and creams which make them prettier?

If you respond to the emotional content of this paragraph, you know what advertising means to the copywriter. Unobtrusively he stands in the wings and lets the show go on. And if it is good he is content, because he has gained the highest reward which work can give—the satisfaction which accrues from the confident and effective exercise of one's natural faculties.

* * *

Everlasting

By John Frazier Vance

"When they fold
My hands," I said,
"Upon my breast
And call me dead,

You have seen
The end of me.
There is no
Eternity."

But I know
The fallow field
That covers me
Will come to yield.

Some man's swine
Will be the fatter—
But that will not
End the matter.

Man to grass
To swine to man
It has been
Since time began.

So, dig me deep
And raise a cheer:
Everlasting Life
Is here!

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE ocean was calm all the way, and the ship *Rotterdam* very steady; but we had sunshine only one day out of eight, and the last four days were continuous fog, with frequent drizzles. Except for their sleeping-quarters, the third-class tourists probably had the best time; and their quarters did not bother them much, for, so far as I could make out, none of them ever went to bed. There were among them several hundred college boys and girls, and they were as fine specimens of young America as one could hope to see. Lorado Taft, the distinguished sculptor, was travelling with them as lecturer, teacher, and guide. I imagine that very few creative artists of his caliber would be willing to undertake such a task as that. But Lorado Taft is just as much interested in preaching the Gospel of Beauty as he is in his own creative work; furthermore, his skill in teaching—he is an exceedingly adroit lecturer—and his perennial cheerfulness and inexhaustible kindness of heart make him an ideal companion for young or old. As he expressed it: "You and I are evangelists."

He gave lectures to his eager, high-hearted throng every day, and I had the pleasure of giving one myself. I could not ask for a more inspiring audience.

We never saw a vestige of land from the ship. The fog was too dense. We disembarked at Plymouth, and, as I looked back from the tender, the big ship disappeared from view in fifty yards. Land appeared a few minutes before we reached it. The narrow streets of Plymouth were thick with fog, and the evening was dank and dirty.

Next morning the sky was pale, but the weather-wise hotel waiter said it was going to be "very decent." Bidding farewell to the hotel cat,—an aged, tawny creature, with the devil in his old eyes,—we advanced into the pleasant land of Devonshire, the fairest county in England. There are distinct advantages for people of my age in travelling in Europe by train. I have been in every county in England, in most of them on a bicycle, and I still recommend for the young and the middle-aged the humble, silent wheel. It has not "gone out" in England as in America. The busy streets of Oxford and Cambridge are choked with bicycles. One is independent, one has constant and healthful exercise. The only drawback—and this applies to the far more expensive method of travelling by motor—is that the roads everywhere are lined with hedgerows. These beautiful blooming fences are indeed charming, but they often hide the view of the country, so that one might almost as well be in a green tunnel.

At luncheon in a London club one day I exclaimed: "I like the English trains!" The men around me sprang to their feet in amazement. Now it is not always easy to produce demonstrations of wonder in Englishmen. "Why, everybody here curses them. You ought to write to the railway companies. They would get the most agreeable shock of their lives."

Well, the English trains are fast, much faster than the average American express. For short distances, and most distances in England are short, they are incomparably superior to our "cars." The fact that the compartments all have doors opening on the station platform means that every train can be emptied of passengers and baggage in a few minutes, and you step from the platform into the compartment on the same level, and do not have either to hoist your travelling-bag, or fight your way with it down a long aisle. You do not have to wait at every station till every person and his luggage have left the train before you can enter it.

Furthermore, you do not have to smoke in a lavatory, an abomination that is taken as a matter of course on American Pullmans. Outside of the worst city slums there are few more odious spectacles than the lavatory of an American sleeping-car; especially when the men are dressing, shaving, and performing other necessities in the morning.

Then, English trains, being lighter than ours, and perhaps having engine-drivers who are more considerate of the passengers than some of ours are, start as gently and as silently as a bicycle; whereas ours, starting in the night rend your soul and body asunder, and if you are in the dining-car you have to be an expert food-dodger. St. John Ervine said that he crossed the ocean in very rough weather, yet saw no food spilled. But on the first American dining-car he entered, the contents of a plate of soup were deposited on his trousers.

The new express-trains from London to Edinburgh, about four hundred miles, run the entire distance without a single stop, the longest non-stop trains in the world. One of their cars is fitted up as a lounge, equipped with large revolving easy chairs, and has extra-large windows. There is a dining-car, with seats of special design. Half of this car is fitted with three small compartments, in which meals can be served; and, if there are four passengers travelling together, they can enjoy their food in peaceful isolation. The three compartments have been differently designed, and are called respectively the Jacobean, the Grey, and the Chippendale rooms. Beneath the carpet is a heavy layer of felt to deaden outside sounds. They have full-length mirrors.

For a person travelling alone for eight or ten hours, I still believe that an American first-class train is the best in the world. I call no train first-class unless it has both a club-car and an observation-car. The individual is sure of his own Pullman chair by a window, and if he wants a table the porter will bring him one. The so-called "Golden Arrow," the most luxurious train running between London and Paris, is not so good. The tables are fixed and you are forced to watch a stranger eat.

But in England, especially for those of advanced years, the best way to see the country is to go to a city hotel, make that your base of operations, travel by train in baggageless delight whithersoever you wish to go, and return to your city hotel in the afternoon or evening. While travelling you sit in a compartment, and have a perfect, uninterrupted view of the incomparable English countryside from the car-window.

For example. We wished to visit Somersby in Lincolnshire, the microscopic village where Tennyson was born. We left London in the morning and travelled to the city of Lincoln in three hours, the train running smoothly at tremendous speed. At Lincoln we hired a motor-car, which took us forty miles to Somersby. We visited the church where Tennyson's father preached and where the poet was baptized. The church, when crowded, would hold about thirty-seven people. The grave of the Rev. Mr. Tennyson is in the churchyard, which is in a sad state, with uncut grass. The rectory, where Tennyson was born, is almost directly opposite; a family is living there, and we could not enter. The famous brook —is anything so inexplicably immortal as a river?—goes bickering along, even as the poet described it. The seven elms (see Tennyson's "Ode to Memory") are near the front door of the rectory, and one can hear the church-bells of four other villages, as Tennyson told us in "In Memoriam." When the poet lived there the entire population of Somersby was sixty-two. And as Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson had, in addition to Alfred, eleven children, the Tennysonian proportion was considerable. When Alfred's college friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, came there on a visit in the summer vacation from Cambridge, he said that one hundred years hence pilgrims would come from all over the world to see Tennyson's birthplace. That sounded like a monstrous hyperbole, but time has made it true.

We motored back to Lincoln, had lunch at the White Hart, spent an hour and a half looking over the giant cathedral—my favorite English church—took the train, and were back in London at half past five in the afternoon. That is the most comfortable way to see England.

Well, in Devonshire we visited the beautiful country estate of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Granville-Barker. They live in a noble old house, built in 1607. Nothing has been added to it except modern conveniences, so one enjoys the architecture of the seventeenth century and the comfort of the twentieth, an excellent combination. Every one in London interested in the drama is calling on Mr. Granville-Barker to return, as he is one of the ablest producers in the world, and London needs him badly. But he now prefers to stay in the country and write plays of his own rather than to produce those of others. I found him in the midst of composition, and at my urgent entreaty he read to me the manuscript of a new play, which I hope to see on the stage. It is good, very good indeed. Mrs. Granville-Barker is a novelist, and I strongly recommend Scribnerians to read her book "Wives and Celebrities." It is full of cerebration.

Through the kindness of Mr. Granville-Barker we were introduced to Mr. Walter Payne, the "Head Man" of the metropolitan theatres and one of the most interesting and attractive men in London. At a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Payne we met Sir Nigel and Lady Playfair. Sir Nigel is a famous actor-manager, and the table-conversation turned on the active question of the censorship. Noel Coward has recently attacked it, but Cyril Maude told me that he thoroughly believed in it, and that it would be well in America if we could have it, provided it were directed as it is in England. Mr. Payne and Sir Nigel gave me a good reason for it that was new to me: "If we did not have a Censor, the difficulties of production would be greatly increased, and the most speculative business in the world would become even more risky. Any irresponsible person with an imagined talent for reform could bring suit against any performance, and entail possible loss and certainly much expense and worry. But now, when the Censor has given his permission, the thing is settled, and nobody can interfere with it." If there is to be a Censor at all, he should be, as he is in London, absolutely autocratic, the final court of appeal.

If our dramatic critics must publish their reviews the morning after the first night, and I await with keen interest the experiment that *The World* will try with St. John Ervine, I wish that New York would follow the example of the London theatres. On every first night the performance begins earlier—at eight instead of eight-thirty. This is done solely to give the critics more time.

If one wishes to behold actors and actresses in mufti, a good plan is to take lunch at the small but excellent Ivy Restaurant in West Street, directly opposite the Ambassadors Theatre. We lunched there with Mr. and Mrs. St. John Ervine. They are building a house in Devonshire, and are naturally loath to leave it, but they could not resist the invitation of *The World,* and are looking forward with interest to the winter season in New York. Mr. Ervine will also continue to write his weekly article on the drama for the London Sunday *Observer,* one of the best columns in that excellent paper. He will certainly be kept busy in New York going to first nights, for, outside of the motion-pictures, New York has seventy-five theatres, whilst London has thirty-nine.

A few days later I lunched at the Ivy with Mr. Leon M. Lion, the actor-manager, who has just celebrated his tenth year of managerial service. He loves the theatre with all his heart, and spoke of his work with tremendous gusto. We were joined at the table by Humbert Wolfe the poet, by Leslie Howard the brilliant young actor who appeared last season in America in Galsworthy's "Escape," and by James Agate the famous London dramatic critic. At a table near by Noel Coward was entertaining a party of friends, and the rooms were filled with interesting people.

American plays are popular in London. They are still talking about "The Silver Cord," which had a great and well-deserved success. "Show Boat" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" are playing to packed houses, and while I was in London came the first night of Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." It was received by the audience with tumultuous applause, but to many of the critics it seemed sentimental and melodramatic. But, as nothing is so sentimental and melodramatic as war, Mr. Pollock chose to attack it with its own emphatic methods. The idea of the play is wholly good, and the people of all nations need its impact.

I do not see that England has any new or young playwrights able to fill the places of the three veterans who are among the foremost dramatists of the world—Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy. And no new play in London is equal to "Mrs. Dane's Defence," by Henry Arthur Jones, and "His House in Order," by Sir Arthur Pinero. Nothing by Barrie or Shaw was visible this summer; but Mr. Lion revived Galsworthy's play "Justice," and it was so successful that he was forced to extend the announced number of performances. His own interpretation of the leading part, Falder, is magnificent. Some of the critics felt that the play "dated." But it is so superior to anything else in London that it stands in a class by itself. So long as there exists cruelty, callous indifference to suffering, plays like "Justice" will always be pertinent. In this great play the public is on trial. The audience is the villain. "Thou art the man."

Mr. Lion will follow this tragedy with a revival of Galsworthy's "Loyalties," and I only wish it might be accompanied, as it was on its original appearance, with Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?"

I attended the first night of "Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffe; it is the best new play of the season. Furthermore, it was beautifully acted. The author had many personal friends in the audience, who gave him an ovation when he himself appeared in a small part. I hope this play may be seen in America.

"The Return of the Soldier," dramatized by Mr. Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," from the novel by Rebecca West, failed because the last act was a sad anticlimax. I saw it just before it was taken off, and the first two acts were immensely affecting. I do not know when I have been so shaken. Mary Clare seemed to bloom like a madonna. Her tenderness and sincerity were so appealing that I could not stop crying all through the intermission, something I have never done before.

Sir Nigel Playfair, who made such a success of "The Beggar's Opera," produced a somewhat similar eighteenth-century light opera by Bickerstaffe, called "Love in a Village." It was beautifully done. He is about to revive "She Stoops to Conquer," and will himself take the part of Tony Lumpkin. Another play that has what I call chronological charm is "Marigold," a Scotch comedy that has something of the humor of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

London is fortunate in having two admirable comedians who hunt in couples, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn. They are not so well known in America as they deserve to be. They appear in a side-splitting spoof-crime play, called "Plunder." Every night after the theatre Tom Walls motors to his place near Epsom Downs, rises early in the morning, and takes a long gallop over the turf. Horses are his passion, and he gives no Saturday matinées, because the races call him.

A young French actress, Yvonne Arnaud, who speaks English with an amusing accent, has made a sensation in London. She is full of temperament, and has single-handed made the success of a new play, "Mischief," which is so slight that it could hardly stand on its own feet.

I must add a word of commendation on the London theatres. During three weeks of extreme heat they were absolutely comfortable, the coolest places in the town. The air is cooled in some strange fashion without any drafts. London theatres are also clean, the seats in general roomy, and the prices of the stalls lower than in New York. Furthermore, every play I attended began at the time advertised!

A considerable number of the London theatres now permit smoking in the auditorium and during the performance. I must confess I do not like this. Little ash-trays are provided on the back of every chair; but not every spectator makes use of them. I have never heard of any accident caused by smoking in the theatre; but an American lady told me that she was in such alarm that it was impossible for her to give her attention to the play. She was in chiffon evening dress; the man sitting next to her smoked cigarettes incessantly and dropped them, still burning, on the floor. Apart from the danger, it is not always pleasant to be jammed against a stranger who is constantly smoking.

At the Savoy Hotel, where I stayed in London, there is a memorial tablet to Charles Frohman. A certain table in the grill-room was always reserved for him, and on the wall close by a brass plaque commemorates the fact. Sir James Barrie spoke to me of his warm friendship with Mr. Frohman, and of his admiration for his character.

A few persons among the millions who have walked on Fleet Street during recent years may remember that back from the street on the north side at St. Dunstan's church stood a grimy old statue of Queen Elizabeth. This summer, thanks to the enterprise and generosity of Dame Millicent Fawcett and some other ladies, the statue has been cleaned and repainted; it was ceremoniously unveiled during the latter part of August, so do not miss it on your next visit to London. *The Times* had an interesting editorial, called "Gloriana in Fleet-street."

> It was made in 1586, when the Queen was fifty-three (but no artist nor courtier would dare to remember her age) and had been not far from thirty years on the throne; and it was made for Lud Gate, which in that year was rebuilt. Gloriana, ever fair and ever young, faced westward; and back to back with her, looking up Ludgate-hill to Paul's church, stood King Lud (who, as every one knows, had built the first gate long before the Christian era began) and his two sons. They wore Roman dress; and lucky is Fleet-street to-day that the sculptor, whoever he was, did not put the Queen in Roman dress too. When the inhabitants of the two Farringdons insisted that, Lud or no and Gloriana or no, Lud Gate must come down, the poor King and the princes were left in the parish bone-house. The masterful Tudor woman, clinging to existence as firmly as ever, came westward to old St. Dunstan's Church, and survived yet another move to the new St. Dunstan's Church which men see to-day. And, all these years after, this statue, the only known contemporary statue of the great Queen, the only known relic of any of the City of London's gates (for Temple Bar was not technically a City gate), has been by generous women cleaned, painted, restored to notice and to respect. Painted she was originally; and very likely in colours much stronger than those which make her look so fresh and dapper to-day. Elizabethans, like men of the Middle Ages, could not think of a statue unpainted. "The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's not dry," cries Paulina in alarm when Perdita is in too great a hurry to kiss the hand of her mother. To-day Gloriana is new painted, a delightful spot of purity in a grubby region. Fleet-street will be proud of her; and the ghosts of old Templars and courtiers with whom she danced and jested will steal out to look upon her. Let us hope that among them will be some profitable ghost who will make it his business to keep the statue as clean as it is to-day.

On the south side of the river, near the Elephant and Castle, stands the old York Street Chapel, where Robert Browning was christened. Together with some adjoining buildings it is now used as the Robert Browning Settlement; the warden is the Rev. J. W. Graves, a graduate of the Yale Divinity School. I do not know of any more useful and important work among the poor than is being done here under the devoted leadership of Mr. Graves, who is "on the job" from seven in the morning until midnight. The children receive instruction in books, games, and general behavior, free legal service is provided, an Old Man's Club has been formed—the place, in the heart of a district crowded with very poor people, is a centre of wise, efficient charity. I wish Americans might visit this institution on the Walworth Road and see for themselves the splendid work that is going on, and also realize the desperate need of it. You cannot give money to a better cause, though you will never be asked to give anything. Mr. Graves would seem to be working beyond human endurance; but he says he is in perfect health, and he is always in high spirits. He reminds me of a famous sonnet by Matthew Arnold describing his conversation with a preacher in the slums.

Not content with charitable work alone, Mr. Graves keeps an upper room as a Browning museum. It is filled with interesting memorials of the poet, his manuscripts, account-books, and other precious things, which are gladly shown to visitors. Mr. Graves told me a remarkable story of an incident that happened during his American journey, when he was exhibiting the Browning memorials in a large city. Some one stole the most valuable manuscript he had. In despair he went to the chief of police. The chief asked him if he had tried every possible means to recover the treasure, and, receiving an affirmative reply, the officer of the law asked: "Have you prayed about it?" Mr. Graves is a devout clergyman, but he confessed that he had not yet prayed for this particular thing. "Well," said the American chief of police, "whenever I have a particularly perplexing problem, I go home, and my wife and I pray earnestly for help and guidance. I advise you to do the same." Mr. Graves immediately took this advice, and the next day the treasure was found; the thief confessed.

One night in July I gave a lecture on "The Life of Browning" at this settlement, in the old chapel; and the gentleman who presided was none other than Browning's personal friend, Mr. W. G. Kingsland, now well past eighty, but sound in body and mind. Mr. Kingsland was a printer who, over fifty years ago, became inspired by Browning's poetry and wrote a little book called "Browning the Chief Poet of the Age." Browning wrote him a remarkable letter; the original is on exhibition among famous letters, in a public room at the British Museum.

Speaking of Browning, I received an interesting note last June from Professor Waldo H. Dunn, of Wooster, Ohio.

> This morning, as I was turning through a bound volume of *Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book* for 1852, I chanced upon the following lines written by a Robert Browning. They are in the June number on page 514. The Browning Concordance does not include them. If I have ever before seen them in print I do not recall them at the moment. The form does not seem to be that of "our" Browning, and yet there is the unusual word "aromite"; I observe that Webster's International does not contain the word. Do you happen to know of an American Robert Browning of that period? This bit of verse is preceded by one signed the "Hon. Mrs. Morton." Let me know what you think about the lines, or, better still, know about them.

EDUCATION

BY ROBERT BROWNING

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man: a soil that breeds
Or sweetest flowers or wildest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aromite:
Just as the heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or floweret fair."

I have never seen any reference to this alleged work of the poet, and I cannot believe that he wrote it. Some one may have handed it in as a joke. My colleague, Professor Frederick Pottle, was kind enough to go through many numbers of *Godey,* and he could find nothing else signed by Robert Browning, though in the number for July, 1852, there is a poem called "Beauty," by Mrs. Browning. The word "aromite" does not occur in the New English Dictionary. Mr. Dunn thinks the poem may have been "lifted" from some periodical, and incorrectly ascribed to Browning. The poet did occasionally, either consciously or unconsciously, invent a word. I remember the word "gadge" in "A Soul's Tragedy," which has baffled all the dictionary-makers as it did Elizabeth Barrett, when Browning sent her the poem in manuscript.

Fifteen minutes after our arrival in London I called on my friend the novelist Mrs. W. K. Clifford, at her hospitable home on Chilworth Street, where some sixteen years ago I had a memorable conversation with Henry James and May Sinclair. I have always greatly admired Mrs. Clifford's novel "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," and I hope it may soon be republished in America. She has written many stories and plays, and is a valued contributor to this magazine. Her novel "Miss Fingal" had a wide circulation both in Europe and in America. She is a charming conversationist, and every Sunday afternoon she is at home to her friends. There I met Dean Inge and his family, Lady Cromer, Sir Frederick Pollock and Lady Pollock, May Sinclair, Mr. Collier the painter, Augustine Birrell, Lady Prothero, Dame Millicent Fawcett, Mr. Walbrook the literary critic, Mr. Charles Morgan the dramatic critic of the London *Times,* and many other interesting people. Dean Inge was anything but "gloomy." His talk sparkled with humorous observations, and then, as the conversation turned on religion, he made an impressive comment on the Quakers. He spoke of them with high admiration, and, when I remarked on the absence of ritual and said that, although I thought they had the finest record of any religious sect, they perhaps in their neglect of forms missed something of the beauty of holiness, he replied: "They all have that in their faces." He rightly regards Rufus Jones as one of the spiritual leaders of America. May Sinclair talked with me of the work of Willa Cather, for which she has very great respect.

One day we went out to Hampstead to call on my friend the veteran dramatist Henry Arthur Jones. He is in poor health, weakened by several major operations, but his mind is as alert and keen as ever, and he is deeply interested in contemporary life and letters. He lives with his daughter Mrs. Doris Thorne, who is full of energy and vivacity, and with his granddaughter Dorinda Thorne, who is keeping up the family traditions as an actress and is very happy in her work. Mr. Jones showed me over his house, which had many interesting things. All the furniture in the front room—chairs, tables, tapestry, etc.—was designed and made by William Morris, and the pottery came from the hands of William De Morgan. Mr. Jones inquired with solicitude after the health of his intimate friend Brander Matthews, whom we all love and admire.

Mr. Jones spoke affectionately of America and the Americans, and is proud of the honorary degree he received from Harvard. He spoke modestly of his own work, saying that, if he had to write an estimate of it, he could not give it so much praise as he had received from the public and from the critics. But he really should view his long career with pride and satisfaction. When he was a young man he was publicly congratulated by Matthew Arnold on having produced not only plays but dramatic literature; and it is certainly owing more to Mr. Jones than to any other man that there is now a vast reading public for English plays. Many years ago, when the publication of contemporary English plays was practically unknown, Mr. Jones insisted that dramatists must not be content merely with success on the stage. They must challenge not only the verdict of the pit but the cool judgment of literary critics. All his active life, filled as it has been with successes in the theatre, he has lectured on the platform and written many books, in the endeavor to make the public realize that there is a difference between the theatre and the drama. He sees the travail of his soul and should be satisfied. It is inspiring to talk with him, and on the 20th of September I shall be with him again to help celebrate his seventy-seventh birthday.

On a brilliant day in July we saw the great cricket-match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's. This is the English equivalent of a Yale-Harvard football game. Only as it is played in the midst of summer, the thousands of men and women, dressed in their absolute best, make a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. As we wandered about among the throng there was only one element of tragedy to mar the gay scene. This was the almost complete absence of men between the ages of thirty and forty. Any number of old and middle-aged men, any number of boys and girls. But an entire generation was missing—the war had taken them.

We were fortunate in being accompanied by the novelist Archibald Marshall and by Gerald Campbell, editorial writer for the London *Times* and an old cricketer. They explained to me the mysteries of the game and the significance of the occasion. I could not have had better guides or better company.

Over a hundred years ago, when Eton beat Harrow as she did on this day also, an Eton schoolboy-poet produced the following poem, not knowing of the budding genius in the enemy's camp.

"Ye silly boys of Harrow School,
Of cricket ye've no knowledge.
It was not cricket, but the fool,
Ye played with Eton College."

Alas, there was a boy at Harrow named George Gordon, later Lord Byron. He instantly replied:

"If as you say we played the fool,
No wonder we were beaten;
For at that game no other School
Could e'er compete with Eton."

* * *

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the front advertising section.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

One of the things that made Stanford White a delight to his friends was the varied play of his enthusiasm for works of beauty. You never knew what was going to excite him next. All that you could be sure of was that, whether building or book, picture or musical composition, it would be vitally interesting. Thinking of Pre-Raphaelitism, my mind goes back to a typical discovery of the architect's, years ago. He had got hold of the Moxon "Tennyson," the famous edition of 1857 for which some of the leading artists of the day made illustrations, and of course he battened on the best thing in the book, Holman Hunt's design for these lines:

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

Hunt enmeshed the stately figure in linear swirls, a triumph of romantic grace—and of good drawing. White had the little woodcut enlarged in a photograph to a height of three or four feet, on white paper, and then proceeded to touch it up with pastel. The result took my breath away. It was one of the loveliest pictures I had ever seen. A few years later, walking down a London street, I was attracted by a placard in an art-dealer's window, announcing that Holman Hunt's *painting* of The Lady of Shalott might be seen within. I paid my shilling and looked upon the tall canvas he had based, after I do not know how many years, upon the drawing of 1857. Speaking quite temperately, and with due remembrance of this artist's distinction, I must say that I found his newer Lady of Shalott one of the *un*loveliest pictures I had ever seen. The huge scale had robbed the subject of a good deal of its light, fairy-like charm, and, quite apart from that, the drawing had lost elasticity and the harsh, glaring color was merely repellent. The designer had survived, but his inadequacy as a painter had come nigh to ruining a beautiful conception.

I set forth these two incidents as forming, together, a parable, one indicative of the strength and weakness of the whole Pre-Raphaelite school. They were all like that—Hunt, Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones. They were fertile, interesting designers and capable draftsmen. None of them was an absolute master of the art of painting. It is not altogether fanciful to assert that their fame would be well served if their works were to be made known exclusively in photographs, in such grayish prints, say, as the English Hollyer made so popular. In monochrome you think only of their ideas. Questions of painted surface disappear. Those return in the most disconcerting manner when you see the originals. They, the Pre-Raphaelites, knew all about the pleasures of the imagination. The joys of sheer brushwork and the loving manipulation of pigment for its own sake they ignored, if they were not, indeed, entirely unaware of them. In Millais alone were there any stirrings of the modern feeling for technique as such, and the reader may have observed that I did not name him with the others just cited, though he was in at the birth of the Pre-Raphaelite hypothesis and at first seemed likely to prove one of its most steadfast adherents. As a matter of fact, he soon left the group, being, by a happy stroke, very much concerned with painting as painting, a clever man of his hands. Yet Millais, as is well known, was but dubiously rewarded for his defection, disclosing a marked inferiority to his old comrades in the creative stuff of art and building up much of his subsequent prestige on Academic banality.

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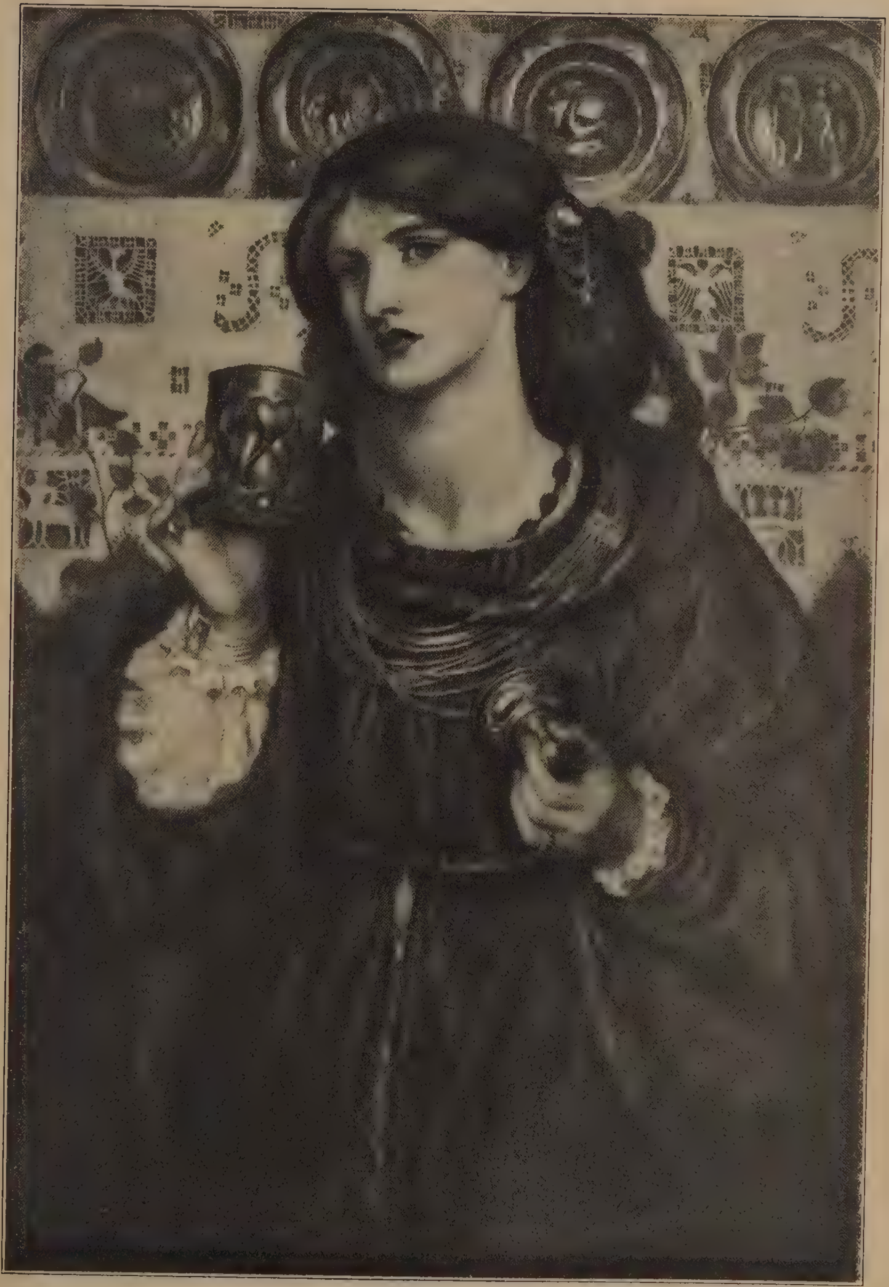
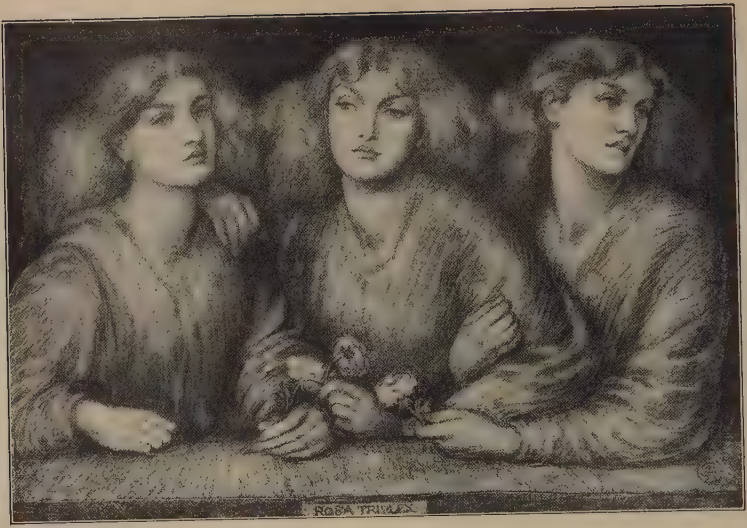
It all makes an intensely exciting problem, this conflict of the English Pre-Raphaelites between ideas and execution. In a short-sighted view of the matter that painter is badly handicapped who dips his brush, as they did, in the tints of a "literary" subject. That is the not unfamiliar opinion of the latter-day type who balks at anything human or dramatic. Nothing could be wider of the mark. The good painter, by which I mean simply the man who knows his trade, can handle any subject, no matter how spiritually or dramatically it may appeal to mankind. Rembrandt drew upon the Scriptures. Rubens dealt as freely with mythology as with realistic episodes. Velasquez turned historian when he painted The Surrender of Breda. In modern times Delacroix saturated his art in the genius of a Dante or a Shakespeare, and, long after him, the Belgian Alfred Stevens not infrequently justified himself, through consummate technique, in the commemoration of mawkish sentimentality! No, there is nothing in the least fearsome about the "literary" bogie. It can scare only the unthoughtful. Moreover, the literary motive, or, as I would prefer to put it, imaginative inspiration, has a wonderful way of sometimes pulling an artist through, regardless of his imperfect technique. Arnold Boecklin was not a great painter, but a certain glamour still hangs about his strange compositions. Gustave Moreau and Odilon Redon were better poets than they were painters. As much may be said for our own Albert P. Ryder. The man of ideas always manages, somehow, to carry conviction.

It is so with Rossetti. I have been struck by the potency of his name in 1928, a year of potent anniversaries. These have been chiefly of a high artistic significance. Germany remembered, on April 6, that Albrecht Dürer, a great draftsman, had died four hundred years before. On April 16 Spain marked the centenary of the death of a great painter, Goya. The French paid tribute on July 15 to a great sculptor, Houdon, dead a hundred years on that date. Was it a great artist that England recalled on May 12, the centenary of Rossetti's birth? Hardly. But an artist nevertheless who brought things of beauty into the world and whose place, of its kind, remains secure. In my mind's eye I can see in the National Gallery, as I first saw it long ago, his Ecce Ancilla Domini. Technically it left no very deep impression, but as the embodiment of an idea this picture,



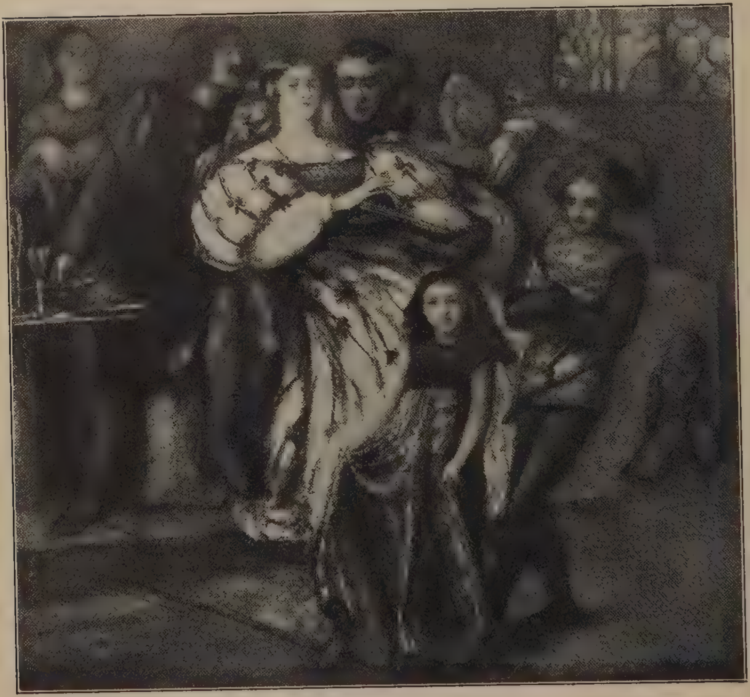
The Loving Cup.

From the painting by Rossetti.


ROSA TRIPLEX

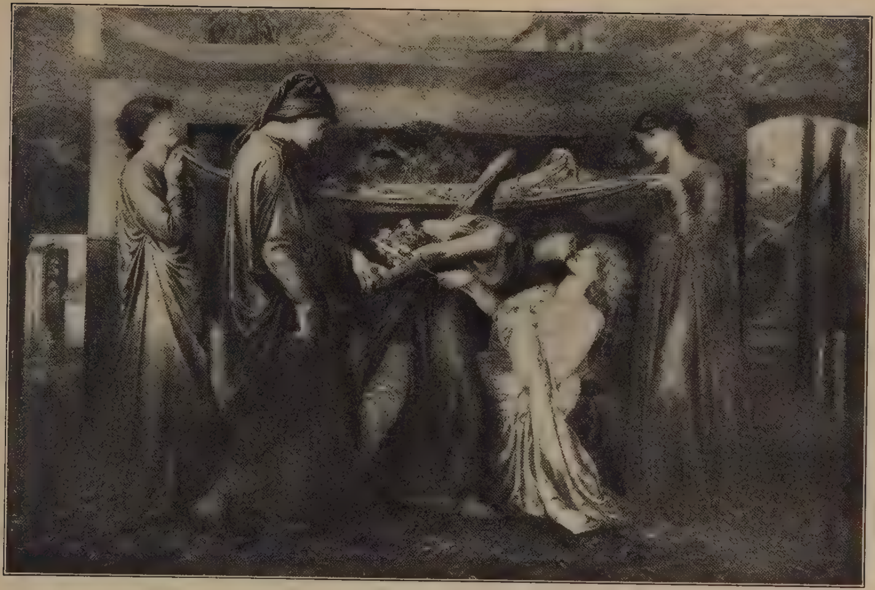
Rosa Triplex.

From the drawing by Rossetti.



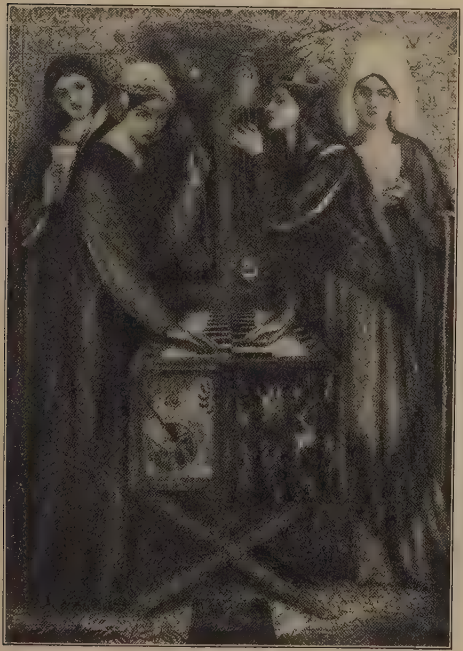
Borgia.

From the painting by Rossetti.



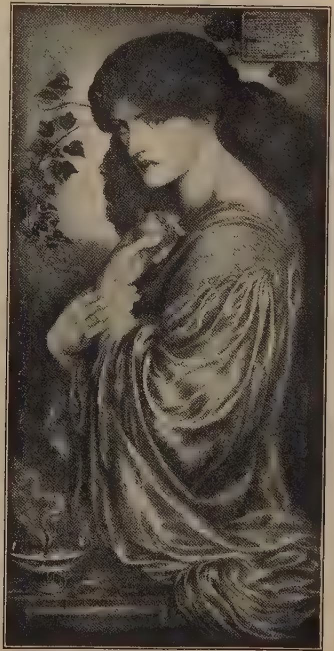
Dante's Dream.

From the painting by Rossetti.



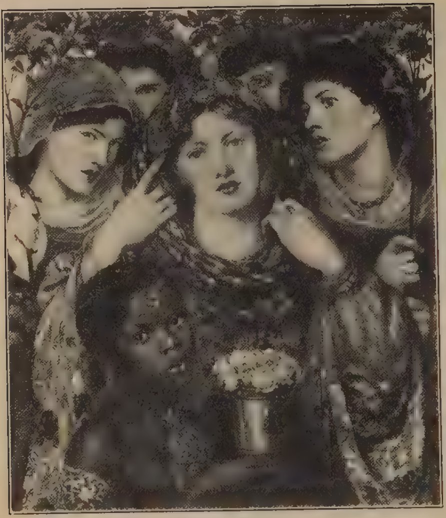
The Blue Closet.

From the painting by Rossetti.



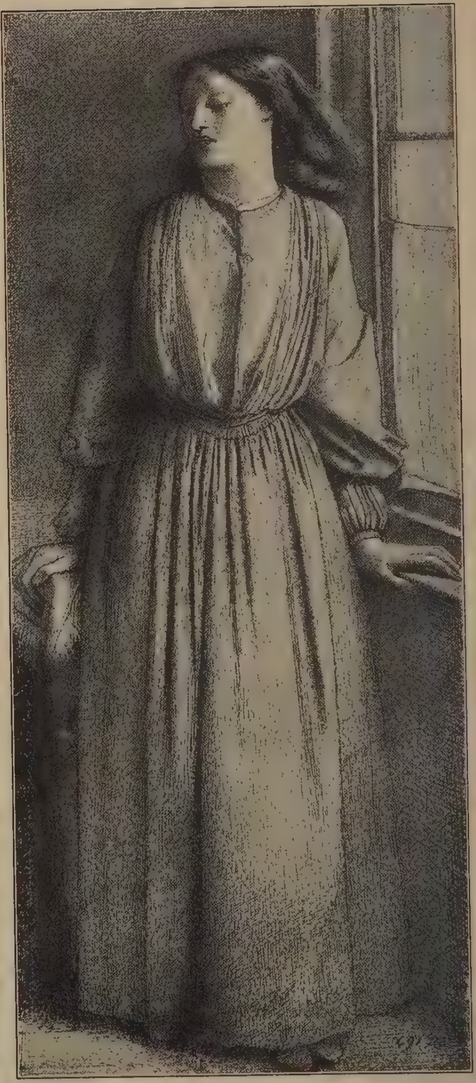
Proserpine.

From the painting by Rossetti.



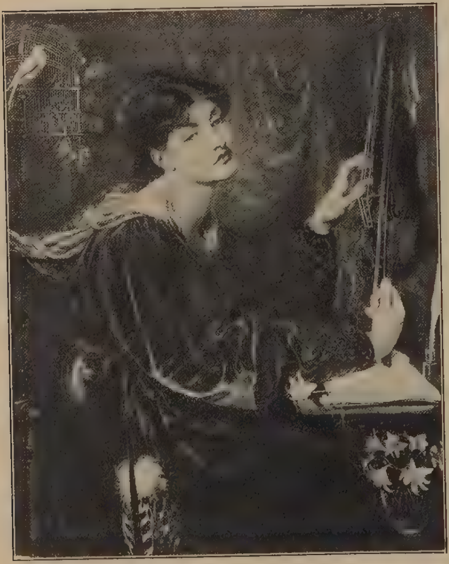
The Beloved.

From the painting by Rossetti.



Miss Siddal.

From the drawing by Rossetti.



Veronica Veronese.

From the painting by Rossetti.

painted when Rossetti was hardly more than a youth, confidently took its place in an extraordinarily exacting environment. It preserved the finer spirit of an older day. There hung about it the atmosphere of a noble historic tradition; it was unmistakably the work of a lofty spirit. Even at that early age a high-erected purpose was in the painter's blood, and it ran constructively through his life's work.

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His parentage and upbringing had something to do with it. The expatriated Italian, Gabriele Rossetti, his father, was a professor in King's College, a devoted student of Dante, and this scholar's wife was a woman of kindred tastes. In their household all the elements were favorable to poetic and æsthetic activity. How else could the delicate genius of Christina Rossetti have developed? It seems the most natural thing in the world that Dante Gabriel should have been in the hands of a drawing-teacher by the time he was fourteen, and that despite his addiction to the writing of poetry he was almost at once—with every circumstance of family good-will—clearly headed for the career of a painter. On the other hand, why did he never really fit himself for that career? He sought and obtained admission to the antique class at the Royal Academy, but Mr. Marillier, the best historian of his purely artistic development, says bluntly that "he proved a failure" there, and as candidly admits that "he wanted to paint before he could properly draw." When he turned from the academic training that he found unsympathetic and persuaded Madox Brown to take him into his studio he still rebelled against what he evidently considered soulless drudgery. His master set him a problem in still life—it is said the painting of a row of pickle-jars—and forthwith Rossetti edged off into the company of Holman Hunt. That affair of the pickle-jars calls up an attractive "might-have-been." The discipline might have proved his salvation. But I don't think his aversion from the mint and cummin of training was alone responsible for his weakness in technique.

He suffered to a certain extent from the fact that that subject was not precisely in the air in the London of his formative period. It hadn't then been any too widely liberated even in Paris, the great experimental laboratory of modern art, the processes of change inaugurated by the men of 1830 making but slow headway against the prevailing tide. Rossetti and Manet were contemporaries, but only according to dates in the calendar. I do not know that the Englishman ever had any contact with the works of his French colleague or that he ever had the smallest interest in the sort of direct painting in which Manet carried on the tradition of Velasquez and Goya. For a clinching exposition of his detachment from the mysteries of mere handling, go to the Tate—where it now is—and observe the differences between the whites—good as they are—in the Ecce Ancilla Domini and those in, say, the Little White Girl of Whistler, another contemporary, and, by the way, ultimately a friend. One more "might-have-been." If he had known Whistler earlier, and had had him for an oracle instead of Ruskin, he might have been moved to closer traffic with tonal issues. But enough of vain regrets. What we need rather to dwell upon is his creative passion, his mastery in the evocation of enchanting figures, his rich contribution to the world's store of pictorial romance.

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You get a good clew to the pure gold at the core of his work in a saying of Hunt's about Rossetti in the days when they were all young together and absorbed in the interests of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Rossetti, he says, "with his spirit alike subtle and fiery, was essentially a proselytizer, sometimes to an almost absurd degree, but possessed, alike in his poetry and painting, with *an appreciation of beauty of the most intense quality*." The italics are mine. They are to stress the burning life that glows in Rossetti's art, counterbalancing every weakness of turgid painting, too fervid color, insensitive tone, or nerveless drawing. What he lacks in technique he makes up in vision. All the Pre-Raphaelites were dedicated to the interpretation of great subjects in terms of primitive simplicity and truth, but none of them could match him in opulence of poetic feeling and beauty. Where the charm of Burne-Jones, for example, is exquisite, and connotes a kind of emotional placidity, that of Rossetti is boldly impassioned, sumptuous, and implies power. I say this for all that Rossetti had tenderness and in pictures like his famous Beata Beatrix could plumb far depths of elegiac sentiment. The broad drift of his outpourings, however, denotes a genius of ebullient energy, full-textured, as dense, warm, and shadowy as some mediæval tapestry. He was fortunate in his models, in having beautiful friends like Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Stillman to sit for him, but it is a mistake to ascribe to their noble presences a preponderant share in the ample, Venetian gorgeousness of his pictures. That sprang primarily from his instinctive Italianate largeness of imagination. He is a kind of Palma turned meditative and even, perhaps, a little morbid; a delineator of sensuous beauty whose images are freighted with the same half-earthy, half-mystical moods he could put so subtly into verse. In him, to be sure, the painter and the poet were one and an apparition that he arrests upon canvas, endowed with the curving lips, the deep brows, and the massy hair of sorcery, takes hold of the imagination with the intoxicating lure of a romantic dramatist's incantation.

There were traces of earthiness in him, as I have said. He had an artist's appreciation of such regal bodily beauty as you see in his Lady Lilith, a liking for luxurious stuffs and ornate accessories. But all this was governed by a habit of mind incapable of grossness. I know of nothing about him more characteristic than the repugnance which Rubens roused in him on his first visit to the Louvre, made with Holman Hunt early in life. He burst out into verse denunciatory of nudes made "uncouth, with stagnant grouts of paint." The nude, as it happens, is almost imperceptible in his *œuvre*. His preoccupation was with other things, with the gravely garmented Proserpine, with the richly bedight lady of The Loving Cup, with plaintive Mariana, with Veronica Veronese in her flowing velvet, and, above all, with the melancholy shade of Dante. From his youth up he lived as it were under the constant influence of the poet. The elaborate composition, Dante's Dream, which is perhaps the most important of his pictures, is not by any means the sole testimony to his ardor for the "Divine Comedy." Over and over again Dante gave him a subject, and even when he found one elsewhere he carried over into his treatment of it an emotion of sad Dantesque revery, sad sometimes to the point of gloom.

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He was a very human creature. It has been said of him that, poet and idealist as he was, he nevertheless "had business qualities of a high order and the eye of a trained financier for anything that had money in it." A practical trait comes out in the fact that a good part of his life was spent in the painting of replicas of pictures of his that had found favor. Hard-headed industry waited on his poetic fervor. He knew how to drive a bargain. He was human also in his moodiness, a natural, quick-tempered, gusty individual. A sterling sincerity underlay his exotic picturesqueness, and he must have had some lovable ingredients in his nature, to judge from the loyal friendships that broke in upon his more or less cloistered existence. He struggled with ill health in his later years. Insomnia drove him to chloral and, in the upshot, that proved a more than doubtful resource. He seems a sorrowful, broken, very mortal type when death comes for him in 1882, untimely, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. But there is nothing so linked with immortal things as is the breath of the poet. Rossetti had it. It exhales from his paintings as from his verse. Though he was not a great artist in the technical sense, his art endures.

I do not know why it has not been more appreciated by American collectors. One or two of them have responded to its appeal. Mr. Samuel Bancroft, of Wilmington, was early in the field, and time has not dimmed my memory of the exhibition at the Century Club in which he once assembled his Pre-Raphaelite treasures. Rossetti has figured conspicuously also in the collection of Mr. Grenville Winthrop, in New York. But I know of no other connoisseurs here who have given as much attention to the subject. Possibly the reason is to be found in the spread in the United States of that very cult for technical brilliance to which, as I have shown, Rossetti was disinclined to pay tribute. An American generation predisposed by circumstances to foster a taste for a Manet or a Sargent could hardly be expected to turn very readily toward a painter like Rossetti. It has read him willingly enough, but it has not looked at him much. Sooner or later, I believe, the omission will be repaired. For to look at him in a friendly spirit is presently to be drawn to him as by a spell.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

Borgia

(Continued from page 562 of this number.)

Luna's look, the chill, the ugliness, the night that they had spent, which brought from Marfa that which she believed to be the truth.

"I'm thinking about Lawrence," she said, "I couldn't bear to bring Lawrence something terrible."

"That's not thinking about Lawrence," Luna said brutally. "That's thinking about yourself."

Marfa looked indignant. "I love him too well to face life if I were responsible. . . ."

Luna's gentle laughter came, the red east rounding her face to childishness. Sometimes Marfa hated her, sometimes she loved her. Hate and love from that one stimulus; and yet there was Luna herself, deep within her image, that thin column of amber light in the sunrise.

"Tell me what to do!" Marfa cried angrily—shouted it, as to some one deep within that amber column.

When Luna answered that nobody on earth could tell her that, Marfa wheeled and ran down the slope alone. Her complacence was pricked, she imagined that she loathed herself and wanted to die. A man alighting from a bug-like bus looked like Lawrence. It was not he, but she lost the entire situation—Effie, Luna's words, herself—in a memory of the delicious fulness of his mouth when he kissed her.

Marfa found that Lawrence had been calling from town. His high voice came hesitating over the wire, he said that he was wretched, lonely, that he must see her. She asked him to come down to Old Town, and as her body sat there at the telephone and asked him to come down to Old Town the next day, she was aware that her body was really her instrument, that the I watching within wanted him also. She thought: "I have been leaving *her* to speak as best she could." In the passage stood her mother saying, "Only two days more till he'll get here." Marfa asked stupidly "Who?" and saw her mother's small black eyes open and her mouth pucker and her head lift as she explained scornfully: "Your father." At this look Marfa found herself trembling, and thought: "People throw out something that poisons you when they're no more than disapproving. I must have been poisoning people right and left with every word I've said." She cried penitently: "Oh, yes . . . father! But Lawrence Brand is coming to-morrow." Her mother asked gravely: "Does that mean that this young man's intentions . . ." Instead of a withering word, Marfa laughed and answered: "Darling, you'd much better ask my intentions. No, mine are not serious." With naiveté Mrs. Manchester observed: "Then to-day's roast warmed over will be all right for dinner, won't it?"

Lawrence came down next day, and there being no porters at Old Town, advanced alone on the platform, his wrist looking long as he tugged at his suitcase. From the motor Marfa watched him with a current of understanding. At their meeting he seemed so exhausted, so like a runner who has reached his goal, that she was drawn to him, though she whispered: "Don't kiss me. They don't do that in Old Town, unless they want the engagement in *Supper Table Jottings*." This he seemed not to hear, but sat looking at her mutely. She thought: "His eyes are heavenly. What is back of them to make him look heavenly like that?" When they reached the house, she delighted in his clear-cut cultivated speech, echoing in those rooms dedicated to the slurred and the overemphatic; but when he talked with Luna, he twisted his fingers in a fashion which disconcerted and alienated Marfa. Of her scrutiny he seemed wretchedly aware. He dropped his hands and flushed, and suddenly she gave him that smile for which he had hungered, and he became another being, all gauzed with an inexpressible air.

They sat alone on the porch, and he said: "It's terrific to have the power of happiness or unhappiness that you have over me." She said, "The power of life and death," and suddenly felt: "Have I then the power of life over him only if I try—if I try? . . ." She looked about the dim porch, at the simple objects, the swing, the chairs, the rugs. They stood out in incredible clarity as she said:

"Lawrence, I have never tried. Never have tried to give life to any situation. I have only felt my will in me and have followed that." She continued to stare about as if she had something original and tremendous. But because of his love for her, he missed the moment and said only: "Please, then, feel the will to marry me quickly, and follow that!" He stooped to her hand, and sat kissing it, but Marfa looked over his head, into the darkness beyond the copper netting. And there were the bulk of tree-trunks, the vague façades of familiar houses, the invisible hollow of the sky. But these abruptly demanded that she see them differently. She looked down at his head, at its close dark hair springing beautifully, at the tense hands clinging to hers. "Lawrence!" she cried, "if I'm like that, bringing misfortune and death to every one, maybe it's because I've never tried—I mean, do you see, *tried* . . ." He held her, saying: "Your lips are soft. Your face is like velvet." So she sat silent, shading within her some light that she saw in there, shining; and now she was talking with him, the personal talk that he wanted from her.

There was a thickening of the darkness on the step without, and Luna came in. She carried a basket; her eyes were soft and reasonable and acquainted. She seemed not to be vague or distraught, but to be aware of what she was doing and what she was thinking. She paused and said: "Mr. Garvin said to say 'hello' to you, Marfa." Her face was serene in its new pink light, a light made golden as it rested on her amber face. As soon as Marfa saw her, she knew that she had persuaded Max Garvin to marry her. The inner door opened on a rectangle of light, and Mrs. Manchester stood there, looking out and saying intensely: "To-morrow night at this time he'll be here." Lawrence, standing slim and white against the black street, waited a little too obviously, Marfa thought, for these two to be gone. The bright veil of Luna's compassion and of her sacrifice were round Luna. A great and passionate impatience clothed Mrs. Manchester—yes, and a passionate irritability. (Wouldn't she tell her husband what she thought of his traipsing off when she got hold of him again!) Three women.

Marfa thought: "It makes no difference. Papa, Max Garvin, Lawrence. Any man. Any woman. They give life or death to one another, life if they will, death if they don't know that. . . ."

Only it was not so simple. Over years, Luna had made herself fine, resonant, flexible, singing, ready to receive currents of life. And it was so of Malvina Beach. But she herself . . . she saw the years stretch out, dry, expressionless, waiting for her to walk among them, waiting for her to take Lawrence and give him life, not death and misfortune. She thought: "It makes no difference. Luna gives life to Max Garvin. She doesn't love him—her pink light is because she loves to give life. I suppose mama and papa had passion, but that went, and now they give each other death only because they don't know how to give life."

She walked to the screen door, looked at the street, smoky with dusk, cloudy with pale light from the low moon. The homes smouldered, eyes like soft coals, all the flame hidden. As if the homes were crouching creatures. She thought: "All those men and women might have married another or another, and it would have been just the same." She thought: "What a fuss we make over choosing!" Some tide, light and joyous, swept her and left her tingling. "It's more than choosing. It's to bring life and not death."

When the house was still, Marfa not yet having fallen asleep heard Luna's door open, and saw her go out into the cloudy blackness of the garden. Marfa went down and followed her, and they sat together on a garden-bench, two black figures, in the warm southwest wind. "You're going to marry Max Garvin, Luna," Marfa whispered. And Luna said yes, as if it had always been so, accepted and sacrificial. Marfa asked quickly, "What do you think of Lawrence?"—eager for the fellowship of experience. Luna answered, "I like him. I hope you love him," and tried to see her sister's face in the milky gloom.

"It's a great thing to make another person happy," Luna said, and in her breath were the rise and dip of a discovery.

Marfa stood up beside a dark tree, below netted boughs whose tips were chalked with moonlight. She said: "Who's to measure that? Luna, I'm afraid. What is there left when love goes? Look at papa and mama, giving death to each other till papa runs away from it and yet can't escape from us, and has to come back—because he's waited too long. Love must be more—it must be something more. . . . You and I are in for that, Luna, surely. . . ."

Luna came and stood beside her. They stood slim and dark, murmuring under the tree down which the moonlight crept. A neighbor was working in his garage and whistling softly. On the street motors passed, bearing people talking, singing. The switch-engine breathed at the station.

"Yes," Luna said raptly, "we're in for that." In the darkness Marfa knew that Luna's pink light was burning in her face.

"But you're marvellous, Luna," Marfa said. "A cripple—and your whole life spent for him. It's I who ought—Luna! I feel as if you're making up to him for what I took away from him. . . ."

There was a moment's silence and then Luna said:

"Well, you certainly weren't the cause of his accident on purpose, Marfa."

Marfa looked at the creamy blur of her sister's face, and said slowly:

"I'm glad you see at last that it was *I* who was to blame for his accident, and not you."

Luna said low: "I think I have come to see just to-day that it really wasn't I—that just *not* saying something to you, when you were at the telephone that night, couldn't have made me responsible."

Marfa said thoughtfully: "It would take from your sacrifice if you thought you were making up to him for something you did."

"No," Luna said, "but I've come to see it wasn't I who was responsible, really! And, Marfa, I think papa would have started for China just the same, even if I hadn't been there to go into the store. He was bound to go. He'd have managed some way."

Marfa looked at her sister intently.

"How about Ben and The Dells?" she said. "You see now, don't you, that I was the one to blame there too—that you had nothing to do with it? Nothing to do, either, with my taking Paul Barker to Sally's house?"

Luna said: "I don't know. I don't feel as certain as I did, Marfa. . . . Those things . . ." Her voice trailed away. She stood erect, her clear dark face revealed now by the moonlight. "I'd be willing to take every bit of the blame," she said, "but I just don't feel so sure, any more, that it was I."

With a movement fluid and groping, Marfa reached out for the back of the bench, passed her hand along that, and sat down at the end, leaning forward, her wrists crossed on her breast.

"What is it, darling?" Luna asked anxiously. "Don't blame yourself—you mustn't blame yourself. Those things just happen—they happen to every one. . . ."

Marfa said one word. "Puppets," she said. "Puppets."

"What do you mean?" Luna asked blankly, and sat down beside her. But Marfa sprang away, and began walking up and down in the moonlight, under the tree.

"Marcus Bartholomew said," she cried, "that I *wanted* to blame myself for these things—that I insisted on blaming myself, because I must have some emotion. He said that I took that blame on myself instead of having hysterics or melancholia or going in for social service—that it answered the same purpose. Well—and look at me! Now that I have Lawrence, now that I have something to *do,* I could begin thinking that I can give life, instead of death and misfortune, if only I try hard enough. And look at *you!* As soon as you have Max Garvin, even that cripple, you're not so sure any more that you were responsible for Paul—or Ben . . . or Max himself. . . . That's to say, we don't any longer need the excitement of being responsible. Luna! Marcus Bartholomew was right!"

Luna said: "Nonsense. And don't speak so loud, dearest. There's somebody working in that garage."

"But he was right!"

"Well," Luna said comfortably, "suppose he was. If one goes on and does one's best . . ."

"No," said Marfa loudly, "it's not enough! It's not enough!"

She ran a bit away, up the length of the garden, through the darkness. The silence which fell on them both was abrupt and dominant, a tremendous positive. The silence, lying upon the garden. Silence, darkness, the faint wash of leaves. The sliding of the garage-door beyond the hedge, the neighbor's footsteps, the closing of his house-door. Silence and vacancy, night and its powerful energy, arrested motion . . . silence. All that had been motion shown suddenly as the play of puppets. Marfa, hidden in the darkness and the silence, and seeing Marcus Bartholomew's face laughing at her.

She was under the tree where she had played as a little girl. With no sense of wonder, she stood in the dark light and abruptly saw the procession of her manifest selves, as they had looked. Her little self, staring and staggering, in pink rompers; the eight-year-old child, wearing its second body, the first octave of the years sloughed off and gone and the second body assumed; then the adolescent, shy and awkward and agonized; then the lovely dreaming vessel of the early twenties, so sure, so crystallized, so confidently its own. Four of them, facing her, and here she was, distinct from them all. Here she stood, watching those four in whom she had lived and moved and whom she had involuntarily exchanged and never once chosen. Every one of them had said "I," and had meant the same "I," identified with those four bodies in turn. And now here she was, Marfa, the "I" indeed, looking at the four shells, discovered to have been never vital, never personal, never she at all. She felt homeless and unclaimed. Where in all those units had she herself ever rested or moved? She stared at the four, the mazed baby, the squirming child, the silent adolescent, the confident girl. And what, in God's name, were they? Husks of what? Of that I, who now beat so comfortably in her own breast and was unaware of any change? She felt herself as some fluid, passing in and out of these bodies at will, no more to them than to the moonlit tree, the southwest wind, the stars.

But why, then, wasn't it perfect, that self, that I—as perfect as tree and star? Like a flash of pure light, tearing its way through her brain, she now felt that it was perfect, that its only earthly concern was to perfect a body and a physical brain through which it could express its own perfection. Through the years something hard and bright and pure, like a meteor, had blazed within those bodies, had taken on one and another, patiently trying, by forcing upon the body choice after choice, to make an instrument through which to speak, to act, to impart, to receive, to be aware, to be. She looked on these four instruments in an extremity of distaste—the blob of sensation which was the baby's body, the rank fertility of the growing child, the overspecialization and the underspecialization of those next two husks. Every one of them crude and untended, the baby no more so than the body of twenty. And three of them coarse of cell, rotten, diseased, packed with the flesh of beasts, poisoned by their own evil or stupid or brutal emanations, by anger or malice or vanity or cruelty. Four instruments of the I—and not one of them more than a cracked and tortured shred of flesh and nerve and bone, its functions deflected and undiscovered . . . and all this true of the body in which she now stood. Five of them—and that hard, bright core of the life wandering in and out of them like a spirit straying among dark stars. Five of them—and every one formed of that which drew to itself evil, and spread evil to others. And when for one moment had she set herself to make of her body an instrument for the word of the I? She had meant to be so right and had done nothing whatever about it. She saw the innumerable hard bright cores of the spirit sweeping down the world, every one patiently trying to fashion its terrible body to express its own brightness. And all the bodies doing nothing about it.

When she did not return, Luna made her way slowly up the path, saying softly: "Marfa. Don't be so . . ." Marfa faced her sister and spoke passionately:

"You must think what you like," she said; "I know very well that you're finer than I am—that you're an angel, as Max Garvin said. Things do happen beautifully and wonderfully for you, because you're that kind of person. It may be that you blamed yourself only because you were bored, just as Marcus said I did. All that is nothing so long as you don't mind. But I do mind. I won't be danced about like a doll on a string by a lot of things in me that I never even saw. I tell you, Luna—I'm going to get out of this in some other way."

Luna patted her arm. "Well, darling," she said, "we'd better go in now."

"You're good, Luna—you're good!" Marfa cried. "I can see that. But I'm different—I'm made of hell and devils—I've got to begin and do me all over again, so the decent things'll follow me instead of the devilish ones. And I'll not begin by fooling myself and Lawrence too."

"You'll not throw him over?" Luna said sharply.

"I'm not talking about marrying," Marfa said. "I'm talking about something more."

"But what?" Luna demanded.

"Oh, God," said Marfa. "I don't know the name of it. But if we gave it half the pains we put on marrying, we should know."

She remembered that small, dark, cell-like room, that unvisited "chapel," and when Luna had gone to her room, Marfa slipped in there and lit the broken tipsy candles. "A church where none cometh to pray." There was dust on the floor, on the table and the sill, and a cobweb swung from the picture-frame. Her mother had talked of renting the den and turning the chapel into a kitchenette. Mrs. Manchester was deeply religious, but "a chapel in the home is affectation, *I* think," she said. She had left it undisturbed from a vague filial feeling, less piety than a habitized and associative emotion for her own childhood.

What *was* there?

Marfa tried to lay hold on something, on one single thing that she could hold to. Certainly they had tried to educate her, tried to give her religion, led her to expect relationships. But she had little education that seemed related to life, no religion at all, and in all her relationships she had failed. Her mind reached for one solitary reality which she could touch and say: "There is that, at least." And there was nothing. Even she herself was no more than that fluid parade of colorless bodies, aged one, aged five, aged fourteen, aged twenty, and now aged twenty-three—bodies which lapped round her and disappeared into darkness. . . .

"Bodies which lapped round me. . . ."

Clear, like glass, like water, like air, that *me* hung for her momentarily, changeless in its procession of dissolving bodies.

Without a trace of humor she thought: "My God, *I'm* real."

Untrained in any aspect of philosophic thinking, she confronted as might a savage the naked fact of her consciousness. As a primitive rising from some depth, full-bodied and aware, she was seated in the flux of her world and suddenly knew herself to be a positive point within the flow of her forms.

"I'm something," she said in extreme astonishment.

She rose, stood before the picture of the Light of the World, which had meant nothing to her; walked through the rooms of her home, which bored her; felt in her body the familiar weight of oppression, of the shock of recent death and disaster and pain. She entered her own room and stood where so many times her violent being had asserted itself, struggled, expressed pride, purpose, and vanity. But never before had it been aware of its own simple identity nor had it named itself. "I'm *I*," Marfa thought, with the amazement of the Cro-Magnon had he been told by a mirror the truth about himself.

She stood at her window, looking down on the quiet lawn, with its small shuttles of moonlight. She said over her discovery, that first personal pronoun acquiring by repetition a dazzling intensity. Then a further thought smote her, with colloquial simplicity. "What on earth *is* that?" she wondered, for the first time in her twenty-three years.

She woke with a sense of excitement and tension, and hurried down-stairs, looking about with expectation; but not for Lawrence, whom she dreaded to see alone. She was filled by some agitation which was like premonition and like the breath of some emotion never before known to her.

Mrs. Manchester was beset by outward stresses not less violent. The things which her husband liked to eat were baking in the kitchen, the house had been swept and ordered as if for a funeral. Luna, too, came back from the hospital, her light beaming vigorously through her, and hurried down to clear the office desk.

In all this movement Marfa moved and held her secret. What secret? She wondered if all the people knew, and if they didn't talk about it because the words one knew weren't suited to that being within one, but only to one's body—one's bodies, going about. She looked at the others covertly—Lawrence, Luna, her mother. Had *they* any idea of this powerful thing, this quiet anonymous I, waiting to take charge? She felt double, felt light, and quick. She tried to fit her feeling into the little that she knew of the unconscious, and dismissed all with the certainty that this was other, this was more, this was so simple that it was overlooked by the wise. She felt freedom, resolution, purpose, interest. She threw herself into her tasks, sang, was good-humored, revealed to Lawrence some influence which expressed for him all of heaven; and she looked at her mother with immense understanding. She thought: "Why has this occurred to nobody before?" She was the Cro-Magnon seeing himself for the first time in a mirror, and thus discovering himself to be there at all. She thought: "I'll wait till after father comes before I talk with Lawrence."

Lawrence slipped away for a tramp just before her father was to arrive. "He might wonder," he explained, ". . . and so do I," he added. Marfa and her mother sat on the screened porch and waited for Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew, whom Luna had driven to the station to meet. The hollow porch, curved in its hollow of leaves, of lawn, of calm afternoon air, looked outward upon a border of pavement whereon the neighbors passed faithfully. Marfa wondered how many of them went a little mad, went spiritually naked to sharp blasts, and how many of their fellows they had delicately and discreetly killed. Mis' Armes and Mis' Mears went along, eyebrows protestingly arched as they chattered; and the bakery-wagon moved lazily by, its bay horse apparently bearing his motor in his striving head. Over all arched the encompassing hollow of silken sky, beautiful wilds of light.

Mr. Manchester, Mr. Bartholomew, and Luna came up the steps. Except for the bags, they looked as if they had come home from golf, from the shop, from the post-office. It had been expected that Mr. Manchester would droop, would lean, would be pallid; but he alighted flexibly, and came at a smart pace up the walk and the steps. Marcus Bartholomew trundled after, his square figure proceeding with the lateral movement of a fowl feeding. "Well!" cried Mrs. Manchester, her welcome brilliantly edged with "I told you so's," like a bright fringe—too discreet to appear, in this first moment, as a sober fabric. "Well, darling," Marfa said, as if she were his mother. To Marcus Bartholomew she exclaimed prettily: "To give up your trip! You can't know how we appreciate this . . ." but he must have missed something in her tone, for he glanced at her sharply, and away, as if he missed something, too, in her face. They all talked at once.

Sitting with his knees extending well beyond the seat of his chair, his feet retreating, a hand on a leg, the other hand thrusting capably back through his hair, Mr. Manchester affirmed that it had been great, great.

"But papa, darling, you were ill!" Marfa cried.

"A nothing—a mere digestive upset. The moment the boat sailed, I was feeling all right again."

Marfa glanced at Luna, as one who says: "The darling. He hated the idea, at the last."

"But you could have taken the next boat—with the South Americans," his wife amazingly cried, and added: "After the neighbors all thought you'd . . . But I'm glad you didn't," she added quickly.

At this Mr. Manchester looked stricken. And Marfa glanced at Luna as one who says: "That's how mama kills him, bit by bit."

"I had a nice little outing," he claimed, looking about. "A nice little outing. I'm glad to get back to work. How's business been, Luna?" he asked.

He began opening a small worn bag, in which he had long kept and had carried away certain specimens whose period he wanted the experts to place. These specimens he was painstakingly ranging on the porch table as Luna told him about the fortnight's sale of bathtubs and lavatories. Mercifully he did not hear his wife murmur: "That's a clean tablespread. . . ." When he had the precious things laid out, Luna said brightly: "I expect you'll go next year, papa—to China." But at this he looked suddenly old and dry, and said: "No, no, I shan't go . . . now."

Marcus Bartholomew sat with his arms folded across his square chest, his head bent forward on his thick neck. When the others had gone indoors, Marfa said to him:

"Why did papa come back?"

Bartholomew said: "I think he funked it. I think he'd waited too long, d'you see." He added: "It aged him. He'd tried and couldn't bring it off—it aged him. Of course just now he's putting on. . . ."

Marfa did not turn away her eyes, whose lids dropped as she seemed to look through and beyond Marcus Bartholomew.

"You mean, if he'd stayed at home," she said slowly, "he'd have kept on having something to look forward to. Now he thinks he's old—knows he'll never have anything more. . . ." She added: "I could have kept him at home if I had said the word. He told me so. . . ."

Bartholomew said: "You could have kept me too, you remember. And I didn't mind coming back. Did you miss me, Marfa?"

She said crisply: "Not in the least."

He kept on looking at her. "I wanted to tell you," he said. "When I got away from you, I found that I love you—more than I'd made out to you. And I find that knowing you has rather precipitated things for me. Mrs. Bartholomew is in Paris. I shall go there and arrange for the divorce—and then go on around to China. Unless you'll let me come back."

She began to say, "Not to me, my friend . . ." and then crumpled down in her chair and stared at him. "I've pushed you toward this . . . done I don't know what to your wife. I've taken away from papa his hope and his confidence—made him disappointed and old. . . ."

Bartholomew said: "Oh, rot. Aren't you ready to give up your made-up emotions for some real ones?"

She went on: "I've spoiled Luna's life—married her to a cripple. . . ."

Luna came out with the tea-things. Marfa stumbled away to the kitchen. There in a corner Erralee stood, her great black hands over her face, her squat body swaying. She wailed.

"My sister's got her in their parlor . . . Effie's done it this time. Just as soon as she got out of the hospital she done it—and she's good and dead now. Seems lak my whole fif' dollars wasn't enough for nothin'. . . . She's laid her out in their parlor. . . ." It was Luna who broke into exclamation and clamor. Marfa's hands went on making the tea.

Marfa went back to the porch and handed the cakes. In the slanting afternoon light the copper screens shone, thin walls of webbing separating a trial eternity from eternity. Green running from plant to plant, yellow in a cage, measures of color and song risen elsewhere and not created there on that porch; light reed furniture, hollowed in expectation of the human body; shaded tile, latticed ceiling—all these in indifference to the beings who had thus seized upon pure surface, pure direction, and made them their own, for earthly uses.

For what uses? Marfa handed the cakes, looked at Luna in her pink light; at their father in his gray light; at their mother, bland or comatose; at Marcus Bartholomew, about to sail for Paris, to arrange. She thought of Maude Brand, Paul Barker, Ben, looking tall in their coffins; of Effie, laid in some parlor; of Mona and her children; of Lina, blind; of that forgotten *chef,* that forgotten child, with its scar; of Max Garvin, in his wheel-chair; of Luna and of what her life would be, of the squirrel in the road. She handed the tea, heard the talk, was aware of the passers in the street. She thought: "Now papa—and Mrs. Bartholomew—and Effie. After all, there's no help for me. I'm like that, and I'm nothing more."

When she was free, she ran out of the house alone, and went to the hospital. It was after visiting-hours, but they let her go up to Max Garvin's room. When she tapped, his voice sounded queer to her, and when she went in she was overpowered to discern that the man had been crying.

"Don't mind me," he said, "there's a tradition that men don't do that sort of thing. They do, though."

She said: "I know. Every woman knows. We keep on pretending. . . . But you! This kills me. It kills me."

She sat before him and told him about her own wretchedness in having made him wretched. It was her own wretchedness, really, of which she was talking. He listened patiently until she said:

"And now I've hurt my father—broken his confidence in his own power, and I've failed to help a girl and she is dead, and I've made a woman more miserable than she was. Tell me—wouldn't I better kill myself and stop the rest?"

He seemed ill and old and his bathrobe was ugly. And he looked at her unsympathetically, as if she were another man. She thought: "I don't believe he knows about this." But he answered sharply: "If you kill yourself, you're likely to make things worse. I'd stick it and start the job now." When she asked him what job, he cried irritably: "Doesn't it get to you that you are actually an inharmonious person? That you've got to do yourself over. . . ." He stopped. "Certainly it gets to me," she said sharply. "But what on earth shall I do?" He hitched the ugly bathrobe about and said that she wasn't to ask him.

"But you know!" she cried desperately. "Look here, Mr. Garvin. I've had a sense of something in me, hard and bright, that *is* me, really. Can you give me the least idea how to be that thing?"

"If you know that," said Max Garvin, "that's all you need. You've started back. I mean—there's a long time when the cells of the body are as dense as rock. But when the inside begins to be lit up, then you'll come along."

She thought: "Is this man delirious?" But at once she found some divination of his words—quite as if she had lost and then regained some musical ear.

"I wondered the other day if you'd ever get it," he said. "There's no doubt about you. Your body has been floundering like a fish in air. Now you're in the current—I can see that by what you tell me."

"But what have I told you?" she cried. "I don't know myself—only that thing in me that I call *I. . . .*"

"It's enough," he answered, and looked at the door as if he wished that she would go. She rose, but she cried again:

"But what shall I *do?*"

He said nothing. She saw that this matter was her own despair.

Lawrence found her on her way home, and they climbed a slope to a field, the flat summit of a low cone whose shallow sides were still smoothly feathered with green. This field had been harvested, and its black loam under pallid stubble, lying luxurious and relaxed, its labor ended, was in itself no avowal of anything, no end at all, but merely the vessel through which life had moved and now was gone again.

"You see," she finished what she had to tell him, "I shall not marry you. I must save you from myself, Lawrence."

"Rot, dearest," he said.

"You've seen what I bring to people. It may take me years. . . ."

"You'll bring me disaster if you don't marry me. I'd choose the death you might bring, if it came to that."

At this glare of his feeling she cried: "Would you want me to marry you if I brought you disaster?" But this he seemed to take as a mere supposititious question, one of those tangents in which love delights, the better to find itself safe. So she began laboriously, recounted to him all that train of tribulation of which she had found herself the author—all that she had told him on their ride, all that she had remembered since that day. He said that every one brought pain as well as joy, that the job was to get the balance on the right side, but at his bookkeeping metaphor she felt injured and observed that not every one seemed to understand the universe so well. He cried in surprise: "But from the cradle every one knows these things!"

She examined his face as if it were strange to her, now that he was speaking without the urge of the personal to which she was accustomed in him. Moreover he had shown none of the impulse to take her in his arms which the blue publicity of the sky and the green privacy of the hill suggested. She thought: "Perhaps he doesn't love me." Now as she saw him standing black against the far fields, remote from her, not looking at her, not sharply aware of her, she began to discern in him a nobility which she had never before detected. This perception she did not question, did not relate; she was merely held by it. She thought: "Lawrence seems more."

Still in that preoccupation in which she appeared to have no part, he said: "Maybe you mean that a higher power than either pain or happiness governs love." And this she did not wholly understand. She felt nettled and respectful. She said stiffly: "I have to be different. I have to be more." When he answered in manifest surprise, "All right, dearest," she thought that she hadn't been clear, and tried to explain about that inner *I* which was to be there, all the time. At this he seemed not so much puzzled as patient, but as she talked on, he looked at her, his pointed eyes tender, and cried:

"I wonder if there is anybody like you. You're the most modern girl on earth. You're ultramodern. You *care* about being good. It's revolutionary!"

But this she disclaimed furiously. "I am not. I care about not making people wretched, that's all."

"You know, Marfa," he said then, "one sees them already in Europe—young French people I've seen, who *want* to be right—who are bored by all the old stuff. And here you are in America, talking the same way."

But she said that being right wasn't enough, for she had meant that too, and it got you nowhere, and that all she wanted now was to get out of the way of that *I* that she had discovered. She said:

"My body is Borgia—but I am not she. I am I. I have only to act instead of her. . . ." She spoke of her body as a tool, a clay.

He stood before her and exclaimed: "Well, let's not talk about that any more. I love you."

Now abruptly she was aware of herself, that bright core, that *I* of her discovery, motionless there beside that *I* which was Lawrence. No more than that. She stared at him against a flashing sky, and they standing in the field through which life many times had surged and withdrawn. Two cores of being, alone, in the long procession of their bodies. Being, trying to be manifest.

And the isolation of her evil fell from her and she felt herself with all the people, and they all in the same case, winged but bound; and with that identical anxious *I*, netted in the flesh, striving to deal in life and not in death.

"Right, Marfa?" he asked.

"Right, Lawrence," she said only.

They began to talk as lovers talk, and moved across the lit fields.

THE END.

BEGINNING IN THE JANUARY
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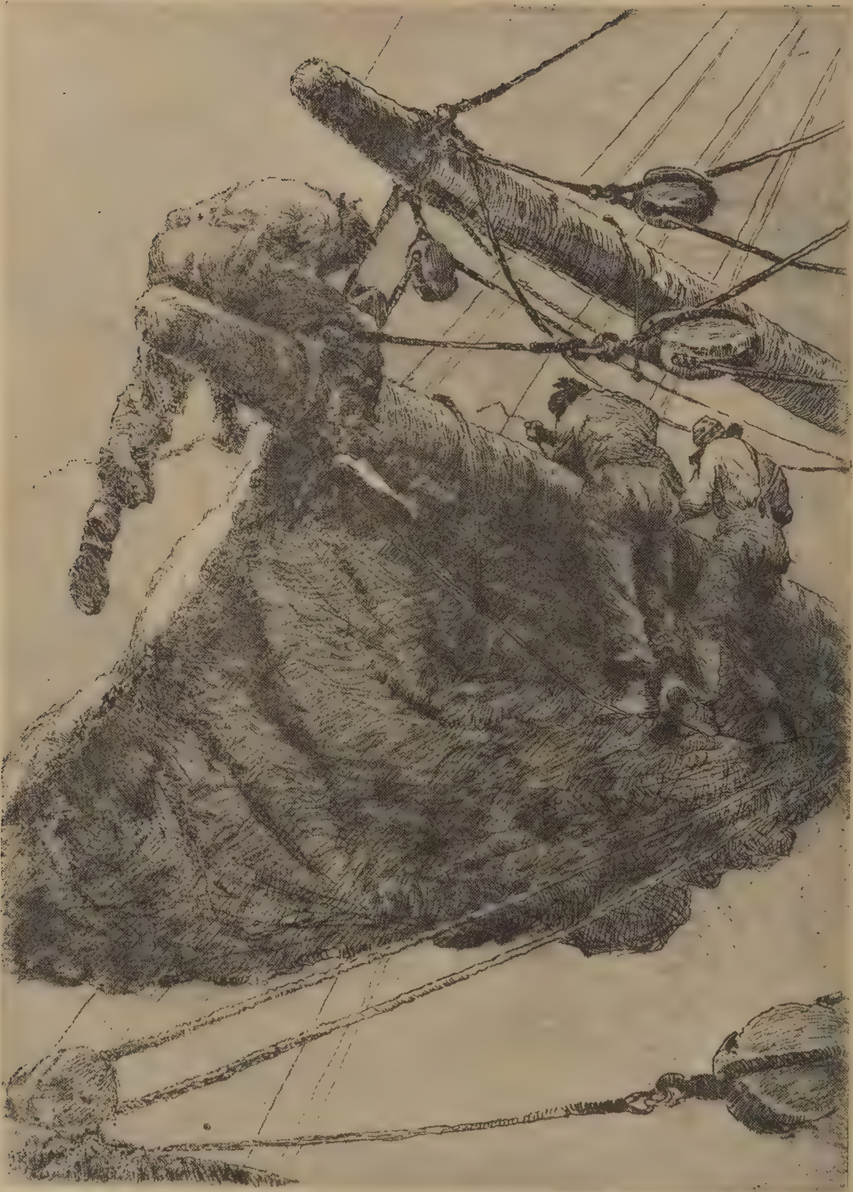

Bending the Lower Tops'l.

From an etching by George Gale.

—See "Whalers and Whaling," page 667.

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Hector Kane

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

If Hector Kane at eighty-five
Was not the youngest man alive,
Appearance had anointed him
  With undiminished youth.
To look at him was to believe
That as we ask we may receive,
Annoyed by no such evil whim
  As death, or time, or truth.

Which is to doubt, if any of you,
Seeing him, had believed him true.
He was too young to be so old,
  Too old to be so fair.
Beneath a snowy crown of curls,
His cheeks that might have been a girl's
Were certainly, if truth were told,
  Too rose-like to be there.

But Hector was a child of earth,
And would have held of little worth
Reflection or misgiving cast
  On his reality.
It was a melancholy crime,
No less, to torture life with time;
And whoso did was first and last
  Creation's enemy.

He told us, one convivial night,
When younger men were not so bright
Or brisk as he, how he had spared

His heart a world of pain,
Merely by seeing always clear
What most it was he wanted here,
And having it when most he cared,
And having it again.

"You children of threescore or so,"
He said, "had best begin to know
If your infirmities that ache,
Your lethargies and fears,
And doubts, are mostly more or less
Like things a drunkard in distress
May count with horror, while you shake
For counting days and years.

"Nothing was ever true for me
Until I found it so," said he;
"So time for me has always been
Four letters of a word.
Time? Is it anything to eat?
Or maybe it has legs and feet,
To go so as to be unseen;
Or maybe it's a bird.

"Years? I have never seen such things.
Why let your fancy give them wings
To lift you from experience
And carry you astray?
If only you will not be old,
Your mine will give you more than gold,
And for a cheerful diligence
Will keep the worm away.

"We die of what we eat and drink,
But more we die of what we think;
For which you see me still as young
At heart as heretofore.
So here's to what's awaiting us—
Cras ingens iterabimus—"
A clutch of wonder gripped his tongue,
And Hector said no more.

Serene and inarticulate
He lay, for us to contemplate.
The mortal trick, we all agreed,
Was never better turned:

Bequeathing us to time and care,
He told us yet that we were there
To make as much as we could read
Of all that he had learned.

* * *

The Fish Supper

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FAULKNER looked out of the office window. It had stopped raining, and evidently was going to clear off, after all. A watery light was breaking through the rapid clouds, which were themselves of a softer texture, and the church spire in Wellington, three miles away, suddenly caught a pale beam of sunlight and glistened evanescently. Best and surest sign of all, old Sandy was out on the lawn with his motor lawn-mower. Faulkner watched him stoop over the machine, heard it begin to sputter, and then the old man climbed into the seat and began his slow onslaught on the dandelions. . . .

"It looks," said Ulrich, behind him, "as if we'd have our party after all. And, believe me, I'd like a bottle of nice cold beer after a day like this."

Faulkner continued to look out of the window, feeling the stubble on his chin. Now that his wife had left him, he was no longer so careful about shaving every day. Her letter lay unanswered on his desk.

"Yes, I guess so," he said.

He could feel Ulrich waiting, deprecatingly as always, for some further assurance of interest; he even felt sure that Ulrich was holding some sort of document in his hand, turning it nervously; but he was damned if he'd make any further effort to be agreeable. He waited, watching Sandy's slow progress—it was as if he were sweeping the lawn of dandelions with a huge carpet-sweeper. When he got to the wire fence at the end of the company's grounds he turned the machine and began coming back. A pair of robins had already arrived to search the freshly cut grass for food.

"Well," said Ulrich, shifting his feet, "I'll drop in for you at five, if that's all right."

"Sure. Do that."

The apologetic footsteps moved away, the door closed, and—thank God—he was alone again. The clouds seemed to be in a great hurry—it was almost as if they really had somewhere to go. Somewhere to go. It would be nice to have somewhere to go. Something better, anyway, than this accursed factory, stuck down here in the country, miles from anywhere. He couldn't exactly blame Barbara for not wanting to live here. But then, where you got work you had to take it. If she had been everything that a wife ought to be—! But what, exactly, ought a wife to be?

He sat down at his desk, picked up

the letter, opened it, and began, for the twentieth time in three days, to read it again. The phrases, in Barbara's babyish handwriting, had now become almost meaningless. "I am, of course, awfully sorry" (why did the word "awfully" always annoy him?) "that it all had to end like this"—"terribly disappointed in you"—"but of course you have always considered your own interests rather than mine"—"no sort of life there for the children"—"so I think it will be better for all concerned"—and so on, to the end, with its casual "Good-by, Luke, and I really hope you'll be happy." Good God, what did she expect of a husband? He had been unhappy ever since that time when she fell in love with Paul, but he had, for the sake of the family, tried his best to conceal it. When his income had finally proved insufficient he had found this job here in the country, reorganizing a dilapidated factory; had given up his life in New York, which meant so much to him; had endeavored to endure a life of solitude, hoping that sooner or later she would come to join him; and, now, this was his reward. Of course, he had never been much of a success; in fact, to make lots of money had never been one of his ambitions. Why couldn't they have been happy as they were? Why was it so necessary that the children should be sent to boarding-schools and dancing-schools, and live on Riverside Drive or in a swell suburb—why was it so necessary that they should meet only the "best" people, and all that kind of folderol? That sort of thing didn't mean happiness. If the children couldn't have the same advantages *they* had had,—schools and colleges and such,—that was unfortunate, but it wasn't fatal, was it? . . . But now the axe had fallen.

He tried once more to find a suitable tone for his reply. He put his elbows on the desk and began rubbing his forehead with a kind of painful violence which was somehow a great relief to him. He was tempted to be bitter, to be unbridled, but a kind of sporting instinct forbade that: there was so much else that he wanted to say: in fact, he wanted, in a sense, to write her a love-letter, a love-letter which also would tell her in horribly brutal sentences what he really thought of her. But the whole thing was too complicated. How could you sum up in one letter all your feelings about ten years of married life? All the tendernesses, the secret symbols, the extraordinarily elaborate and profound and—yes—*vascular* dual consciousness which their conjoined experience had given them? All the regrets, the anguishes, the ecstasies, the memories, the precious emblems of shared pleasure—no, it was impossible. It would all have to be left out. There was no kind of shorthand which could express it. It was as if the moss, torn from the wall, should try to tell you, with the raw surface, *what the wall had been like. . . .*

He could say *that,* of course; and the idea pleasing him, he took up his pen and drew a sheet of typewriter paper toward him and wrote on it "My darling." But the impulse ran out, died—or, more precisely, withered in the presence of his anger. It was no good. He would have to take refuge in a merely formal letter, a glazed official style, something inhuman and abstract. Polite, uncircumstantial, with perhaps just a suggestion of bitterness and more than a suggestion of affection, affection curbed. And just the same, it was ridiculous that at such a crisis of one's life one couldn't, simply couldn't, say what one really meant, and say it richly. If only Barbara had *understood* all this! If only she had seen—underneath his helplessness and his indifference to the conventional—his desperate loyalty and essential gentleness! . . . How absurd. This was tantamount to asking destiny, implacable destiny, to be one's mother: it was like trying to pillow one's head on a meteor.

He was still struggling with the problem, still remembering this and that and the other—their visit to Jackson Falls, the time when Betty had fallen into the river, the winter when Paul had taken to calling on Barbara every afternoon, Paul's habit of kissing her hand, her curious indifference to cleanliness in the house, the odd trace of exhibitionism which always showed in her in Paul's presence—when the door opened and Ulrich came in. He remembered, then, with a start, that the whistle had already blown: he had half noticed it at the time. He jumped up, crumpling the sheet of paper.

"Five o'clock, eh?" he said.

"My wife's waiting in the car," said Ulrich, tapping the edge of the desk with a rolled-up newspaper. He always carried a rolled-up newspaper. "And she says Miss Houston will meet us over there in Wellington."

II

It was to be a fish supper, in a little secret restaurant which Ulrich had discovered: a place where they gave you very good fish, and also very good beer, smuggled across the lake from Canada. Ulrich prided himself on possessing little secrets of this sort. It was as if he felt some queer kind of inferiority, and sought to make up for it by knowing all sorts of out-of-the-way odds and ends. He always knew, for example, just which of the standard brands of cigarette contained, at the moment, the purest and best tobacco, and which of them were capitalizing their success by recourse to cheaper materials. He knew a buyer of tweeds in Buffalo, and could get his suits for a third of what it cost any one else. And it went without saying that if there was a new place at which you could get something to drink he would know about it. Faulkner really disliked the man: he felt sure that Ulrich wanted to get something out of him. Was it merely a sort of social thing? a desire to be on friendly, not to say intimate, terms with the manager, whom he perhaps also suspected of being "superior"? His manner was always uneasily ingratiating: he smiled too much.

And his wife bore out this impression, as Faulkner immediately discovered when they joined her in the car. All the way to Wellington, while Ulrich drove, Mrs. Ulrich, a plump fair-haired little woman, who shut up her blue eyes when she laughed, did her best to captivate him and impress him. She was playing the "great lady," evidently under the impression that Faulkner moved in some social sphere of impossible grandeur—the world of marble halls and terraces with urns, which, in America, at any rate, exists only in the movies. She had cultivated a broad "a," and used it with devastating effect; except when, now and then, she used it where she shouldn't.

Faulkner was patient with her, replied to her lofty inanities, gave her a cigarette, and prayed that this Miss Houston (whoever she was) would be more interesting, more honest, and less on the make.

"Who is this Miss Houston?" he asked.

Mrs. Ulrich arched her eyebrows, and then immediately afterward, for no discoverable reason, narrowed her eyes at him enigmatically.

"Ah," she said, "she's a woman of mystery."

Faulkner felt that he was expected to smile in reply to this challenge, and obediently did so, but without much conviction; at the same time, suddenly, feeling extraordinarily angry with this fool of a female. He saw the whole thing—all the months of scheming that had gone to this party, in order that she might let it be known in local society that she was an intimate friend of the manager, Mr. Luke Faulkner. Revolting. All the more revolting, and also pathetic, not to say tragic, when one knew—as he did—how silly and unfounded was this legend of his social splendor.

The conversation lagged. Mrs. Ulrich could think of nothing further to say, at the moment, and sat back, ladylike, holding her cigarette between two stiff fingers; and Faulkner watched the flight of wet trees past the car, and the fence-rails from which raindrops still hung, bright with the evening light. A sense of unreality came over him: he realized how little he knew these two people, and how little he liked them; he hated the back of Ulrich's head, and the little dark point of hair which hung over his collar; he disliked the silver vase beside the window, with its artificial bachelor's-buttons; he loathed Ulrich's habit of humming popular airs. And to be riding in a closed car, an expensive car, a car more expensive than he himself had ever had or wanted to have—to be riding in this, with two such commonplace people, and at a time when he particularly wanted to be alone . . . the thing was so incredible as to seem ludicrous. It was, in fact, so fantastic that the thought crossed his mind that the adventure might be amusing. Why not simply throw oneself into it, sink to this queer level, bathe in this strangeness? Might it not be in a way refreshing, invigorating? Suppose, for example, he were to make love to this pudgy and overscented female absurdity who sat beside him, bumping against him when the car bumped: what would happen? It might, at any rate, end this little campaign for social conquest.

III

The "secret" restaurant turned out to be a kind of little yacht-club, or boathouse, mounted on stilts over the lake. It looked like the sort of place that would sell you bait and rent you a dirty fishy-smelling boat. The dining-room, however, was rather charming: a long, low-ceilinged room, windowed on three sides, with an uneven floor. They found a table at the far end, overlooking the lake, and sat down; and Faulkner remarked to Miss Houston that it was very like being on a ship. He could feel the whole thing moving.

"Wait till you've had two or three of their dry Martinis," said Ulrich, "and you'll think it's moving, all right!"

Miss Houston was a disappointment, as far as mystery was concerned: she was a nice enough girl of twenty four or five, dark, with level gray eyes, somewhat awkward and mannerless. Faulkner gathered that she had only recently been "taken up" by Mrs. Ulrich, and that they didn't know each other particularly well. It came out that she was a teacher of singing in Albany. It was evident that Mrs. Ulrich had romanticized her. Still, she was a pleasant enough creature, and knew Bach from Beethoven; and within a few minutes of the introduction she and Faulkner had formed a sort of alliance against the Ulrichs. Faulkner felt that if they should want to they could make the Ulrichs very uncomfortable.

"You studied music in Paris?" he said.

"No, in London. I was there for two years."

"Lucky woman! I had two months there, in a college vacation once, and I think it was the most exciting two months of my life. I had a room in Gray's Inn."

"In Gray's Inn! How simply delicious! . . . I lived in Lamb's Conduit Street—don't you love the names they give their streets?—and I often used to walk through the Inn."

Mrs. Ulrich, smiling a little constrainedly, turned to see if the cocktails were coming. The waiter was just arriving, with a double round, as ordered. Faulkner felt that she was glad of the interruption.

"Well, here's looking at us," said Ulrich.

The cocktails were as good as Ulrich had said; they drank two apiece, and then ordered a third, and after that came the beer and the fish. A phonograph squealed "The Cat's Whiskers" at the far end of the room, and two girls went down the gangway to a canoe by the float, fussed over some cushions, and paddled off on the lake. The water was like glass—pale pink with the reflected light of a waning sunset. One of the girls trailed her bare arm in the water.

Mrs. Ulrich was flushed and excited, and determined to make conversation with Faulkner: she was aggressive about it, challenging, and Faulkner began to be annoyed.

"My husband says you come from New York," she said. "Don't you find it dull here in the country after living in New York?"

"Oh, it might be worse," said Faulkner.

"I'm sure you don't really mean that."

"Why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Ulrich straightened her mouth to a thin line.

"How can you? . . . After all the luxuries and excitements you've been used to in New York! Goodness—there are times when *I* think I shall go mad."

"Oh. You come from New York too?"

"Well, no, but I've been there a good deal: and I'm very fond of it. I've always tried to make a point of going down at least twice a year. I have a great many friends there, you see."

Mrs. Ulrich seemed a little confused as she said this, and looked uneasily at her husband and then quickly away again. Something in her behavior suggested to Faulkner that she was lying. But why should she take the trouble to lie about so trifling a thing?

"You probably know the city a good deal better than I do, then," he said. "It's always the occasional visitor who takes the cream off it, you know."

"Some people have all the luck," sighed Miss Houston. "I've been to New York just twice in my life—when I sailed to Europe and when I came back."

"Don't you think Fifth Avenue is simply wonderful? . . ." Mrs. Ulrich disregarded Miss Houston's interpolation, and addressed herself again to Faulkner. "And Broadway at night, with all those wonderful lights, and the crowds, and always the chance that you'll see a gang murder, or a girl being enticed by the White Slavers! It's so romantic, don't you think? I never can get enough of it."

Ulrich looked at his wife, cleared his throat somewhat loudly, and then dropped his eyes. He seemed embarrassed.

"And the shops! My goodness! I always want to buy everything. And the theatres! . . . Well, the truth is I really regard myself as a New Yorker, nowadays, I've been there so much, and know it all so well."

Faulkner was polite.

"Where do you usually stay?" he said.

"Oh, I've tried a good many of the hotels"—her tone was a little vague—"but I guess I've been more to the Belmont than to any of the others. Or is it the Biltmore? I never can keep those names straight, they're so much alike, you know. I guess it's the Belmont. Yes, it's the Belmont."

"Let's see: the Belmont." Faulkner frowned a little, reflecting. "I'm afraid I don't just remember where that is. It's pretty far down-town, isn't it? Near the Square?"

"Well, it's not easy to describe, but I think so, yes. *Quite* near the Square. But of course it's very centrally situated, and very comfortable. Expensive, you know,—but very good."

"Washington Square?"

"Yes, Washington Square. *That* was it, of course."

Miss Houston looked perplexed.

"Oh, but I thought—" she began to say.

Mrs. Ulrich interrupted her rapidly. She dropped her hand on Miss Houston's and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

"My dear, you really ought to cultivate the habit of going down there for your shopping. There's nothing else like it. I don't believe London is in it with New York. . . . Do you think so, Mr. Faulkner? The buildings are so wonderful!"

Miss Houston glanced anxiously at Faulkner.

"Architecturally," he said, "some of them are very fine. I've always particularly liked Gimbels', with that tower of pink stone and the golden turret—especially at night. And its position is so commanding, too, there by Central Park. Don't you think so?"

"Beautiful," sighed Mrs. Ulrich. "Simply beautiful."

"Though just why they should have put the Museum right bang beside it, so overshadowed by it, I can't imagine. Don't you think it was a mistake?"

Mrs. Ulrich nodded rapidly.

"*Great* mistake," she said. "Not that I was ever one to care much about museums. . . . Me for the bright lights, and Coney Island. I'm afraid I'm rather a flibbertygibbet. Ralph always says so, don't you, Ralph?"

Ulrich smiled obediently.

"Did you ever take the tunnel over to Staten Island?" asked Faulkner.

"Let me see . . ." Mrs. Ulrich deliberated, putting her curly hair on one side. "Yes, I think I did—in fact, several times." She nodded, remembering. "Oh, yes. In fact, I think I can say that I know my way about the city as well as anybody."

"What about another round of cocktails?" suggested Ulrich. "Any bidders? We might as well get tight."

There was a pause in the conversation while the cocktails were brought;

and Faulkner began to feel a little drunk, just drunk enough to be reckless. He stretched out his legs under the table, and smiled.

"You know," he said, looking hard at Mrs. Ulrich, "I suspect you've never been to New York in your life."

Mrs. Ulrich turned scarlet. Ulrich and Miss Houston were appalled.

"Why, what *do* you mean! . . . I guess you're kidding me." She gave a little laugh. "Haven't I been telling you all this time that I'm a regular New Yorker?"

There was a silence. Faulkner half turned toward the lake and looked through the screen at the darkening water. There was a canoe a little way off with a rosy Japanese lantern in it.

"Your details are singularly inaccurate," he said.

"I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Faulkner, but I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. . . . Ralph, don't you think it's time we were starting back?. . ."

Ulrich looked at his watch.

"What's the rush?" he said.

"That Staten Island tunnel"—said Faulkner—"doesn't exist, for example."

Mrs. Ulrich glared at him, flushing again: she tried to look him firmly in the eyes.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," she said. "And aren't you rather rude?"

"And Gimbels' is not pink, and has no golden turret, and isn't in Central Park," he went on, implacably, feeling as if he had a knife in his hand. "Nor is the Hotel Belmont in Washington Square: it's by the Grand Central Station, on 42d Street."

Mrs. Ulrich jumped to her feet.

"Give me my cape," she said.

She refrained from looking at Faulkner: she turned her back, and began to walk out of the room, while Ulrich paid the bill. Miss Houston blew her nose. There was a distressing moment when nobody could think of anything to say. Then they all got up and moved toward the door.

Mrs. Ulrich had already got into the car: she was crying, and when her husband and the two others came up she turned her face away. Ulrich and Miss Houston got into the car, but Faulkner stood by the door with his hat in his hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ulrich," he said. "I've been worried and out of sorts, and the temptation was too much for me. . . . Forgive me, and don't do it again. . . . If you don't mind, Ulrich, I'll stay behind and get myself another drink. Too nice an evening to be going home yet awhile. . . . Good night, Miss Houston."

Ulrich smiled guiltily, made a feeble and meaningless gesture with one hand from the wheel of the car, and Faulkner walked back toward the restaurant. As he opened the door he heard the car moving off.

He went back to the same table, sat down, and ordered another cocktail. It was now perfectly dark. The canoe with the lantern had glided away to a distance, faint voices came over the lake, a night-hawk was mewing somewhere in the upper darkness. He put his elbows on the table and began again rubbing his forehead with cruelly violent hands. Everything was meaningless, mad, ridiculous. Those two poor fools—that nice harmless girl—the cocktails, the canoes, the evening—and his wife's unanswered letter. What on earth could he say to her? He took between thumb and forefinger the stem of the cocktail glass which the waiter had brought him, and revolved it to and fro. He began to imagine the letter. "My darling—this world is insane, ridiculous, mad, full of fools. When I revolve this cocktail glass the glass moves but the liquid remains still; and the olive stirs only faintly, like some weed at the bottom of the sea when a current wafts it. Some one is singing on the lake. I can hear the plop of a paddle. I am an old idiot, a failure, a blundering creature who means well. I love you much more than I thought I did. To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. I shall have to hire a car to get back to the factory from here. I was cruel to Mrs. Ulrich—because I want to be cruel to you, and to myself. But I am no worse than any one else—I am a harmless fellow, likable, amiable, and I want to have my life. Why did you fall in love with Paul? Why did you stand there by the door in your bathing-suit, letting the raincoat momentarily slip from your shoulders in order that he might see you? I knew that you were thrilling to his presence, conscious of him with your whole being, and I was deeply hurt: I felt as if the world had fallen away from beneath my feet. And now I am lost."

Laboriously, he took out a cigarette and lighted it. The match fell to the floor still blazing, and he trod out the flame with an uncertain foot, taking a cruel pleasure in an unnecessary repetition of the treading. He had at the same time an impulse to laugh; but the laugh remained—as he himself phrased it, in continuation of the letter—a "cerebral giggle, which twice contracts the diaphragm."

* * *

Skyscrapers

By Margery Atwood Todahl

Beyond this crowded hour, beyond all time,
Eternal as the rock in which they root,
Vast as the skies of which they drink . . . sublime . . .
These towers arise. Raptorial winds dispute
Their being with voracious beak and claw;
The sun with fire-tipped arrow finds his mark;
The rain probes sand and gravel. . . . By old law
Dust on the wing coats dust . . . settles . . . grows dark.

Yet there shall never come an end to this
Sky-mounting city, shaft or mosque or dome.
Is Athens dead for all Time's ravages?
Centuries hence, as we to Greece go home,
Men will seek here the peaks of vision wrought
By men, in passionate purity of thought.

The Man of Science

BY EDWARD M. EAST

Has the scientist become the high priest of a new cult which is robbing man of his spiritual and moral values? One of the most eminent of America's scientific men answers, and in doing so links science with art and with life.

From time to time articles appear in our more solemn-toned journals on the shortcomings of science. The generic traits of these disquisitions are identical, however varied the arguments and choice of words. The writers, with the mournful compassion which the contemplation of error excites in gods and in essayists, point out the fact that scientists have not discovered the true essence of natural phenomena and thus have not satisfied the craving of the human soul to penetrate the ultimate depths of final causes. Science has been extraordinarily useful, they agree. The practical value of physics and chemistry applied to industrial pursuits and of biology applied to agriculture and medicine is colossal. But the very success of the scientist has made him bigoted and dogmatic. He has become the high priest of a new cult which is fast robbing man of all his spiritual and moral values, leaving him an automaton, bereft of faith and hope, tossing helplessly amid other combinations of electrons in a mechanical universe ruled by chance. Such a development, they emphatically assert, cannot and will not be allowed to continue. Man will ever insist, despite all evidence to the contrary, that he is more than a higher mammal moved by the interaction of his heredity with his environment, that he is, in fact, a personality—a personality of some importance. The dignity of his position, the nobility of his aspirations, herald a meaning behind everything; and he will seek that meaning. If science cannot give it, which is doubtful, then science will be discarded—after working hours. The eternal why must be answered; if not rationally, then agreeably.

Since the most distinctive characteristic of a man of science, beyond a reasonable intelligence and a mulish pertinacity, is an unquenchable curiosity, he is always interested in such critiques. When young and lamblike he probes them timidly, with the desire to know the worst at once. The worst, he discovers, is not so damning as he feared. That which concerns him directly consists, if sound, in showing the theoretical limits of the scientific method; and of these he was aware all along. Yet this observation does not exhaust his interest. On the contrary, he continues to collect censorious dissertations avidly and to scan them carefully, sensing something which does not meet the eye. If the animadversions of these people consist of one poor little platitude, why do they write on the matter so frequently, so vehemently, and at such length?

The problem is to shear away the terms used for concealment coloration and to discover and account for the similarities contained in the writings of such antipodal personalities as Billy Sunday and J. T. Adams, J. R. Straton and Josiah Royce, Albert P. Schack and William McDougall. And, unexpected though it may be, investigations of this nature lead to rather concordant results, unless I wholly misinterpret the tough-minded psychologists with whom I have discussed the matter. Briefly, a common element of mysticism permeates the thinking of these scholars, caused by what Doctor Collins would call adult infantilism. It is the thing which in more extreme cases takes the form of a conflict psychosis, wherein the subject, having become burdened with a "complex" through a definite conditioning of the mind, thereafter is the victim of systematized delusions which he keeps separate from his rational mental activities in logic-tight compartments. Without exception, these men are diffident, compassionate souls to whom the contemplation of the universe which reason drives them to accept is extremely painful; and, in order to escape the unhappiness with which they are thus confronted, they construct a subjective universe which is kinder to them and to their loved ones than that which has met the most appropriate tests of truth—its exact pattern being determined largely by the impressions and traditions gathered in early youth. The whole idea is to evade a conflict with cruel reality. It is the compensating day-dream of the under-confident youth carried to extreme with the sublime pathos of which only man is capable. For man, the rational being, has a uniquely great capacity for sorrow, as he has for happiness—the price and the reward for having developed higher intelligence; and when the going becomes hard his most accessible refuge is the irrational.

The simpler minds accept these wish-thoughts as axiomatic realities exempt from argument and thank God for them, which is probably the wisest course, under the circumstances. The better minds, or at least the more highly trained minds, endeavor to rationalize their doctrines with all the emotional warmth which invariably accompanies an attempt to justify a belief thus generated. Seizing their straw, they build a house-boat with it. Their arguments are, in principle, reducible to three. They assume antecedents which cannot be tested, on the theory that the wide-spread desire to make such postulates, in some way proves their reality. Without inquiring objectively as to the nature of instinct, they assume it to be higher than reason, and thus indicative of superrational modes of attaining truth. And, finally, they show the relativity of truth and the unsoundness and insufficiency of science, presumably on the ground that it is easier to overlook an absurdity in one's own doctrine if one can show a lost link in that of the other fellow.

The man of science is not disturbed by the personal criticism, being content to have his efforts judged by their fruits. His reaction is not one of resentment but rather the kindly sympathy of a benevolent physician toward a suffering patient. He does not wish to rob these mourners of their comforting assurances unless he can offer full value in return; yet he is an immodest scamp who thus far sees no good reason for turning his back upon naked truth. This being the case, he seeks *rational* remedies for restoring such sick souls to normalcy. There is nothing to be gained, so far as he can see, by abandoning the treatment of mental maladjustments to unctuous quackery.

The diagnosis of the case is simple. The disease of the mystic is an *idée fixe* upon self. He avows great interest in the mystery of life, but this is merely part of his delusion. Reflection on the mundane existence and the future prospects of the cow has failed to produce a single member of his tribe. What troubles him is the lowly position among the glories of the macrocosm held by his own private ego. He is a Jurgen, a Jurgen who, when the Brown Man endeavors to show him "things-as-they-are," cries out that it is the lunacy of a realist which he does not choose to believe. "For how shall I believe," says he, "that all men who have ever lived or will ever live hereafter—that even I, am of no importance?"

There is as yet no unanimity of opinion as to the causal agents of this malady, and no wholly satisfactory treatment has been devised; but those acquainted with current scientific research can hardly doubt that both will shortly be found. A few years ago people were satisfied with rhetorical sophistry about human behavior, in spite of the fact that the great Greek scholars had shown it to be capable of rational consideration. Then came Hobbes with his materialistic psychology, and the utilitarians with their resurrected hedonism, laying the foundation for quantitative research. There followed Sumner and Westermarck, the historians of moral ideas, who proved that ethical standards are no more instinctive than wearing pajamas. And finally it dawned upon us that the study of conduct and the causes of conduct could be made a true science.

The work is slow; but we can report progress. An avalanche of information has appeared, showing the interdependence of psychological reactions and the more lowly bodily functions, and this in itself gives a fair idea as to why one man is an Epicurean and another a Cynic. Physiological experimentation has shown how some of the more imperious emotions function, and has enabled physicians to treat certain types of deficiency and of hypersensitiveness with remarkably good results. From the abnormal mind psychiatrists have learned about the normal. Even psychoanalysis, which contains considerable nonsense, has a tithe of sound conclusions as valuable in mental readjustment as any discovery of recent years. While last, but probably most important of all, psychologists have thrown off the domination of introspection and have been busy measuring. They are fast coming to the point where they can tell us, not only how we learn and when we learn it, but also what we do with what we learn. And among other things they are finding out that even the longing of the ego for immortality, which is the root of the more unsubstantial speculations, as it is the root of the more emotional plaints against science, is the effect of teaching, and can be changed materially by inverse precepts.

If, then, science is diminishing our ancient confidence in supernatural things, it is also diminishing the fear with which they were formerly regarded. As Givler has so aptly remarked, life, not death; earth, not heaven; trouble, not hell, have become the chief objects of human concern. It seems fair, therefore, to say that, if medicine and surgery can keep man in health, if applied physics and chemistry can keep him in comfort, and if accurate knowledge, properly imparted, can give him wisdom, he cannot with justice sigh with regret over a departed faith in the legends of his racial childhood. One may go even further. Unhappiness is strongly correlated with the lack of just these things. Such serenity as is possible to this variable species, Man, will come when the machine has abolished the haunting fear of poverty, when each individual can face life with his mind adequately trained and his body kept in trim. The most important element of this prescription is surely sensible instruction, and as surely it will be the last to be adopted. It may be doubted whether protracted illness or oppressive economic conditions are often significant factors in the situation as compared with the mischievous *conditioning* of the mind, to use the behavioristic term, which so frequently comes from false teaching.

Naturally, physical and mental ills, like poverty, cannot be wholly eliminated; yet during the last generation improved sanitation and newly discovered medical treatments have cut morbidity in half and have increased the expectation of life by nearly twenty years. Similarly, the age of steel has given each of us thirty mechanical servants to provide material necessities, and has distributed these necessities more equably. And the end is not yet. We may look forward to still longer lives, to still less sickness, to still more conveniences of civilization. Where we lag is on the treatment of mental maladjustments; though on this particular phase, theoretical science probably has made greater strides than on any other. There is no question but that the psychologists, particularly the students of animal behavior and of education, have determined when and how the mind is conditioned into acting as it does. They have the means of desensitizing us to imaginary fears and of fitting us to face realities. The obstacles in the way are custom and prejudice. If the influence of ancient folkways having no sound basis could be done away with, and the knowledge now ascertained applied in the home and in the schoolroom, there would be less unhappiness and hence less compensatory mysticism. To those who doubt this statement, one may suggest a consideration of the results of Christian Science, where unconditioning the mind toward some of the old fears has brought about an extraordinary calmness and peace. The scientist with a small "s" recommends a similar mental unconditioning toward old bogies and, in addition, a reconditioning in the light of demonstrated truth.

The scientist is dogmatic; it must be admitted; but he is not dogmatic in the sense his critics imply. He asks no unquestioning confidence in scientific results, for he regards all such conclusions as mere approximations. His positive position is concerned only with scientific method, with the spirit of science. The one means of solving all human problems, in his estimation, is more science and still more science. And he maintains his position for the simple reason that in all its cycles of experience the race has found no other method that really works. Every halting upward step has been made possible solely by the feeble light uncovered in the objective search for truth.

It is because of his disregard for the cold and clammy facts, because of his predilection for subjective ruminations which have proved so unprofitable, that the scientist lavishes no undue esteem upon the mystic. And, by the same token, his regard for the philosopher has dropped steadily and continuously, as the philosopher has become more and more of a mystic disguised in cap and gown.

We are speaking, of course, of modern philosophy. When Hegel described philosophy as the solace of civilization's old age, summing up the decaying past but opening no doors to the future, he spoke truly only of that vestigial remnant of methodological thinking which still answers to the old name. It was not always so. In the olden days all constructive thought was termed philosophy. Experience, however, brought about improvements in philosophical method. There was evolution; and science was the product of that evolution. Unfortunately, a degenerate posterity persisted which, though semiparasitic and almost completely sterile, retained the family title. It promises much, it accomplishes nothing.

R. D. Carmichael, the distinguished mathematical philosopher, has remarked rather bitterly that philosophy has no chance in an argument with science, since any definite achievement of philosophy would at once be annexed to the domain of science, and scientists would still point the finger of scorn at philosophy for being fruitless. He cites the atomic theory and the theory of evolution, two of the most fundamental conceptions of modern science, as being common ideas in philosophy for generations before they took the more exact form which incorporated them into chemistry, physics, and biology. No illustrations could demonstrate better why the scientist treats the dry bones of philosophy so cavalierly. These two conceptions, left to the mercy of armchair speculation, would have remained the pawns of logomachy forever. What people wanted was evidence. And John Dalton and Charles Darwin furnished it.

If philosophers had accepted the recommendation of Aristotle to "trust more to observation than to speculation, and to the latter no further than it agrees with the phenomena," there could have been no quarrel with science; for philosophy would have become science. But the philosopher has yearned to be the gentleman, not the mere private secretary of Nature. He wished to evade the drudgery of the patient collector of facts, of the experimenter, of the calculator, whose wages though sure, were small. He was enticed by the visions of wealth that speculation always promises so impudently. And he has gone bankrupt, like many another who has hoped to become rich quickly.

It is not that all speculation is to be despised, but only when it is unprovable. Speculation has value solely when, as, and if verified. For this reason undemonstrable postulates, followed by interminable ratiocination which gets nowhere, are irritating to the scientist. No one has a greater regard for hypothesis than he. It is part of his stock in trade—but only a part. And he believes thoroughly in the axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts. Having in the past seen nothing useful issue from that part of the task assumed by the philosopher, the scientist has become impatient and undertakes to do the whole job himself. The reason is perfectly clear. Hypothesis serves only as a convenient aid in the effort to attain an approximation of the truth. And, as our eminent geographer W. M. Davis has said in commenting upon Will Durant's lament over the Failure of Philosophy: "Unless the process of verification, to which the ancient philosophers lent so little attention, is successful enough to give invented hypotheses a fair standing, the trained scientist to-day ranks them at their true and low value; that is, as nothing more than figments of the imagination which may or may not correspond to eternal verities, and which therefore do not deserve, as long as they remain unverified, to serve as the basis of belief regarding such verities."

It is strange that one who recognizes the inadequacy of philosophical method as the cause of the sad state in which the subject finds itself should be stirred to grief over the matter. Yet the justly popular author of "The Story of Philosophy" bewails the fact that "science has usurped the ancient spacious realms, one by one, until nothing remains but the arid wastes of metaphysics, the childish puzzles of epistemology, and the academic disputes of an ethics that has lost all influence and appeal." "Let them go and good riddance," says the scientist; "as well might one mourn the fading greenness of the orchard when the crop hangs heavy on the bough." But Durant is not disposed to let nature take its course. He wants to revivify the old methodology and have philosophy up and about the business of filling in gaps in our knowledge by a vast series of unprovable assumptions. All of which, as Davis observes, is as if a geographer, after mapping explored areas, should draw in the rest to suit his fancy—a procedure which does not gain approval from travellers.

In spite of what Durant says, the situation is even worse for philosophy. Ethics has been legally adopted by sociology. Epistemology has taken its abode in every camp of science, as is just and proper; for each scientific department must be the judge of the validity of its results. Nothing remains but metaphysics; and metaphysics, as Kant showed long ago, is an unthinkable phantom, dealing with matters which cannot enter into human experience.

How much better it would be if the philosopher should come to realize that the big words with which he bombards his public are mere emotional aspirations, and would cease to press forward toward universal subjective judgments with so much solemn formality! The scientist would welcome him either as historian or as fellow workman and synthesizer. If he elects the latter course, however, he will not win respect and affection until he abandons the delusion that he is a hereditary grand arbiter by divine right. We live in democratic times. Authoritative judgments in science are made by those who have grubbed out a thorough first-hand knowledge of the phenomena with which they deal; not by those who confine their meditations to a *chaise longue*.

II

The creed of the scientist, upon which he believes the salvation of the world depends, is simple. Deal only with facts, all the facts; approach them without prejudice; draw justifiable conclusions from them; face these conclusions boldly. Every one who gathers experience critically and makes logical inductions from it, therefore, is necessarily a scientist; though he may not know it and would be as much surprised to find it out as was M. Jourdain upon learning that he had been creating prose every time he opened his mouth. But, just as the prose of the celebrated *bourgeois gentilhomme* presumably differed from that of M. Anatole France, so also the science of most of us differs from that of a Faraday or a Helmholtz.

This is a point which the public does not sufficiently appreciate, its judgments upon scientific matters being largely echoes of the daily press, where only minor applications of knowledge are exploited, where even those who put unimportant discoveries into words of one syllable for popular consumption are nominated for the next vacancy in the Hall of Fame. There is no need to undervalue any of these things. Producers of electric lights, rubber heels, and paper clips are estimable men who should be honored. They play a valiant part in the advance of civilization. Yet it is just as essential to discriminate between an Einstein and a mouse-trap designer as it is between a chemist and a cook, between an engineer and a plumber. The high place in science belongs to him who opens up a new mine of human knowledge, not to him who carries out the ore.

Justice is usually done eventually. This is why the names that stand out more and more clearly as time goes on are names like Faraday, Helmholtz, and Gibbs in physics; like Dalton, Liebig, and Arrhenius in chemistry; like Newton and Laplace in mathematics; like Darwin and Pasteur in biology. Yet it seems a pity so often to wait for post-mortems. Eventually—why not now? The answer is that we are so accustomed to think in terms of money that we cannot visualize the numerous ramifications of a great generalization in pure science until each one has been brought to our notice specifically by various practical applications. Only a few clairvoyant minds could have predicted that Darwin's work was destined to turn the whole course of human thought; that Pasteur's labors were to become the foundation of a sera-therapy that has saved millions of lives; that the theory of probability and the laws of motion were to enter into practically all scientific calculations; that electrodynamics and thermodynamics, built largely upon the demonstrations of Faraday and of Gibbs, should bring forth a new epoch of civilization. Our feeble intellects fail to distinguish at once between the man who conquers new territory and the army of spade-and-shovel men who merely consolidate their gains. Appreciation of this fact once called forth a rather bitter remark from H. A. Rowland, who, half a century ago, was America's leading physicist. "It is not an uncommon thing," said he, "especially in American newspapers, to have the *applications* of science confounded with pure science; and some obscure American who steals the ideas of some great mind of the past, and enriches himself by the application of the same to domestic uses, is often lauded above the originator of the idea, who might have worked out hundreds of such applications, had his mind possessed the necessary element of vulgarity."

I had not meant to eulogize pure science. It slipped out unawares. I intended simply to show why pure science ordinarily has greater opportunities for usefulness than applied science. Yet perhaps it would have been more seemly to rest with the bald statement that all knowledge is useful. Descriptive geometry was supposed by its discoverer to be too ethereal for utilitarian purposes; later it became one of the architect's most serviceable tools. The study of minute fossil organisms, apparently a most unpractical pursuit, is now an essential procedure in the petroleum industry. And so it goes. Every one who scorns the so-called theorist should recall the retort of the scientist who, when asked about the practical value of his work, countered with the query: "Of what use is a baby?" Obviously, it is not easy to predict the future value of discovery; but at the same time it is obvious that all scientific work is not equally valuable. This is where we flounder. To make a just classification of scientific work is as difficult as it is to estimate the work of the sculptor or the writer. When does a chisel-marked stone become an object of art? At what point does a rhythmical succession of words emerge as poetry?

We have a set of experiences seemingly unrelated—a chaotic impact of phenomena upon the mind. Gradually the mind begins to arrange these experiences. We begin to sense relationships, to have a feeling that there is a common cause for these phenomena. New interest is aroused. We become dissatisfied with such an all-too-passive rôle. We collect experiences actively, zealously; and speculate on homologies and affinities. Becoming more exacting, we formulate critical tests for homogeneity among these data of experience, and submit them to such tests. We segregate and classify our observations. Abandoning, in so far as it is possible, the disappointing inaccuracy of mere words, we gain precision by recourse to that divine shorthand, mathematics. We postulate verifiable relationships—the working hypothesis. We test, discard, refine, retest. Perhaps there emerges, finally, a natural law. Here is science. But can one say where it begins in this progressive series?

I am inclined to believe that excellence in scientific work is indicated by four things: the rigor with which the problem is formulated, the way in which non-essential variables which confuse the issue are eliminated, the homogeneity of the facts, and the precision with which the facts are analyzed. An example will show why this is so. In the early nineteenth century a considerable number of botanists were engaged in the study of heredity. They approached their problem experimentally and they worked hard; but they made little progress. Then came Gregor Mendel, the keen-minded Austrian monk whose work formed the foundation of a new department of biology. How did he do it? Very simply. He made certain of the purity of his stocks by inbreeding. He crossed plants differing by only a few clearly distinguishable characteristics. He followed each separate trait through several generations of controlled matings, keeping careful records. The numerical regularity of the results suggested the existence of hereditary units in the germ-cells which behaved in a particular manner. If this hypothesis were a true representation of the facts, certain predictions regarding the results of specific matings could be made. The predictions were realized. Mendel was thus enabled to formulate the two laws which are associated with his name. And he was thus successful solely because he paid attention to the four scientific criteria enumerated above.

Unfortunately, the difficulties presented by various problems are not of the same order of magnitude. The problems themselves are hazy. It is not easy to apply tests for the cogency and homogeneity of the facts at hand. The practical perplexities of experiment are enormous. For these reasons progress in sociology must necessarily be slower than in psychology; psychology cannot keep pace with general biology; biology must give way to physics and chemistry. But objective study does give results, no matter what the field. It is the spirit of science that counts. The universal appreciation of this great truth is the goal of the scientist. Four centuries ago Vesalius overthrew the sway of tradition in medicine. He replaced faith in the study of Galen and of Hippocrates with faith in the study of the human body itself. When the domination of tradition is destroyed in those departments of knowledge where it still rules, then only may one expect human society to reach the full development of which it is capable.

Now what is this process to which we give the name of science? Briefly, it is the determination of relationship between phenomena. That is all! When it is done we can express great quantities of facts concisely, crisply; and we can say that when a given set of conditions is realized it is highly probable that a definite phenomenon will occur. Such is the harmony of nature that all science, all applications of science, have come from an organization of knowledge in this simple manner.

The sole objective of science is to teach the relation of things to each other. It certainly does not teach the true nature of things. When a theory pretends to show the nature of heat, of electricity, or of life, it is condemned beforehand; for, since science is the description of the unknown in terms of the known, certain indescribable antecedents will always remain unknowable.

Does science teach us the true relation of things? In a pragmatic sense, yes. We can determine relationships that hold for one and for all, for ourselves and our descendants. True, our so-called laws are periodically replaced, and to the ignorant this process means building anew upon the ruins of the old. But such is not the case. Of the old something ever remains to serve as foundation of the new. We approach exactitude and we call it truth. Why not? In our experience it serves as truth. It may be, as M. Poincaré has suggested, that the sole result of all our work, our thought, is only a gleam in the midst of a long night; but that gleam is everything.

Shall we not, then, with Havelock Ellis, identify science and art, see truth as beauty? Is there not transcendent beauty in a harmonious universe, in suns that blaze and fade as they roll onward in their orbits, kept in their places by the mutual influence of one upon the other; or in a world taking form from the extruded mass of a cooling star; or in the combining properties of molecules; or in the microcosmos of the atom; or in growth, reproduction, and death; or—in a word—in evolution? One cannot answer no, and, if he answers yes, can he think there is no thrill in revealing these beauties? Is there delight in transferring to canvas scenes from which one gains a fleeting pleasure? Think of Isaac Newton depicting the cosmos in a single brush-stroke!

Too many people fail to realize the artistry of science. They have learned to appreciate only the art of the eye and of the ear. For them the higher cerebral centres are useless baggage. Darwin and Gibbs are dull fellows. They are to be pitied, these cocksure æsthetes. To those who understand, inductive discovery is the highest creative effort, as the Greeks well knew.

Is it real, or is it mirage? I do not see how we shall ever know, or why we should ever care. It fits in with the pattern of existence. It works. If our science is the shifting illusion of a silvered screen, so also are we.

As another approach to the art of living, see "The Dominie Balances His Ledger" in this number.

Nothing Fried

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Author of "The Perfect Tribute," etc.

Ross muttered ends of sentences: "Nothing fried—climb no hills—no swimming. What in hell can a man do?—Margaret," he roared.

Margaret came running.

"I feel ill, Margaret. You ought not to have let me have bacon. The doctor said——"

"Remmie, you plain would eat that bacon. I begged you——"

Ross interrupted: "You knew I was ill. And now I feel very queer. I'm going to see the doctor."

"The doctor's gone to London."

"But I must see a doctor. The assistant. What?"

Margaret had been waiting for this.

"Winthrop? That young chap?" He shook his head. "He's too young."

"But, dearie-Remmie, Doctor Winthrop's not young; thirty-five. He's awfully clever."

"Who said so?"

"Tommy Reed; Tommy's uncle's a big doctor in New York, and *he* says Eliphalet Winthrop's top-notch in this city."

"Why didn't I go to him first?"

"You were hipped about this Seaford man."

"Evans said he was a wonder," murmured Ross.

"I know, darling."

If only she wouldn't soothe him!

"Governor Evans said Doctor Seaford was a great diagnostician, and that's what you wanted, wasn't it, dearie? You didn't know what was up inside of you; you wanted to be diagnosed, didn't you?"

"Like hell, I did." He clapped a hand on his anatomy.

"What is it?" whispered Margaret.

"Bacon," Ross whispered back. "I oughtn't. But—sweetbreads and prunes for dinner. Clam broth and chop for lunch. Milk toast. Damned innocent stuff. The bacon — He food." A moan.

"Remmie," asserted Margaret, "we'll go to Doctor Winthrop."

A half-hour later to Ross, pallidly watching her lock the car-engine, arrived a greeting. "Well," greeted a voice of cheerfulness. "You in town?"

"And what brings you home from Canada, judge?"

"Case. Back to camp Thursday. How are you both?"

"Remington's not very fit," Remington's wife answered. "We're going to see Doctor Winthrop now."

"I'm sorry," said the judge. "But you've got the best man in the city."

"Remmie went to Doctor Seaford," Margaret told him. "He's said to be a—a fine diagnostician. He diagnosed Remmie all to pieces. Hardly a thing you might do or eat, was there, Remmie?"

"Or drink. But I'm sure he knows," Ross insisted. "Evans says he's a miracle."

The judge looked thoughtful. "You're going to Winthrop?"

"Doctor Seaford is in England."

"Oh." The judge considered. "Ask Winthrop if you hadn't better come to Canada with me Thursday for a few weeks. My wife won't be back from Italy till October; I'm alone and lonely. And it would do you good."

There were tears in Margaret Ross's eyes. "Judge, you're an angel. But—he couldn't. He eats special things. He couldn't rough it the least bit."

"Well," persisted the judge, "tell Winthrop. You ask him."

Doctor Winthrop's office was cool and dark this hot day; in a laboratory a white flash of nurse flicked across the doorway. There might be hope in the world.

"Why, no," came the doctor's assured tones. "Two pieces of bacon won't kill you. Not this time."

"Doctor Seaf—" Margaret realized that was not tactful. Yet she persisted. "Orders were to eat nothing fried. And he stuffed two pieces of fried bacon. And he has felt much worse."

"I see." Doctor Winthrop's dark eyes gazed at his long fingers. "I'd better look you over myself, Mr. Ross."

He set to work, taking blood-pressure and temperature, asking straight-from-the-shoulder questions, talking along, then asking more questions.

"What are you planning this summer?" he inquired, unwinding a bandage from Ross's arm.

"We have a cottage at Purple Rocks," Ross answered. "It's gay; and I'm not just up to card-parties. But the children adore it." He smiled. "I promised to ask you something. We met Judge Browning as we came in. Fresh from his camp in Canada. He told me to ask if you wouldn't order me back with him Thursday. I know it's absurd."

The doctor sat back. "I went up to his camp last year. Have you done camping?" The question sounded purely social.

"Never," said Ross sadly. "I always wanted to."

"Do you like fishing and shooting? Do you paddle a canoe, swim?"

"Swim, certainly. But I won't be allowed, this summer."

"You shoot, cast a fly?"

"I've only dreamed of that sort of thing. But I can tramp the legs off anything," boasted Ross. "I mean I could," he amended sadly. "I won't be allowed to climb now."

The doctor looked at his watch. "I have an appointment, Mr. Ross," he spoke unhurriedly. "We'll try to get you fit again. You have a splendid body; you're strong and young, and nothing organic seems wrong. About five o'clock to-day?"

"Why, Remmie!" Margaret cried it out as he pulled her violently from the waiting-room.

"That man called me young," he flung at her. "He says I have a splendid body. Young, Maggie. He didn't ask my age the way these other devils have. Get away from the wheel, woman; I'll drive."

At five Doctor Winthrop was confronted by Margaret Ross.

"Remmie's in the library," she addressed him breathlessly. "You did him good—gave him courage. But now he's slumped. He's hipped about the things he was told not to do. And if you tell him he *can* do all those things— Doctor Seaford—Governor Evans said—" She collapsed into a muddle.

"I see," agreed the doctor. "Nerves. Mrs. Ross, I'll be cautious."

Followed a conference in the Ross library, with laughter. As the tall young doctor rose to go he turned to the patient.

"Remember, I'm not prescribing *over*exertion. You're going to be well. But treat yourself reasonably; you know the details as well as I. I *am* prescribing a new fly-rod and hobnails in your boots." Said the doctor further: "When you get back, come and tell me about the fishing."

Three days later. "Nearly there, Ross." The train, making heavy going through mountains, stopped impetuously. A river; a rough house; mountains crowding. They dropped off the train into a ditch; the train porter handed luggage to guides.

"Well," greeted the judge. The judge always said "Well." "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world," was the translation of "Well" spoken by the judge.

"Bonjour, m'sieur," grinned Henri. The others chorussed *"Bonjour"*—Huron half-breeds whose language was French.

Ross, anxious when in Rome to do as the Romans, shot his mind backward to his one term of French. All he seemed to be able to remember was *"Mon père."* "You"—to Henri—"I call you *Mon père."* Henri was charmingly polite. *"Oui, m'sieur,"* he answered, as if used to being "father" to fifty-year-old Americans.

The men bustled, collecting luggage and packages, from Quebec, with an air of food. Then a footpath to a river; canoes; the judge and Ross and two guides embarked in one. Down the river a mile, and across, and an arched doorway of trees opened into the forest.

The canoes landed; Ovide, forward paddle, lilted ashore and gripped the bow in his knees. Ross found it in his mind to spring like Ovide; a *beau geste*. But the rock which had received Ovide wabbled; Ross did, too; he was in the river, and Ovide solicitously pried a paddle at his loud stockings.

"All right, my boy?" inquired the judge nonchalantly.

"Quite all right," Ross announced with extreme heartiness, and scrambled; he considered saying that he always got out of a canoe that way; preferred it. But, behold, nobody was paying attention; the guides were loading *pacquetons;* the judge was inquiring as to whether traps had come for taking chub.

"I'm trying to exterminate chub from my lake," explained the judge earnestly. "Big trout in the lake, but they're fed up on chub and won't rise to the fly."

"Is that so?" Damn chub. Chub traps. Ross had got wet; Margaret would have been frightened. But the judge was preoccupied. "We'll get a ton of chub out of that lake."

Ross trudged after him; he was a sick man; nobody noticed; he trudged. Then a brook by the trail turned a corner with a sudden, hollow, sweet undertone. He forgot he was wet; he listened to the brook.

The judge stopped short. "That little hill winds me always."

And Ross looked back. At the landing the guides still bent over the packs—why, the landing lay at the foot of a precipice. "Did I come up that? I shouldn't climb hills."

"I forgot and clipped along. It won't hurt you," the judge answered negligently.

Ross was shot in two ways; people should *not* forget his heart; but, also, the judge was eight years his senior and had "clipped along." Ross put a hand on his left chest, and wondered in an ignorant, lay manner if he might die at once. He kept an eye out to notice if he dropped dead. The portage was a mile; one trod slippery logs down-hill; one picked a way through rocks; the footing changed at each step; there were two hills more, one long and steep.

"Take this as slowly as you want," the judge spoke over his shoulder. "It's a teaser, but you'll get used to them." Gray moose-skin hunting-boots floated ahead. Ross ploughed after. He might drop dead; and that would be a lesson to the cold-blooded. At the crest the judge stopped, took off his cap, smiled beneficently.

"You came up like a bird. Hot, isn't it? How are you feeling?"

"My head is buzzing a good deal," Ross confided nervously.

"That's all right," said the judge comfortably. "Just buzz your legs along harder; it'll all come out in the wash."

Ross set his teeth. He wanted his Margaret. He could hurl symptoms at this case-hardened judge for a week without making a dent. Rather sore, he took up the trudging, and then, from the top of a last hill, they looked down at water.

"Pretty bay?" asked the judge as if he had just finished it and thought himself rather a dab at bays. "Get into the canoe, Ross."

Almost he went into the lake, this time also, trying to be Ovide-esque.

"You have a sort of — flair — for water, haven't you?" the judge observed. "Step in the middle of the boat, man."

The canoes sped into a field of silver, reaching toward blues of mountains. Ross was worried about his wet legs; yet—"I never saw anything so lovely," he conceded. The judge, taking credit for the Laurentian Mountains and his little invention of lakes, purred. They passed deep bays, pale green patches at the mouths of streams, islands rising from brown water. Ross, clammy legs and all, had to love it. An unknown region in his being opened out and throbbed.

They arrived. A long camp stood against a wood. Around the headland was a guides' camp, a kitchen, an ice-house, a dining-room; tiny buildings nicked into endless hills. The canoes ran in.

"Well," beamed the judge. "There's your house," nodding to a small thing, green-stained. "But come to the big camp first."

They entered a room of many windows, of shelves of books, of hickory chairs and gay curtains, of distinguished bareness. No rugs but moose-skins. No pictures, only snow-shoes, guns, and paddles on the walls. A long table was loaded with magazines and books. The judge fell to getting glasses from a cupboard.

"What a splendid room!" Ross stared about.

"It couldn't be plainer," its owner said, "but it is nice." And then Ross shook his head. "No alcohol. I told you I'd be a dead loss." He watched wistfully while lawful stuff went down the judicial throat.

Ross's quarters. Beyond more gay curtains, the lake. The day was hot; that soft water would caress a man's flanks; a madness seized him. The judge heard a splash, and noted a sandy head twenty feet out. Ross pattered wetly into his cabin. "It was good," he muttered. And suddenly recalled something—"No swimming." Doctor Seaford—and *he* knew. Ross stopped his search for clothes. Chilly legs all the way up the lake; now a swim; it ought to kill him; to be reasonable he should die. He slid on a dressing-gown and lay down to die. His watch ticked. Five minutes; ten; not dead; fifteen; that sense of well-being—there was no denying it, he felt *fine*. He dressed. He had heard of a man who announced himself particularly well just before he dropped dead. He put a hand to his pulse; he went to the mirror and pulled up his eyelids. Doctors did that.

"Ross!"

"Hi! Yes." A whistle was shrilling. "Dinner," called the judge.

The dining-room; a roof, a table, a balustrade. The lake at one's toes.

"Every other camp in the club eats food indoors," said the judge. "We like this. When it rains, we put on rubber coats; when it snows, another sweater."

Ovide presented pea soup. But *such* pea soup. "I want more," clamored Ross.

"I'd advise against it," the judge counselled. "Don't take off the edge."

And here was Ovide bearing merely a black kettle. Ross looked into it.

"Ovide, give Mr. Ross a lot on his plate. Pork and beans."

"Pork — and — beans?" This to Ross's digestion, which just pulled through on sweetbreads, and shipwrecked on two pieces of bacon.

"Cooked in a bean-hole; they line the hole with stones and keep the fire going twenty-four hours. They put in the bean-kettle and leave it twelve——"

"Pork and beans."

"Ovide, *vous n'a pas donné de partridge—perdus—à m'sieur,*" remonstrated the judge. His French was the worst and most fluent on earth. *"Vous voulez faites mourir de faim m'sieur, n'est-çe pas?* There are four whole partridges in it," he splashed back into English. "It's my own invention."

A mound lay among beans; it smelled marvellous. And partridges are invalids' food. A bean or two—why not? Beans? Ambrosia. *Beans?*

"You're not eating the pork," complained the judge. "Pork's *tres nourissant*. The partridge is lost without pork —Ovide! *Donnez M'sieur Ross plus de porc."*

"I can't eat anything fried." Ross was nervous.

"Fried? It's baked. Didn't I tell you? All day in a bean-hole. They line the hole with stones and——"

Ross nibbled a bit of pork. It melted. Heavenly. He ate it. Flapjacks, gold with brown edges, came rushing from the griddle, but those he omitted. Palpably fried.

"Not fried at all," the judge insisted.

There was maple syrup; Ross loved maple syrup. This was the thick sort. The judge poured it over butter on the hot cakes, and Ovide came running with hotter cakes. Ross suffered, but omitted flapjacks. Shadows lay over the lake; an hour-bird sang its sleepy, heartbreakingly sweet five notes out of the wood; a trout jumped, leaving a widening circle on the water; hills across the pass stood yet sunlit on their upper ranges; past the window of the log kitchen George the cook moved, baking more flapjacks. Ross patted himself. *"Complet."* He remembered signs on Paris omnibuses and was rather pleased. *"Complet"* meant "full"; he knew some French, eh? "Browning," he set forth, as lamps were lighted in the big camp and he put a match to a cigar, "that pork may kill me, but it's a happy death. The flapjacks would have been suicide."

The judge shook his head. "With exercise and out-of-doors one can eat rocks. What you had was simple and healthful," he set forth. "So were the flapjacks. You missed it. George's best."

"What Doctor Seaford—" reflected Ross.

"Damn Seaford!" said the judge pleasantly. "Seaford's clever; he gives you diseases and then cures 'em. He fools people; but he's an ass. Don't let him fool *you*. Now I'd go to bed; you'll be twenty-one in the morning."

Ross smiled sadly. "I shan't sleep to-night," he said. "But," he conceded, "I've had a wonderful day."

He wandered with his flash-light through laurel-bushes across to the guest camp; then found his medicine-case. "Papain and Charcoal — compound, Squibb. Two tablets." He took them. A phial was marked "Aromatic Ammonia." Before taking that he hunted for his clinical thermometer and stuck it under his tongue. He looked. He shook it again. As plain as day, 98$\frac{3}{5}$. Normal. Well, the thing must be out of order. He lay down wondering if this should be his last night on earth, and the next event was the swish of leaves at his window.

"I gather you've slept a little," announced the judge at the door; a word followed about cloudy weather and fishing; then: "Come on in; the water's fine."

"I wouldn't dare swim again. The shock's dangerous for me. But—I did sleep." A yawn, a swing of legs to the floor.

"Won't go in?" inquired the judge; Ross blinked at lake water glittering into his eyes. "I don't dare." From his window he saw the judge plunge and come up and kick out and shake his head like a sea-dog. Life is hard.

"There's a small lake over the mountain; under two miles. We call it Jumping Trout Lake," planned the judge at breakfast. He peered at the sky. "It won't rain; it'll be gray and warm; fishing weather; if you'd rather rest——"

"Of course I wouldn't rather rest, but I'm limited, Browning," Ross objected peevishly. "I can't climb mountains."

"What about yesterday?" grinned the judge insultingly.

"Oh, well— Yesterday was some sort of miracle. I tell you what I'll do, judge—I'll go part way. If *Mon père* will paddle me home?"

A climb up a rough portage; Ross stopped on the level. He pulled off his cap and stood panting. Wind ruffled his hair; the scent of balsam was on the wind; a brown stream talked busily, very clearly, a few yards away, crossing the portage.

"I'm going back, judge. I'm at the end of my strength," Ross gasped. Then he jumped. "In the name of the Board of Health," he snapped, and he was breathing like anybody else, "I saw a trout. Under the bridge. In the shadow." He pointed to where two logs lay over the brook. He jerked toward the judge. "I'll bet you think I'm joking, but I did see a trout. A speckled fish, pink stomach. I've seen trout in markets and I've examined 'em, and this was a trout."

"You don't say? Henri, Mr. Ross's rod; he thinks he saw a wild trout. Back, man, don't get near the stream; bend over—crawl. There; a very short line, let the flies fall light—light; hardly touch the water." The judge, on his legal stomach, directed.

And then arrived a delirious event—a rush of breaking water, a white splashing in the brown, little, shadowy pool, a vicious, shaking pull, this way and that, as of a trout well hooked, of a trout, this time, which had hooked himself. And then into the forest stillness rang such a sound as forests knew in antique days, a primitive yell, while above their heads soared a thing that does not habitually soar in air; Ross had yanked his fish bodily out, given him a joy-ride on the leader, and landed him fifteen feet in the woods, wriggling at Henri's feet. Henri lost no time pouncing, and the judge rolled on his back and wiped away tears.

Ross shot one glance to see that the fish was dealt with, and was back on his elbow, flat to earth otherwise, letting the flies down cautiously on the pool, lifting them gingerly, dropping them more cautiously, over and over, till on a recover there was dull resistance.

He peered around thunderously. Henri was squirming at the back of his shirt.

"He always rises to a Parmechene Belle," the judge reflected. "I'll cut it." The shirt was operated. "Come along, Ross. You won't take any more. The place is too small. Dozens waiting at Jumping Trout."

"A few casts more?" Ross reasoned. "One—sort—of—rose." But the judge walked on, and he followed up the narrow, rocky trail, talking steadily. "I saw him shooting out from under the bridge and I knew instantly it was a trout——"

"You do find 'em in trout-streams at times," the judge agreed.

"Yes. And I—er—rer—I *recognized* him! That's a trout, I said instantly. It's rather a nice little trout, isn't it, *Mon père?"* he asked.

"Lots of 'em in Jumping Trout Lake," the judge said, grinning.

"Are there, really?" inquired Ross in his guileless tones. "Oh, hold on. Wasn't that a hill?"

"You bet it was a hill; we're over the mountain, and you didn't even notice. Want to go home?" the judge demanded, and his blue eyes were misty with laughter.

Ross was aware of complexity of feeling; injured dignity, for he *was* a sick man. And then—but then— His feet were lifting of themselves; he was lit through with exhilaration, anticipation, exultation—a symphony of sensations. Heart? Stomach? Nerves? The only personal item of which he was conscious was a dog-goned certainty that he was going to fish in Jumping Trout Lake.

"Want to go home?"

"Bill Browning, you go plumb to thunder," fired off Ross, using a name he had not learned in that high court where the judge sat in a silk robe. "I'm going to catch fish."

" 'Take.' *Don't* say 'catch.' It's very awful. Marketmen catch fish; fishermen take them," corrected Bill Browning.

"Well, I'll take 'em if I can, but I'll catch 'em with my toes if necessary."

A little lake appeared, and a cow moose wallowed there, and one saw a brown back-bone cropping out of the water; and her ladyship ran ponderously, splashing great foam. There was another short portage and they came out on Jumping Trout Lake. That morning Ross had been given a lesson in casting.

"A slow recover. Don't slap your flies on the water—let 'em down softly, tail fly first. Strike instantly when the fish touches the fly—" More instructions.

So he set to fishing. There was tangled line; there were flies hooked in the back of Henri's shirt and the top of his hat and the branch of a tree on shore; there were trout lost because of slack, because of striking like a thunderbolt. Then he began to take them. Wild mountain lake, brown flashing water, stillness, air like wine and a loon calling; a feeling that nowhere on earth was there hurry. And he was taking them. Little fellows, but they rushed at the fly, jumping out of water six inches with an eagerness that made Ross laugh aloud. The first was a half-pounder.

The judge from his boat clamored. "Don't jerk; he'll pull loose. Play him; play him even if he's small. Give him line. *That's* right." The judge cooed like a dove. "Hell—use the net, Henri; don't lose that fish— Ah."

Landed. Ross whirled around to gloat, and all but shot the boat over. "I'll be damned if you don't drown yourself yet," grumbled the judge from that corner of his mouth not busy with his pipe. Ross took another. "Jumping Trout Lake indeed. It's well named," he murmured. And, having twelve, and the judge others, it was time to go home.

"Browning," Ross spoke, when he entered the big camp later, "do you suppose there's such a thing as a vacancy in this club?"

Fish, little trout, *his* trout were sizzling in the pan as they came to the *al fresco* dining-room. Ovide presented frying-pan and all, and curly bacon lay among curled-up fish-tails; Ross, talking earnestly of club membership, helped himself to three trout and four slices. And then came to.

"Judge! What a guest you've tied up with. I forgot; I *can't* eat anything fried. I'm so sorry. Don't bother, for there's plenty of food — but, Ovide, take it away. The smell of it tortures me."

"George," spoke the judge, across the gallery which ran to the kitchen, "broil six trout for Monsieur Ross—damn *vite*. No," to Ross, "no trouble, only you'll have to wait. Bacon, too, George. *Broil,* you know—*sur la taussière——"*

"Mais oui, m'sieur."

"The day is coming," prophesied the judge, "when you'll put away hunks of fried bacon and trout and pork too—in this camp—and never turn a hair."

"Thank you, judge," answered Ross, and remembered to smile the sad smile of the invalid.

Days sped—sunshiny days when they made expeditions over trails; cloudy days when a Scotch mist laid a cool touch on the skin, when fish rose, and Ross, growing in wisdom, gave himself to fishing—till his weeks in camp were almost gone and it was mid-September, and not yet had he realized a dream he had dreamed—one Really Big Trout. In the club they had been taken to eleven pounds, veritable *salmo fontinalis*. He was now a member. He longed passionately for one of, say, four and a half? But in five days he must leave Canada.

"Except for a few limitations, Browning," he announced, "I'm about well. I can't climb much yet." The judge snorted. "And I have to be careful about food, but—nearer well than ever I hoped. But will it evaporate, at home? Is it psychology?"

"Huh!" grunted the judge around his cigar. "If I could put about four pounds of greasy, fried food down you—you'd be a well man."

Ross shook his head. "Damned weak digestion, *I* know. I can't manage *anything* fried. Doctor Seaford said I must touch no alcohol and nothing fried." Then, with his guileless smile of a boy, the big, red-headed man continued: "Judge, I have a sort of hunch—of course it's silly but I believe if I could catch——"

"Take."

"If I could *take* a Really Big Trout—just one—it would be the making of me. I'd never have nerves again. I'd be too busy looking forward to catch—taking another."

The judge nodded, "It works that way."

A morning gray, quiet and warm; a fisherman's day. "In ten minutes," ordered the judge after breakfast, "two canoes." An hour and a half later the guides were pushing the canoes into a swirling current. The Batiscan River was wide of one hundred yards along there, and hurried down tumultuously; white masses tumbled, slid glassily, broke into churning white, plunged. The air hummed hoarsely. In mid-ocean stood a rock, lovely with white gentians, with taller blooms of feathered pink. But not for beauty did they go to it; they went because Henri could there push the paddle into crevices, and hold the canoe. Ross cast; the judge watched critically; his pupil had gone a long way since Jumping Trout Lake.

"Careful — about — recover," the judge bellowed above the noise, and Ross nodded, happy. What was there on earth better than the thing he was doing? Nothing. He was fisherman-born, discovering his birthright at fifty. Religious converts are more fanatic, coming to zeal late in life; so this one to fishing. To-day for the first time he flew only one fly, a dry fly, a Silver Doctor, good in these waters. His rod was a four-ounce Bishop; he had broken two tips and was operating on his last. His record also included three mangled tips of the judge's rods lent him to learn with.

Over the unresting water shivered the thread of light which was the leader. A speck of color trembled at its end, touched a tumbling wave, came up and crossed the sky like a tiny bird; back; down to the stream; back; again and again—the Silver Doctor. A fisherman loves to take fish, loves the thrill of a strike, the rush of the hooked fish; loves the game of holding the line taut, not too taut, of giving line, of reeling in, of matching a man's clumsy tactics against an expert in its own element. It is also joy to the true fisherman to cast all day and take nothing. Only those whom the gods have first driven mad can do that. The first eight trophies of Ross's rod and reel were chub; he regretted their chubbiness; but he went on having an uninterrupted glorious time.

Now and then Henri pushed upstream or drifted down; they were back at White Gentian Island when It happened. In Ross's hand holding the rod thrilled an awareness, a message, and, before the feeling was phrased, he struck. Henri's eyes glittered toward the line.

"Bottom?" gasped Ross.

The bottom of the river then started running with the Silver Doctor; it ran like a terror-struck ice-wagon.

"Line. Give him line, sirr," grunted Henri in burring English. And somehow Ross knew enough to do it fast enough. Being born a fisherman means that; fishermen do not think actions—they do them.

The judge was hastily there, was on the side-lines, watching. The weight at the end of that thirty feet of line, of the nine-foot thread of catgut, that weight saw fit without warning to run toward the boat. The judge yelped horribly.

"Take in line, sirr," said Henri excitedly.

Ross snapped: "I'm taking in, *Mon père.*"

The line was taut. Ross, taking in fast, lifted the rod, the tip, as high as he could reach to keep pace with that race straight at the canoe; an inch of slack, an ounce of too much pull, and the fish might shake free.

"Slower," bellowed the judge.

Ross did not hear. He was remembering back through weeks past. Back and forth and sideways, under the tumbling river, rushed the strong life held by that fairy thread, by the slender hook of the Silver Doctor. If the barb should give. If the snell should break. A run like a bullet out of a gun brought Ross's heart up behind his front teeth.

"He's five pounds," shouted the judge; Ross caught the word.

"Five"—if he should take him. If he should lose him. Then—nothing. Cessation of hostilities. No feeling whatever, where had been an electrified weight.

"Lost him?" moaned Ross, amazed.

"No, *sirr,*" Henri threw back. "Sulking. Don't let him get on the bottom. Be ready, sirr."

Ready? How—ready? *Wasn't* he ready? Lordy! With that, a vicious pull; a shaking this way and that way; the judge watched, silent. No counsel could help; if the big fellow were hooked lightly he would shake loose now, and human skill could not prevent it. Ross, at the end of instruction, used judgment. "Not too taut, so he'll get strain to pull against; but no slack," he murmured. Like lightning came the change, a violent run; the reel sang to the ripping line; then a second, instantaneous, not to be avoided, of slack as the fish whirled. Ross taking in by long lengths, with his left hand, felt a new sensation in the line.

"Careful," exploded Henri. "It's across the rock."

The stern of the canoe was wedged. Across the sharp front of White Gentian Island stretched, tight, the thin, green, tapered line; the fish had taken some twist which had given him leverage; it was a matter of seconds till the rock should saw the line. Ross peered over; three feet of water it looked, and stony bottom. If he could get the rod around the corner. Holding the butt high, overboard he stepped, floundered, got his footing. River above his knees, he began to take in. Only in time; the enemy came like a catapult while Ross yet scraped hobnails for his balance. But he stood, and he took in line, and somehow he kept the line taut. With that—a new event; a wallowing, silver back rose from the deep, a big fin flapped.

"Tired," bellowed the judge; Ross heard, and smiled.

"Careful, sirr," growled Henri. However did *Mon père* get there beside him with the net? There he was. "He'll run again, sirr."

He did. But no such heroic run as earlier. Ross, straddling rapids like a river-god, felt as if he had been giving line and taking in, lifting and lowering a rod for several weeks, and was equal to a few runs more. *Mon père* dipped his long-handled net in water and held it poised. Plainly tired now, the big citizen wallowed close; delicately Ross reeled, drew him nearer carefully; a dive from the net; a water-spout breaking, a grunt from Henri. From the judge rose a ten-year-old yell straight out of the ten-year-old boy dwelling in every right fisherman. Ross climbed on White Gentian Island and crawled on his stomach to the net because that seemed surer.

"Mon père," he spoke tremblingly. "Oh, *Mon père!"*

Henri killed the fish in the net with a whack over the head from a hunting-knife, then pulled him out and freed the Silver Doctor. The other canoe was near, and Ross in a madness of delight lifted his beauty and flapped it toward them. He howled like a joyful hyena. And the trout slid from his hand. A four-ply bellow of agony arose; even the two Indians bellowed. And then Ross plunged downward. Kicking and pushing, he was dragged back by Henri, and the trout, which Providence had halted one second in a crevice, was clasped in his arms.

"You worked for that fish in every way convenient," sighed the judge, taking out his scales.

With that they were *"rendu"* on land. The judge put on his glasses and the gleaming great thing hung by a grim jaw from the scales.

"Aller five," hazarded Henri as the lever jerked.

"Quatre et trois quarts," suggested Ovide.

"I'm satisfied with four," said Ross happily; the judge bent to look.

"Six — and" — nobody breathed — "three-quarters — my heavens — seven pounds," read the judge. "Just over seven."

"Holy Moses!" Ross whispered. "Me!" Then: "It looked to me fifteen."

They were back at camp, a triumphant company. The big trout was to be baked for that night's dinner. The judge hurried around the point to the kitchen, while his guest floated across to his cabin on tinkling cymbals and purple clouds, or words to that effect.

"George," the judge began, in a weighty manner. A laborious arrangement of the French language was then addressed to George, the cook, and Ovide, the so-to-speak butler.

George and Ovide began to smile—nodded; then they were chuckling. *"Oui, m'sieur — je comprends, m'sieur."* The judge swung back with a bowl of cracked ice to his own camp. He listened.

"Remmie," he roared. "Have you changed yet?"

"Yes." Ross appeared on the gallery in dry clothes and a fatuous smile.

The judge chuckled. "Come over, man."

Ross was obedient.

"You need bracing." The judge mixed things.

Ross protested vaguely. The judge shook the mixture; the mixture tinkled and frosted the outside, and the judge filled two glasses.

"There's a dividend," he mentioned.

"It's alcohol." Ross looked at the big judge uncertainly.

"It's all of that. You've killed a seven-pound trout; do you suppose a pure young cocktail can hurt you? You've been through a strain—think of the moment that fish slid back. Think—" commanded the judge.

Ross thought; he groaned; he took a sip of cocktail. "If I'd lost him," he set forth, "I'd have died." He took another sip and shook his head. And took another.

"I thought he was a goner," stated the judge. "It was Providence, your clawing him that way."

Ross sipped twice thoughtfully. "It was," he decided.

"I want to tell you"—the judge just glanced at Ross's glass—"that you played that fish like a master. You *are* a master—you've qualified."

Ross tapped his glass with a finger as if calling its attention, and lifted it to his lips. "You're exaggerating, judge. It was marvellous luck. But, of course, you taught me all I know."

"I did. But I couldn't have taught you if you hadn't been fisherman-born." The judge's own glass was emptied.

Ross suddenly broke into laughter. "Judge, that kind of language suits me." He finished his cocktail at a gulp and held out the glass. "Dividend."

George's whistle. The two men took the shadowy, winding trail, twisting here around a boulder, turning there the hill, coming out at the ice-house, and ending at the table by the lake. Tall Ovide waited, and his black eyes rested on Ross a second speculatively. Then soup—good soup. The cocktail had sharpened an appetite already well started.

"More," he demanded. "Dividend."

"Vicious habit, putting your back teeth under soup," objected the judge. "Ross, tell me consecutively the saga of the fish. How did he take the fly first?"

Ross looked up with his wide eyes of a boy. Was his host really inviting him—the whole episode? It is beautiful to a lucky fisherman to be let talk about it. "Well, you see," he began happily, "at first I thought I'd—taken—no, *caught* the bottom. Then *Mon père* said——"

He ran along details, neglecting nothing. He had been asked to tell it; he was going to. Now and again, while he tucked away unnoticed food in unnoticed quantities, he glanced at the judge to be sure if his interest was not "dying on him." Not at all; the judge's glance seemed the brighter the more he talked. Ovide brought food, and Ross ate. Plates were changed and other edibles were present.

"So you see," Ross gestured, "so you see there was just one thing for it. I stepped into the drink. Gee, it was cold." A leg illustrated the stepping. "I nearly fell, for it was devilish slippery and the rocks rolled, but—" A stop. "Look here, Ovide, how many times do you think I'm—what's this I'm eating? Hominy—fried." A pause. "I'll sure die. What else have I eaten?" From the kitchen door a suppressed guffaw.

"I haven't enjoyed a meal as much in five years. But I'd like to know what I've been eating."

Ross had pushed back his bench with a scraping and was staring out of his round, light eyes from the judge to Ovide.

"What—Ovide?"

Ovide answered respectfully: "Soup, *m'sieur;* fried ba-kin—six *fois;* potato-skins fried; *patates—trois fois; truites, frites*—fried lit-tell trout—four, *quatres; des ognions frites*—fried onions—" Ovide hesitated. *"Deux fois les ognions frites.* T-vice onions; five pop-ovairs." Ovide glanced down at the plate he held, something in segments, crusty. "Fried hominy, *m'sieur*—and also *sirop d'arable* — maple syrup — *m'sieur* has *mangé*—it is five *morceaux.* Butter and *sirop avec."*

"A competent meal for a sick man, Ross. Let's go home and die."

In the kitchen doorway four pair of black Huron eyes sparkled as Ross and the judge took the trail to the big camp.

"I wonder if I ought to be scared to death." Ross lighted a pipe.

The judge snorted. "Scared? You're past that. Fear-complex gone. You haven't fussed over your food—much—lately; to-day you let loose. You're cured. Of course I didn't do it all," he reflected. " 'Liph Winthrop was on the job. But I had a hand." The judge's keen face, over his cigar, became thoughtful. "You've found—er—rer—yourself. Your roots have struck into subsoil. What you needed was the open, er—rer—big things. Impersonal. Fishing. That Seaford man diagnosed you—pooh—hell," the judge waved a hand. "Maybe you couldn't eat fried things with a stomach—er—rer—cocked for indigestion. 'Liph Winthrop—didn't *tell* me to feed you a test meal and cram it down you; but I've done it, and if you get ill on that banquet, I'll take it as personal."

"Judge," said Ross, "I won't." He didn't.

"Back, Mr. Ross?" Doctor Winthrop was in his office six days later. "Is it you, however?" The doctor regarded his patient more earnestly. "It certainly isn't the man I saw two months ago. What have you done to yourself?"

"Doctor," explained Ross, "I've caught myself a seven-pound trout."

The doctor also was a fisherman. The scene in the river rapids was relived and many patients in the waiting-room read wearily *The Century* for last February and weeks-old copies of *The Literary Digest*. The doctor, leaning forward to listen, heard water tumbling; felt a moist breeze on his cheek, saw steep hills rise above a river-gorge. The two drifted out on the current of Ross's story into that larger atmosphere which the good Lord has given to heal us, the impersonal world where the kinks straighten, and the pettinesses fall off, and the roots—if one has roots—strike down into simplicity. Then the doctor with a sigh came back to work and the patient patients. "Oh, my!" sighed the doctor, "you make me homesick for the woods. Well, Mr. Ross, if I do many more such cures as you, I'll have a great reputation but no practice. You know"—the charming, assured tones had a manner of laugh in them—"I called in some specialists on your case."

"You did?" Ross was surprised.

"Yes. I hope you won't mind—I—well—I telephoned the judge as a starter. I told him to treat you like a white man," confided the doctor.

"Oh. Huh?"

"Yes. We corresponded. I've had my eye on you by mail. I was in on some of the judge's tricks. But," added this rising medical man impressively, "I also referred your case to the best nervous specialist in this or any country."

"The devil you did." Ross was suspicious. "Who d'you mean?"

Doctor Winthrop had real laughter then in his keen and contemplative eyes of a great physician. "Old-Man-Out-of-Doors," he answered. "I'm rather satisfied with the associate I picked," pronounced the doctor.

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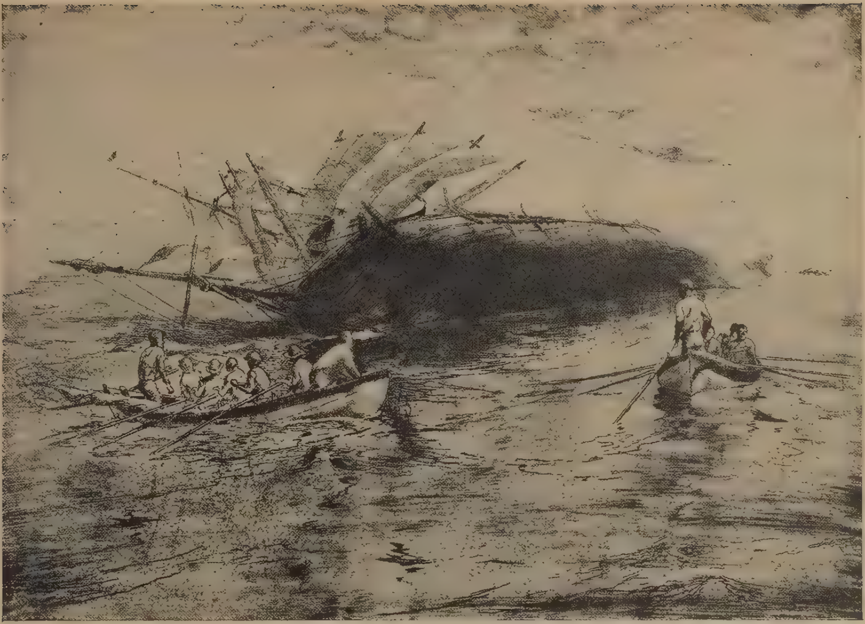


The *Kathleen,* Rammed and Sunk by a Sperm Whale, 1902.

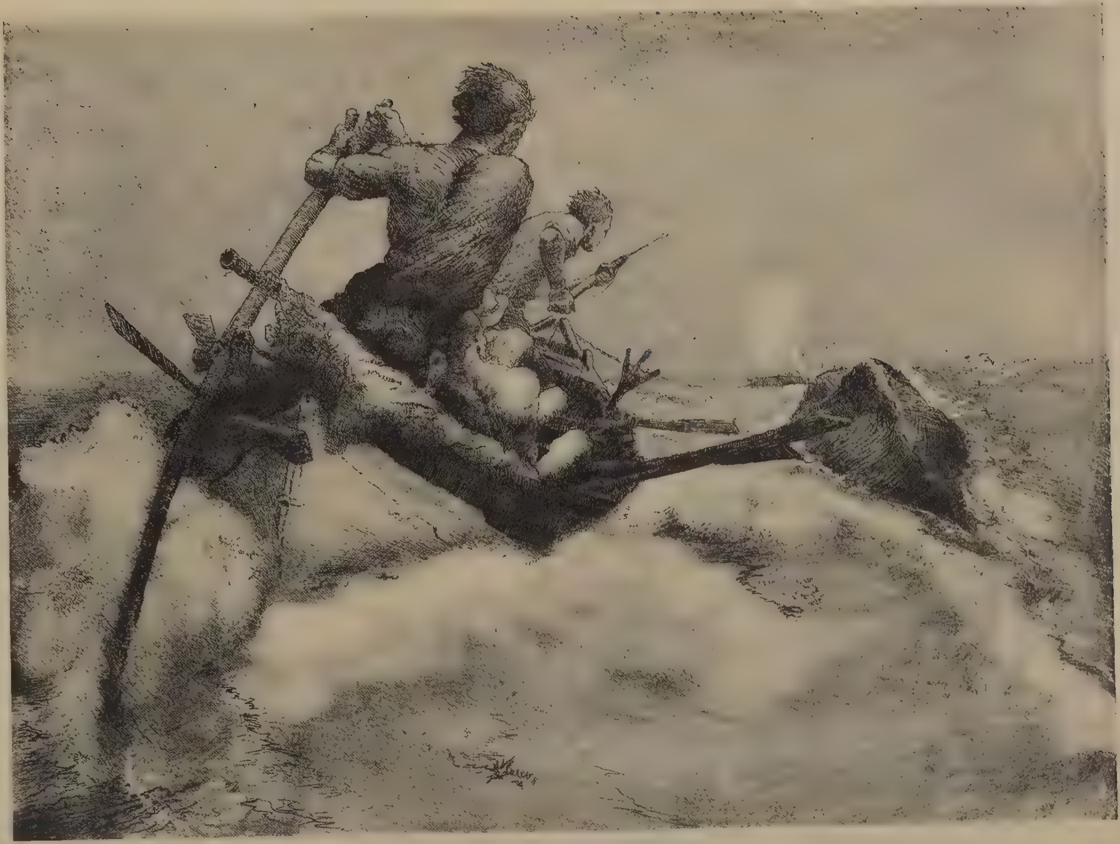
Whalers and Whaling

EIGHT ETCHINGS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE GALE

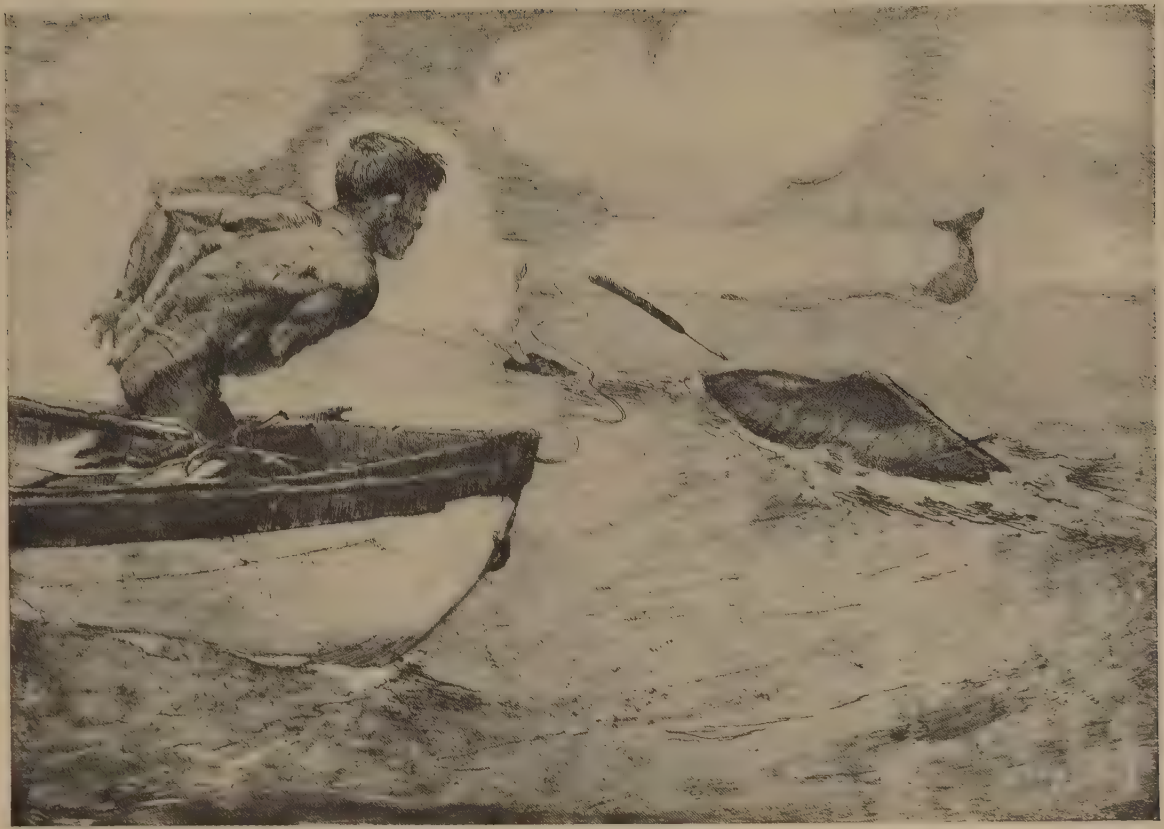
GEORGE GALE is quartermaster of the ferryboat *Bristol,* at Bristol, R. I. His etchings are printed on a press built of white oak, braced with ship's knees, turned by means of a schooner's wheel, in a shed in his yard.

Mr. Gale studied art for four years but quit to ship as mate of the New Bedford schooner *Coral.* He left the sea after several years and took to his ferry-boat, which gives him time for etching. Some of his etchings have been added to the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and dealers have tried to persuade him to devote himself entirely to his art, but, as a friend describes him, "he's as salty as a piece of driftwood and looks like a changeling of the sea." His boat is his job and his etchings are his play.

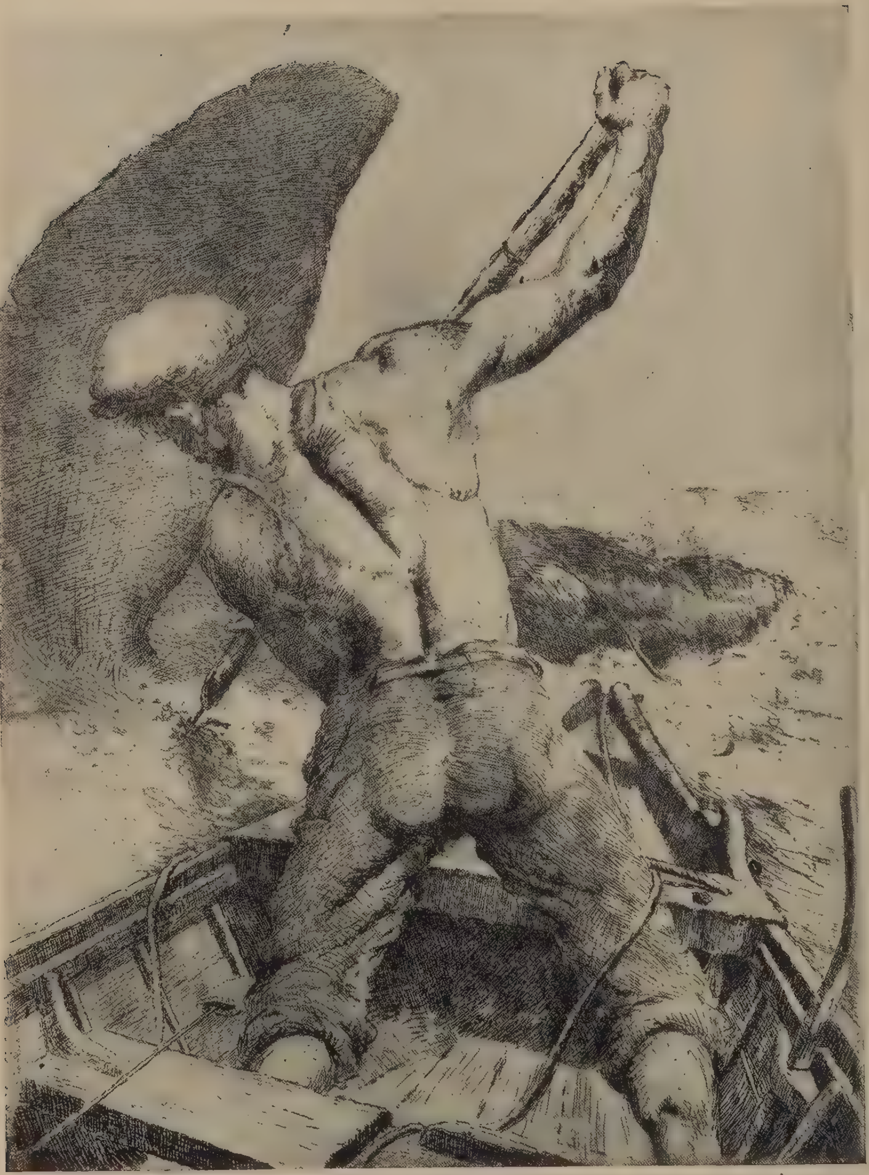
These etchings, full of action and vigor, deal chiefly with scenes from life on board a whaler. "The typical spouter that cruised the seven seas in search of whales," writes Mr. Gale, "was just the opposite of the clipper, being rugged and stanch in build to stand the terrific wrenching and lifting strain of cutting in a whale. As time was no object, and cargo capacity was the main consideration, they were built bluff, deep, and square-sterned, for they cruised in lonely seas, far from repair-shops or shipyards, and so were obliged to carry all the tools necessary to do such repair work themselves, for they were away from their home port three, four, even five, years in a single voyage."



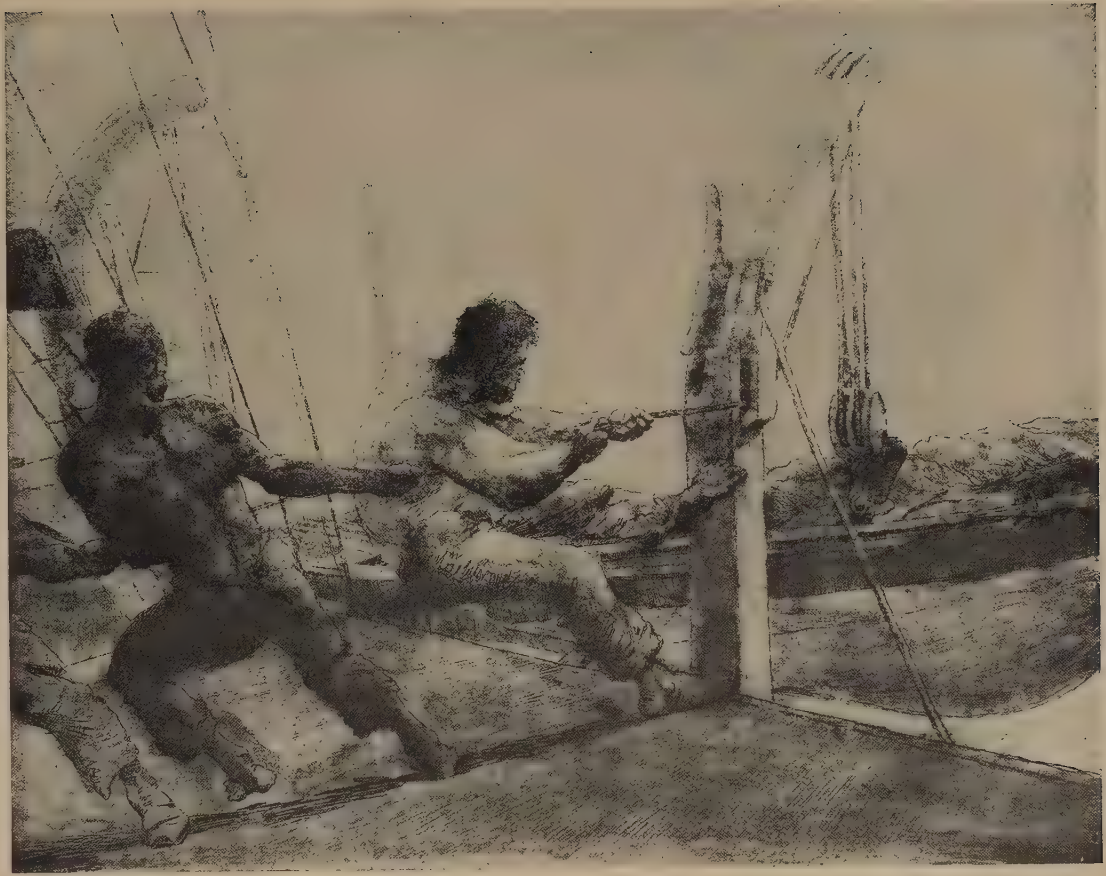
Close Quarters.



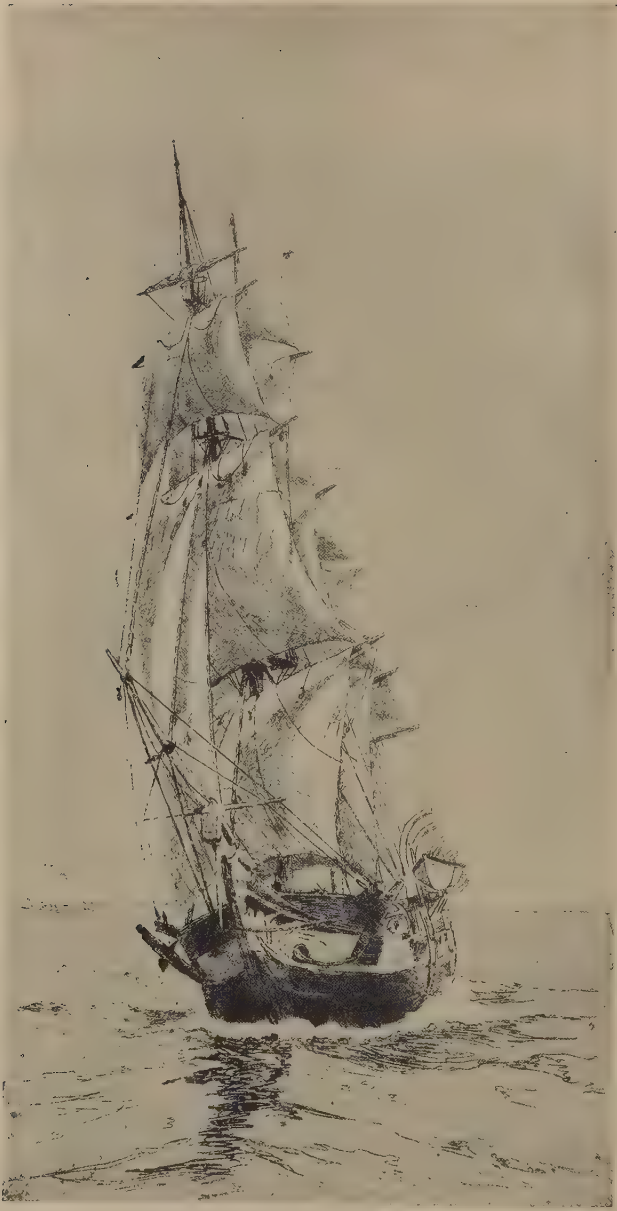
Darting the Iron.



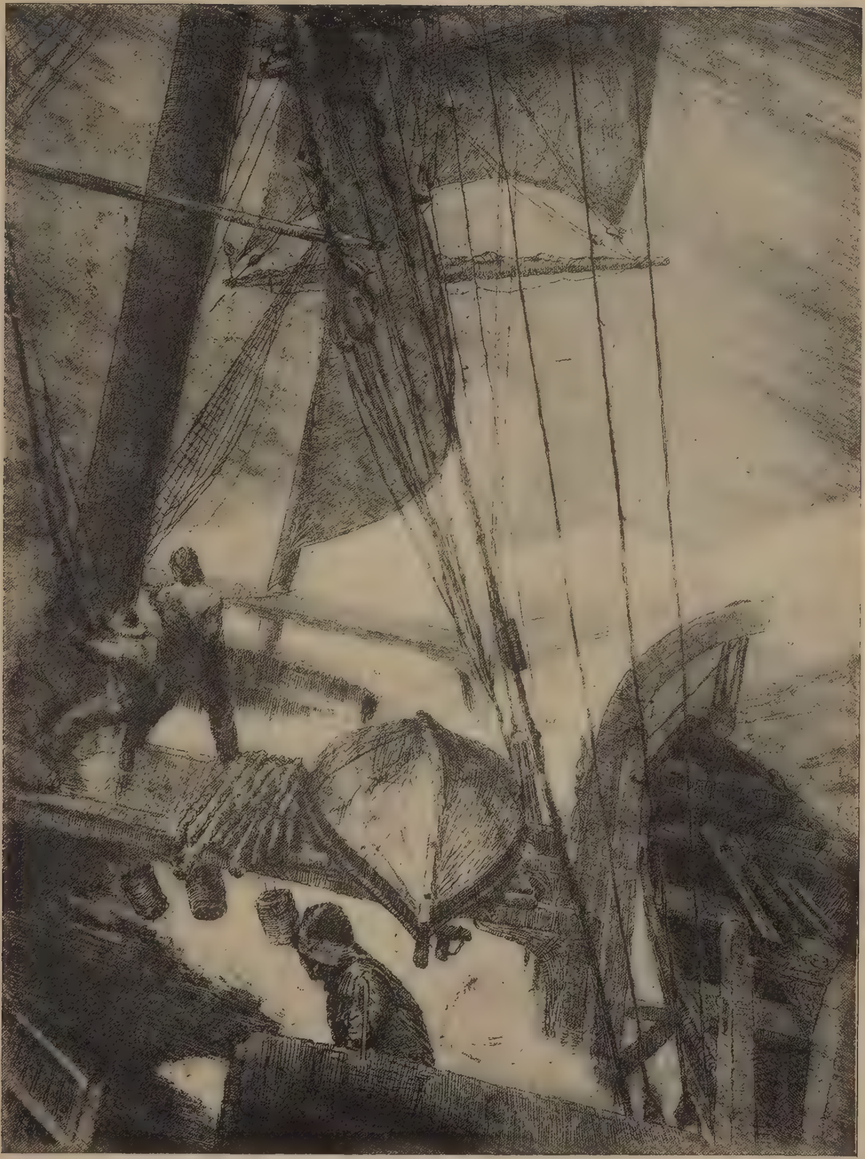
Lancing a Whale.



Hoisting the Whale-Boat.



Whale-Ship *Eliza Adams.*



Cape Stiff.

Barrett Wendell.

"The last of the Calvinists,"—so he termed himself in one of his intimate letters to William James.

A teacher at Harvard from 1880 until 1917, one of the great humanists of the time, Barrett Wendell wrote to James: "As to Harvard I grow more and more puzzled. What the place means I don't know. Still less why they continue to employ there so torpid and corpulent a grizzled being as I grow to recognize in the mirror." These letters begin just before the publication of his authoritative work, "A Literary History of America."

A Packet of Wendell-James Letters

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

This correspondence, filled with wit and affection, which passed between the two great humanists, Barrett Wendell and William James, in the early years of this century was unearthed after the publication of "Barrett Wendell and His Letters" and is here published for the first time.

THROUGH many years Barrett Wendell and William James were intimately associated at Harvard College, first in the relation of pupil and teacher, then as colleagues of unequal rank in the college faculty, and finally as fellow holders of full professorships, Wendell in English, James in philosophy.

An acquaintance which led to a friendship warmly cherished by both had its beginnings when Wendell, as an undergraduate in the Harvard Class of 1877, was a pupil under James, who held the position of instructor in anatomy and physiology through the earlier years of Wendell's college course and of assistant professor of physiology in his senior year. In one of the letters to be printed here Wendell makes a characteristic acknowledgment of the fact that James's early lectures made a special impression upon him by reason of the lecturer's raiment. Of the counter-impression which Wendell first produced upon James there is some indication in an anecdote which the older man was fond of telling, and the pleasure he took in it tells part of the total story. This was nothing more than that on one occasion the undergraduate Wendell was called upon by the instructing James for some explication of a point under discussion in the class, and that the pupil made unexpected answer in that warbling utterance which afterward tempted so many to unsuccessful mimicries: "I must confess that I have not done the prescribed reading, but, if I might answer by the unguided light of reason, I should say," etc., etc.

That each of these friends so fully understood and valued the other was due in part to the fact that he could count upon that other's understanding anything he might say, however extravagant, however sure to bring a look of wild surmise into the stare of the more literal-minded. Each was a capital letter-writer, as the published letters of both have shown—spontaneous, unafraid of lapses from professorial dignity, yet constantly revealing the soberest thought and the warmest affection. One might infer from bits in the ensuing letters that literature, philosophy, and alcohol were of equal moment in their thoughts. At times it seemed not otherwise in their talk.

Of the letters that follow, it should be said that more than a year after the publication of "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," the younger son of the subject of that volume placed in my hands a group of his father's letters to William James which had just come to light. It seemed at once that they contained much that might be welcome in print—still more welcome if with them could be printed the other half of the correspondence they represented. A search for letters from William James to Barrett Wendell brought forth hardly more than half the number of the letters from Wendell to James. Though the correspondence cannot therefore be displayed in a perfectly even balance, the bulk of it is now presented, with only such words of explanation as will make it generally intelligible.

Wendell to James

[Written during the second McKinley campaign, and shortly before the publication of Wendell's "Literary History of America."]

Tavern Club, Boston
27 September, 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

Your post card from Nauheim came to me a day or two ago, in the White Mountains. I don't know when anything has brought me purer pleasure. If I had thought you would have cared a bit, I would have written you again and again. I've sent messages, through Harry, and Billy,* and whoever else. But I rather had a feeling that letters would be more of a bore than a delight.

I'm half glad you are not at home, all the same, to quarrel with me over the election, and to vote for the wrong man. Nothing surprises me more than to find myself, in public thinking, so honestly at odds with half the people I know and like. As a lot, I think, they are going to vote for McKinley, but only by way of condemning Bryan. Personally I feel a kind of enthusiasm over the recent course of our history which I never felt before. It seems to me that, as the world grows smaller, there has come an inevitable conflict between the ideals which we English-speaking races cherish and live by, and the other ideals which are foreign to ours. The old wars of England and Spain, in Elizabeth's time, were part of the story. Another part came when French and Indians tried to control our continent. Another came when Maximilian was thrust on Mexico. And in India, in South Africa, in China, in the Philippines, the story is still the same. Either we must expand—and with all our blunders expansion means the dominance of what our race believes to be right and rights—or else we must yield before something which to my thinking is baser even than our baseness. It's all very general, you see; but to me it is not a matter of trade, or of anything but what are to me the ideals best worth living for. So I vote for the President with enthusiasm, not with fear or regret. And to me Bryan seems, in all sadness, the most insincere and mendacious of all our demagogues—out Butlering Ben Butler at his worst.

I have had a very quiet, dull, wholesome summer at St. Andrews in New Brunswick. There I have got my book proof-read. I don't touch any living men; so your excellent advice must be for the moment unfruitful. . . .

With every cordial message to Mrs. James,

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

Colonial Club
4 October 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

I wonder whether you will damn me for writing you when I am half tired out. It never occurred to me to inquire the hours at which my courses were set this year; and here I am with one at noon and another at half past one. So of a Tuesday or Thursday afternoon there is a little left of my wits.

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*James's older sons.

All the same, I find Harvard pleasanter than usual to look at. The faculty, for example, looks a great deal more attractive than I had remembered it. We had our first meeting on Tuesday, which was neither profitable nor amusing. Eliot wasn't there, Smith* presiding, and did business more summarily than usual. What struck me, after three months of Canada, was that as a lot, the men looked more like somebody than I had remembered. . . .

The most impressive being I have seen as yet is your Billy, who threatens, I believe, to take a course with me. He has grown as handsome as he is big, and has matured astonishingly in address, till one does not stop to think, in talking with him, that he isn't of one's own generation. I hate to think of him wasting time in English composition—on which I have wasted above twenty years. I ought to be an awful warning to anybody. But it will be pleasant to see him, if he keeps on.

They are building fences and things —Henry Higginson's "Union," and an architectural building opposite A. Agassiz's house. There is a heavy new gate next Dane Hall and a lighter between Stoughton and Holworthy. One doesn't quite know the place, which suddenly seems ever so much more monumental than it used to be.

Meanwhile there are floods of freshmen, who look clean and wholesome; and there are a lot of graduate students, who look neither. And, for my part, as you see, I am so stupid that to write another line would be fatuous. I won't yield again to friendly temptation until I'm more amusing.

Always sincerely
Barrett Wendell

Boston
25 October 1900.

Dear James:

I ought, at this blessed minute, to be writing a short review of the life of Mr. Parkman, which one Farnham has lately written.* An uncommonly good portrait it is, by the way, rather odd in plan and manner, but alive throughout with the real man. Well, as usual, "the moment a thing presents itself in the light of a duty I haven't the heart to do it" which W. Everett ascribes to my overindulgence in tobacco. So I take to pleasure instead.

The evening is more peaceful than the last, which finished the inauguration of Pritchett, the new president of the Institute of Technology. He has taken a house just across the way, past which, decently early, some thousand students marched in torchlight procession. They uttered loud cries of welcome, which, to my hearing, resolved themselves into the inspiring words "Yell! Yell! Tech is Hell!" But perhaps I heard with Harvard ears. Somehow, we are more civilized in prejudice out there than is quite wholesome on this side of the Atlantic.

My proof, as I write, lies in an ugly pile on my desk. The last sheets of the index got off my hands on Saturday. The book [the "Literary History of America"] is characteristic—a bewildering confusion of superficiality and insight, which somehow neutralize each other until nobody is pleased. I shall give myself the pleasure of sending you a copy. Don't feel bound to read it. In sentiment it is Tory, pro-slavery, and imperialistic; all of which I fear I am myself. I love the memory of Cotton Mather; and should be happier in a world that hadn't been graced by Channing or Emerson or ——. But I've really tried to give everybody his due. God willing, I won't read a line of the reviewers, if they deign to touch it. Such scribblings are of no earthly value. Either they infatuate or they madden. In either case one is wiser, and happier, with a novel and a cigar.

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*Clement L. Smith, Professor of Latin and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

*"A Life of Francis Parkman," by Charles Haight Farnham, Boston, 1900.

At Harvard, peace reigns. Eliot, they tell me, is to take a winter off. Wherefore the faculty is to be a whole year at peace. You see how tired I am, after all. A page or so ago I shamelessly altered *ear* to *hearing* in order not to violate my simplest rhetorical precepts. And there are two *peaces* in four lines. Well, the word is one I love. I always end my books with it.*

My wife joins me in every cordial message to Mrs. James. If you write to your brother Henry, send a greeting from me.

Always yrs.
BARRETT WENDELL

Boston
26 November 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

My great, big, fat book has seen the light at last; and I have asked the London publisher to send you a copy. Don't feel bound to read it; but accept it as an assurance of the regard which began when your admirable lectures on physical evolution were enforced in my under-graduate mind by the fact that, alone among my instructors, you respected the laws of tailoring. After all, I sometimes think, the most powerful minds reveal themselves in the trivialities of outward aspect. Quite between ourselves, don't you believe that the divine robes of our Lord were worn with a certain grace not to be perceived among the plebeian persons of his apostolic following?

Why I write nonsensically tonight, heaven alone knows. It is partly, I suppose, that wonderful sense of freedom from gravidity which comes when you hold your book at last in your hand, and stare in the strange individual face which has somehow formed its features inside your skull. And partly it is the comfort which the stock-list brings me, now that all your revolutionary wishes haven't been realized. There is tragedy in it all the same. Bloated bondholder that I am, I can't decide what gilt-edge packet to sell; and before long some of your friends will be raising the devil again, and my small fortune on paper will begin to wilt.

Something should be done to —— ——. He professes such devotion to duty that he can't trust himself to enjoy the delights of a Xtian dinner party. But for that matter, New England, in its decline grows pagan. Mrs. Howe's last comment on Boston girls stands next, in my esteem to the glory of the coming Lord. "So far as I can see," she said, "the only thing which they still regard in the light of an indecorum is marriage."

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

Cambridge, 30 January 1901.

DEAR JAMES:

. . . Well, as to my book you may be right; only the spiritual death it exhales is not mine. It is that of old New England, which believed it needed salvation, and strove therefore as best it could. And then came the saintly drummers . . . asserting the need of salvation to be a night-mare. So New England rubbed its eyes, and strove for salvation no more. And, as the years pass we can begin to see that whatever brought it near the eternities was the old spiritual aspiration thus finally, fatally relaxed. In all seriousness, I am

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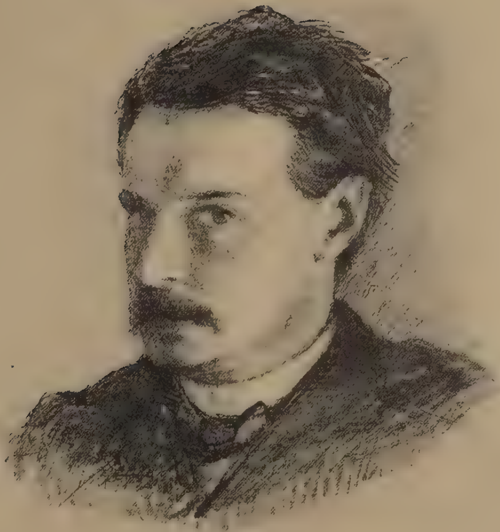
*Reference to Wendell's earlier books confirms this statement. He did not continue the practice.



William James.

Famous psychologist and expounder of pragmatic philosophy. From a pencil drawing by himself, about 1866.

After the publication of his book "Varieties of Religious Experience" Wendell addresses him as "God's closest intimate with whom I can pretend intimacy." James taught at Harvard from 1872 until 1907 and of him Wendell says: "Alone among my instructors, you respected the laws of tailoring."

more Calvinist every year—except in the points where Calvinism quarrels with Rome. Spiritual matters are so elusive anyway that we must always name them in almost mystic symbols. The truth is not within the scope of language. Once named and symbolized they grow inertly identical, no doubt, with symbols and names. But the symbols and names which, amid all the superstitions and errors persist through the ages have in them a kind of vitality ineffably larger than that of our little individual gropings for prophetic insight. And, in fine, if by chance there be such a thing as salvation, I honestly believe myself damned—and with me . ., and all the rest. I escape Calvinism only by dogmatic denial of individual immortality. I like to dream of sinking, at last, into some fathomless ocean of immortal unconsciousness—dissolved in the vastnesses which make no distinction between Mary and Cleopatra, Nero and Paul, you and me and the Un-Reverend —— —— ——.

So all the reformers, who would substitute the cleansing of the flesh for that of the spirit seem to me baser, meaner things than the elder folk whose aspiration never concerned itself with time or space.

All goes well here—in Eliot's absence, who seems to be enjoying Bermuda. I was sorry to hear from Hodgson of Myers' death. Myers had the friendliness to write me, three years ago, a line of congratulation on my professorship, which I shan't forget. It came so unexpectedly—so cordially. . . .

Always yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

[The book to which Wendell refers below is James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," published in 1902.]

New Castle 22 August 1902.

DEAR JAMES:

When your book came, I did not know you had come home; and so was at a loss where to address you. Then, when I had read it, I wanted to write so much about it that I have been waiting for the moment—which never comes—when I could send you a letter worth having.

The book is divinely shameless. God himself couldn't discuss his manifestations with more glorious freedom from self-consciousness, or more serene disregard of what trivialities present themselves to mere humanity as values. There are lots of things I argue with; and lots I don't; not a chapter I shouldn't like to talk about. But, in fact, I am too utterly tired out, with some unutterably dull lectures I am making for Cambridge, to talk or to write about anything.

So, after all this delay, I just send this word of thanks for the friendly thought which has brought me such sincere pleasure. . . .

On the 17th we sail for England. Where we shall pass the winter, God knows. As his closest intimate with whom I can pretend intimacy, perhaps you can tell me. If so, I shall be grateful for the word.

Your Varsity captain, I hope, will have such luck as attended mine last year.* No end of regard to him and to Mrs. James.

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

James to Wendell

[Wendell had recently been appointed Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was about to deliver there the substance of his book, "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature."]

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*Alluding to William James, Jr., captain of the Harvard crew, and Barrett Wendell, Jr., captain of the Harvard nine.

Chocorua, N. H.
Aug. 24, 1902

DEAR WENDELL,

Thank you for your letter and for having read my book, which seems to add fuel to the fire which burns in the hearts of God's enemies as well as to that which burns in those of his friends. Your epithets I confess to be slightly obscure,—is it that the "divine shamelessness" which you say I exhibit refers to the two "cases" at the end of the Chapter on healthy mindedness, the which possibly you may have taken (as others have) to be confessions of my *own?* Heaven forfend! I am having the possibility of such an interpretation removed in a second edition! I meant to, but didn't, write to congratulate you on your appointment at Cambridge—just the man to form the entering wedge of our all-conquering culture (!)—and I [am] right glad to hear it. But it must be a heavy strain to plump right into that complication. *I* went to pieces on the sociability in England, and am resuscitating here on the bare ground. Cambridge is very nice, what I've seen of it, but Frederick Myers, the only man there whom I knew well, and who would have immensely got along well with you, is gone.

Good luck to you, and best regards from both to each.

Always yours truly,
WM JAMES

Wendell to James

Boston, 22 September, 1902.

DEAR JAMES:

Except for a physical collapse, which has delayed my sailing till Wednesday, I should have answered you long ago. I had no idea that you were in any sense a confessor. What I meant was that God, so far as I am aware, finds himself in a position which permits him any utterances imaginable without the shameful and inhibitory consciousness of self characteristic of fallen man. And to one so deeply fallen as I—the last of the Calvinists who wouldn't expect a maker that didn't damn us—your glorious freedom from any inhibitory impulse seems admirably illustrative of what that same God had in mind when he started to make man in his image and hadn't made a botch of it. Your intellect works like what I dream of Eden. As for me, my carriage, mental and physical, sorrowfully reminds me of Adam's. And so, I spitefully call God—and you—shameless. In which blessed company I leave you, on Wednesday, for a year.

We shall be in England till December, and back there in May. Between whiles I know not whither we may wander. I hear the East a-calling; and may get as far as Egypt or Palestine. All I am sure of is that my bankers are Brown, Shipley and Co. as you will duly discover when Bert Williams gets out his college directory. And, to contradict myself at once, I am equally sure that if lines stray to me thither from you—or post cards or whatever else—they will be most welcome.

Every cordial message to Mrs. James.

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

In the winter of 1904–1905, when Wendell was in Paris, delivering the first course of Harvard exchange lectures at the Sorbonne on the James

Hazen Hyde Foundation, a number of letters passed between the two friends. At this time President Eliot offered James the same opportunity in France for the next year. As it came to pass, Santayana was Wendell's immediate successor, and James never undertook the task. But when it was first under consideration he had many questions to ask of Wendell, and Wendell answered them all with care; yet it would be superfluous here to print more than a few bits from the letters of Wendell's French winter.

By way of postscript to James's first letter of inquiry appears the warning: "Beware of the enemy, *your* enemy, alcohol, of course." In Wendell's illuminating reply (December 11, 1904) besides remarking, "I never scribbled you half so seriously before; but then you never asked me to," he wrote: "Now I have really blazed the way. A better man should follow. Of all the men I know, you seem to me the best." To this James replies on Christmas Day, in a letter beginning: "Your long and highly instructive and satisfactory letter arrived as a beneficent Christmas gift this A.M. I like you in a serious vein even better than in your more airy flights of immorality. In fact you are good all through." To complete the Christmas correspondence, here is the playboy Wendell in his own vein of mock seriousness.

Wendell to James

16 Avenue Kléber Paris 26 December 1904.

DEAR JAMES:

I don't know about it, after all. The morals of the French deserve consideration; and the effect of you thereon has just had startling manifestation.

One S—— was found dead—a deputy who lately slapped the Minister of War in the face, during an animated discussion in the Chamber. Cries of masonic assassination ensue—he evidently died from asphyxiation, induced by coal gas from an imitation log in his chimney. To avert this calumny, his widow and her daughter and the daughter's husband—who came in for a lot of life insurance money—make public, with unmentionable details, the assertion that S—— was given to unspeakable attempts at misconduct with his stepdaughter. A considerable party of reputable people now believe that the estimable trio murdered him, for the insurance; and invented the calumnies on his memory to induce belief in his suicide. Obviously, if this be the case, the son-in-law—the cleverest of the three—invented the naughty lie. And his occupation, up to this moment, shows where he got his satanic impulse. He is preparing an elaborate thesis, for the Sorbonne, on the Life and Works of William James. Clearly this is the true source of all the ensuing mendacity and lubricity. One shudders to think of what may ensue throughout France if so diabolical an influence as is here manifest should become widely popular, on the public platform.

Bourget gave me these particulars a day or two ago. He is sadly detained in Paris by the fatal illness of his wife's mother, slowly dying of a paralysis.

But, in all seriousness, I hope more and more that you will surely come. Nothing would do more good to the cause—of national understanding—which I am working hard for. You would stimulatingly enjoy your intellectual reception. And as to going out —and the like—the matter would be wholly in your own hands.

Except that I am drinking more

heavily than ever, all goes well. Cordial greetings to you all, from both of us.

Always yrs.
B. W.

Passages from two more letters from James in the first half of 1905 are as follows:

James to Wendell

Cambridge, Feb. 8, '05.

DEAR WENDELL,

I have been silent under your letters, both the ironical ones and the serious ones, because I have been waiting, from day to day, till my own prospects should straighten out. I can now say that everything looks like booking me as your successor (you the Baptist! I the Messiah!!) not for *next* year, but for 1906–7. I suppose that Santayana has already been taking counsel with you for next year. I think that he will be an admirable man—the only drawback I can see is that if I succeed him, it will make two philosophers running, and the good Parisians will think that all America is still in Comte's "metaphysical stage" of thought. . . .

I hope that *your* work still goes bravely on. I don't see how you can run all that social racket (especially with your alcoholic habits) without breaking down eventually with fatigue, and I should think that the provincial ½ of the job would on the whole be the most severe.

But I won't write anything more on this purely speculative basis, for there is a chance of my seeing you before you return. I have taken passage for Naples, sailing hence on March 11th, meaning possibly to stop over a week or two in Spain, and to proceed straight from Naples to Greece. . . .

Yours ever truly
WM JAMES.

Hôtel du Parc
Cannes. A.M.
May 9, 1905.

CHER ET ILLUSTRE MAÎTRE ET CONFRÈRE,

J'ai voulu attendre, avant de vous écrire, le moment où je sentirais enfin sous mes pieds le sol de ce bon pays de France qui est votre seconde patrie—ce moment, depuis 24 heures est arrivé—but permit me to drop into English, the other thing is too *sustained*. I got your highly satisfactory letter from Geneva, of March 12th, at Gibraltar, and have imaginatively followed your fortunes ever since. What staggers me is your ability to stand the racket. *Social* business is what bowls me over quicker than anything, especially with foreigners, and you must both have had enough of it to run two ordinary "courts" in addition to your lectures. Not content to take your own conceited impressions, I have lately asked several French professors about the success of your lectures. None of them had attended them, but all seemed to have had reports of them, and spoke of them as an unqualified success. I met these men at Athens, where there was a "congress" of archæologists with which my visit coincided, and at Rome where there was one of Psychologists in which I myself took part. I had hoped, dear Wendell, to be able, after opening communication, to rejoin you at one or other of these "faculties," and see the sort of thing for myself, and I find that our respective dates and places make it possible, to my great joy, to see you at Dijon (owing to a too hasty calculation I had at first supposed I could not do the job, and began to write accordingly), about the eve of your leaving that place. It will throw light on the desirability of my own acceptance for 1906–7 of so arduous a job. I hope that your *tone* keeps up, and Mrs. Wendell's also. What you write of the boy in Geneva is first-rate. It did my Billy good also.

I have been at Athens hobnobbing with that gifted fish ——, and comparing the Parthenon with the "New Lecture Hall" in Kirkland Street, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter. Also in Naples, Rome, Siena, Orvieto, etc., getting the usual impressions very keenly but also getting fatigued, so that it is a sweet boon to be in this fine and empty hotel for a week of quiet philosophizing with my dear friend Charles Strong who is kept abroad by his wife's illness. No sights necessary to be seen—Gottlob! . . .

Warm regards to you both,

Wm James

[Wendell's book—generally counted his best—"France of Today," made up of Lowell Institute lectures based upon his observations in France, appeared in 1907. James's "Pragmatism" had appeared earlier in the same year.]

95 Irving St.
Nov. 8, 1907

Cher Maître et Confrère, (also dear Wendell)

I have just read every word of your book of France, and must send you my "meed of praise." Not since Hillebrand's Frankreich und die Franzosen have I met with anything as good in the line of international psychology. Your interest has been in the deeper factors of difference, and you have brought them out in a masterly manner. Join the delightful broad *causerie* style, and the extraordinarily genial and sympathetic temper, and I should think that Frenchmen themselves would have to agree that it is not only a good book but a good action. It will certainly make for international good will and understanding, and work *both* ways. The last chapter gave me a new idea of the temper of our own republic—true too!

I hope it will have a great success in both countries. It's *great* that you could work off your Gallic intoxication so promptly, and to such effect. They must send you to Berlin next!

Yours affectionately

Wm. James

Wendell to James

358 Marlborough Street
19 November 1907.

Dear James:

The pure delight your letters bring me is dimmed by sense of how carelessly I must have seemed to neglect you all these months. When Pragmatism came to me, a night-mare of a summer was beginning. My dear old Aunt Sarah Barrett, who has no other of her kin near by, had a stroke of paralysis, which seemed final. She lingered, day by day; and I had—gladly, too, for she has been perhaps the most constantly delightful of all of my kin since I was a baby—to be with her every day. After weeks, she began, most deplorably, to recover a bed-ridden existence. Incidentally, there were money perplexities—a new thing for me in just this aspect. It goes on still. She is really better, to survive indefinitely. I do not have to see her constantly, though I am there as often as possible. From May to October, however, I hardly missed a day.

And it was all I could do. Letters, work, reading, everything went by the board. And so the weeks passed into months, without a word to you; until, for very shame, I didn't write.

The greatest pleasure your book has constantly brought me, for it has lain close at hand through it all, came from the ever-present assurance that you had cared to send it. The book itself, meanwhile, grows more surely memorable. I cannot quite adjust my thoughts, even yet, to all the terms of it. I am sure, however, that it comes nearer the philosophy toward which I have blundered through my fifty years than I should at first have thought it could. That what we call truth is itself conditioned by the imperfections of our wits and our language is as plain as that the earth turns. That we live and die in terms of surmise is another little truth, not to be gainsaid. That we need not think in these lesser terms is clear. That the terms in which we think, at our wisest, are as far this side perfection soon comes to follow. Finality is nowhere within human ken. That we can always pass some way further on the road thither is what makes life at once most despairing and most inspiring.

Faint, old as all this may seem, it will perhaps tell you better than any effort to be more precise what the vistas are where I have strayed with you, or from you, during the months of silence. In temperament, I am more and more the Tory I was born. It is a good world, this, and a very evil at the same time. Progress takes us into new regions of both sorts. We who would rather linger cherish the old good—secure that, ill as things go, they might go worse. You who press on have more confident hope, not completely sustained, I personally think, by the noble, tragic history of human aspiration. But, at heart, we are more at one than the careless moments sometimes make us fancy. For what we both yearn for most is that the truth we leave behind us shall help the time to come more towards righteousness than it has been our own passing lot to diffuse.

It was pleasant to see Billy the other day. Every hearty message to him, and to you all.

Always sincerely yours,
Barrett Wendell

[Wendell contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1909, an article on James's older friend and neighbor, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard.]

95 Irving St.
Cambridge, Dec. 30, '08.

Dear Wendell,

Loud and continued applause for your article on C. E. N., which I thank you for sending me, inasmuch as I don't take *The Atlantic*. What a precious gift is ardor of imagination, especially when coupled with human sympathy and discerning expression. Henceforth it shall be not so much Norton as Norton plus what his neighbors made of him—a precious stroke in the series of strokes with which the paint-brush of time is layer by layer painting the history of our community. The best thing in the character of C. E. N. was his power of appreciating merit, and his eagerness to help other and younger men who had it, to get it into play. He seems to have had a finger in almost every good thing that was enacted in our time.

But what I admire is your power of keeping the *heat* in you thru all that article!

My respects to Mrs. Wendell, and a happy New Year to you both.

Yours as ever,
Wm. James

How jolly is Shaler's autobiography and how lucky that in his last years he should have turned to that kind of writing.

It is a happy circumstance that in this last of the letters here assembled James should have called both Norton and Shaler to mind. In the generation next older than James and Wendell these two were among the most notable humanists of their time—scholars after the less highly specialized fashion of the day, stimulating teachers, the more effective for bringing into their academic work the flavor of men of the larger world. Already they have become traditional figures, for Norton died as long ago as 1908, two years after the death of Shaler. James, only a year younger than Shaler, followed them in 1910, and Wendell, who retired from teaching in 1917, died in 1921. James and Wendell, *mutatis mutandis,* have come to occupy in the minds of many Americans well within the boundaries of middle age some such place as that of Norton and Shaler. Humanists in our own foremost files of time may well take heart that the great tradition which these four teachers brought from the nineteenth into the twentieth century was carried so far as to make its continuance at once a challenge and an attainable goal.

* * *

Written in Notre Dame, Montreal

By Kenneth Leslie

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and fail and die.
Dim o'er the altar-rail
The gray Lord Christ hangs high.

Pale His face; but flushing
Crimson flows the tide,
Through the ages gushing
From His wounded side.

Broken souls run calling,
Under their weight of woe
Stumbling, kneeling, falling. . . .
Cease not, crimson flow!

Broken souls kneel praying,
Casting their burdens down;
Nor flinches He the paying,
Nor minds the thornier crown.

Never the ages bringing
Sharer of His load,
Companion of His singing,
Venturer on His road!

Vainly His heart goes yearning,
Down the foot worn aisle,
For a friend's discerning,
For a comrade's smile!

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and flare again,
To the Lord Christ dim and pale
And patient in His pain.

The Professional Santa Claus

BY BOOTH JAMESON

All day long the professional Santa Claus had been standing in front of the main entrance of the department store, a morosely stationary figure among the rushing swarms of shoppers. About him bright colors, smart dresses, and fur coats hurried and jostled and pushed, mingling impatiently with one another as they suddenly darted forward into unexpected lanes in the crowd and as suddenly came to a stop when an unforeseen obstacle blocked their paths. The sidewalk was a place of surges and eddies and halts, for to-morrow was Christmas and many people had awakened groaning to think of presents yet unbought. The scene was gay: bobbing little red hats, briskly twinkling shoe-buckles, beribboned packages clutched in gloved hands, and alert, shining faces made it seem lively and sparkling with happiness. Yet individually the shoppers looked determinedly joyful: it was as though they had forgotten the reason and remembered only the necessity for looking happy. So busy were they with the details of buying presents for others that their expressions were but fixed and mechanical indications of Christmas merriment.

It was with this idea in his mind that the Santa Claus addressed the harried doorman during a lull in his duties.

"Hell!" said merry Saint Nicholas, stamping his cold feet. "Seems like everybody's making an awful fuss over trying to look glad!"

"That's right, George," the doorman said absently. But after a time he became generous, calculating that his offer would cost him nothing.

"That's right," he said again. "Say, if you want to make a little money on the side, I've got more'n I can do, and you can keep all the tips you get for helping customers to their cars."

"I ain't supposed to," George said reluctantly. "The boss told me just to stand here and smile at all these here dam' dressed-up little boys and little girls with their noses in the air. 'Look jolly and hearty,' Mr. Green says to me. 'Remember you're acting the part of old Kriss Kringle!' "

"Green ain't never goin' to see you," the doorman urged him. "He's too busy in the office, and this is your last day on the job anyhow. But of course if it's worth more to you to stand around and look sore at everybody——"

Abruptly he hurried to the assistance of an elderly woman, for whom a large town-car drew up to the curb.

"Merry Christmas, madam!" Smartly touching his cap, he made the gesture of being about to close the door.

"Wait a minute," she said pleasantly. "Here! Merry Christmas!"

With pathetic envy the Santa Claus looked at the bill in the doorman's hand; George was convinced.

"Tell me how to do it," he said.

"You just watch *me,*" the doorman answered. "You do the way *I* do and you'll get on fine." With a slight feeling of satisfaction he looked down at his own trim uniform, and then he glanced at his companion.

A week ago George Haskell had come forth from the store to take a place on the sidewalk. With a conscious swagger he had strolled up and down, and because of a pillow stuffed in the top of his trousers he had pleasantly imagined his manner of walking to be a perfect rendition of the confident, rolling waddle of a jolly fat man. Never had a suit of clothes seemed so thoroughly red as this one, or so well set off by white cotton trimming; and, with his jaunty, tasselled cap drawn halfway over his ears, he had been fascinated by his reflection in the plate-glass windows. There his face beamed out at him—a jovial, red face with a halo of whiskers so white, so venerable, so friendly, and so inspiring that it was easy to think of himself as the incarnate spirit of Christmas Cheer. Even the gleam of his patent-leather boots brought him pleasure. It mattered not that the boots were of imitation leather, that the handsome red coat and its fur trimming were both made of cotton, or that his noble beard had once been attached to the back of a woolly sheep.

But now the cotton trimming clung to the red coat only in spots, and it was white no longer. Flakes of soot and soft-coal smoke had changed the trimming and the noble white beard to a sandy grayness. The jaunty cap was dingy and rumpled, and gone was the lustrous sheen of the boots. It did not please him to retain even the expression of hearty Saint Nicholas; blue with the cold, his face was creased into what might have been mistaken for a smile, and his pale eyes sent forth a melancholy glare of dissatisfaction. The faded red Santa Claus suit had become an abomination, a thing of utter distaste. His feeling about it was perhaps similar to that of an actor who believes that he has been sent on the stage in an intentionally shabby costume, and that the manager, as well as the audience, is joyfully making fun of him.

As the afternoon sun dimly withdrew from its winter position far down in the smoke of the city, George, with a determined smile, said "Merry Christmas," helped shoppers into taxis, and picked up bundles that slipped from the tired and nervous fingers of their owners; he even fondly patted children on the head. So, by the time the downtown street lights shone in vaguely luminous circles through the winter mist, he was the possessor of a sum of money that gave him a strange sense of power. Unexpectedly it had come to him, and in its unexpectedness there was beauty; it was something his wife couldn't possibly know about.

The department store in front of which he stood was important, and as a gesture of importance its superintendent had insisted that it close at six o'clock every evening during Christmas week—"to show 'em we aren't in the ten-cent-store class," as he expressed it. "We won't lose any sales by it, either!" As a consequence, the soured and weary Santa Claus and the doorman were able to retire to the employees' locker-room shortly after six to change into their unprofessional clothes.

"How much did you make, George?" the doorman asked.

"Nine dollars and eighty cents," George replied with unaccustomed vigor. "Yes, sir! Nine dollars and eighty cents!" And he added, with a defiance perfectly understood by the doorman not to be directed at himself but at George's wife: "I'm not going to put it in no bank, neither!"

Carefully he wadded the few dollar bills about the many silver coins. "No jingle-bells for me," he explained. "This money is going to lay quiet until *I* think it's needed."

"What's the matter with you?" Jimmy asked as he turned from the mirror. "You seem to be afraid of losing a couple of tips. Nobody's going to bother you to-day about a little pocket-money; not even your wife. To-day the world's just full of loving-kindness and tender mercifulness and good-will——"

"Yah!" said George rudely. "Don't try to be funny with *me*. What if it is Christmas Eve? What about it? I can't help it, can I?" Haggardly he looked at the discarded costume on the floor. "If I had to go through another day in this bum vaudeville outfit, I'd be crazy! I'm tired of being a free sideshow and saying to all those stuck-up little children: 'Well, dearie, have you been a good girl? If you have, just look in your stocking to-morrow morning!' "

Jimmy laughed. "This rush has got all of us pretty well worn out. But cheer up a little; you're through work now." Then he repeated a stock catch phrase which was supposed to be humorously optimistic: "Cheer up, George; everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!"

"Yes, everything's fine!" George answered. "And it's all right to make a joke about babies, but you *would* laugh if you'd had to kiss as many of 'em as I've had to; I got a little girl myself, but it kind of makes me sick. Half the women that come by the store with babies hold 'em up and say, 'Oh, see the Santa Claus! Just *see* the *pitty* Santa Claus!' they say. And then the kid starts bawling and won't shut up until I kiss it and leave it nearly pull my false whiskers off! I wish I had a job like yours."

"Well, I've had plenty to do; I've got a right to be as tired as anybody. No matter what happens, the customers always tell me about it. If the elevator's slow, or if the salesgirls get fresh, or the floor-walker shows 'em to the wrong aisle, they get mad about it all right; but they don't *say* anything until they get outside, and then *I* got to listen to it all. I *am* tired!"

"Sure, but what are you going to *do* about it? Just talking won't——"

"Listen, George," the doorman said. "What do you say we go somewhere to-night after supper? I know a place where we might be able to get over this tired feeling. Of course if you're not sure you can make it, and maybe you'd rather stay home——"

"You *bet* I can make it!" George interrupted fiercely. "I'll meet you at the drug-store on the corner at eight o'clock. I'll *be* there! Maybe I'll have a broken leg from having to jump out of the window, but I'll *be* there!"

Later, as he walked homeward through the crowds, he repeated this over and over to himself, evidently with the intention of giving his decision an unshakable foundation. "I'll be there if it takes a leg! I'll *be* there! Yes, sir! If it takes a leg!" After that he whispered hoarsely to himself: "Everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!"

When he entered his four-room flat he counted strongly upon his air of aggressiveness. The impression he intended to convey was that of a man among men, returning to his dwelling-place for a quiet meal before sallying out once more among his equals. His wife met him at the door.

"Well, what's been keeping you *this*

time?" she asked. "You been gassing around with the help at the store, or did you get lost on the way home?"

"That'll do, Gertie," he said firmly. "I'm doing all I can to earn a little money, and I don't care to be snapped at by no one!"

"Too bad about you working so hard! Standing around on the street corner all day must have wore you all out!" she said. "But suppose you let *me* take care of that money. Thank the Lord I've learned enough not to trust you with a cent at this time of year!"

Silently he gave her the clean new bills he had received from the store; but the money he had made in tips remained in his pocket.

"Now are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Satisfied?" she said. "What with?"

He was bitter. "My soul! That's gratitude. Gratitude's what I call it! My soul!"

She lowered her voice, but it lost none of its intensity. "Do you realize, George Haskell, that I can't even afford to buy a Christmas present for my own child? Do you realize that all she's going to have to-morrow is a couple of old dolls that I fixed up myself, and that for the first time in her life she won't have even a little *Christmas-tree?"*

Stonily he let her stare at him: he had troubles of his own, he meant to imply; hers were her own property.

"Come on in here," she said, jerking at his arm. "You come on in here and eat, and quit looking as if you think you *are* somebody!"

Without vocal retort he followed her into the heavy atmosphere of the dining-room, where a sharp-faced little girl was already seated at the table. And here, as the meal proceeded, Mrs. Haskell became somewhat calmer; there were even times when she seemed almost on the point of being pleasant to her husband. But he, sunk low in his chair and looking fixedly at the handle of his knife with brooding, melancholy eyes, remained unaware of these possibilities.

When his wife left the room to bring in the coffee the little girl wiggled her finger at him teasingly.

"I know why mama's mad at you!" she said. "One reason she's mad is because you never noticed the clean curtains yesterday, after she spent all morning washing them. That's why she's mad!"

"Well, she'll get glad!" he said harshly. *"I* can't help it, can I?"

"What do you mean, 'she'll get glad'?" she asked.

"None of your business! You sit down there and shut up!"

"Why, papá!" The little girl spoke more loudly and plaintively than was warranted by the occasion. It was evident that she had hopes of being heard in the kitchen.

"You be still, if you know what's good for you," he said, and he made a gesture that could have been interpreted as threatening.

His daughter, in fact, preferred this interpretation, for she left the table and trotted importantly to her mother in the next room. "Papa told me to shut up and then he started to whip me!" he heard her say.

Almost joyously he awaited the entrance of his wife; never had he felt better equipped for argument. His wife came in, holding the coffee-pot by its towel-wrapped handle; and the little girl peeped at him from behind her with a "now-you'll-catch-it" look. He straightened up in his chair.

"Well?" he said, making the word a challenge. "Well, *what now,* Gertie?

Do you mean to say you take and believe everything bad that Letty tells you about me?"

"I don't care about myself any more—if I did, I'd jump in the river. But you're not going to treat that child the way you do *me!"*

With pathos she sat, filled a cup with coffee, and passed it to him. He took it deliberately and placed it on the table near him; then slowly he began to rock himself from side to side in his chair, while his expression became that of a tormented bull about to charge. But he held his speech and allowed her to study this picture of truculence.

"Oh, I know Letitia is getting to be a tattle-tale," she said a little apprehensively. "I know more about her than you can tell me. Why can't you drink your coffee and let her alone?"

Not mollified, he however accepted his wife's suggestion. She was to understand that silence on his part did not mean peace; it indicated merely a temporary armistice which at any moment he was but too willing to break. With an exaggerated courtesy, meant to be irritating, he carefully scraped the bottom of the spoon on the rim of his cup to prevent drops of coffee from falling on the table-cloth. In a manner he believed mincingly delicate he held his little finger aloof, poised it in the air; and after every sip he patted his mouth with the napkin.

"Papa, what do you think Santa Claus will bring me?" Letitia asked suddenly.

"Santa Claus!" he said, glaring at her. He put down his cup with a bang. "You've come to the right person to find out all about *him!"*

"You be still, George!" His wife spoke with quick fury.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "I didn't say a *thing!* I only said I *could* tell her a lot about him, if I wanted to. *I* wouldn't say anything that wasn't good about dear old Santa!" Slyly he looked at her. "Why, I saw him only this afternoon. He was such a *nice* old man, too, until he took off his red coat and his long white——"

"Don't you dare say another word! That's all!" Mrs. Haskell was dangerously angry; she was defending the happy illusions of her offspring. "Don't you say another word!" she repeated. "I might have known you'd try something like this! It's the only way you have of getting back at me, and it's a mean, cowardly way, too! As if you hadn't done enough to spoil Letitia's Christmas already!"

"My *goodness!"* he shouted, thumping the table so that the dishes and silver clanged discordantly. "Do you think *I'm* goin' to wake up bright and happy to-morrow morning, when you've done nothin' but rage at me for the last week?"

Desperately he rose from the table and stood, for better drama. "Here I am, out in the terrible, bitter cold all day long," he said piteously. "Out in the bitter cold, doing what I can to keep the kettle boiling and the wolf from the door. And when I come home what do you do? First you take all my money from me, and after that you give me hell!" He put stricken hand to head. "I better get out of here before I shoot somebody!" he said huskily.

Then, with a bitter violence, he put on his hat and coat; with violence he departed, leaving the outer door open behind him. Ten years of marriage had taught him that a slammed door brings ridicule upon the one who slams it; but a door left open is an unanswerable insult to the one who remains behind.

A little pleased with himself, he went quickly down to the street muttering: "I guess *I* showed her! Yes, sir, and I guess I'm going to keep *on* showing her! She'll find out!"

At the corner drug-store he found Jimmy waiting for him.

"Hello, George!" this true friend said cheerfully. "How's everything?"

"Everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!" George responded. "Come on; let's get started spending money!"

Half an hour later they were comfortably established in an old-fashioned room. In fact, this room was so old-fashioned that many excellent and moral people believe that it and its kind have ceased to exist. Across one side of it ran a broad, high counter of polished wood standing out at a little distance from the wall; which wall was almost hidden by cupboards and low shelves and by large, splendid mirrors framed in opulently carved woodwork. The wall opposite supported a lithograph of a young woman nude, except for a light coating of soot; she was considering the obvious advisability of a bath in a small brook.

Red paper bells hanging from the ceiling and a small Christmas-tree at one end of the counter were meant to give the place a festive, holiday air. But, in spite of these efforts on the part of the proprietor, the room had the atmosphere of a lower place for lower people: canes and spats might have been unsafe; and attendants in soiled and rumpled white coats tapped with impatient fingers while waiting to be paid, and change was counted with severe glances at individual coins.

These circumstances had no restraining effect upon the now loquacious but still embittered George. Much of his secretly earned nine dollars and eighty cents had passed into the dingy cash-register against the wall, but in exchange no glow of good-fellowship beglamoured his face.

"I just can't seem to get feeling good," he explained to Jimmy. "You're all right, and all the other boys are all right; even the weather's all right, 'cause it doesn't matter anyway. So I don't know what it is, unless it's the time of year." He nodded with glassy-eyed solemnity. "Yes, sir; *that's* it! It's the time of year!"

His face brightened; he was coming out of the state of merely being: ideas began to creep within his mind; to him they appeared to be lightning-flashes of revelation.

"It's the time of year!" he repeated with solemn conviction. "That's it! Now if it was only *Easter,* everything would be all right. I don't expect no big department store would hire me to be an Easter *rabbit* for 'em!" he said. "Least I've never *heard* of 'em doing that!"

The doorman laughed and passed a hand through his tangled hair. His complexion was no longer pink; his head was now a fine picture of the setting sun.

"That's a good one, George!" he said. "I'd like to see you as a rabbit, hopping around and waving your ears." He turned to the man on the other side of him. "Say, listen to poor old George, will you? Just listen to him! He's tired of being Santa Claus. He wants to be a *rabbit!"*

"Well, why not?" George demanded. "A rabbit's nice and gentle; it don't bite nobody; and it's as clean and pure a little animal as you could want. But now you take and think about a Santa Claus—great, big fat thing! He's always dirty from getting in and out of chimneys. And eat! Why, he'd eat you out of house and home in *no* time, a great, big, dirty fat thing like——"

"But, George!" his friend broke in. "Seems to me I've heard that rabbits eat a lot, too. Seems to me——"

"Don't you believe a word of it!" George said sharply. "All a nice little rabbit needs to eat is a lily. Every two or three days give him a lily. That's why you see so many lilies at Easter!" He was elated by the ease with which this sudden thought had come to him. *"That's why!* It's because they're the Easter rabbit's favorite food!"

He amplified the idea; he became hoarse in the support of the virtues of a rabbit in preference to those of a Santa Claus, and his vehemence burned to a fiery indignation with all men who refused to accept his dogma that the rabbit is "the most beautiful of all God's sweet creatures."

"By gracious!" he said. "I'll *show* you! I passed one of 'em in a store window a block up the street, and I'm going to *get* him! After you see *him* nobody better say 'Merry Christmas, Santa Claus' to *me!"*

The little shop was still open, and its owner was hopeful of disposing of all of his stock of toy rabbits when George beamed upon them delightedly.

"No; I jest want only one," he said. "Hand me that big brown cottontail in the window. There! Move those dam' Santa Clauses out of the way and you can reach it."

The rabbit had a rubber tube attached to its flank, and at the end of the tube was a bulb which, when pressed, produced in the animal a leaping motion. When this phenomenon of compressed-air mechanism had been explained to him George departed.

"Squeeze the bulb easy and he jumps; squeeze it hard and he busts. I see," he said. "Good night, and t'hell with ole Kriss Kringle and 'Merry Christmas!' "

Returning to his companions, he took his place at the end of the bar where the small Christmas-tree stood.

"Don't scare him, boys," he warned them. "Just let him sit under this here little tree until he gets used to the place."

"Will he bite?" Jimmy asked humorously. "What you goin' to name him?"

"His name is *Mike*, of course," George answered. "But you keep away from him with that whiskey-glass! This rabbit's got to be kept free from the vices of humanisty," he said, with a large and decisive gesture. "Yes, sir! Free from the vices of humanisty!"

He looked about him to make sure of his audience, and continued confidentially: "I expect it would be kind of a good idea to keep him under this tree all the time, so's he'll have some place to go when he gets tired. I expect he thinks it's kind of a home for him, the poor little thing!"

The ex-Santa Claus was bitter no longer. Talkative, but not loud, he lectured to the bystanders upon life in the animal world; he had become happy at last. The festive, red paper bells failed to remind him of anything unpleasant, and the Christmas-tree was now only a shelter for his inanimate but lively pet. George was happy because he had forgotten the time of year.

It was after midnight when he arrived home. With no thought of caution he opened the door of his flat and went in, bearing the little tree in one hand and with the other tenderly holding to his chest the rabbit, wondrously still unbroken. Swaying a little, he crossed the room and placed the tree on the table; carefully he bent down its lower branches, and in this pleasant bower he placed the rabbit. Then he noticed his wife, standing in the bedroom doorway behind him.

"Hello, Ger-*trude!*" he said affably. "Everything is fine and the rabbit's name is Mike!"

"I *thought* you'd probably come home drunk!" she said with quiet pessimism. "I don't know where you got the money; but you couldn't have got much, or you wouldn't 'a' come home at all! You're a *fine* husband!"

"That's right, Ger-*trude!* I *am* a fine husband. You send me out mad, and I come home glad! I got to get glad somehow, don't I?"

"Well, I suppose you do." She smiled wearily. "I knew what you were going to do to-night," she said. "But I waited up anyhow to tell you I'm sorry for some of the things I've been saying to you."

"'S all right!" he said magnanimously, as he went toward the bedroom. "G'night, Gertie!"

Slowly she walked over to the table and looked at the rabbit at rest within the tree. At the other end of the table were two dolls, somewhat battered of face, but resplendent in fluffy new dresses.

"Oh, good night, George!" she called softly. "Good night, and Merry Christmas!"

It was perhaps fortunate that he was out of hearing.

* * *

Bondage

By Peggy Pond Church

I am held back from flight by such small things:
A flannel shirt unfolded on a chair
Needs a patch badly. Who am I to care
Who have been born for flight and sky-spread wings?
And yet I'll stay and mend it; run new strings
Into the baby's bib; and shine the pair
Of copper candlesticks, and while I'm there
Rub up the kettle till it almost sings.
As long as there are plates to wash and dry,
Or towels to hem, or bowls for mixing cake
Or cookies, or a petticoat to make,
I'll have to stay. I cannot run away.
And so I'll sing and mend a toy and sigh
And make-believe I'll go another day!

The Dominie Balances His Ledger

A well-known minister takes stock of his pastorate. So personal and intimate is his stock-taking that he remains anonymous.

It is very late of a Sunday night. Several hours ago I pronounced my final benediction as minister of the church which I have served for many happy years. During the coming week there will be no sermons to prepare, no round of pastoral calls to make, no insistent telephone bell interrupting my meals. For the first time—so it seems to me now—since I graduated from the theological seminary I am going to be able to think quietly and consecutively.

I came to my church an enthusiastic idealist fresh from halls of academic learning. I am leaving it—whatever I am to-night. The years between have been so crowded with the multitudinous activities of the modern pastorate that they have allowed no opportunity to evaluate my successes and my failures. But now, midway upon the journey of my life, there has come a little breathing-spell for my spirit, of which I expect to take full advantage.

That other church which seems beckoning me, that professorship which once would have so tempted me, that new book which my publisher is urging me to write—let them wait a while! For some time to come I shall postpone all unnecessary decisions, so that I may have leisure to think unhurriedly about my chosen calling. I intend to ponder whence I came and whither I am going. *Cui bono?* shall be the text of each of the sermons which I plan now to preach to my own self.

For a beginning, in the stillness of these first midnight hours of my new freedom, I am going to think back over the years of my ministry, and set down exactly what assets I can carry with me into the years that lie next ahead.

On the whole, life has treated me better than I deserve. The church of which I have been pastor boasts of one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the country, and the congregation is widely known for its wealth, its intellectual and social culture, and its effective altruism. I thoroughly enjoy preaching, and people are generous enough to say that my sermons are above the average in quality—quite a number of them have been published. In various ways I have been honored by my denomination; my books have been kindly dealt with by the reviewers; my biography appears in publications of the "Who's Who" type, and I understand that my anticipatory obituary is filed in the "morgues" of metropolitan newspapers.

I have been very happy in my home. Everybody agrees that my wife is an ideal helpmate for a minister, and our children, who have been able to enjoy unusual social and educational advantages, are an ever-increasing comfort to us. Our beloved family physician, who used to threaten me with a premature demise if I did not stop working so hard, was himself buried several years ago, but my own *joie de vivre* is still so exuberant that my daughter sometimes intimates that a little more dignity might not be amiss in one of my exalted station.

There are two reasons why I am discussing myself with such reckless *naïveté*. In the first place, I do not intend to sign what I am writing. The other and deeper reason is because, just before I pronounced my last benediction in the church which is not any more to be "my" church, I saw one of our high-school football-team trying to wipe his eyes without anybody noticing it. I am certain that he has no idea of the flattering statements that were made about my scholarship when I was presented for an honorary degree last June; but, somehow or other, my gorgeous new academic hood does not mean nearly so much to me to-night as does the memory of the crumpled handkerchief in the hand of that youthful athlete.

Indeed, I find that I view in quite a different perspective nearly all of the ambitions that were mine when I entered the ministry. Most of the aims that I set before myself, I have attained. Some of them have proved not to be worth the striving after.

For a minister, my salary has been large; but I have not been able to save any of it. I know positively that it is in me to preach, and to preach well; but I also realize that, like nearly every other pastor, I have been so busied with scattering duties that I have seldom preached as well as I can. When I was first called "Doctor," it thrilled me; now I wish that more people would use my first name. I looked forward eagerly to the time when I should be known as the author of a book; now I revel in the impersonality of literary anonymity. It used to make me very proud to know that among my congregation were men of national reputation, and I still cherish the friendship of these men; but I find a deeper sense of accomplishment in the memory that our letter-carrier finally accepted me as his pastor and the garage man got in the habit of consulting me about his family problems.

I have been happy. I think that I have been measurably successful. Yet, to-night, I do not find in the comfortable scale of living which my family has enjoyed, or in the academic and ecclesiastical honors which I have received, or in my adventures in literature, or even—for I am going to be downright honest with myself though the heavens fall—in the preaching which I so love, any liquid assets on which I could quickly realize in a spiritual emergency. Their satisfactions have been ephemeral. They have been gained and spent, or, if kept, their value has depreciated with the passage of time. If these are all that I have gotten me for my arduous labors, then, indeed, I have been lamentably underpaid.

Now that I have cleared my mental ledger by boldly writing off, as at best inactive accounts and at worst either liabilities or losses, some of life's investments which in anticipation promised the largest returns, I recall a conversation that I had the other day with the president of my board of trustees. I had been telling him about the touching gratitude of a certain person whom I had been able to help out of an unusually perplexing tangle. When I finished the story, I added: "You know, if something like that happens only once in a great while, it makes up for a lot of the bumps that we dominies have to take."

"Indeed, it ought to," he answered. "If such a thing happened to *me* just once in all my life, I would feel that it was worth living for."

And to think how often every minister, providing he is on his job, gets bonuses like that!

Only yesterday a woman told me that when, several years ago, her brother was making a final desperate struggle against the drink habit which had so saddened their home, they two used to slip quietly into our church on Sunday evenings. "And," she continued, "though you didn't know why we came, it was because my brother got so much from your prayers. He says that they did more than anything else to help him win out."

As, in the stillness of this significant night, I think back over the years, I can recall many such rich overpayments for my ministry, from which memory will ever draw an unfailing usufruct of happiness.

That last sad, beautiful service must have tired me more than I realized; for I find that my thoughts are darting hither and yon, and lighting on happenings which are quite incongruous, except that in each instance I was very well paid.

For example, I find that I am tremendously proud of having made Miss Lucretia's furnace-fire. She was a quaint little old maid, the last survivor of a once prominent family, very loquacious, absurdly independent, and as proud as Lucifer; so, in spite of her having fallen on evil ways financially, nobody ventured to assist her openly. Once in a while, by devious underhand schemings, we managed to slip something past her barricade of haughty sensitiveness, but more often we ignominiously failed.

On numerous occasions I was called to her death-bed, until finally her doctor refused to make any more prognoses. "When that stubborn old lady gets good and ready to die, then she will die," he said to me, "and that's all I know about it!"

One day when she lay dying—and did not die after all—there was a heavy snow-storm, and I found the temperature inside her house but little warmer than it was outdoors. I did not dare offer to pay a man to work for her; so I took off my overcoat and went into the cellar—if she reads this in heaven, I hope she will forgive me for saying that it was in a terrible mess—and cleaned out the archaic furnace myself, and chopped some wood with the rusty old hatchet, and laid a new fire. Then I took my courage in both hands and went up-stairs to confess what I had done—and the old Bourbon actually thanked me for it! I felt as if I had been knighted.

As might have been expected, many of my richest legacies have come to me from death-beds. One afternoon word was brought me concerning a man who had been long ill: "The doctor says he can live only a few hours more." I found him propped up against the pillows, fully conscious, and suffering but little pain, and, because I remembered that he had made many trips abroad, I greeted him with the question: "Well, friend, are you all ready for your journey?"

"Yes," he answered, "all ready. But"—looking wistfully at his wife—"I wish that she could go with me."

"I wish I could, too, dear," she said. "But I'll be with you there some time."

So we three talked together about his impending departure in as matter of fact a way as if he had been going to

Europe again, though all the while his breathing became more and more labored, and the long afternoon shadows moving across the floor seemed to make of it a sun-dial on which were marked the few hours left him before the deep darkness should settle down.

After I had said a traveller's prayer with him, he motioned me not to go yet; so his wife let a little medicine trickle down his throat—for he could not swallow any more—and then, very slowly and earnestly, he said that he wanted to thank me for all that I had done for him.

Have I made the picture clear? Knowing that when sunset came he would meet his Maker face to face—with that tremendous crisis just ahead of him, he drew on his fast-ebbing vitality to thank *me!* Could any accolade from earthly monarch be more weighty honor than that?

Whatever else I may throw away when we move from the old manse, I am going to take my letter-files with me, for they contain the records of many of my most profitable investments. A number of them read like love-letters. I like to think that this is just what they are. Some ask for advice about very intimate personal problems. Others refer to advice which I had previously given. A frequent expression is: "I remember how you said . . ." Perhaps I myself have entirely forgotten what I said, and have no more than a vague memory of the occasion referred to; but what a precious responsibility is laid on one when the very words he utters are cherished and are quoted back at him, it may be years afterward!

The most valued of these letters are from people with whom I had travelled through some valley of the dark shadow—and I found out long ago that the blackest shadow is not always that of physical death. Such letters are too sacred to be quoted, even though they would not be identified by any except their authors. Here is one, however, from a man who writes just to remind me that it was to me that he came with his family problem. Yes, I recall that, but I had not been sure that it would remain so vividly in his memory. Another letter is from a man who says that, when he was a sophomore in college, I showed him the solution of his hardest problems, though, in this instance, I cannot even remember what the problems were. Another is from "a hard-boiled newspaper man" who tells me that I helped him, after long years of wandering, to find his Saviour again. Is there any possible effort, I wonder, for which such letters as these would not be more than adequate reward?

And the letters that went out from my study have not proved losses either. Many of them I found long afterward where the poet found his "song from beginning to end."

An eminent lawyer, who was a church member long before I was born and is probably a better man than I am, tells me that he keeps a certain letter of mine in his office safe, so that he can refer to it frequently. A dear girl says that she is going to put my letter of advice in her diary, "so that I can read it when I need soul medicine." Another person writes that he has just been reading over again the letter that I gave him when he left home two years ago. A caller happens to open his pocketbook in my presence, and I notice that he is carrying my latest letter with him, and that it seems to be worn from much handling.

As collaterals on which one can borrow from the bank of happiness, I would rather have my outgoing mail in such depositories than gilt-edge bonds in a safe-deposit box.

Many of my largest overpayments have, of course, come from young people; for he who, however awkwardly, tries sincerely to come into intimate and helpful contact with the eager spirit of youth, is sure to receive in return "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over."

One Christmas eve I found in my letter-box a plain envelope containing a typed, unsigned greeting and a number of hundred-dollar bills. Needless to say, such mail matter as this is always welcomed by a minister's family. While we were counting the money and speculating curiously about the identity of the anonymous giver, the door-bell rang. It was a college student, home for the holidays, who also had a Christmas present for his pastor. I should say that it had cost under fifty cents; but, as I took it from him, he put his hands on my shoulders and, leaning down toward me—for he was well over six feet tall—he said: "I can't tell you how much you have done for me."

After he had left, my wife said to me: "If you had to choose between that boy's gift and the hundred-dollar bills, which would you keep?" But she knew the answer.

A girl whom I had been trying to guide through the perplexities which beset the pathway of so many young people these days, and who had gradually been letting me see deeper and deeper into her heart, finally handed over to me her private diary. It was penned with a stark frankness, and parts of it were such sad reading that I advised her never to let any one else see it. On the first page she had written: "Why doesn't one have a friend to turn to when things go wrong?" The last entry, written three years later, began thus: "Dear old diary, I am going to let the best friend in the world read you now."

That, surely, was overpayment for all that I had ever done for her.

A radiant pair — typical examples they were of the modern youth who puzzle some of us older folks so much —came to my study, so that I might admire a beautiful new diamond ring before it was shown to the world at large. "You have been with us in our problems and our sorrows," the young man said, "and now we want you to be with us in our great joy." Then he turned to the girl. "Shall I tell him what we were talking about, dear?"

"Yes," she replied shyly. "Tell him if you want to."

"We were thinking," he continued somewhat hesitantly, "that we don't see why we should wait for the marriage ceremony for you to pray for us."

So we three knelt beside the big armchair by the open fireplace, while I asked God's blessing on their new-found happiness, and, again, I felt myself overpaid—to be thus admitted into the inner sanctuary of their confidence and love.

One Friday evening of an unusually busy week, with an overcrowded Saturday looming just ahead, I went to my study immediately after dinner, determined to spend several quiet hours on my delayed preparation for Sunday's services. I was no sooner seated at my desk, however, than there came a knock at the door, and I opened it, to find one of the older girls, who was just blossoming out into a beautiful but somewhat distracted young womanhood.

She had come to ask my opinion about some inconsequential matter in connection with the young people's society. I answered her as briefly as possible, and glanced significantly at the virgin sheets of paper on my desk. Then I looked at her again, and something said to me: "Maybe she is more important to-night than your sermon."

So we sat and talked together. Rather, she did most of the talking. I have quite forgotten what it was about. I do recall, however, that it was nearly midnight when she finally said good-by and let me go to bed, with no better preparation than before against the fast-approaching Sabbath. At least, that was what I thought at the time.

The next morning I was in my study at a very early hour, but, again, I had not set pencil to paper when I was interrupted, this time by the telephone bell. It was the girl's mother, who said that she wanted to thank me for all that I had done for her daughter, and especially for the long talk I had had with her the night before. "She was half sick," so the mother told me, "and was so tired and discouraged that her father and I were terribly worried about her; but when she came back from your study, she seemed like a different person, and she said to me: 'You know, mother, whenever you go to see Doctor ——, it is just like having a great big helping arm put around you.' "

When at last I settled down to my work, it was with a song in my heart; for I felt that to have any girl talk about me that way to her mother would have been overpayment for a hundred ruined sermons.

It may be that these scattering meditations will be read by some boy who is wondering whether he should prepare for the ministry, or by some young man who—with, I trust, the best girl in all the world to help him—is about to enter upon his first pastorate. It seems strange that—all of a sudden, apparently—I have come to an age when I can think back over so many years' experience, and yearn to advise my younger brethren.

Yet this I would say to them with the utmost emphasis. Look your ministry squarely in the face, while still there is time. Take an honest accounting of its duties and its rewards on which you can surely reckon, before you have given such hostages to fortune that, however you may wish to do so, you cannot then break away into another field of labor. I am not nearly so much concerned over the reported decrease in the number of candidates for the ministry as I am over the wasted lives and the broken hearts in the ministry.

Just why do you want to be a minister, anyhow?

With all modesty, do you feel that you have the makings of an outstanding pulpit orator? You may be right about the makings, but, as the crowded years go by, you will find those adequately prepared sermons being pushed farther and farther into the indefinite future.

Has the thought of the minister's study seduced you with its opportunities for continuous intellectual growth? You ought to know, then, that about the last thing we ministers do in our studies is to study. We are too busy trying to catch up with last week's chores.

Perhaps the social advantages of the pastorate are alluring to you—and to her. It is true that we ministers, and our families, meet all sorts of delightful people on an immediate social equality; but, if you are going to be a faithful pastor, you will find it necessary to limit your social activities almost exclusively to those which in some positive way enable you to get closer to people who need your help, and your wife will labor under the embarrassment of not being able, for financial reasons, to return all the favors which are bestowed on her.

Of course your salary is going to be above the average, and, indeed, even the average of ministerial compensations is much higher than it used to be; but, on the other hand, so are expenses higher, and, as a rule, the larger a minister's income becomes, the larger is the gap between it and what would be needed to conform to the standard of living maintained by most of the congregation. You might as well make up your mind to one thing at the beginning: Unless you marry a rich wife, you will *always* have to worry about making both ends meet.

The dignity of the clerical profession appeals, I think, to many an ambitious youth. We are usually treated with a very flattering deference, especially by tradesmen, book agents, and traffic policemen. You will not be a "minister" very long, however, before you discover a new significance in the fact that the word really means a "servant." Your masters will be exactly as many in number as the members of your church, excluding the little children, the dear old ladies, and the Sunday golfers who do not care what happens so long as you let them alone, and, if it is true that no man can serve two masters, it is immeasurably more hopeless to expect to satisfy a whole churchful of employers, some of whom have uncanny memories for any mistakes that are made by their hired help.

It may be that you are drawn to the ministry by a fervent zeal for evangelism. Of course the saving of souls, for this world as well as for the next, ought to be a minister's most intense preoccupation. But I doubt if you will ever save them in large groups. Those burning evangelistic appeals of yours are going to be dampened as, week after week, you view the same old congregation of hardened saints, with scarcely a sinner who will give you a fair chance to preach at him.

If such motives as these are uppermost in your mind, then I fear that you are going to enter the most overworked, underpaid, misunderstood, incessantly criticised, ineffective, and futile profession in the world, and, long before old age comes on, you may be like many a clergyman of my acquaintance, whose cynical humor hides an aching heart, and whose day-dreams, I suspect, are woven around everything under God's heaven excepting the life-work from whose shackles he cannot escape until death brings him release, or until, having passed "the dead line of the ministry," he is thrown out to linger on in genteel poverty or to eat the bitter bread of charity.

But if you yearn to be a shepherd of foolish and often wilful sheep; if you covet the opportunity of spending hours sitting on a well-curb with some perplexed woman, or talking with some timid fellow who comes to you at midnight, or comforting a couple of sorrowing girls whose brother has died, or holding little children in your arms, or trying to get a selfish rich man to see how bankrupt he is of enduring possessions, or, it may be in the midst of your own deepest agony, opening the gates of paradise to one dying sinner—then you are going to be very successful and very happy, for you will be doing what your Master did.

If you really feel that the most worthwhile thing in all the world is not homiletics or liturgics or ecclesiastical organization and administration, but *people,* and if you understand that you can know and help people only as you are willing to spend yourself for this one person and that one person who needs you, then, after a while, as people find out that you are that kind of a minister, they will begin to come to you. They will break in on your meals, and disturb your hours of study, and interrupt your sermonizing. They will bother you with trivial questions, and assume that you want to hear a detailed narrative of every little incident in which they play a part, and, if you always listen in a patient and friendly way, it will be you also to whom they will come in the great crises of their lives, and when you get to bed at last, very late at night, worn out in body and mind and with the memory of another carefully planned schedule again shattered by unforeseen interruptions, you will sigh happily: "It was worth living to-day!"

I have not yet grown accustomed to these rich rewards of my own ministry. Who am I that that proud man should tell me all about his perplexities, and that bereaved mother should say that she could not bear her sorrow without my help, and that distracted father ask me to talk with his wayward children, and that headstrong boy confess to me his sin and shame, and that splendid fellow take my advice about his lifework, and that shy girl let me know more about her than anybody else knows excepting God?

Who am I that so many with whom I have journeyed through the long night of sorrow or of sin should want me, first of all, to share with them the joy that cometh with the morning?

I am a minister. I am a proud, humble, happy member of the most highly paid profession in the world.

One Sunday morning I exchanged pulpits with a neighboring pastor, but, because the two services were held at different hours, I was able to get back to my own church just as the benediction was being pronounced. When the congregation turned to leave the church, a dear little girl of five saw me standing in the vestibule, whereupon she broke away from her mother and ran down the aisle, shouting at the top of her voice, "That's *my* minister!" and jumped up into my arms.

As, looking back to-night over those busy, happy years, I balance my life's ledger in preparation for the other happy, busy years which I am confident lie ahead, I realize that my greatest profits, whose investment is going to bring increasing annuities of satisfaction to the end of my days, have come from those who, in time of perplexity or sorrow, or in sudden access of joy, have instinctively thought, "That's my minister," and have hurried so close to me that I could feel the beating of their hearts.

Yes, I have been overpaid.

"The Man of Science," by Professor East, in this number, is an interesting complement to this look into the heart of a man of God.

A Difference in Ceremony

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS

Constance, in an orange felt hat, with long blue feathers drooping over one ear, her sapphire-blue dress and coat of orange chiffon, was conscious that she looked very well. It was important to look well at a wedding. You are so conspicuous walking down the aisle on the arm of an usher. How awful to be a man and to have to dress like every other man, never to feel that secret elation which charming and distinctive clothes give you! She glanced at Edgar, standing beside her in the doorway of the church. He did look nice, however, in his correct morning coat with his shiny silk hat held back against his arm. He was smiling, his thick lips wide under his little black mustache, his heavily lidded eyes staring in front of him at the altar. What did he find to smile about all the time? It must be a habit.

Behind them a motor drove up to the vestibule of the church. Mrs. Palmer, a cushioned mound of pearl-gray satin, slowly and painfully got out of it, helped by the chauffeur.

"You see, we're not late," Constance whispered. "There's Mrs. Palmer."

"What," replied Edgar dreamily, "is even Mrs. Palmer against so many!"

The church, it was true, was full of people sitting in the pews. There were rows and rows of bareheaded men, and women obediently hatted according to the stern injunction issued by Saint Paul. She was glad, even though the present arrangement was designed to put women down a bit, that Saint Paul had not chosen to say that it must be the other way, men's heads covered and women's bare, since hats were generally becoming.

The organ was playing softly, wavering, rising and falling, in no distinct melody. They always played like that at the beginning. It was like a plain border, meant to emphasize the vivid pattern of the wedding-march. It was like the tentative swings you make at a golf-ball before you hit it. Which was it like? She wanted to ask Edgar, "Which do you think—border or swings?" and see his look of puzzled amusement, but just then a tall usher stood before her. He held a paper in his glistening white glove. "Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Davis," said Constance. Goodness, suppose they weren't down on the list! Suppose that Ethelda had forgotten them!

"Oh, Mrs. *Davis!*" said the usher. He appeared to be delighted that she had come at last, as if he had been waiting all the time just for her, and without even looking at the paper he gave her his arm.

Slowly they walked up the aisle of the church, toward the altar, thickly banked, crowded with flowers. Flowers were everywhere. The air was waxy and sweet with them. Green curtains of smilax veiled the stained-glass windows. The light was colored but subdued, like the inside of a sugar Easter egg.

"I suppose that I shall cry," said Constance, looking up at him. "I always do at weddings."

"From pity or remorse?" he asked.

"Neither—just ceremony. There is something tearful about ceremonies; don't you think so?"

"If that's the reason, get out your handkerchief, because there are eight bridesmaids and two——"

They had arrived at their pew. He opened the little door, smiled at her, and walked quickly down the aisle again.

Aunt Minnie was already there. She nodded discreetly and moved down to make room for them. There was something pathetic about her mournful brown eyes and tight little mouth under her jetted black hat. "Where are the children?" she whispered.

Slowly and elaborately Constance's lips framed the words: "At the beach." Aunt Minnie watched them.

"Ah, in the village," said Aunt Minnie, not understanding, not expecting, because of her deafness, to understand. "The church looks beautiful."

"Lovely!" said Constance's mouth, without making a sound, and Aunt Minnie, satisfied, settled back into her deafness again.

There were Katherine and Griswold in front of them, with, of course, their two little boys, whose sleek blond heads and Eton collars showed over the rail of the pew. Katherine was extremely conscious of her little boys, sitting there beside her. She leaned over, brushed their coats lightly with her hand, smiled at them, motioned them with her finger on her lips to be quiet, then whispered something to them and looked away contentedly. But you felt that she looked away from them only because it was foolishly expected of her. And even while she was doing it, gazing complacently at the window, her regard seemed to stream down sideways over the little boys. "Here we are together, *my* two sons, *my* husband, *my* family."

There was a slight rustling through the church. Something was happening! Ethelda's mother, dressed in mauve from head to foot and with gold-rimmed glasses perched on her nose, was escorted, with care, to a front pew. Every one turned to look at her. Did she seem sad at this losing of Ethelda, her only child? No, determined rather, as if she were thinking: "I'll do my part as the mother of the bride. It's not much, but I'll do it."

Katherine, at this, leaned over sideways, her gloved hand resting on the nearest little boy's knee, and whispered something to Griswold. He frowned and shook his head and drew back again. What did people whisper to each other in that serious way on occasions like these? They always looked as if they must be tremendously important.

There was a pause, charged with meaning, almost ominous. The organist, behind a screen of roses, could be seen to have become suddenly active, pulling out stops, pushing them in, although now the organ gave forth only a long, thin, silvery note, the merest skein of sound, infinitely prolonged, until suddenly it plunged, oh, thrilling! into the low but thoroughly massive and decided opening bars of the wedding-march. Dum, dum dee dum. Dum, dum dee dum—they were coming, creeping up the aisle behind her! She felt an almost irresistible impulse to turn around and look at them. But, of course, she wouldn't do that. She hated people who craned their necks at weddings, although there were certainly plenty of people doing it. Aunt Minnie, for one. She didn't hate Aunt Minnie.

Oh, it was so sad, that music, so sad and so romantic! It seemed to hold in it, to express, those masses of white flowers, especially the flowers in the ushers' buttonholes, that suffused green light— And it was lustrous, too, like taffeta, and mysterious, like tulle. But it was the sixth bar, after the dum, dum dee dums are over, that always made her nose tickle and her eyes fill with tears. That lifting up, that fainting cry of supplication, that unearthly plaint ——!

A tear crept down her cheek. It felt funny and cold. She turned her back on Aunt Minnie and looked up into Edgar's face. Three more tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks. Everything was blurred, and she knew that tears brimmed her eyes and had pointed her lashes together. Aunt Minnie would think her silly to cry. A woman's tears were wasted on other women, but Edgar would adore her for them. As she was habitually gay and light-hearted and inconsequent, they would have the intensified effect of a smile on the face of a very solemn person, of something generous done by one who was usually selfish.

"Cheer up," he whispered, smiling down at her. "They're not married yet."

He was so silly. That was why she loved him, because he was silly.

Slowly they came, terribly slowly. Of course Ethelda would, thought Constance, dabbing at her eyes. The organ had gone through the wedding-march already and begun again—dum, dum dee dum—although they were not halfway up the church.

Presently the space at Edgar's elbow was filled with black—the ushers, stepping, pausing uncomfortably, stepping again. Her usher, she noticed, didn't wobble when he paused. She was glad of that. Gradually the black changed to pink: two bridesmaids, their large hats tied at the side with wide velvet ribbon, their eyes looking very solemn and straight ahead. An empty space, then blue ones appeared, their hats tied with beige ribbon. Then mauve and cream-colored ribbons; then, after a moment, yellow ones with white ribbon. Why didn't she have them all alike? It was more effective, like the chorus of a musical comedy. Now the space at Edgar's side was green—the maid of honor with a paler green ribbon.

"Which do you like the best?" she whispered to Edgar.

"The one with the red hair."

"No, I mean—" Oh, how sweet! A tiny girl in a lace cap and short-waisted dress with a basket of flowers! Completely ignoring the demands of the music, she carefully placed each foot and drew the other after it, dropped her flowers, first on one side, then on the other, looking behind each time to see where they had fallen, if they were all right. Aunt Minnie beamed at Constance and nodded her head as if to agree: *"Isn't* she!" Now— Oh, no, it was a little boy carrying the ring on a velvet cushion— Mercy! At last, Ethelda, with properly downcast eyes, leaning on the arm of her father. Ethelda, dripping with lace and silver, fairly drenched in silver and effervescing lace. Slowly she went by, and her long silver-incrusted train slid, stopped, slid, stopped, slid after her.

The music broke off in the middle of a bar, then softly began again, a vague and plaintive wandering, a mere accompaniment to the deep voice of the bishop.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—" Constance sighed. It had been something to see. That silver embroidery! Imagine any one doing it, and those gorgeous white orchids! "As ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment——"

Goodness, would she and Edgar have to answer at the dreadful day of judgment? Who would ask them? Would some one be sitting behind a high desk and would she and Edgar have to stand before it, hand in hand? The light would perhaps be cold, unearthly, like the light before a thunder-storm. The air would be full of trumpets. "Was there any impediment why ye should not have been lawfully joined together?" She would have to answer, trembling, because Edgar wouldn't take even that seriously: "Edgar had been divorced." They would think that an impediment certainly. What would they do with them after that? Refuse them white robes and crowns? That wouldn't be so bad. Edgar in a white robe and a crown! But the crown and harp and things would just suit Katherine. Katherine wouldn't have to admit any impediments.

"The secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed." She could see them all pouring them out on the floor. Her secrets would be nothing at all, scarcely worth looking at, but she would have a good time rummaging among Edgar's. He must have some strange ones hidden away.

"I, Rupert, take thee, Ethelda." What a silly name! Mr. Watson had, no doubt, wanted Ethel, his mother's name, but Mrs. Watson's well-known love of the ornate, since she was confronted by the incurableness of Watson, had caused her to embellish it, tie a bow on it, and make it Ethelda. She had compromised as far as compromise could be expected of one made recently a mother. What could Mr. Watson do?

Rupert's responses were a mere rumble, deep and quite unintelligible. He sounded like a little boy who had been forced to recite a distasteful lesson before being allowed to go out and play. He didn't seem to be aware of all the people who had come there to hear him.

"I, Ethelda, take thee, Rupert, to my wedded husband," boomed the bishop's voice, with that pseudo-English pronunciation peculiar to bishops. Ethelda raised her eyes to Rupert's face and, gazing intently at him, repeated the words, clearly and distinctly, with much feeling. This was better. "To have—and to hold from this day forward." Oh, how she meant it! She wanted every one there behind her in the church to know it. She would have him. She would hold him. There must be no doubt of that. Rupert looked slightly ill at ease. He didn't seem to be quite sure whether he ought to look into Ethelda's eyes, turned so trustfully and steadily up at him, or at the bishop.

"To love—and to cherish," repeated Ethelda, slowly, still gazing at Rupert's face, whether it was turned to her or not. Katherine seemed to have the same idea. She was looking at Griswold, and her profile wore a far-away, gentle smile. "According to God's holy ordinance, Rupert. In the sight of God, perhaps, but chiefly, Rupert, in the face of this company—*I* am not ashamed to show them that I take this thing seriously."

Older women often spoke of Ethelda's sweetness and simplicity. She behaved the way girls used to behave. She never drank or smoked. She had all the simple virtues. Riches had not spoiled her. They had, in fact, strangely enough, enhanced her. For those simple virtues in a poor girl might have been too usual to be noticed.

"Look mercifully upon these thy

servants, that they may love, honor, and cherish each other and so live together in faithfulness and patience, in wisdom and true godliness, that their home may be a haven of blessing and of peace." Beautiful, fruitless prayer! They had all had that, or something like that, said over them, but how many havens of blessing and of peace were there? That was the luminous core of the thing, stripped down of all its outer coverings, but too fragile, always broken and lost sight of under the accumulating débris of every day. Katherine had managed to make a haven of peace for herself, but for that reason Griswold certainly hadn't. Constance was sure of that. So often you can get your precious peace only by complacently drawing it away from some one else. As for her and Edgar—he enriched her, gave her when he chose strange adventures, and then—But what did it matter. Those adventures were better than peace. And they were worth waiting for, even when you knew that somewhere else— And it was asking too much to expect faithfulness and the power to lead one into strange adventures to live together in the same person. They seldom did.

Bing, *bing,* de ding ding ding ding! The organ pealed forth, gorgeously triumphant. It was a parade in the sun. High-spirited black horses, tossing their manes, shining armor, banners streaming in the wind! Ethelda faced them and started down the aisle, arm in arm with Rupert. She smiled and nodded to people to right and left as she passed. The bridesmaids followed, but no one looked at them, now. Aunt Minnie was busy gathering together her belongings. Katherine, after picking up one of the little boys' hats from the floor, brushed it carefully. Griswold turned around, settled his collar, smiled at Constance.

With her hand on the arm of the tall usher, Mrs. Watson passed them, looking intent, as if she were thinking about her responsibilities, as if she were eager to get back to her house, where they were to begin.

"Wonderful afternoon — wasted," Griswold remarked to Edgar.

"Rupert did a good job," Edgar replied.

Yes, Rupert had accomplished something. People spoke of him as a "struggling young artist." Well, he wouldn't have to struggle any more. He could lie back and be borne along on the rich flood of Ethelda's money. There was something queer about that money. It hadn't been made in exactly— But that wasn't Ethelda's fault, of course.

"Beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" said Katherine. "Beautiful wedding," she repeated soundlessly to Aunt Minnie. "The boys were a little restless toward the end. Say 'How do you do?' to Aunt Minnie." She paused, looking at them.

"How do you do?" said both the boys, without glancing in Aunt Minnie's direction.

"Griswold, you had better take them home. I'll go on to the house with Constance and Edgar."

"Fine! I don't have to come back, do I?"

"Of course you do." And she raised her eyebrows and sighed, shaking her head at Constance as if they had a secret understanding between them of the childishness of men.

"Are you going to the house? May I go with you?" asked Aunt Minnie in her flat, far-away voice.

"Sure," said Edgar. He never exerted himself at all to make Aunt Minnie understand, but she adored him just the same. "We'd love to have you," Constance interpreted through her lips.

The aisle was filled with people going out. Katherine, slowly edging her way beside Constance, looked about her, searched carefully for the people she knew, and nodded to them.

"Do you think the boys have grown?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Constance, as if their growth were simply amazing. "Goodness, how they have changed since last summer!"

Suddenly, when they were near the door, and without any reason, apparently, that the thought should have come to her just then, she realized that she had intended to take some flowers to little Ellen Mary Brandon that morning. How could she have forgotten! But there had been so much to do. She hadn't once thought of it.

"Edgar," she said, pulling his coat, clutching together the two little black buttons at the back, "listen, isn't it awful! I never took those flowers to the Brandons'. Ellen Mary died."

"Poor kid," said Edgar.

"The funeral isn't until to-morrow. I'll have to take them when I get home."

"Yes, that will be all right." He piloted Aunt Minnie through the crowd at the steps and left her under a tree. "Wait here. I'll get the car. It will be quicker."

"Why," thought Constance, leaning against the tree, "didn't I go to see Ellen Mary while she was at the hospital?" Why hadn't she taken some roses to her? She had meant to. She had certainly meant to, but that was all that could be said for her. Every week when she left the wash with Mrs. Brandon, she had asked: "How is Ellen Mary?" And sometimes Mrs. Brandon would say, as she lifted the heavy laundry-baskets from the car: "She's better this morning. Maybe she'll pull through." And sometimes it had been: "She's awful low." But always, when she spoke of Ellen Mary, whether it was to say that she was worse or better, Mrs. Brandon's rough voice would shake and her red eyes would grow redder, and suddenly her cheeks would be wet and glistening. Lately Constance had thought that was rather silly of Mrs. Brandon, because, after the blood transfusion, when Ellen Mary's brother had been brought from the prison to give his blood, that he wouldn't need much longer anyway, as he was under sentence of death, every one had been sure that she would live. But she didn't. If only she had gone to the hospital with something, anything, that would have given her a little pleasure! But now— Even if she gathered together all of those flowers in the church, surrounded her with roses and roses and roses, it wouldn't matter.

The car drove up with Edgar in the front seat beside the chauffeur. "There is the car," said Katherine, although both Constance and Aunt Minnie had seen it first. A stout man with a gardenia and a silk hat opened the door for them. Aunt Minnie got in. Katherine and Constance followed. The stout man slammed the door and shouted something. At once they felt isolated, safely apart from the crowd of motors and people milling around them as if they were on a little island in a rushing stream.

"Did you ever see so many people in that church before!" said Katherine. "I've heard that her presents were marvellous. What did you give her? She has so many of everything I didn't know *what* to give her."

"Why didn't you give her a Cambodian ant-eater?" suggested Edgar, turning around from the front seat. "I'll bet she hasn't many of those."

"As something useful or merely ornamental?" asked Constance.

"Useful, if there are ants in the pantry." He climbed over the seat and sat down, sideways, in front of Aunt Minnie, still smiling his sleepy, froglike smile. "Hello! I thought that I would come back here with you."

"Isn't he killing," said Katherine. "What *did* you give her?"

"An electric bell," said Constance. "It's made of creamy enamel and there are three pale gold rings around it and it has a lovely white silk cord. She can just lie in bed and press it with a well-manicured finger——"

"And summon four and twenty pretty maids," said Edgar. "I'd like to be there when she does it."

"Yes, you would," said Constance. "You old roué."

"Am I a roué?" asked Edgar plaintively. He leaned over and tapped Aunt Minnie's knee. "Aunt Minnie, have I ever given you any reason at all to think that I am a roué?"

"Don't, Edgar," Constance said. "That's mean."

"What does he say?" asked Aunt Minnie, watching Constance's lips.

"He—wants—to know—if—you—think—him—a—roué."

"Edgar has beautiful manners. He's never rude," smiled Aunt Minnie, patting his shoulder.

"It's lucky she doesn't know you," said Constance.

"I finally decided to give her books," Katherine went on. "Books are always good. I hope she'll appreciate them. They're Russian leather tooled in gold."

"Bank-books?" asked Edgar.

"No, Stevenson—Robert Louis Stevenson."

"'Travels with a Donkey,'" said Edgar thoughtfully. "That will be a good one for Rupert to read some long winter evening."

"Edgar, I simply hate you!" Constance exclaimed. But she didn't hate him. She adored him, most of all because he was so silly. For that reason her triumph was greater on those rare occasions when she had the power to break through that silliness, smash it, so that it drifted away in scattered fragments and uncovered quite a different person—an Edgar terribly intent, darkly savage, alive to nothing in the world but her.

Now they had turned and gone through the high stone gate-posts and were one of a long procession of motors, crawling forward, stopping, crawling again, as Ethelda's train had crawled up the aisle. Before them, to the left, around the curve, they could see the gray stone mass of the house, turreted, gleaming-paned, the stronghold and family seat of the Watsons during the months of July and August.

"Their little gray home in the West," Edgar chanted.

"Goodness," said Constance, "it looks much more like a castle than a castle does."

"Yes, isn't it lovely?" said Katherine.

"What did Mr. Watson do that was so terrible, Edgar?" asked Constance. "I mean, it couldn't have been so very awful, because it doesn't seem to have made any difference. Every one likes him just the same."

"Now, darling, you wouldn't understand. Don't try to bother your pretty little head about the affairs of us big naughty men."

"Edgar, be sensible. Tell me."

"Well, he announced that his company was going to be consolidated with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, so the stocks went sky high. And when they were sky high, he sold all he had. Then he said: 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.' So the stocks dropped, and then he bought them all back again. Pretty neat!"

"Ugh, I don't want to go to his old party," said Constance. "The horrid thing."

Katherine looked annoyed. "Really, Constance, I don't think that you ought to talk like that, at this time anyway, when you are going to his house."

"Especially," said Edgar, "as it wouldn't have been a good party if he hadn't done it. There wouldn't have been any champagne."

"Mr. Watson is perfectly wonderful. I know, because he gave me a huge check for my day-nursery. Besides all that, whatever it was, and it wasn't anything very bad, I'm sure, happened ages ago."

At three o'clock Constance opened her front door and ran up the stairs to change her dress. "Gertrude," she called over the banisters, "Gertrude, please cut some roses for me—every rose there is."

Gertrude, in her black dress and white apron, stood looking up at her. "There are not many roses in the garden, Mrs. Davis."

"Oh, there must be!" groaned Constance. "I haven't time to go to the florist in Simsbury. Please cut everything, all the phlox and the stock and the larkspur—anything you can find. I want to take them to the Brandons'. Ellen Mary died yesterday. Isn't it awful!"

Gertrude's lips tightened. "Yes, I know," she said. "It's too bad, I'm sure." She didn't approve of the Brandons. She knew about the Brandon boy in prison, sentenced to death for murder, and for such a horrible murder! He had in the dead of night broken into the house of a woman who lived alone and choked her to death in her bed! She had even heard stories about Mrs. Brandon's younger days that placed her definitely among those incomprehensively loose persons to be looked down on from her tight pinnacle of respectability. Constance could see that she was thinking that such people deserved all they got. "Perhaps it is all for the best, Mrs. Davis, on account of the disgrace and all."

The best! Constance threw her hat on the bed and unfastened her dress. Why on earth should it be better that Ellen Mary, who had only lived seventeen years and was so pretty, should die rather than live in a world that had condemned her brother? It was true that the cook had said that morning, with evident satisfaction, that Ellen Mary had "felt it," that she had fainted when she heard about the thing her brother had done, and after that had seemed to shrink away from people. And she had been so happy the summer before, so easily enthusiastic! When she had given her that old evening dress of purple chiffon, how it had thrilled her—that old rag. *"Mrs.—Davis!* Oh, I can't tell you how much I love it! I've never had anything half so beautiful!" Good heavens, if she could only go to her closet now and gather together an armful of her dresses, the silver and the blue-and-gold and the pink lace and give them to her. But even those things that might be really worthy of such delight would not make her clasp her hands and draw in her breath and exclaim, "Mrs.—Davis!" now.

Gertrude had tied the flowers together with string—ragged blue larkspur, some pink-and-white stock, and a few short-stemmed roses. They looked rather a makeshift. Oh, well, they were something, just something to try to show how sorry she was.

She got in the car and put the flowers beside her in the front seat. But, just as she was starting, Edgar strolled around from the side of the house. "Connie, wait a minute. Drop me at the club."

"But it's out of the way."

"Where are you going?" He had forgotten! "Oh, yes, to the Brandons'. Well, there isn't any hurry about that, is there?"

"Yes, there is, too, a hurry," said Constance, stepping on the self-starter. She frowned and shook her head impatiently. "Oh, all right. Come on."

He threw his bag of golf-clubs on the back seat and hurdled the door. "What's the matter, fair one?"

"Nothing. Please don't talk. I don't want to hear you."

"I can't see why you should be sore at *me,*" said Edgar. "You act as if I had been her doctor."

"Oh, I don't know. Things are awful." She was, incomprehensibly, in a boiling rage with herself, but it was more convenient to direct it against Edgar, since he could stand any amount of it. Recklessly, she slid around a corner on two wheels and swerved just in time to avoid running into a gasoline truck. He lost his balance and clutched the door of the car. "Things'll be worse if you don't look where you're going."

Why had she been so interested in that stupid wedding? This, Ellen Mary's death only a few streets away, was so much more really important. All those roses, Mrs. Palmer with her pearl-gray satin, Katherine and her little boys, those theatrical bridesmaids—It was disgusting!

She dropped Edgar at the club and drove away without a word. Edgar was laughing when he got out. "Some day let's make it up," he called after her.

Mrs. Brandon's little pumpkin-colored house stood right on the edge of the street. It rose from the cement road without even a sidewalk between. She owned half of it, the three rooms to the left. On her door hung a bow of wrinkled white ribbon. Constance knocked, holding the flowers carefully, but some of the rose-petals and a blossom of larkspur fell to the ground. One of the roses had completely lost its petals. It was just a little fuzz of yellow. She pulled it out and threw it away.

Mrs. Brandon opened the door. She was dressed in neat dark blue, her hair was brushed back carefully, and she wore a little gold pin, a bird sitting on a branch, pinned at her neck. Constance had never seen her look like that, so sternly respectable. She had always, when she took out the laundry-baskets, worn an enveloping gingham apron, and her sleeves had been rolled up over her elbows. But her lips were swollen and her face looked as if she had cried, not passionately, but just a little all the time for weeks.

"Mrs. Brandon, I—I've brought a few flowers. I was so sorry, so awfully sorry to hear—" If she could only tell her.

"Thank you." Mrs. Brandon took the flowers. She didn't seem to be interested in them. "Come in," she said.

Constance stood in the little, narrow, dark gray hall. Mrs. Brandon looked at her and cried, easily, as if she were so accustomed to tears that she scarcely noticed them. They smeared her cheeks. "Would you like to see Ellen Mary?"

See her? Oh, no, she didn't want to see her now, but Mrs. Brandon, as if that could be the only thing that she had come for, opened the door and paused waiting for her to go in. "She's in here."

It was the room on the street. They had not pulled down the shades, so the sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows. A few pieces of imitation mahogany furniture, upholstered in vivid green, were pushed severely against the walls. The room was bare and bright with sun. In the farthest corner by a window, and resting on four chairs, was an elaborate gray coffin, covered with mosquito-netting, and right beside it, on the floor, a little boy in faded pink rompers was playing with a broken toy wheelbarrow. "He oughtn't to be in here," thought Constance. "How dreadful!"

The child looked up at her when they came in with interest, as if he had been rather bored with the wheelbarrow, and here at last was something worth watching. Mrs. Brandon lifted the mosquito-netting and threw it over the backs of the chairs.

Ellen Mary lay on a bed of puffed white satin. How that would have pleased her, could she have known, the elaborate gleaming white satin, the gray brocade, and the silver handles. "Oh, mamma, I've never had anything half so beautiful!"

She was incredibly still, like a figure carved out of wax; stiller than the white satin, stiller than the chairs that reflected the light. She had become something placed there to be shown, something that mustn't be stained by flies. But there was no stone, no other inanimate object in the world that could mean, as she did now, only an utter and awful lack of response.

Constance looked down at her in silence.

"See how thin she got at the hospital," quavered Mrs. Brandon. "There ain't nothing left of her. It's terrible!" It was as if her being so thin, so wasted away, was more tragic to Mrs. Brandon than her death.

And, truly, Constance could not believe that she was looking at what had been the Ellen Mary she knew the summer before. She was the merest wisp of a thing, sunk down in the cushions, and her hands, that had been crossed genteelly by the undertaker, were like little white claws. In all that stone-still whiteness her short straight hair was startlingly black. Constance remembered with what care she used to curl it.

Why had she cried at the wedding, really cried, about nothing at all? This was the time to cry. Here was something to cry about. But she couldn't. She didn't feel in the least like it. Was it because, awful thought, this had not been dramatized for her? There had been no tiptoeing into a darkened room, no wreaths of flowers, no lowered voices. Instead, the harsh sun, streaming through the window, that child banging his wheelbarrow on the floor, the mosquito-netting, and the buzzing flies had dissipated everything but stark fact unadorned, like a bare report in a newspaper.

But the strangest part of it was that, though she didn't want to cry about it, though it didn't even make her sad, she realized it all so fully.

If the two crashing blows that fate had dealt in such quick succession to Mrs. Brandon had fallen on her, she could hardly have realized their brutality more than she did. Her only daughter dead, her only son condemned to death for a crime whose gruesome details were being everywhere avidly discussed. It was hideous, like a gaping wound. Yet she could look on it in that clear way. She merely felt, if she felt anything at all, a kind of anger.

"She was never the same after Roger was taken to the prison," said Mrs. Brandon. "She fainted at the store when they told her. Did you hear about that?"

"Yes, I heard about it," said Constance.

"Then, after that, she wouldn't go with none of her friends. She didn't want to be with no one but me."

Yes, that was certainly ghastly, that Ellen Mary should have felt herself justly ostracized because of what her brother had done, that the eager friendliness that was the most endearing part of her should have been taken away.

"Well, I'm alone now," said Mrs. Brandon, replacing the mosquito-netting. "I ain't got nobody." Constance glanced at the untidy little boy on the floor. "That's my son's child."

"Oh," said Constance. The cook had told her that Roger Brandon had married a "moron" who wasn't good for anything. Constance hoped that she wouldn't appear. But, just then, a girl sidled around the edge of the door and stood there leaning against it. She was pale and unattractive with an undershot jaw and scraggly yellow hair. There was something deprecating about her manner, even about her faded dress, pinned together with a safety-pin, something that seemed to indicate that she didn't expect any one to think her of the least importance.

Mrs. Brandon took up the flowers that Constance had brought and handed them to her. "Put these in water." She took them and went into the kitchen. They could hear the water running.

"You have your grandson to think about," said Constance.

"I'll support them," Mrs. Brandon replied, "him and her, but it's not like your own children."

The girl came back with the flowers in a pitcher. She put it on the table. Constance moved toward the door.

"If there is anything in the world I can do, please let me know," said Constance when they were in the hall, and she felt, after she had said it, what a stupid remark it was. People always said that.

"Well, there is something, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Brandon surprisingly. "Eva, give me Ellen Mary's watch. It's in the drawer. If you would leave it to be fixed the next time you go to Simsbury, I'd be obliged. Something's broken in it."

"Of course I will." She took the little silver watch and put it in her purse.

"I give it to her on her birthday, two weeks ago," said Mrs. Brandon. "She was awful weak and she didn't open the package right away. So I says to her: 'What time is it?' 'I don't know, momma,' she says. And I says: 'If you open that you'll know what time it is.' She was so happy over it. She says: 'Oh, momma, isn't it beautiful!' "

A watch! What a thing to have given Ellen Mary on the verge of death! What could time matter to her then, except the dwindling away of the few hours left her? She thought of Ethelda's electric bell, of creamy enamel, rimmed three times with purest gold. That was what Ellen Mary should have had.

"And," Mrs. Brandon added, "please don't give my name to it. Give it under the name of Mrs. Cooley."

"Mrs. Cooley?"

"It's only so when I go for it people

won't look funny. There's been an awful lot of talk about the name of Brandon; you know how it is. Some people are nice, but some of them look at me so queer and I'd rather."

"All right," said Constance. She opened the front door.

"And I'll do the wash just the same next week."

"Oh, please don't bother about it." She wanted to say that she would do the wash herself, that she would never have any wash done again, rather than that Mrs. Brandon should think of it now.

"I got to work for two reasons," said Mrs. Brandon. "One is because I got to earn my living, and the other because" —here there came that indefinite and scarcely perceptible change in Mrs. Brandon's features that meant that she was crying again—"it keeps me from thinking."

Why should people "look funny" at her—the beasts! Constance jammed her foot down on the self-starter and jerked the clutch into gear. They didn't "look funny" at Ethelda, and her father ought to be in jail, even if he wasn't. But the most incomprehensible thing, the thing that she couldn't understand, was why she had been all worked up at that wedding, just because its significance had been carefully emphasized by slow music, hush, and ceremony designed to squeeze out and dish up every last drop of emotion that could be got out of it. All that didn't matter really, and it was disgraceful to think that it could bring her tears, when at the Brandons' all the time she had been dry-eyed and perfectly calm. Was she so absolutely silly as to be affected not by a thing itself but by the dressing of it?

Everything was muddled and turned upside down. There was no sense to anything.

"Thank the Lord," she said out loud, "I'm going to a dance to-night. You don't think at a dance or bother to puzzle anything out. It's all absolute golden foolishness!"

* * *

Mary and Joseph

BY HELEN HOYT

I

It was an angel sang me the tidings: it was an angel's voice
Told me I had conceived: the Angel of the Lord
Came down, and stood beside me with his wand of lily
And heard my magnifying cry, and magnified me.
(Do I remember the white wings stirring?
Do I remember the fragrant lily flowers?)
And said, "It is of God, this child of thine!"
Said, "Blessed and joyful thou, among all women!"
Said, "Blessed it is to be a woman—
Blessed the holy womb, blessed who bears!"

But the angel said no word of Joseph.
He said no word of man, nor of you,
Man, lover, husband! He said not, "Blessed is the man,
The husband, the lover. And said not,
"Blessed the begetter!" Magnified not you.

Of God is the child begotten: and not by Joseph.
Never the child is born of Joseph—only of the woman and God;
And Joseph has no part in the annunciation.

The angel is without knowledge of Joseph or Joseph's love.
The beam of light from heaven's window falls on Mary;
The white wings aslant through the air
Are poised for her. For her the lily bends meekly
Its pure head. For Mary, and never for Joseph, God's dove
Broods in the tree of life beside the door.
For her the vine hangs heavy, rich with grapes.
Possessing and possessed by God, she dreams, apart,
And Joseph is forgotten by the kneeling Mary;
Only the meaning of the angel's message fills her mind.
Outside the picture Joseph stands, and waits, unseen.

II

But somewhere there is another picture I have heard of:
Mary rides on the ass through a wide desert
And Joseph, leading the ass, walks by her side.

There are no lilies here, no wings of angels,
But only sandy wastes. God is far off.
Only Joseph is near. O, Joseph, look!
The light that was God's face is now the fierce sun,
Hot on her bowed head, Joseph,
Hot on your patient trudging feet, your troubled face—
O Joseph—O my love, stay by me in the desert all the way!
Do not pay any heed to my glory, now;
Do not remember now, in the desert,
Any solemnity of my first magnificence.
There is no pomp or aloofness any more in Mary
As she clings to the ass and holds Joseph close to her side.

I am frightened of this glory, this augustness,
These prophecies and signs my body must fulfil!
Our love together was miracle enough. O let us be again—
Once more—alone, together, as we were;
Unburdened of this wonder, the angel's news unsaid!
Let us forget that in a little while
We shall be brought to birth of this new glory.
I fear this God, Life that has taken me—
O I am afraid for this child, this son of God, to be born—
To bear him, to have him for mine, to mother him!
Only you yourself would I have for God and child.

III

When I am kneeling, listening to the angel,
Listening to God's voice among tall lilies,
Answering, and not answering, eyes gazing far off—
Far past you, Joseph, absently, forgetting you—
When I am shown, soaring through rifted cloud,
Walking a star-path, tiptoe upon the moon,
Borne up on cherub wings, dreaming of cherub-faces
Illumined by beaming light shed from God's breast—
Bear with me, Joseph; it is only a little while,
Only these first days I am so glorious. . . .
Give me this arrogant moment between God and the cross.
I shall be so pitiful at Bethlehem!
Not proud, nor haloed, nor cloud-footed then,
But walking wearily, clumsily, needing your help to walk.
Be with me close in Bethlehem,
Where there are inns to ask at, strangers jostling,
The manger and the rolls of swaddling-clothes to be made ready,
And Herod's threatening to be outwitted
And all the constellations watched for signs,

And the dark hour of travail overhangs—
Close, like a stifling cloud—
When I crouch down at last between sheep and sheep,
Like the bleating ewe straining against the earth,
Be then the shepherd, Joseph, with succoring hands,
Eyes full of strength, arms tautening my arms;
Your shoulders more soft to my tired shoulders
Than any cloud, or down of angel-wings.

Now I lie basking high in the radiance
Of God's own bosom, ascended into this heaven of splendor,
But your arms shall be my rest, and your face light me
When I go down into the black pit.
When agony blots out the moon and sun
That stable in Bethlehem shall not be dark,
But shimmering with bright love.

IV

I shall not remember that a star hangs over the stable,
Bending its rays down on my bed all night,
Through miles and miles of the sky, summoning the plains,
Luring and beckoning like an ancient dream;
That flaming signal is for wisemen's eyes, not mine.
No light from the East can guide me, on the road I must go.
What piercing beam of star so sharp and intense as my pain?
What gift of magi, laid at my feet, so rich to me,
What frankincense or gold,
So gracious and adoring as your love?
What myrrh so healing as your tenderness?
I shall not care for watchers afar on the hills,
So you but watch; I shall not care
That midnight angels chant in the Christmas skies,
Leaning down to the shepherds their gilded harps,
I shall not hear the clamoring hosannas—
Only, in the clear quiet that follows afterwards,
Two sounds will reach me—
When the skies have been cloven asunder and have closed again—
Two sounds I shall hear, beloved,
Listening as day slowly breaks in Bethlehem:
The child's cry, and your voice calling my name!

V

There is a carpenter-shop in Nazareth, and in the picture
Joseph works with his plane, smoothing long boards of cedar
While Jesus, close by, stands watching him, reaching

To catch the blown coils of the shavings as they float off,
Twining them round his fingers, tossing them over his shoulders,
Choosing the small spiral ones to hang by his ears for curls,
While he looks out from the tangle with pleased, serious face.
Now Joseph has his vision, Joseph also:
Voices of heavenly visitors who speak to him
And matters he ponders in his heart, month-long, as Mary did.
Jesus asks knowledge, takes instruction of Joseph,
Hearkening to lore of Jerusalem and Galilee—
Learns to use saw and hammer as he sees Joseph use them,
For Joseph is skilled and wise, and patient in teaching;
Proud to take Jesus by the hand when he goes to the temple—
Proud and half fearful when he puts his questions to the elders,
Happiest when he is working, as now, with the boy beside him.
He has smoothed out blocks for him to play with
From the red cedar wood—whistles and carts—
Yes, he has carved him out toys from the Lebanon mountain cedars!

Now Jesus is child of Joseph more than of Mary:
To be brought forth by him, again, into man's world.
And Mary shares her glory now with Joseph,
Their glory being one glory, and they through Jesus
Are one with each other, being one with God's creating. . . .

But in the picture Joseph planes and planes, and never knows
How lilies blossom out of the boards, and how
Around his head a ring of holy light goes circling—
Shining and gold as he walks at his work, to and fro,
And how it glows, freshly bright, when he looks at Jesus,
Gleams in his hands, in his eyes as he listens or bends to him,
As he stoops, as he pauses, as he smiles or makes answer—
Leaps like a flame from his heart when he remembers,
"This is my own child, life out of my life!"
Remembers and repeats it, marvelling:
"This is my own-begotten, this is my little son!"

* * *

Out of the Air

BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Billy Gregory stood in the middle of an ominously silent room, and stifled a sob. He shivered, not from cold (though he wore only his blue pajamas), but from a new-born sense of fear. It was late night. Fanny, the maid, had gone home, of course; and five minutes ago he had stood at a window high up in the big apartment-hotel and watched two strange men put his mother into a waiting ambulance.

He was all alone. There seemed to be no one left in the world. Even his mother had been suffering too acutely to remember him—or so it seemed to the frightened, eight-year-old laddie. There was another family only across the hall; but they weren't friends. The big hotel was full of people. Some of them had stood at their windows as had Billy and watched his mother being carried away—wondered curiously what had happened, and returned to their various pursuits with no thought for a little boy left alone in what was to him the darkest hour of a dark night. Most of them, indeed, did not know that there was a little boy on the fourth floor. Neighbors, that kindly product of the country which can be relied upon in an emergency, do not exist in such a place.

Billy shivered again, and looked around in the forlorn hope that some one, even the strange doctor, had stayed behind. He was in his mother's bedroom. The door to his own small room gaped open, dark and forbidding. It already seemed long ago, that moment when he had wakened at his mother's frightened cry and, following her painfully gasped instructions, had called the doctor. She had crumpled up then, and hadn't spoken—not once again. Billy had climbed onto the bed and patted her head softly until the doctor sent him away. Then came two men with a stretcher. . . .

He was all alone; and to be alone just then was rather terrible. The lights in the living-room burned garishly, revealing an untrimmed Christmas-tree in a corner; the rose-shaded incandescent by his mother's bed was on; but somehow the rooms seemed lonesome, like dark rooms.

Suppose, he thought with a sob of terror, suppose his mother never came back from the hospital! What would he do? Grandma was dead. Uncle Tom was away in France. Besides, though his uncle had given him splendid presents, Billy distrusted him. It was Uncle Tom who often spoke sneeringly about his father. Once, even before daddy had gone away, Billy had heard his uncle say to mother:

"Look here, Hilda, how long are you going to put up with Dick's playing around with these flossy little blondes?"

Mother left the room in tears, and Billy, who was building a tower with the beautiful stone blocks that Uncle Tom had brought him, arose suddenly and kicked it down. He didn't know what "blondes" were; but his uncle's tone said plainly that they were something his father shouldn't play with. He would have to ask; but he would wait and ask daddy himself, because he never laughed at questions as Uncle Tom did.

Mother had worn a new gown that night at dinner. Billy told her she looked pretty, and she hugged him. Her dark hair was very smooth and glossy; and her lips were redder than usual, and her eyes bright.

Even at that age Billy knew that his father was a great baritone. For more than half the year he was away "on tour." Once Billy and mother had gone with him; and twice the boy had stayed at his grandmother's while his mother went; but usually they both were left behind, waiting for daddy to come home.

The night that mother wore the new gown, Billy stayed up to dinner. There was no concert that evening, and daddy wasn't in a hurry. He was telling about a trained elephant he had seen in San Francisco, and Billy forgot all about the "blondes" until dessert was on. Then he said out of a clear sky:

"Daddy, what *is* a blonde?"

"A blonde?" The great singer was puzzled at the question.

"Yes," answered his son. "You play around with 'em, you know. What are they?"

Right then the atmosphere at the table changed. Even the little boy felt it strangely. He glanced at his mother and saw with surprise that she didn't look young any more, or pretty. Her lips were still red, and two red spots burned like fire on her cheeks, but the rest of her was pale, and her eyes seemed to have sunk away into deep holes.

"Who," asked his father sternly, "has told you that?"

Billy looked up, frightened. His father's face was hard and very white; and his voice was cold, not like a father's voice at all.

"It—it was Uncle Tom. He said—"

"Billy," cried his mother, too shrilly, "go up to bed."

And then his father had risen and, looking furiously at his mother, had called Uncle Tom something that even Billy knew wasn't quite right. The little boy had left the room in tears. He had gone to bed. Fanny had helped him very kindly; but neither his father nor mother came up to kiss him, and he had cried himself to sleep.

To Billy this seemed long, long ago, because the very day after he asked the disastrous question mother had taken him to grandma's, and he had seen his father only three times since. At grandma's he learned more about the "blondes." It was easy to listen when the grown-ups thought he was at play. Grandma got very indignant when they talked. It was mother who seemed to defend his father.

"I suppose he thinks he has outgrown me," she once said drearily. "He was so young when we married; and these last years he has met such—such different people."

Grandma had snorted.

"Outgrown the woman who has lived with him for sixteen years and borne him four children?"

"I know; but the children are not here. Perhaps if they'd lived—if there were more of us to hold him . . ."

"Bosh!" exclaimed grandma angrily. "He isn't big enough to stand success, that's all. His head is turned. You'll be well rid of him, Hilda, even though his voice can wring tears from a stone wall; and if you don't ask for a big alimony, I——"

"It will not be necessary," interrupted mother coldly, "to ask for any alimony at all. I know my husband better than you do."

Grandma snorted again; and over in a corner behind the davenport a little boy sat pondering. Alimony! Another word he didn't understand. He wished daddy was here so he could ask about it.

Later the boy was to hear other words that puzzled him. One was divorce. His mother was getting one; but Billy didn't know just what it was. And the other day he had heard Fanny talking with the maid across the hall. She said something about his father—that he was only waiting for the final decree before— It was provoking, but just then they spied him and stopped talking, so he didn't know what his father was going to do, or what a final decree was, either. Billy was disappointed. It was so seldom he heard anything about daddy.

But he heard his voice—often! It was on the phonograph records that mother played in the long evenings when she thought her little boy was fast asleep. Once Billy opened the door a crack so as to hear better, and saw his mother sitting there looking so sad that he longed to throw his arms around her in a strangling hug, only some subtle bond of sympathy warned him that she would rather be alone. So he crept back to bed and lay there listening to the familiar songs—the splendid one about the Toreador; and the one about the little gypsy sweetheart, too. Billy loved that song, but mother hardly ever put it on the phonograph. . . .

The boy still stood in the middle of the room. He cast a cautious glance toward his own dark doorway, and shivered again. He couldn't go back—there. He would get into his mother's bed, and perhaps in the morning some one would remember him—the doctor, maybe, or when Fanny came——

But Fanny wasn't coming! It was a glimpse of the Christmas-tree that brought this devastating thought. Tomorrow was Christmas eve. Mother had wished Fanny a "Merry Christmas" when she left that night, and told her not to come back till the great day was over. Fanny wouldn't come! No one would come. . . . If only grandma hadn't died. . . .

Billy turned toward the bed, then hesitated. Grandma had once told him not to waste the electricity. He supposed he must turn out the light in the living-room, though it was sort of cheerful—like company. Quickly he snapped it off; then scampered like a frightened squirrel for the bed. They had wrapped his mother in the blankets, but her soft, warm, silken puff was there. Billy pulled it close to his chin and snuggled down. He did not turn off the rose-shaded bedside-light. He felt sure his grandmother would not mind if he kept it burning—when he was all alone.

Resolutely, the small boy closed his eyes, but only to see visions of his mother curled up so strangely—gasping. . . . He opened them, and the dark shadows from the rooms beyond frightened him. And then there swept over him an overpowering longing for his father. He wanted him—wanted him more than anything in the world—except his mother. And he didn't even know where his father was! If he could hear him sing on the phonograph, he might drop asleep; but he was afraid to go into the dark living-room. . . .

His eyes came back to the bedside-table. Beyond the light stood the radio.

The boy's face brightened. He would turn it on. Perhaps somebody would be telling a funny story, or a band might be playing. It would be company. Billy knew how to use the radio, and saw in the dim light that the dials were already set for a local station. He reached out, turning the switch. Some one was playing. The tune seemed vaguely familiar. And then out of the air, clear, sweet, and penetrating, came his father's voice:

> "Away in a manger,
> No crib for a bed,
> The little Lord Jesus
> Laid down his sweet head.
> The stars in the heaven . . ."

"Daddy! Daddy!" cried the small boy in an ecstasy of relief, "I knew you would come—somehow!"

So for an hour he lay there, free from the dragging fear that was so terrifying, and heard his father sing the old, old carols: "It Came upon a Midnight Clear," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "The Three Kings," and at last "Silent Night—Holy Night," the one his mother loved best of all.

It was over, that Christmas concert. The last, flawless notes had died away; and with them a sense of panic crept through the little boy. If he lost his father—again . . .

Billy strained his ears. The announcer was speaking. He said: "You have been listening to an hour of Christmas music rendered by the distinguished American baritone Richard Gregory. We should be glad to hear your impressions of this concert, and if you will address either the broadcasting station, or the artist himself in care of Station XYZ . . ."

The artist himself! Suddenly the boy sat up. Why, he could write to his father! Daddy would come. . . .

He was out of bed, the dark rooms no longer a thing of menace. He ran to the desk, found an envelope, and wrote the address with painstaking care. Here were the stamps, the two-cent kind, and the ones that mother told him she kept for an emergency, the big blue stamps that made a letter go more quickly.

"I guess maybe this is a—a 'mergency," said Billy thoughtfully.

A half-hour later a small, pajama-clad boy stole into the dimly lit passage to the mail-chute; then, turning out even the rose-shaded light, comforted, unafraid, he crept under the puff on his mother's bed and fell asleep.

A "distinguished American baritone" was wakened next morning by the persistent ringing of his telephone. Though he had overslept, he felt mildly irritated at being roused. He yawned, reached lazily for the bedside-instrument, and said: "Hello."

A strange voice answered. A letter addressed to him had just come by special delivery to station XYZ. Some one had signed for it and the boy was gone. Should they send it up by another messenger, or would he call?

The singer was puzzled. "A special delivery? Is there an address on the envelope?"

At the answer—the name of a certain apartment-hotel—he straightened up.

"I'll come for it. No, hold on. It'll save time to call a messenger and send it up. Sorry to trouble you."

Richard Gregory hung up the receiver, his fine eyes thoughtful. Why should Hilda be writing to him now? . . . She couldn't possibly need money. . . . Darn queer; and upsetting, too, at Christmas-time. . . . Those carols last night had been bad enough. . . . They brought things back, especially another Christmas eve when three little nightgowned figures had stood by the piano listening raptly while——

The baritone gave his pillow a vicious dig and went on thinking: There was something uncanny about this marriage business. Beatrice was a witch, of course—utterly desirable. He was going to marry her; but he hoped that after their marriage his path and Hilda's would lie far apart. He knew men who were on perfectly friendly terms with their divorced wives; but he was —different. Perhaps he was a fool; but in all these months he'd not been able to obliterate the past as he'd expected to—wanted to, of course. Not long ago his audience had demanded the "Gypsy Love-Song," and he had responded to their request as a singer must; but amid the applause that rocked the hall he had seen only Hilda—Hilda whom he had once called his "little gypsy sweetheart." . . .

No, he couldn't wholly erase the past. A man's wife was, somehow, his wife. There were intimate memories that he and Hilda shared—would always share "till death us do part," he mused. And the boy—*their* boy——

Fear clutched suddenly at his heart. Had something happened to Billy? At their last bitter meeting Hilda had said that she would not trouble him with letters. What else could it be?

That morning a fastidious American singer omitted his customary shower. He was fully dressed when the messenger arrived. A glance told him that the letter was not from Hilda; yet he felt strangely stirred as he read the childish scrawl:

"Dere Daddy, it is nite. I just herd you sing the Crismus songs. It kep me from being scared. I am all alone. Mother had a dredful pain and they took her away. It was in the nite. I gess they forgot me. I am all alone. Grandma is ded. Plese come. To-morrow is Crismus eve. Excuse bad riting. Your boy Billy."

If Richard Gregory had slept late that morning, his son slept later still. When a little boy is wakened in the night and terrified for what seems a lifetime, exhaustion is apt to follow. When Billy awoke the sun was streaming across his face. For a moment he lay there puzzled, wondering why he was not in his own bed—remembering at sight of the waiting Christmas-tree what day it was; and then remembering—everything! A lump rose in his throat, but he swallowed it manfully.

"I wonder," he said aloud, "if daddy has got my letter. I wonder how soon he'll come. Maybe I better get up and dress."

He washed carefully, as his mother liked him to do, wishing regretfully that he hadn't ever troubled her by trying to evade this duty that she thought necessary. He was struggling with a knotted shoe-lace when the bell rang. His heart pounded even as he told himself: "It can't be daddy this quick." Yet hope rose as, shoe-string dangling, he ran to the door. The lock stuck, but he got it open. . . .

Billy was in his father's arms. He was crying—just like a silly baby! His father was crying, too—crying and saying terrible things about doctors, and hotel managements, and people across the hall. He was terribly angry. He called them— Well, he used a word . . .

Billy blew his small nose, and spoke.

"You mustn't say that, daddy. Mother says no—no gentleman ever says that, and—and——"

His father hugged him a bit tighter.

"She's right; but I'm not a gentleman this morning— I'm just primitive man, protecting my young. Tell me about—mother. What happened?"

Billy told him graphically.

"It hurt so she couldn't talk. I—I think she forgot me. She never even said—said good-by."

Good-by! The word on the small boy's lips sounded hideously final. Its effect on the man was unexpected. A sense of nausea swept over him, and, arising, he set his son gently on his feet.

"Where's the telephone?"

Billy pointed to the desk, and his father sat down and called the doctor. He was asking about mother, Billy gathered. The doctor talked for a long time. Daddy said simply, "Yes," and "I see," and "Not to-day?" and "Tell her the boy is all right—that he's with his father. She'll be worrying." And then his polite voice changed and he demanded: "Do you know that when you took her away an eight-year-old boy was left here—*alone*—in the middle of the night? . . . That's no excuse . . . I . . ."

He was angry again. Billy was terribly afraid he would say that bad word right to the doctor! But he didn't. He hung up suddenly and sat there a moment without speaking. Then he said:

"It was appendicitis. She's pretty sick; but she'll be better soon—she's *got* to be better! Now let's see." He stood up, dropped his fur coat, and asked: "Have you had breakfast?"

"I'm not all dressed. There's a knot in my shoe-string."

"Give it here," said dad, and fixed it in no time. "I haven't had breakfast either. Do you eat it here?"

"Fanny gets it; but she's away—for Christmas."

Billy winked back the tears. He had forgotten Christmas. His father had forgotten it too—forgotten where he had meant to spend the holiday—forgotten a girl with golden hair and laughing lips. He turned his eyes quickly away from the boy's face.

"We—we were going to trim our tree to-night," went on Billy sadly. "Will she be back—to help—to-night, daddy?"

"Not to-night," answered his father gently, "but *I* can help."

They went out to breakfast, but Billy noticed that his father didn't eat much—just drank his coffee and sat there thinking. The boy had to speak three times to rouse him.

"I've had enough, daddy. Let's go home."

"I think," dad answered thoughtfully, "that first we'll send some flowers to—to the hospital."

Billy's face brightened.

"She likes the red ones."

"I know," answered his father. "Roses."

"Will she know who sent 'em?" asked Billy as they left the shop.

"Yes. I put in a card. We must hurry now, son. I want to call up the doctor."

"And we must make the beds," said Billy practically.

Richard Gregory came away from the telephone with a grave face. He stood for a long time staring out of the window. Then, at his son's reminder, the great American baritone made the beds.

"There are some wrinkles," commented Billy critically. "You haven't done so good a job as mother."

"I know it—now," answered his father; but he wasn't thinking about beds.

They went out for a late luncheon, and again the boy saw that his father didn't eat. When they got back he called the hospital.

"She's sleeping," he said. "They're a bit encouraged."

"Will she be home for Christmas?"

"No; but—if she's better we'll go and see her."

"I've got a present for her, daddy. Fanny took me to buy it. Can I take it to her?"

"Yes, if it's nothing big."

"It's a record. It's you singing. She'll like it."

His father started.

"How do you know she'll like it?"

"Because she plays 'em—nights—when she's alone. I guess maybe she was going to listen to you last night, daddy. The radio was all set for that station. I guess she was going to turn it on after she went to bed. It was lucky, wasn't it? I wanted you so, and—and I didn't know where you were or——"

Billy ceased speaking because his father had gone to the window again and wasn't listening. But pretty soon he turned.

"Sonny—I've got to leave you for a little while."

"Please don't," begged Billy, frightened.

His father sat down and took him on his knee.

"Look here, son. There's some one that I must see, and I can't take you with me this time."

"Couldn't you write a letter?"

"Yes; but it would be cowardly to write a letter. You don't want your dad to be a coward, do you?"

The boy shook his head, but his lips trembled.

"Will you be long, daddy?"

"Not longer than I can help. Can you use the telephone?"

Billy nodded, and his father wrote something on a card.

"You can get me here—at this number. If any message comes—about mother, tell them to call me there. Perhaps there's something on the radio that you can listen to while I'm away."

"I think maybe I'll play some records," said the little boy. "I know how; and it'll seem more 'sif you were here."

Billy felt very lonely after his father left. Even the records didn't comfort him. At last he took some of the Christmas-tree trimmings from the box and laid them in a row on the window-sill, ready for evening. He brought the tissue-wrapped packages from his mother's drawer where he knew she had hidden them, feeling of each one curiously as he laid it down. He found a cloth and wiped the dust from the chairs and tables.

"Mother's kind of particular about dust," he told himself, looking around hopefully for something else that she might want done; and then, having exhausted all such possibilities, he sat down in a chair by the window to watch for his father. The minutes passed very slowly, and the early winter twilight began to fall.

"I wish he would come," said Billy to the lonely room.

And at that very moment Richard Gregory was saying, his deep voice strangely shaken: "No, it has nothing to do with her sudden illness. I haven't seen her. I don't even know that she still cares. It's something that's been growing on me for weeks—the feeling that marriage, if it begins with love, as mine did, can't be dissolved merely by evidence trumped up for the occasion. Marriage has roots. One may think they are dead, past all reviving; but at an unexpected word—a song—a gesture—they stir uneasily. I'm not saying that such a course is wrong for others—but it would be wrong for me. And for you, too, Beatrice. The thought that you'd trampled another woman's happiness under foot in order to gain your own would some day rise up to strike you—when it was too late. . . . Blame you? . . . My dear—my dear—I blame only myself. . . ."

"I wish daddy would come back," said a lonely little boy as lights began to spring up in the street below; but the Christmas stars were spangling the dark sky before he came.

He came in quietly, looking very sober, and went to the telephone. Mother, it seemed, was better. Billy could see her to-morrow.

"And you too, daddy?"

"Perhaps. I'm sorry to have been away so long, son, but it could not be helped. Now let's eat some bread and milk; and then we'll trim the tree."

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening to that little boy, an evening for which a certain distinguished singer deserved a medal for bravery, though watching his gaiety and antics one wouldn't have guessed it. His own torment he put resolutely aside as, with an heroic effort, he brought smiles to the boy's eyes and laughter to his lips. Under his skilled fingers the tree became a thing of beauty, from the glistening star of Bethlehem at its topmost branch to the myriad lights that shone so gaily when, the last bright bauble in place, they darkened the room and lighted the tree itself.

And then, at his boy's eager request, Richard Gregory did the hardest thing of all—swallowed the lump in his throat and sang the carols, not knowing that at the first golden notes the members of that unfeeling family across the hall had gathered outside the door to listen—and wipe their eyes!

"I wish mother had heard you," said Billy wistfully as the last song ended; but his father, having reached the limit of endurance, did not answer.

"Don't you love Christmas, daddy?"

The man nodded.

"Mother'll be glad to see us, won't she—on Christmas day?" And after a silence: "Can we go in the morning?"

"I—I hope so."

Only when his little boy was happily asleep did Richard Gregory give way to the conflicting emotions that were tearing his bruised heart.

And Christmas morning they went to the hospital.

"We must be very quiet," warned the father as they approached a clean, queer-smelling corridor. "She's been so sick."

"I'll be quiet," Billy promised, clutching a package which daddy had helped him tie with a red ribbon.

"Only ten minutes," cautioned the nurse, and left the room.

Billy glanced toward the bed. His mother's head was turned away a little. Her long, dark hair was braided, hanging down over her shoulders on the white counterpane. Her eyes were closed. The boy moved nearer. He had never seen her like that—so still. . . .

"Mother!"

It was scarcely more than a whisper, but the head on the pillow turned slowly. His mother smiled. How white her face was!

"Mother—it's Christmas! I've brought you a present." He was untying the ribbon—tearing the paper. "See! It's a record. It's daddy singing. Do you like it?"

"I—I love it."

With an effort she turned her head still farther until her eyes found what they were seeking. Her husband stood with his back against the door. His face was white, too, thought Billy, terribly white, and for a moment he didn't move. Then mother stretched out a hand, weakly, and something clutched in her fingers fell to the floor as daddy came closer and spoke her name—just that:

"Hilda?"

It seemed like a question. And then, suddenly, he dropped to his knees beside the bed. His face was on the pillow, against hers. Billy was conscious of the scent of roses. A long, long moment passed—two—three. . . . Outside church-bells were ringing . . . Christmas bells! . . . How still the room was. . . .

The boy stooped, lifting the thing that had fallen from his mother's hand. It was a visiting-card; but it had no name on it, only some words from a song in his father's nice neat writing that was so easy for a little boy to read. Billy guessed it was the card that had gone with the red roses, though all it said was: "For my little gypsy sweetheart"—nothing more.

The great American baritone was still kneeling beside the bed when the nurse came in to send them home.

* * *

At the Fair

By Charlotte Mish

The grand stand is alive with eager faces,
Gay pennants wave, and happy voices shout;
And now, before the final thrilling races,
Two plain and humble work-horses come out.
They haul the cumbersome and heavy drag
That levels down the turf for races here,
And, as they pass the stand, some country wag
Begins to clap and whistle and to cheer.
The crowd is quick to join in the affair
And rocks the stand with tumult and applause!
The band strikes up a military air!
The two work-horses, startled, turn and pause,
And then they straighten and throw back their heads,
And pull their burden grandly to the tune,
And, prancing as the joyous clamor spreads,
They find their Moment over all too soon.
But they have had their Moment, anyway!
They have been fêted actors in the show!
And afterward, recalling this proud day,
They'll swagger, just a little, as they go.

Adeste, Fideles

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

Author of "The Cross," "They Stand, Those Halls—," etc.

"—in fact," concluded the article—from the pen of a brilliant young physician who wrote for the daily press—"sudden and extreme changes in altitude have been known to work veritable miracles in the relief of deafness. There is at least one authenticated case of a man being completely cured by this treatment, who had not heard in ten years. He was taken to an altitude of twenty thousand feet in an airplane, and upon his return to the earth he found his hearing restored. Now the——"

An old, old man, seated before a comfortable grate fire, laid down his paper—partly because he wanted to think, partly because the words he had read stirred him so deeply that the type had blurred and run together before his eyes. His left hand crept to his heart, a gesture which had become almost habitual of late, and for a few moments he seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"Beastly hot in here," he muttered with pathetic bravado; "never did—like—rooms kept—so—warm." Turning, he rang a little bell on his table, and almost immediately a maid appeared at the doorway. "Hot—beastly hot, you know," repeated the old man, trying to control his voice. "Eh—the window—open it."

The girl went to the window, threw it open, and stood for a moment breathing the keen December air. "Why, Doctor Hazlett is coming up the walk!" she exclaimed to herself. "I must run to the door." The old gentleman, seeing her leave the room so abruptly, peered out the window. The doctor again!

Damn that doctor chap! Always coming at the wrong time. Always popping in when his heart was . . . when the room was too hot. . . . Yet—wasn't there something he wanted to ask the doctor to-day? Ah, yes, yes. "Good morning, doctor!" he exclaimed with transparent cheerfulness. "Sit down—sit down! Something I want to ask you before I forget it—getting along in years, you know, and often do forget things—eh, did you see that article in this morning's paper about the altitude cure for deafness—silly rot, I suppose?"

The doctor, busy with stethoscope, did not reply at once; intently he worked, and a close observer might have noticed an occasional grave little shake of his head. When he had completed his examination he reached for the pad of paper which lay on his patient's desk and wrote: "Saw the article. Not rot at all. Quite true in some cases. Not for your heart, though—absolutely fatal—you might live half an hour, perhaps not that long. Mustn't think of it—sorry."

Not a flicker of expression showed in the old man's face as he read the doctor's comments. When he had finished he nodded his head quite casually. "Ah, yes, I see. Of course—of course!" he said.

But after the doctor had left he sat for a long time, looking into the fire, a strange light in his eyes. Finally he stirred. "A half an hour. . . . Merciful God . . ." he whispered reverently, and, crossing himself, he buried his face in his hands.

Chapley, the cathedral organist, was a remarkably fine musician. He played the service faultlessly, authoritatively, and with beautiful restraint. Yet there were those among the congregation—real music-lovers—who always waited after the service to hear the old organist emeritus play the postlude. He had been at the cathedral for fifty years, but during the last fifteen years his deafness had prevented him from taking active part in the service—had limited him to such playing as did not call for co-ordination with the clergy and the choir. Under his slender fingers the gigantic organ became a fountain of living water. Old as he was, there was not another organist who could more than approach his virile "attack," the resistless sweeping current of his phrasing. His playing was a great river, fed by a thousand tributaries, flowing inexorably toward the sea. It was a glimpse of divine order, an echo from the march of numberless ages, a fragment from the song of immortality.

Living as he did in a world where sound could not penetrate, flawless technic was sole master of his fingers, while memory and instinct dictated "registration" and shading. When playing he made a picture that one could never forget. The gentlest man alive and the most retiring, anywhere else, at the organ-bench there was more than a touch of pride in his bearing—a sureness that was almost arrogance. His face, with its strong contours, was as immobile as though it had been carved in marble, but his eyes, when he played, smouldered and flamed. There was something heroic in the attitude of the man, indomitably defying the bludgeon which fate had hurled at him, brushing aside his handicap, and, with unshaken courage, going on with his work. . . .

Shortly after his interview with the doctor there came a Sunday when the old organist looked up after even-song to see a tall, clear-eyed young man standing beside the console. How the boy had got past the verger and up into the organ-loft he did not know, but it was rather nice to see so grave and friendly a face. Indicating his ever-ready pad and pencil, the musician smiled and spoke: "Good evening, my boy—I'm deaf, so you'll have to scribble, you know—did you want to look at the organ?" Receiving an eager nod for an answer, the old man's face lighted with an almost childish animation. How he loved to talk to people who liked the organ! For fifteen minutes he chattered away, explaining the various parts of the instrument, the four manuals, the pedals, the myriad stops, couplers, pistons. When he had finished he laid a slender, sensitive hand on the young man's sturdy arm. "And now, my son," he said, "tell me about yourself! Are you, perhaps, a musician? I rather think not, though your forehead shows a distinct musical sense. You see, your hands——"

The boy wrote a few words on the pad and handed it over to him. As the old organist read he sat down suddenly and his face flushed. For almost a minute he remained silent. Then he whispered: "Are you really an airplane pilot?"

Again the cheerful nod.

"Do you ever take any one up with you?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"That's my *business,*" wrote the pilot; "I'm a passenger-plane man."

"Can you take me as high as twenty thousand feet?"

"Phew!" muttered the youth. "Nothing half-way about this old boy!" and scribbled: "Sure. What's the idea?"

Mutely the aged man tapped his ears —and a look of understanding flickered into the youngster's face, to find an outlet in a rapidly moving pencil. "I've heard about that, too. Come on over to the field some time and I'll take you up."

There was something in the old gentleman's face as he said slowly, "I will . . ." that would have puzzled and disturbed the aviator—had he seen it.

Christmas eve. A light snow dusted the ground, and a crisp and joyous tang flavored the air; it was that hour of the day when dusk hovers anxiously to seek attention for her first star. The voices of excited children playing in an adjoining meadow rang clear and sweet —as chimes filtered through distance lose their dissonance. Indeed, so hushed was the world that the faint rhythmic hum of an invisible airplane seemed like the gentle breathing of sleeping nature.

Suddenly lights flooded the landing-field to repel the invading darkness, and a great revolving beacon pierced the skies. The exhaust of the plane grew louder, then ceased, as, with motor cut off, it soared into sight. Beautifully, daintily, it settled to the ground, whirred to a hangar, and stopped.

"You said you wanted to come down *pronto,*" laughed the pilot as he assisted an aged passenger to the solid earth; "I guess we sure did. Well, here's your taxi—come over again some time!" And off he strode.

The old man swayed uncertainly. Whatever else dropping from the sky did to a man, it surely made his ears roar. . . . What a beastly racket! Suddenly a gasp escaped him. Why—why, this was *sound* breaking in on him, breaking in with a cacophonous clamor. After fifteen years in the vague, cold realms of silence, he was hearing again!

Frantically he clambered into the cab. "Saint Francis's cathedral!" he cried. "Quick!" And his voice sounded in his ears like the clash of cymbals. The drone of the taxi-engine was a jarring din, the rasp of the horn a shattering doomsday crash. A mounting sense of suffocation seized him, and his left hand crept to his heart. "God!" he breathed, "make him hurry—hurry!"

The church. Somehow he got to the chancel. Ah, here was peace again—although his soft footfalls were like the clatter of cavalry. Fumbling at his keys, he threw open the console—pressed the motor-switch. A rumble answered him. Deftly he selected his stops and couplers. His music? He didn't need the printed page. As if there could be any doubt as to what he would play! "Adeste, fideles!" Had no other composition been written before or since that sublime hymn, the world would still be rich in music. . . . If he could only play it through! Confound that throbbing heart of his, its menacing jumps and quick stabs of pain. With a little whimper of impatience he raised his hands and brought them down on the keys.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant . . ."

Sound awoke to ecstasy, as the organ flung its mighty voice through the chancel. Cleanly, passionately, gloriously the old organist emeritus played. There was no mistaking the master's touch. Even the little gray mouse of a verger ceased to patter about the aisles and paused to listen.

"Strange! He hasn't played a hymn in fifteen years!" he squeaked to himself.

Strange indeed was the face of the man at the console, hanging on to consciousness by sheer will-power. Tears streamed down his drawn, ashen cheeks. Christ! To be hearing *this* again!

"Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels:"

Born, that through his mercy an old man might hear him praised once more, in the infinite beauty of a cathedral organ, that through his strength a worn and beaten old heart might pump a few moments longer!

"O come, let us adore him!"

"Venite, adoremus. . . ." The aged musician trembled. Now he would use the new giant reeds, the new pedal Bombarde—he would hear them instead of just feeling their vibration! But where were they? He could see but a swirling mist before him, punctuated by little patches of black and white. His breath came in spasms of agony. . . .

"Mother of God!" he breathed, as, faltering, he desperately groped over the stop-board. His fingers, strong to the last, found the stops he sought, and his foot, impelled by no conscious impulse, brought "full organ" into life.

"O come, let us adore him!
Christ, the Lord!"

he played, and in cataclysmic tumult the great reeds blared forth, to cut through the gorgeous body of organ tone and beat upon the deflecting walls, to boom and rattle through the transept. Up in the lofty nave little particles of dust, centuries old, quivered and loosed their hold on the rose window, that they might dance. . . .

Blinded with rapture, the old organist heard the last echo leap from the soaring arches, roll and tumble across the flagstone floor. With a shuddering sob he slid from the organ-bench and fell to his knees.

"Yea, Lord, we greet thee—" he whispered.

Then, from the exaltation written upon his face when they found him, another organ must have taken up the hymn. . . .

* * *

The Village Atheist

E. W. HOWE, PURVEYOR OF PLAIN THOUGHTS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

BY GERALD CARSON

E. W. Howe is a shrewd old man who draws his strength from the corn-lands of Kansas and who ever wears the homespun fabric of common sense. It is his task to think plain thoughts for plain people.

Once a country editor collecting local items on the streets of a country town, Mr. Howe has become a picturesque national figure. His maxims and apologues, as Franklin's were a hundred and fifty years ago, have been repeated and bandied about until they have in many instances quite lost their paternity. In them he has given expression to the ideas and asperations which millions of ordinary Americans recognize as their own. If Mr. Howe is an interesting figure—and he is—it is because he has become our most eminent prairie exponent of the American way of thinking.

There is no better place to take Mr. Howe than in his approach to religion, a subject upon which he has meditated long and said a great deal. An unsympathetic, indeed an uncomprehending, critic of those forms of religion which have come under his attention, Mr. Howe has evaluated them in accordance with his experience in an actual world, and announced his conclusions with a homely aptness and candor which have made him the modern exemplar of the Village Atheist.

In small towns, where men are not ground smooth by milling crowds, they keep their sharp corners, and most particularly the man who differs upon some vital point—such as religion or politics—from the general run. The tolerance of the American community for heresy is nicely adjusted. A man may be an atheist. He may be a Socialist or a Single Taxer. But he would hardly dare to have grave doubts and criticise the government too. Mr. Howe, who for fifty years and more has been publicly accepting the universe—with reservations—is eminently the type; shrewd, human, incisive, wily, more than a little provoking and insensitive, but unimpeachably honest.

What Mr. Howe first knew as religion was the religion of the frontier just after the frontier had crossed the Mississippi River. It was religion in its hardest, most evangelical aspect, and Mr. Howe, a young man in a country newspaper office with the itch to write, became an acute and an unsympathetic commentator upon the doctrines of Calvin as they acclimated themselves to Missouri and Kansas.

At night, after the day's work was done, Mr. Howe wrote novels; whether by special election or because fiction was the conventional means of easing the pen, I do not know. At any rate his "Story of a Country Town" played an important part in the painful new effort of the '80s to record sober truth, and the picture of pioneer religion which the novel contained contributed importantly to the drab naturalistic effects which Mr. Howe set out to secure.

Like ministers, heretics have to be especially virtuous. In each case it is a professional necessity. After the heat of his youth had passed, Mr. Howe was not only a virtuous heretic, he was also a silent one. During this period he devoted himself to accumulation, developing the Atchison *Globe,* of which he was proprietor, into an extraordinarily valuable property, as country dailies go. But in 1911, at the age of fifty-seven, Mr. Howe announced his retirement from journalism. He settled down on his farm, Potato Hill, a few miles out of Atchison, where on a high point of land overlooking the Missouri River he could putter around, drink buttermilk, and do one thing which he could not quite do in running a commercial newspaper—say exactly what he wanted to say. So Mr. Howe founded his own personal organ, *E. W. Howe's Monthly,* a wretchedly printed sheet devoted to "indignation and information," which each month deals in Mr. Howe's own vein with matter which he considers to be "true, important, decent, and respectable."

Mr. Howe's *novissima verba* upon religion are more illuminating if placed against the background of his general ideas. He believes implicitly in the capacity of the common man to find the truth, and believes that the truth—the truth about living and human nature and our world—is comparatively simple. Like all men of the rationalist temperament, Mr. Howe takes his stand on palpable fact, and never does he question whether all facts are palpable.

"I have never encountered what I thought was a plain, practical system of philosophy," says Mr. Howe, "and shall endeavor to present one.

"I do not regard the task as difficult. I know only simple things, and am convinced that others do not know more. . . . I believe in anything that can be demonstrated, but know no wonderful thing except that so many refuse to learn the simple and important lessons of life."

And so the sage confounds himself even in his wisdom; for either we do lack the understanding which he imputes to us, or the important things in life are not so simple as he declares; for it is certain that the majority of mankind have found the way hard and the results equivocal. The only trouble with the wisdom of E. W. Howe, like that of many another aphorist, is that so often it isn't true.

Mr. Howe particularly likes reality and plain speaking in dealing with women and labor-unions. Both, he thinks, have been pampered too much. He looks with benevolent eye upon big business, deploring the tendency to distrust the railroads and public-utility companies—"all great blessings are conducted with rare ability and average honesty." Thus prosperity becomes the measure of desert, or, to adopt one of Mr. Howe's favorite words, of "respectability." Naturally this implies a world of masters and men, an aristocracy of talent. As Mr. Howe expresses it: "The masters are the men of most sense." And the task of the masters is ready at hand for them. "The world is made up of a great mob, and nothing will influence it so much as the lash."

There is no milky humanitarianism about Mr. Howe. One catches a strange odor—can it be a whiff of ancestral Calvinism?—in this passage:

"We must not overdo sympathy.

When an Upper Dog (the sheriff) has a criminal (an Under Dog) in charge, we must remember that punishment of wrong-doers is as necessary in morality as rewarding the worthy. To hang some men is as certainly justice as is acclaiming Abraham Lincoln. Children are whipped for small offenses; surely grown men should be for theft and murder. If we wish our homes and families to be secure, we must resent outrages against them. If wrong-doing ever becomes profitable, good-by morality. Maudlin sympathy for evil-doers is immoral; it isn't sympathy at all: it is mischief—reflex from bad minds."

Within the limits of the established order, and within the limits of thrift, politeness, and industry, Mr. Howe, like a modern Poor Richard, sees possibilities of material success in life which ought to fire the imagination of the dullest clod. That is the sense in which he is a democratic optimist, and that is the quality of the imagination to which he appeals. Those who hustle in humble places will be drafted to keep up the superior class, run the big businesses of the country, and rule the mob.

The career that Mr. Howe fondly likes to think of as essentially American is that of the poor boy who goes to work seriously very early—about the time, say, that Mr. Howe himself did—and keeps right at it until he is an expert artisan or mechanic. When he is thirty or so and an expert in his line, Mr. Howe's hero sets up for himself in a small way, and by twenty years more of diligent work he acquires a fortune and becomes a benefactor to the community, affording his fellow citizens jobs and a model character to contemplate. Thus Mr. Howe illustrates well how the radical temper often attaches itself to conservative principles; for while he has upheld the tradition of dissent of the Village Atheist, he has disarmed his enemies by being a prose laureate of the middle-class virtues and American business.

If Mr. Howe has in him neither subtlety nor imagination nor the poetry of faith, he has something that the average American regards even more highly than all these—the infectious and democratic laughter of one who regards his fellow man with shrewd but indulgent eyes. Who that calls himself an American can fail to respond to the quality of the pawky humor of Mr. Howe's prose Spoon River, "The Anthology of Another Town"?

"Sandy McPherson, the barber, says he charges five dollars for shaving a dead man because he is compelled to throw away the razor he uses. But how do we know he throws the razor away?"

And who that knows what the mail-order houses mean in farm and village can fail to recognize this?

"Ben Bradford, known to be a little gay, says the first time he kissed a woman other than his wife, he felt as sneaking as he did when he first began buying of Montgomery Ward & Co. But Ben gradually became hardened, and many say he now trades with Sears-Roebuck, too."

Another beam of humor, as autochthonous as the cornfields of the Middle West:

"A good many observers say Pilson Blair is enjoying his second wife as much as the Widow Sayer enjoys the life insurance she collected from the lodge."

One could not feel any general affection for this land and for the broad stream of American life without feeling some regard for E. W. Howe, who, like Mark Twain, is representative of the ebullient, rowdy wit of the West. A whole order of society is compacted in his remark about "Pilson Blair" and "Ben Bradford." Assuredly, Mr. Howe has not revolted against this world. He loves it. He loves it too much, perhaps. He thinks and feels as it thinks and feels; and the glimpses he affords us of rustic doctrinal differences, of widows with lodge money, which he catches and fixes with careless art, are vivid and sharp in outline, and always informed with the spirit of his own point of view.

Like all good Americans, Mr. Howe is a great traveller. In the far places of the earth which he has visited he has found pleasant confirmation for the wisdom about human nature which he garnered in Atchison.

For example: the manager of a sugar-plantation who, Mr. Howe says, receives eighteen thousand dollars a year for being smarter than his two thousand employees, told Mr. Howe that when any body of men engage in a disreputable transaction somebody always tells. Says Mr. Howe, moralizing: "If you engage in any kind of dirty work, remember that some one will know about it, and sell you out."

Again: an English clergyman, and a Presbyterian, too, told Mr. Howe that in face of modernism the best thing for his people, he concluded, was fairness, politeness, temperance, and industry. Speaking curiously like a Kansas philosopher, the English clergyman said: "I could come to no other conclusion than that the oldest and simplest doctrine is the best." The voice is the voice of Isaac; but the hands are the hands of Esau!

E. W. Howe regards all forms of altruism or ideal effort with deep distrust, speaking frequently of "the necessity of remedying the remedies," and of milk spoiled with too much preservative. Yet it is interesting to note that when Mr. Howe addresses this generation, which has such scant respect for history or vicarious wisdom, the rural sage relies as completely as do such erudite and Olympian gentlemen as Professor Irving Babbitt or Mr. Paul Elmer More upon the experience of the race. Before us millions of men have lived millions of years. "Real philosophy is no more than simple things every one knows to be true and unchanging."

Mr. Howe speaks with something that almost approaches eloquence of the good life as being a broad highway which countless generations have trod, marked clearly at every turn with the signs they have set up. Always some have left it and gone down to death for their temerity, and always they have cried out as they expired: "Keep to the highway."

Yet the mood of elevation which Mr. Howe almost induces is quickly dispelled, because his intent is so purely utilitarian. He does not bother with inner tranquillity nor with spiritual or emotional stresses. The safe way is clear; let the people follow it. Let people espouse good conduct, because there is danger and punishment in not doing so. In that, all Mr. Howe's values are satisfied. If people act well, he says, don't ask why.

The facility of that profoundly insensitive conclusion signifies how far Mr. Howe comes from serving the needs of the times. It marks him as a figure historically interesting, but solitary, standing in the twilight of common sense, fingering the battered formulas which the deists wrought two hundred years ago, and which rough-and-ready rationalists have wielded ever since.

Our age is pledged to science. This, it is true, implies a rationalistic approach to the world; but it is one having little or nothing in common with the dialectics of those sturdy old fellows who were ever at proving syllogistically by water-tight logic that the universe is operated in the interests of benevolence and that life is simple. A newer generation, with saddening precocity, has learned that all the world's knowledge is at best tentative, partial, limiting; that we do not, in this life, ever get at the *whole* truth, and that what we do get may not be interpreted with certainty.

It would appear as inevitable that a man so bent upon the useful rather than the true should some day hit upon the observation that organized religion, while indefensible from a rational point of view, does fulfil a human need, and so should perhaps be tolerated for its utility while we wink at its truth. This has happened to E. W. Howe.

"Although I do not believe in a single church dogma, as I grow older, and survey life with more experience and understanding (I hope), I am more friendly to the church; less in sympathy with the tremendous and constant attacks on it. The church organization by no stretch of imagination or prejudice can be made as bad as some others. . . . Nearly every pastor is at least a kindly man, teaching the simple proprieties."

The matter goes even farther than that. His lack of sympathy with Protestant Christianity, coupled perhaps with some suspicion as to its historicity, and with his taste for music, has opened the channels of Mr. Howe's tolerance toward an even older and more elaborate religious institution.

"I was brought up a Methodist, but when once I went abroad, and visited many cathedrals, the soft music, the impressive ceremonies, the peal of the bells, the smoking censers, the paintings and the figures (and the entire absence of preaching and collections), almost induced me to join."

Mr. Howe's shy comment on the bells and censers is an impressive tribute to the æsthetic appeal of the Roman Catholic Church. But both his ingrained evangelical background and his temperament make it extremely unlikely, even in the moderate mood of his later years, that he will ever fall into the arms of Rome.

Mr. Howe's father was a preacher; but he married an Irwin. We are not told much about the Irwins; but one feels that such reticence must be significant. Although the Irwin chromozones broke the long chain of faith that came down intact to Edgar W. Howe, Mr. Howe, as we see, does nevertheless feel a tolerant interest in "the fight being made for hymns and prayer," even as he writes the cause of Calvary a lost cause. In Indiana, before the Howe tribe started for the West, all the Howes had been stanch Methodists. And in spite of all the Irwin rationalism and obstinacy, and in spite of cathedrals and smoking censers and soft music, Mr. Howe attests the solidarity of the Methodist way of thinking:

"I never pass a Methodist church that I do not think of it as *our* church. When a new Methodist pastor is appointed in my community, I wonder if I shall like him; although actually I shall never hear him preach, and probably never see him. If I hear he is a great pulpit orator (this is usually said of all of them soon after they take a new congregation), I am proud, and think *we Methodists* have the real doctrine, and the real men behind it. And when the inevitable row develops, and I hear my brethren are trying to get rid of the pulpit orator, I take sides; usually I am for him, because I haven't seen him and haven't heard him. The explanation is, my father was a Methodist, and so were our neighbors when I was a boy. I heard of the South Methodists and Campbellites saying mean things about us, and I dislike them to this day. The Campbellite believes in immersion, or complete baptism; we believe in sprinkling. While I believe neither in baptism nor sprinkling, to this day I believe more in sprinkling than in baptism."

First and last, E. W. Howe is interested only in conduct, and if he has developed a tolerance for religion, it is because he perceives that "religion is organized morality." Symbolical or poetic truth finds him unresponsive. Unresponsive? More than that; hostile. He prefers a treatise on bee culture to Emerson's essays, a freight-car to a fine poem, an office-building to a temple. A life-long critic and writer himself, Mr. Howe has frequently certified to the vanity of literature, with especially frequent reference to Emerson, whose usefulness and honesty of purpose he has not hesitated to asperse. "Emerson left posterity nothing except criticism, witticisms, and dreams; he did not invent a better plough, or any one of the thousand other conveniences credited to plain men out of the ranks, and which have proved of much more use to the world than Emerson's essays or poems."

When Mr. Howe tells us that he is "without spiritual, ideal, or Communist connections," we are somewhat prepared for what he would have to offer in appreciation of Shelley:

"Shelley, the poet, is a famous man; not because of his poetry, but because he was the greatest fool of all time. I am very familiar with Shelley, but have never read a line of his poetry."

While it may be urged that Mr. Howe is somewhat underdeveloped æsthetically, he does find satisfaction for his emotional and imaginative nature. He feels deeply and sensitively the beauty of useful objects. "The old world is cluttered up with art work in places where bridges, modern buildings, dams, canals, are greatly needed. Our modern structures for practical use are sufficiently beautiful."

Again: "I am often delayed when on my way to see a public building or museum by stopping to look at a good grocery-store, or other convenience necessary to every one. I like common things; grocery-stores, factories, kitchens, vegetable and flower gardens, dairies, stock-farms."

This lover of stock-farms and vegetable-gardens has sent his own roots deep, deep down into the soil. The appeal of his own land and people moves E. W. Howe—I won't say to a feeling that is poetic; but it is recognizably near to it, and it is an emotion which lies sweet upon the tongue of all who have had a home-coming. I quote from a passage which occurs near the end of a travel book:

"We landed at 10 A. M. and greatly admired every man, woman, child, and building we saw." Specifically, they admired Pennsylvania Station, Grand Central, the subway, the luncheon they ate; and even the pine barrens of New Jersey, as they took off on the long journey westward, though Howe admitted reluctantly that New Jersey was not a fair sample of "home." "But how we enjoyed seeing it! The green at Home is a healthier and better-looking green than the green in the tropics." Passing through Ohio and Indiana, Mr.

Howe observed that "Our enthusiasm is increasing." Then comes the last day.

"This morning, when the conductor came in to take my tickets, he said:

" 'Why, hello!'

"I knew him; we were getting almost in sight of Home. When we went into the dining-car, the negro waiter spoke to us by name. . . . Shortly afterward the conductor sat down beside us, and, looking out of the south window, said:

" 'I never knew before you could see Potato Hill so plainly from this side of the river!'

"Then the Pullman conductor came in, and said:

" 'The next station is Atchison!' "

The next station is Atchison! I have never been in Atchison, nor have you, perhaps; but I have gone home, and so have you. I have heard the conductor say, "The next station is home," and it satisfies as food satisfies hunger and brings contentment. All good Americans "go home" some time. The phrase explains itself, and all who have a home and have gone to it will feel the tug of recognition at Mr. Howe's home-coming, for it is good to stamp upon one's own ground. When E. W. Howe communicates to us this poignant *heimweh,* he seems, for the moment, to be uplifted and transfigured, clad in more shining raiment than his ordinary homespun; and he gives us a lift of the heart and imagination that is rare and precious; for the love which other men accord to poetry, or to God, Mr. Howe has bestowed upon Atchison.

A Burglar's Apology

BY J. P. GROVER

I SHOULD, according to the best traditions of the reformed, assume a melodramatic posture, level my right index finger at some female, and in a voice trembling with emotion declare, "There is the cause of my downfall"—and then lead the mob in stoning her. The facts are entirely different. Nearly every girl with whom I was friendly during my career of burglary tried to steer me to the straight and narrow.

The truth of the matter is—I was tired of chasing a street-car every morning. The humdrum existence of my native New England city irked me. Life there was a very dull affair. One was merely born, raised, married, and had generally three children, and then one struggled to hold down the job till death.

The younger generation seemed content to follow in this monotonous wake. Every one in my crowd had a steady girl whom they would, two or three times a week, escort to some respectable dance or to a decent theatre. Seeing the girl home, they would, if fortunate, receive a circumspect good-night kiss.

Later, gathered at the Greek's for

midnight coffee, they would render a Paul Bunyan-like version of the evening's doings, usually beginning with the kiss.

Even though they were mere youths, life was already fairly complete for these chaps. They had been born and raised, had secured a job and a girl. All that remained was to marry and die. I could have, at any hour, made a very accurate guess as to where I would be at that specific moment six months later. In my week there were only two welcome days, Sunday, the day of rest, and payday. I received the final urge one morning when the boss spoke to me sourly. I quit—and knew that I had crossed the Rubicon.

The first accommodating freight-train took me out of town. My destination was immaterial—I was travelling and would encounter some excitement, and that was important. I would hobo across the continent, but the problem of how to live while doing so confronted me. I decided to capitalize my natural ability at playing pool; therefore, I would work in the larger cities on my itinerary, and devote all my spare time to acquiring further skill in the game. After a brief job at the University Club in Buffalo I blossomed out as a full-fledged pool shark. Travelling constantly, I naturally came in contact with pickpockets, cheaters, shoplifters, and what-nots, and eventually I became friendly with a very capable burglar who regaled me with vivid accounts of his profession.

The excitement of his career appealed to me greatly—and had a vaguely familiar tone about it. I soon recalled why. In my kid days I had lived the life many times with the heroes of crook stories. While the other boys were idolizing some popular boxer or ball-player, on my heroic pedestal was to be found some dashing gentleman crook of fiction. With this background, I was very susceptible to my friend's tales, and by completely stifling the natural objections voiced by my conscience, which was rather hoarse at the time, I entered the profession whole-heartedly, determined to learn the "racket" thoroughly.

During the perpetration of my first few thefts I was a terribly scared burglar. It was hurry — hurry — hurry, make no noise—perhaps the residents will return and catch me red-handed— is that some one in the hallway? Any strange noise would put my heart in my throat and cause me to beat a hasty retreat, ofttimes empty-handed—but it was thrilling. It seemed that at last I was in my realm.

In my tyro days I was imbued with a feeling of perpetual and unnatural excitement. I was constantly on edge and always felt expectant—of what I did not know. The constant tenseness of the life held me fast. I was forever on tiptoes mentally, and found it impossible to concentrate on anything for more than a minute. My whirligig of a life had suddenly assumed an abnormally fast gait, and I found it a rather bewildering task to keep in step. I noticed also that I was becoming cynical—something I detest, as being the cry of a loser—and I tried hard, though with questionable success, to smother this feeling. I hardly believe that I was ever normal in these days, being instead a mere bundle of nerves constantly on the alert lest I overlook any excitement.

I realized that nervousness on the job was handicapping me, so I took measures to overcome it. For the succeeding two months my first act on entering an apartment was to open the ice-box and force myself to eat a very nonchalant meal. On other occasions I would play a record on the victrola and steel myself to listen attentively. The resultant forced calmness soon became a natural one and, further to protect myself on this score, I adopted the fatalistic credo of "If I am to be caught, it will happen in spite of everything."

Later, as I became fairly expert, I worked in more leisurely fashion and refused to be hurried. I stole nothing but furs and jewelry, of which I had gained a very fair knowledge, and consequently I had to scrutinize anything before taking it. Occasionally I would enjoy an interesting chapter of some one's novel for no other reason than to satisfy my bump of egotism and to prove to my warped mind that I was as nerveless as the heroes of my youth.

In two years' time I had collected toll in most of the major cities of the country, and the game still held me as though hypnotized. The ethics of the business would bother me periodically, but never for long, as I would immediately solace myself with the accepted thievish version of life.

This version provided for only two classes in the world's population. On one hand were the "suckers" and on the other were the "hustlers." The former included every one who lived honestly and the latter consisted of those, like myself, who gained their living through their wits. All of the first-named class were considered "hoosiers" and open game, created by God for no other purpose than that the others may steal their earnings.

I had also my personal, though mad, version of life. I maintained that burglars, like the poor, will be with us always, and that it was the duty of the public to guard themselves. Therefore life was nothing more than a battle, or game, between the householders and the burglars, with the former on the defense and the latter carrying the attack. Should the defense be weak, the penalty was loss of valued possession, and in the event of a poor attack the penalty was prison.

Every locked door was nothing more than a challenge to my ability. I held that any woman who locked a costly fur behind a door that could be opened with an ordinary pass-key deserved to lose it. Further, I figured that in so doing she was, in reality, betting me the furs that I couldn't open that specific door—and generally she was in error. Burglary at this time was more than a profession with me—it was a mania. I regarded the business in exactly the same light as a dope fiend considers his morphine.

In New Orleans, in a moment of sanity, I decided to try to shake off this hold of burglary. I realized that it could not be accomplished with a mere wave of the hand. I resolved to try some other racket and in a gradual manner wean myself away from the game. Honest work, with its constant routine and a boss in the offing, seemed intolerable, temporarily at least.

I had some difficulty in leaving the town, however. I had heard many times that train No. 101 on the Southern Pacific was "tough to beat" going West, so I, to enjoy the excitement of it, decided to ascertain definitely just how difficult a proposition it was. My first effort resulted in some judge giving me "twenty-four hours to leave town," but, undaunted, I tried again, and as a result spent an enforced vacation of ten days in the Jefferson Parish jail in Gretna, across from the Crescent City. I was insistent now, and on my third endeavor I rode it into Beaumont. I tried most of the common forms of thievery. I "filled" in with "cannons" or pickpockets, "steered" for dice games, "stalled" for "boosters" or shoplifters, and "located" for hijackers, and in the end I joined forces with a clever dice-hustler. When I had become fairly conversant with the intricacies of this pastime we made a trip to Alaska, nominally to can salmon, but in reality to beat the fishermen and others for their money. We enjoyed a fairly successful and very exciting trip and returned to San Francisco.

I immediately headed for Los Angeles. Once there, I found that many embryo burglars were making big money and, in spite of everything, I again fell victim to the lure of my former business.

I started operations anew and found the old "kick" still there. My temporary lay-off had merely whetted my burglarious appetite rather than appeased it. It was the first time that I had stayed in any city more than two months, and consequently I became familiar with the rest of the fraternity and had ample opportunity to study them. I learned many surprising facts that somehow had managed to escape my attention previously.

Stool-pigeons were rampant, and when a gang of criminals were apprehended it immediately developed into a race to see which one could first get into the hands of the police a confession implicating the others. Honor was passé, the little left being divided between certain women and a few fellows from the "old school."

One thief shows no compunction in beating another. It is strictly a dog-eat-dog proposition and no one is immune. The cleverest thieves, I found, were the confidence men. Success in this racket entails a vast amount of patience, cunning, and daring. The most stupid characters undoubtedly are the common "stick-up" men. They are usually suffering from a "hard-guy" complex. They wish to be tough but don't know how.

A thief, though brilliant in his own line, is always a sucker for somebody else. Pickpockets practically donate their earnings to the race-tracks. Gambling, booze, and women will account for 70 per cent of their loot. Women especially, due to the amazing vanity of thieves, find them wonderfully easy marks.

Vanity is really the basic cause of most crimes. The average crook, on disposing of his loot, will look up some girl, flash her his roll, and then stage a party that most times will leave him broke and with nothing in return other than the customary "big head." But his ego has been appeased. He figures, or rather hopes, that the girl will consider him a "pretty smart kid," a "big operator," and a good fellow. They dub themselves smart guys, but really they are very stupid.

I doubled up with a chap named Ray, and we bought a bungalow and lived there with our girls for a long time. We got along very well, which in itself is quite a rarity. The usual tactics consist of one fellow trying his luck with his friend's girl, and in the event of success he deems it a feather in his hat and worthy of being divulged to some supposedly discreet cronies. But thieves are like old women—they must gossip—and eventually the story reaches the injured party and then the fireworks start.

My girl, "Blond May," was a shoplifter, and Eva had another, less dangerous, method of collecting the coin of the realm. We each worked separately, in spite of the fact that Ray also was a prowler, and things progressed merrily. I achieved quite a reputation among my ilk and was content.

One early morning a bootlegger whom I knew well and trusted implicitly was arrested red-handed. This had been his livelihood and he was considered the acme of everything trustworthy in the minds of the rest of the underworld. Occasionally he would "beat up" some known stool-pigeon on general principles.

He went to trial, and in case of conviction could have received no more than six months, which, in the vernacular, "he could do on his ear." He had no alibi and realized it, but insisted on entering a plea of "Not Guilty." This caused a slight arching of eyebrows among the fraternity, but it was assumed that some one had been "reached" or bribed.

To the amazement of every one his defense was that, while he admittedly sold the liquor, he claimed the business belonged to and was financed by his mother and sister—which was a lie and most of us knew it. To avoid doing six months' time this alleged man, "the acme of trust," was willing, by lying, to implicate his mother and sister and assist in sending them to jail in his rightful place. Disgusting — but nothing unusual. I realized then that the game was losing its thrill and was, after all, only a cold-blooded business matter. I actually felt disappointed. I felt exactly as I did when I first learned definitely that Santa Claus was a myth. I should then have blown town, but it really was burglar's paradise. I tempted Fate and remained.

Fate heeded my challenge — and won, with the arrest of Ray. When put to the test he proved a weakling and turned informer. He immediately implicated a "fence" (one who buys stolen property) with whom we both had done business. For this Ray received immunity.

Naturally, the next step and the usual one was for the fence to try to bargain for his freedom by implicating others. I was his first victim, and that very evening while at dinner I was whisked away to police headquarters and confronted with Ray and the fence. The former, seeing the possibility of losing the immunity, joined forces with the fence, and between them they built up such a hopelessly incriminating case against me that the best lawyer in town advised me to "waive everything and go to prison, for the sooner you get there the sooner you will be free." As I had no possible egress, I took the gentleman's advice. Ray was received by most of the fraternity as though he had done some commendable feat. They would have patted Benedict Arnold on the back with the comment: "Well, old man, you did the right thing at the opportune moment."

The sentence was seven and a half years, and as I did it all, less four months, I had plenty of time for retrospection. I mulled over and considered matters from every possible angle and invariably arrived at the same conclusion. The "game" had become a business. The thrill was in the novelty of it. Honor among thieves is mostly a myth. I'll seek my excitement elsewhere.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

At a small dinner-party given by Sir James Barrie in his London apartment overlooking the river we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw. If I had to describe the temperament of this famous Irishman in one word, I should use the word *happy*. He seemed the happiest man I have met this summer, and I have met many cheerful individuals. He is seventy-two years old, but has the springy alertness of youth not only in his mind, which might be expected, but in his body. As Mr. Service expresses it, he has the mind of a savant in the body of a savage. He is over six feet, spare, active, and agile, so that his voluminous snowy beard seems incongruous, as though it were some histrionic mask. As a rule, beards, unless closely trimmed, look untidy; they are often discolored in various sections, so that the general effect is unattractive. Mr. Shaw's beard, like his hair, is evenly white—it is the *cleanest* beard I ever saw. The whole effect of his clothes, beard, and general appearance is so clean as to look antiseptic, his only resemblance to the members of a profession he so often attacks. I observed that he ate no meat, drank no alcohol, and declined to smoke. Whatever may be true of others, he needs no wine to stimulate his dinner conversation or to elevate his spirit. He is the only person who has ever come anywhere near to converting me to vegetarianism. He is a magnificent advertisement of his dietary doctrines. If abstinence from meat, wine, and tobacco can make a man in the seventies so radiantly healthy, buoyant, and resilient, the experiment might be worth trying.

His keen blue eyes sparkled as he told one good story after another. He gave many good-humored and diverting reminiscences of the actor Henry Irving. Irving's voice and articulation were not good; when he spoke slowly, he was clear enough, but when he increased in speed, his words turned into a series of grunts. Mr. Shaw gave a remarkable imitation of him. At this point the conversation turned on distinct enunciation and the correct pronunciation of English. Mr. Shaw is a member of a committee which determines the pronunciation of English for the professional broadcasters; for it is hoped that broadcasting may be used to standardize and improve the general pronunciation of English words. He said that one difficulty arises from the fact that no two cultivated persons pronounce words exactly alike. For example, he was certain that no two persons, no matter how fastidious in their speech, would pronounce the word *Cross* in the same way. (Of course one of the most noticeable differences between American and British pronunciation is observable in the letter o. The average American pronounces "motor" quite differently from the average Englishman.) The committee, which was very small, had, as I remember, one Irishman, one Scot, one Welshman, and only one Englishman.

Mr. Shaw was interested in the movietone, and spoke of it with animation and emphasis. When he was asked to appear in the movietone he took charge of the whole affair himself, directed it, managed it, used his voice according to his own judgment, and the result was a complete success. He described his method with abundant illustrations. "I come forward through the shrubbery, blow my nose—" Mrs. Shaw inquired: "And why, Bernard, did you blow your nose?" "Because I wanted to give the effect of naturalness, informality." Later we went to a London movietone, and it was immensely interesting to see him appear on the screen so soon after talking with him. He came forward in a golf suit, consulted his watch, blew his nose, and gave an entertaining monologue. Of all our modern miracles, the movietone is perhaps the most amazing.

We asked him if he would be kind enough to sign his name in our copy of the first edition of his new book "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." As he drew his pen—a pen drawn in many battles—he asked: "What day is this?" "Well, this is the 12th of July, a day that many regard as important in the history of Ireland, but to us it is even more Irishly significant, for it is the birthday of our Irish setter, Rufus H. Phelps." He gravely pretended to share our emotion, and after signing his name, wrote "Rufus's birthday."

Mrs. Shaw is a charming Irish woman, and she may accurately be described in the language Ibsen used when replying to an impertinent question concerning his wife. Ibsen said: "She suits me exactly."

The best literary news of this year is the preparation of the play "Peter Pan" for publication, which, together with a collected edition of Barrie's dramatic works, will appear this autumn. I call this the best news, because no other work of our time seems more sure of immortality. The author, with his usual sincere and unpretentious manner, spoke quite freely about this and many other things. He was naturally gratified by the success in America of Helen Hayes with the revival of "What Every Woman Knows." I told him of the memorable first night in New York of "Dear Brutus," when it was produced at the Empire Theatre by William Gillette, and how in three hours a sixteen-year-old girl, Helen Hayes, leaped from obscurity to fame, and of how her subsequent career completely justified the verdict of that first-night audience. We talked of Arnold Bennett's new play "The Return Journey," and I remarked that after an excellent first act there was a sad decline, the last act being positively bad. I asked if it were not true that the last act is always the most difficult to write, as is shown by the fact that it is often so disappointing. Sir James agreed with this, and told me of one of his most famous plays, where he wrote the last act before he had written a word of the other two. It was the only time he had done such a thing. I will leave my readers to guess which play it is.

Barrie spoke highly of the work of Eva Le Gallienne and of her courage in founding the Civic Repertory Theatre. I hope he will give his permission so that she can produce "Peter Pan" every Christmastide in New York, as is the custom in London.

He also gave reminiscences of Irving, and said there was something compelling about Irving's personality, so that when he was acting, no matter how many persons there might be on the stage, you saw only Irving. I told him that many people still believed that he, and not Daisy Ashford, had written "The Young Visiters." There is not the slightest foundation for such a belief; Daisy Ashford was and is a real person, and composed that novel when a child. When he wrote the preface to "The Young Visiters" he had never seen the author, though he met her afterward. I suggested that there was one expression in the book which proved to my mind that it was written by a child. "Mr. Salteena got *down* from his chair." Barrie smiled and said: "No, I think I might have written that, although I did not."

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that my admiration for Barrie's character and personality equals my enthusiasm for his art. He is a Scot, and is characteristically reserved and undemonstrative. But it is impossible to be in his presence without feeling his profound sincerity, both as an artist and as a man, and also his deep and unaffected sympathy. He has a positive genius for friendship; he was one of the most intimate friends of George Meredith; during the last twenty years of Hardy's life he was closer to him than any other man; he enjoyed the devoted affection of Henry James; and he has been a lifelong friend of Bernard Shaw. I began reading Barrie's works in 1891, and I have never wavered in my faith that he is a man of genius; but I will add that every time I meet him and talk with him I feel that he himself is greater than any of his books; and I believe that there are no greater dramas of our time than "The Admirable Crichton" and "Dear Brutus."

In front of Barrie's home on the Embankment, stands Cleopatra's Needle. During the war a bomb from a Zeppelin fell close to it and tore out pieces from the pedestal, from the pavement, and from the adjoining stone river wall; and in the very room in his apartment where we were sitting there were gathered together one evening during the war a remarkable group of men of letters. On account of air raids no general illumination was allowed. One lighted candle was placed on the floor, and sitting around it, engaged in conversation, were J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett. I am certain that the Germans are very glad that no bomb hit that building.

We stepped outside on the balcony surrounding his flat, which looks out over the Embankment all along the river. This is holy ground to the lover of literature. In an adjoining street Rousseau came and lodged with David Hume. Just below us was the inn where the Pickwick Club started on their famous journey. Doctor Johnson and Boswell had many conversations in the house next door. Thomas Hardy worked in the same block for several years as an architect. A house in the next street, plainly visible, was the place where "Milady" stayed on her famous visit to London in "The Three Musketeers." On my expressing my unlimited enthusiasm for that series of tales, Sir James said: "It is undoubtedly the best story ever written."

He showed me some books owned by Thomas Hardy when Hardy was a small boy. One was a compendium of athletic games, a kind of sportsman's manual, containing also directions for fishing, the care of dogs, birds, etc. A short time ago some one gave Barrie a canary. He knew nothing about taking care of canaries, but he remembered

Hardy's boy's book. Consulting it, he found complete directions for the diet and regimen of canaries. He had been following these directions, and the bird prospered. Another book, owned by Hardy when he was twenty-five, was a copy of the poems of Shelley. Hardy had marked page after page, underlining words that especially appealed to him.

Barrie spoke enthusiastically of Thornton Wilder's novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and said that it should awaken pride in Americans for two reasons. First, that so beautiful and distinguished a work of art should be written by an American, second, that it should be the best-selling book in the United States. He thought that was good evidence that there were thousands of Americans who immediately recognize and love the best literature. I asked him what he thought of the familiar excuse expressed by some publishers, newspaper editors, and theatre managers, when they produce trash, that they do this because it is "what the public wants." He thought it was a flimsy excuse, because the public really want not the worst, but the best; in nearly every instance when trash does become popular it becomes popular because there is something in it really fine, which makes a genuine appeal to human nature. "It is not the worst things in art that make a work circulate largely, it is the best."

I spoke of the unhappiness suffered by many writers when they see their vogue declining, and younger men taking their places, as Ibsen expressed it in "The Master Builder," with the younger generation "knocking at the door." He said he often felt that the love of money was not the root of all evil, but rather jealousy. That is, the jealousy felt by one artist toward another. He had seen the evil effects of it in many instances, where men, brooding over their fancied wrongs, had turned sour, and had therefore lost happiness and peace of mind. It is a vice that naturally accompanies ambition, distinction, and love of fame. He added that he had never known a man more completely free of anything like jealousy than Bernard Shaw. Even in the long years when Shaw, although writing steadily, was receiving no recognition, he was quite free from envy and jealousy. "Shaw has a healthy mind."

I reminded Barrie of a passage in one of the novels by Archibald Marshall, where it is said that possibly the happiest persons are those who live in the country on an income just sufficient for their needs and who are entirely without ambition. "Yes," said Sir James, "that may be true. But perhaps even in those instances their minds are filled with little jealousies, little grievances arising from local affairs."

I asked Mr. Marshall himself if he would be willing to give up ambition, literary fame, and the arduous labor of writing in exchange for a mind free from all these things but filled with placid contentment. "Not for all the world," was his emphatic reply. He is now living in London and steadily engaged in writing "Simple Stories," a series of tales about children that have had great success in England and should be better known in America. They have a fine vein of original humor and are quite unlike anything he has hitherto written. Mr. Marshall knows his London very well indeed and we had some interesting pilgrimages together, visiting the old city churches.

I spent a delightful day in the country at the home of Sir Anthony Hope and Lady Hawkins. They live on the edge of a heath, near Epsom Downs. Lady Hawkins is an American, the sister of Lewis Sheldon, of Vermont, who was one of my pupils at Yale in the class of 1896. They have a charming house and lovely garden. We talked about "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues," though Anthony Hope is so unpretentiously modest that it is not easy to draw him out about his own achievements. It is plain, however, that he is gratified, as he has every reason to be, with the success of his recently published autobiography, one of the best books of its kind. I told him I liked very much his novel, "The Secret of the Tower," which I read in 1919, while staying with my friends Mr. and Mrs. James R. Sheffield, at their camp in the Adirondacks. He laughed and said that if I really liked that book he would begin to lose confidence in my literary taste. He believes the best of all his novels is "The King's Mirror."

While we were in London "Swan Song" was published, the last volume dealing with the Forsyte family. One of the London papers had a headline

DEATH OF SOAMES FORSYTE

which was as fine a compliment as could possibly be paid to a novelist. And indeed no character in contemporary fiction is more real than Soames. I saw him fifty times at the cricket match between Eton and Harrow, and fifty times again at the King's Garden Party. Mr. Galsworthy is so free from anything like conceit that he will not show elation at his great success, but he could not help feeling pleased at the recognition given to "Swan Song," for when he published "The Man of Property," in 1906, he had no intention of writing anything further on the Forsyte family, and now he must know that he has added some permanent figures to literature. Among other things, he spoke to me about the legends and myths that accumulate about every man whose name becomes known to the public. I reminded him of the statement published in many English and American papers that he had taken farewell of the stage, and would never write another play. "There is absolutely no foundation for that announcement, for I never made any such remark."

In September I spent a happy day with Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy in their beautiful country place in Sussex. During this entire summer the weather has been amazingly lovely; from the 8th of July to the 22d of September there have been only two rainy days, and on this occasion the sky was cloudless and the air mild and windless. In the afternoon we played lawn tennis. I had not come prepared for this, so I appeared on the court in borrowed plumes. Mr. Galsworthy's shoes and clothes fitted me as if they had been made to my measure. In fact, they fitted me better than some that have been made for me by London tailors. Returning to America some years ago, I found among my shipmates one of my former pupils, Warren Thorpe, of Philadelphia. I rather fancied my new overcoat, and wore it with complacency. Mr. Thorpe asked: "Where did you get that coat?" "It was made for me by a London tailor." "Whom did you say it was made for?"

Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Chesterton live in an old Tudor farmhouse in Beaconsfield, to which they have made additions in harmony with the original design. They have a lovely garden, and the whole place makes an ideal setting for persons who are so thoroughly and traditionally English. And I highly enjoyed talking with Mrs. Chesterton's mother, who is eighty years old and full of good conversation.

Thirty-eight years ago I bicycled by this place, which is on the high road from London to Oxford. Mr. Chesterton was then sixteen years old, so I was not looking for him. But a few yards from his garden I dismounted to read the inscription on the grave of the seventeenth-century poet, Edmund Waller, who, when past eighty, wrote:

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time
> has made.
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
> As they draw near to their eternal home."

I hope that will be true of me if I succeed in living that long, and I want to live as long as I possibly can.

Mr. Chesterton is one of the busiest men in the world and never seems to be in a hurry. In the year 1900, while making a speech, the mob got excited and somebody stole his watch. He has never carried one since. "Why, how do you manage without one?" He laughed. "Oh, it doesn't really make any particular difference what time it is, and if I really want to know, I ask." In addition to his poems, novels, religious works, essays, biographies, and whatnot, he is the editor of "G. K.'s Weekly," which must be a worse burden than the Old Man of the Sea. But its object is to promulgate ideas in which he believes, and he, like most men of the Anglo-Saxon race, has an active conscience.

When he was taken to see the Great White Way in New York he made a remark that ought to live forever. He looked up at the amazing illumination and said: "What a place this would be for a man who could not read!"

I asked him what impressed him at first as the chief difference between the aspect of England and America. He said: "Your wooden houses." I had never thought there was anything unusual about wooden houses, because we take them for granted. But a wooden house in England is a very rare spectacle. It seems incredible that there can be enough stone in that small island to supply the demand. As for brick, you will see plenty of brick-making from railway-carriage windows.

At my request Mr. Chesterton gave me a copy of the booklet containing his famous debate with Bernard Shaw. I would I had been present. It was not the clumsy contact of the irresistible force and the immovable object; it was a duel between the two best swordsmen in England, each of whom had an affectionate admiration for his opponent's skill.

Mr. Chesterton gives one not only the impression of thoroughly enjoying life; he has a really extraordinary *kindness,* a certain gentleness, a consideration for others, that goes well with his masculine vitality.

After reading Dickens and other novelists, I have often wondered what it must be like to live in chambers in the Inns of Court. Well, I found out. I took tea with the novelist Maurice Baring in his rooms in Gray's Inn. Here we were, in the heart of London, only a few steps from Fleet Street, and we might have been in the country. Although the windows were open, it was so quiet we could have conversed in whispers. Major Baring is one of my favorite novelists. There is an original flavor in everything he writes, coming from a charming personality, enriched by years of experience in Russia and in remote parts of the earth. He is an admirable illustration of the cultivated English gentleman. The conversations in his novels are invariably good talk on interesting themes. "Daphne Adeane" has just been translated into French, and I saw copies of it on many Paris bookstalls.

I learned a new fact of interest about Thomas Hardy. Although he was wholly English and wrote almost exclusively on English themes, he had the deepest conviction of the brotherhood of all mankind, and lived up to his creed. During the war there was a large German prison-camp near Dorchester; the prisoners were assigned to various tasks in the neighborhood. Mr. Hardy took a personal interest in every German prisoner who worked on his place. He gave food, medicines, and invariably showed kindness. Now no one was more eager than Mr. Hardy for England's triumph in the war. But his clear intelligence was never clouded by prejudice, and his heart was too big and tender not to be touched by the sight of individual suffering. It is pleasant to know that these Germans were profoundly grateful for his kindness, that they wrote home about it, and that a letter came back saying that as a result the English prisoners in that locality were now being better treated.

Some months ago I expressed a wish in the pages of this magazine that Mrs. Hardy would write the Life of her distinguished husband. Well, I am happy to say that she is engaged on this work, and that the first volume will appear before Christmas. She is admirably fitted for the task, because she knew him better than any one else on earth; and in addition to being a woman of impeccable taste and judgment, she is a trained and skilful writer.

It is inspiring to meet the leaders of contemporary English literature because they are *good men*. I am such a natural hero-worshipper that I am thrilled by contact with literary artists, no matter what their characters may be. But quite apart from their distinction, the men I have been describing are so sincere, so high-minded, so unaffectedly noble that one cannot talk with them without being the better for the experience.

During the past summer I have had the good fortune to meet not only a large number of very remarkable men and women, but to become acquainted with some extraordinary animals. I should like to take home with me a beautiful Irish setter, Rex, who is a member of the Galsworthy household; and I should also like to annex two literary cats, one of whom belonged to Thomas Hardy, while the other lives with the famous novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith. Both of these cats are magnificent Persians; I had the honor of holding them and stroking their gorgeous fur. There is a well-known picture of Sheila Kaye-Smith and her cat, so that in a way I felt acquainted before the actual meeting took place. This is a Supercat. He has an expression on his austere and majestic countenance that would do credit to the President of the League of Nations. His gracious owner told me many interesting facts about him that display his intelligence. It is more than possible that he inspired the second noun in her latest novel "Iron and Smoke," which is certainly one of the best of her productions.

We had the pleasure of hearing an

excellent sermon preached by her husband in his London church on Gloucester Road. The Reverend T. P. Fry is a remarkably interesting personality, and is an ardent Anglo-Catholic. I had supposed that "The End of the House of Alard," which is my favorite among the works of Sheila Kaye-Smith, was written after she had become engaged to Mr. Fry, and was in part a tribute to his influence. But it was written before that, and represents her own independent view; though she is too fine an artist to make this book or any other a medium of opinion.

We spent a delightful afternoon in the country home in Oxfordshire of Anne Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt). She lives in a lovely old house, in the midst of an old-fashioned garden. She has just completed a new novel, which will appear this autumn. I do not know what is the subject, but I know that the book will not only be worth reading, but that it will add distinction to contemporary literature.

In Paris I had good walks and talks with my old friend George Santayana. He is a philosopher, and lives what I suppose is the true life of a philosopher, though I should find it intolerably lonely. Still, he has what very few people have to-day, the leisure and the inclination for *meditation*. All his books are born of long hours of solitary, uninterrupted thought. Although I think he enjoys his own society better than that of other people, he is an admirable conversationalist and a perfect table companion. In a rather dingy restaurant on the Boulevard S. Michel we talked of literature, morals, and religion.

The English are the leanest race in the world; one seldom sees a fat Englishman, yet many of them eat four square meals every day. And when you do see a fat Englishman you will find that he carries his weight remarkably well. Mr. Santayana told me a new story of the famous Oscar Browning, of King's College, Cambridge. He ate seven meals a day. There are people who wake up in the middle of the night and cannot fall asleep again until they have eaten something. But O. B. set his alarm clock at three in the morning in order that he might wake and eat a herring! Then at seven o'clock tea and various eatables were brought to his bedside. His third meal was breakfast at nine, and it was a substantial repast. He then ate nothing till lunch, but he took care to make up for his prolonged fast. His fifth meal came at four-thirty, and was high tea, with plenty of food. He then ate nothing till dinner, which was a very elaborate affair in many courses, and with a variety of wines. His seventh and last meal was a hearty supper, which he took just before going to bed. He lived to be eighty-three.

But what is eighty-three? An English admiral, at the age of ninety-two, took a long walk with some friends, and, apologizing for his slowness, he cried: "Oh, if I were only eighty again!"

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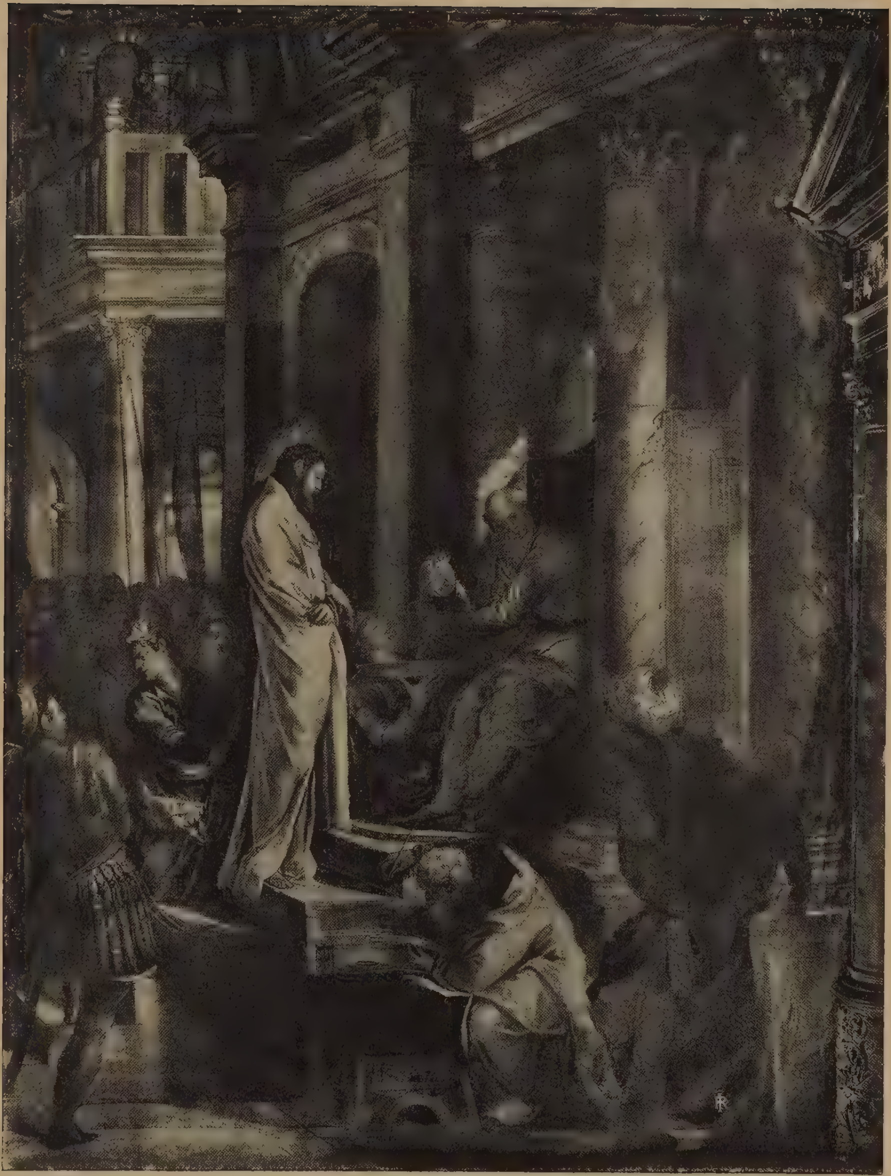
THE FIELD OF ART

The Painter With Something to Say

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

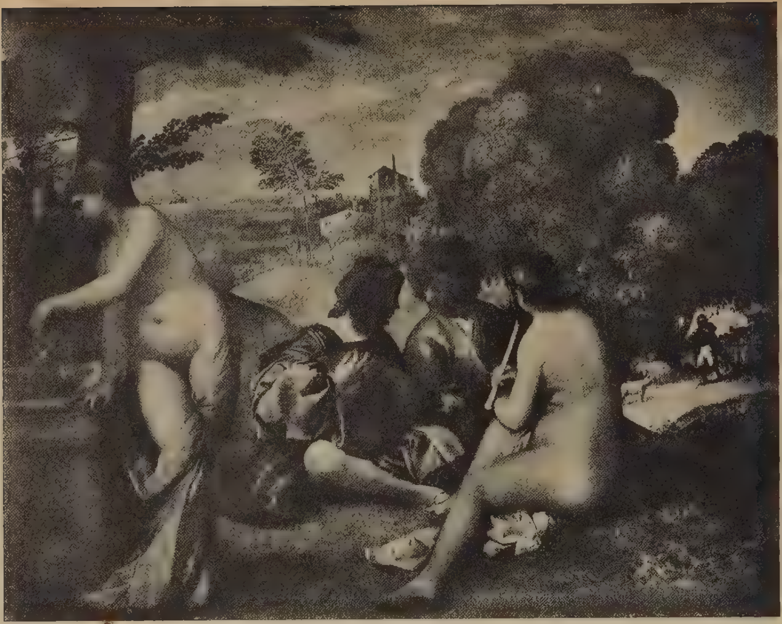
WHEN the caveman of Altamira was blazing the way for art, a pathfinder in the mists of remote antiquity, he was content with making a bison look like a bison. His picture was a representation and nothing more. I wonder sometimes if modern painting has not too often given itself over to much the same point of view, even while flattering itself that it is doing nothing of the sort. We hear much of spatial relations and the like, of "significant form" and purely abstract factors in composition, and we are told, indeed, that the "merely representational" is a thing abhorrent, akin to soulless photography. But in what the artist working on this hypothesis does with the human figure, for example, there is seldom the sign of any ambition to freight his subject with the riches of invention. He is satisfied with the recording of a fact. He has, otherwise, nothing whatever to say. Yet the history of art shows clearly enough that the masters in all epochs have affirmed themselves by virtue of their having something to say, over and above the technical ability, the personal accent, and the priceless element of style. It has been interesting to watch, over a period of years, the gradual detachment of the American artist from historic precedent. Interesting but not altogether edifying. The truth is that we set the clock back when we began to shy at "the subject picture" as at something intrinsically dubious if not positively evil.

The growth of the error is of comparatively recent date. It is less than half a century since American painting was busily occupied with ideas. Elihu Vedder, who lived by them, came to his artistic maturity in the seventies and worked on well into our own time. The leaders of his generation, John La Farge, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, had imagination or they had nothing. The outstanding monument of their period is undoubtedly La Farge's "Ascension," in the Church of the Ascension, in New York, one of the few truly great mural decorations of the nineteenth century. Yet even prior to the erection of that masterpiece the elements were fermenting that were to counterbalance its influence, and, paradoxically, they were elements of an artistic rectitude absolutely indispensable to the development of American painting. I refer to the new enthusiasm for technique which was promoted under the ægis of the Society of American Artists. At the time that progressive organization was founded, we had, for one man who, like La Farge, knew his trade, a score who knew next to nothing about it. The training of the French studios, and the lessons of Munich carried on by Duveneck and Chase, ushered in a new heaven and a new earth. To paint the *morceau* with a clever turn of the wrist became the most important thing in the world. We gained enormously on the executive side of art. We made an advance without which, to be sure, Amer-



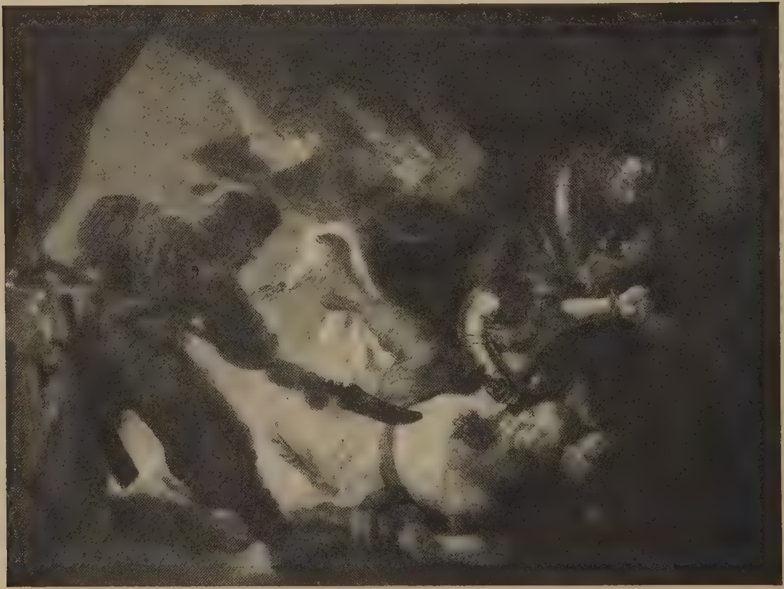
Christ Before Pilate.

From the painting by Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice.



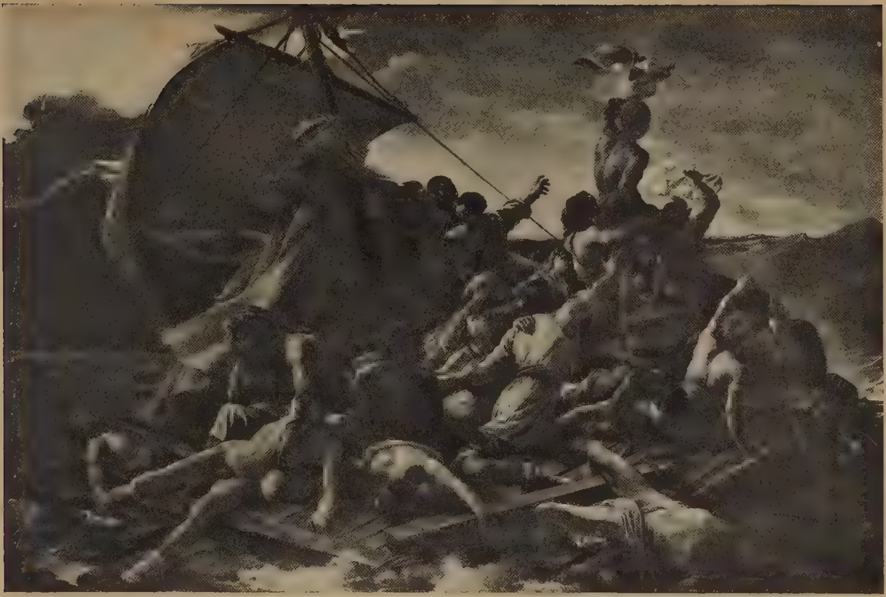
Le Concert Champêtre.

From the painting by Giorgione in the Louvre.



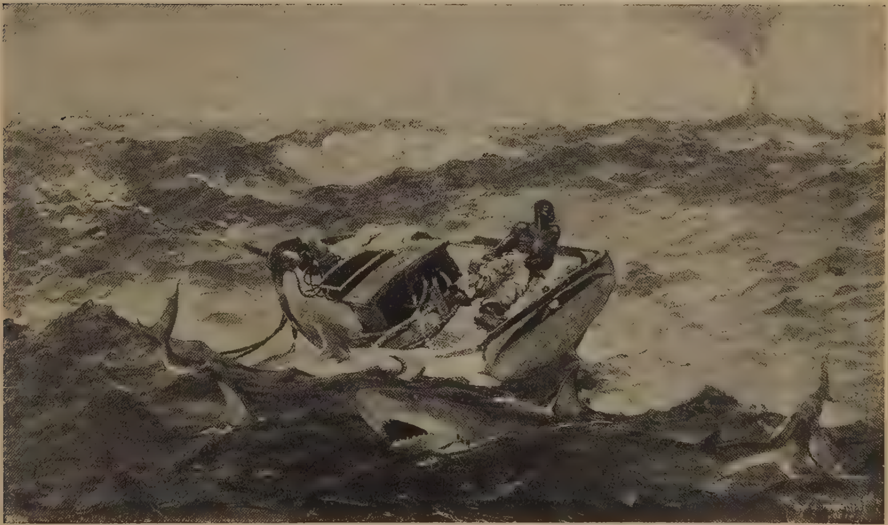
The Blinding of Samson.

From the painting by Rembrandt in the Staedel Institute at Frankfort.



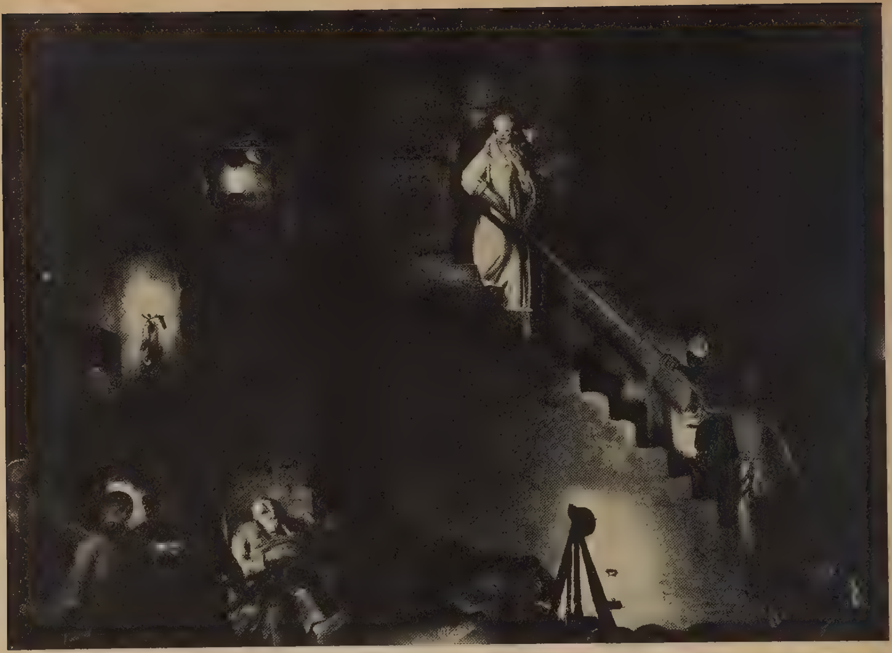
The Raft of the Medusa.

From the painting by Géricault in the Louvre.



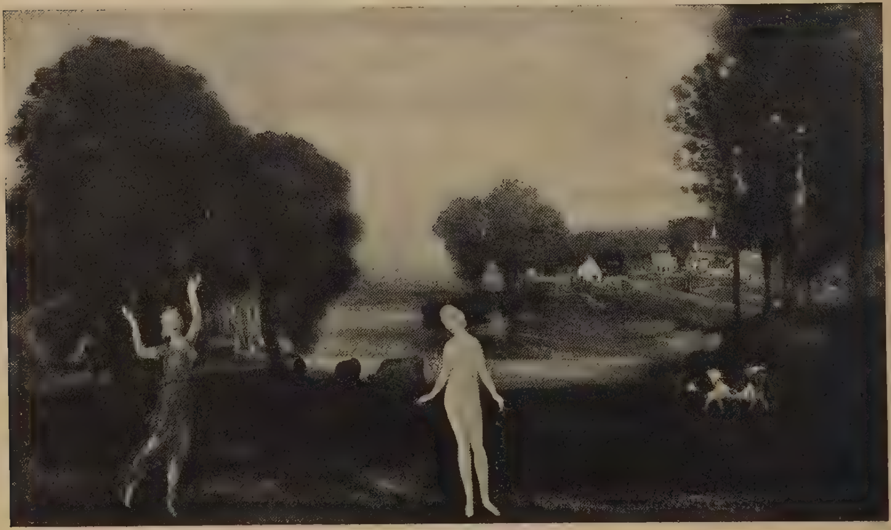
The Gulf Stream.

From the painting by Winslow Homer in the Metropolitan Museum.



Edith Cavell.

From the painting by George Bellows.



Viper-Stricken Eurydice.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

ican painting might have died. But we made a vast and unnecessary sacrifice when we decided that to "tell a story" was to be "literary" and therefore inartistic. We forgot that your great artist can take anything in his stride, even the "literary" motive. Our mistake resided in our leaving that motive—as something minor if not actually contemptible—to the illustrator. I can remember how the latter kept it going for a while in the exhibitions of the old American Water Color Society. Abbey used to persist, year after year, in sending something of a romantic character. In general, romance was taboo. I speak, of course, in general terms. The imaginative impulse never completely dies out. Invention has survived with us. It still survives, and I shall presently have occasion to cite more than one salient instance. But the broad situation remains as I have indicated. The subject picture is at a discount.

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The thing about its declension that puzzles me is the fallacy involved, the fallacy that a dramatic subject is inimical to the practice of good painting. What was it but a subject picture that initiated the renovation of French art a hundred years ago? Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" is cherished in the Louvre as a kind of landmark of liberation, the moving, melodramatic picture that helped to break the crust imposed upon art by David and that paved the way for Delacroix. The rather statuesque forms in it betray the lingering influence of classical routine but on the whole it breathes the spirit of artistic freedom. I never had a keener, more vivid sensation than when in the late nineties Winslow Homer painted *his* "Raft of the Medusa," that grisly "anecdote"—yes, "anecdote," if you like—which bears the title of "The Gulf Stream" and hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. The same thrill is there. The helpless negro, alone in his wrecked craft upon a dreadful sea, a waterspout threatening him on one side and the sharks visibly waiting for him on the other, is, if anything, a more poignant symbol of tragedy than Géricault's piled-up group. And the brilliance of the picture lies in the fact that Homer, as was his wont, strikes a perfect balance between substance and form. If he tells an exciting story he paints also a superb sea piece. The dramatist and the artist work together in peace and amity. Whenever they have done so, across the ages, they have worked a big magic.

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If the reader will let his memory range back among the immortal pictures of the world he will be struck by the uniformity with which the great craftsmen—especially the great craftsmen—have gravitated toward deeply vitalized themes, hunting for them in life and in literature, sacred and profane, interpreting the fundamental emotions, "dipping the brush in earthquake and eclipse." I may appositely recall here the pictorial fecundity of Giotto, the poetic conceptions of Botticelli, the intellectuality of Raphael, and the cosmic apparitions that Michael Angelo brought into the world. But even more I am inclined to touch upon the great exemplars of painter's painting in our modern sense, the men whose thoughts flowered in prodigious feats of technique. Consider, in illustration, the "Concert Champêtre" of Giorgione, in the Louvre. Was ever picture more lyrically designed? And was ever picture more nobly painted? Turn then to Titian, with his religious and mythological masterpieces. In him imagination and technique are so fused that it is impossible to say where the genius of the mind leaves off and the genius of the hand begins. His is essentially creative art, the art which puts something new and organic before us. Among the pure virtuosi I can think of only one commanding type who misses this function of the cerebral inventor, Frans Hals. He remains the portrait-painter rather than the dramatist, his humor alone serving occasionally as an animating factor indicative of mood added to observation. As for his overwhelming contemporary, Rembrandt, he is a brother to Shakespeare in the variety of his interests, the inclusiveness of his vision. He could paint anything. The carcass of an ox hanging from the hooks in a butcher's shop would serve him as a pretext for the exercise of his brush. But what really stirred him to put forth his whole strength was some episode which inflamed his imagination, some passage in the Scriptures which challenged him to wreak his realism upon an heroic theme. Every key in the great organ of human feeling was within the scope of his touch. At Dresden, in "The Sacrifice of Manoah," you have him enveloping his canvas in the solemn stillness of a tense spiritual moment. At Frankfort, in "The Blinding of Samson," it is as though he shifted the action of Biblical legend to some earthly stage, reviving the turbulence of a scene in which men like ourselves struggle and pant. I shall never forget that picture. It burst upon me in the museum with the clamor of a battle, the blaze of golden light in it accented by one note of singing blue. What a portent is Rembrandt, to any one who cares for the things of the mind! How his supreme paint is imbued with fiery thought! So indispensable to him is "the story" that he will tell you one in the physiognomy of a single sitter, exposing the passion or the pathos of a character in the glance of an eye, the pressure of a lip.

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Indeed, the authority of the authentic dramatist is so searching, so potent, that it does not need a host of figures and an abundance of accessories to achieve its due effect. "Give me," Dumas *père* used to say, "a trestle, two boards, and a passion and I have my play." Degas was of the same habit of mind. "You do not make a crowd with fifty figures but with five," was his axiom. When I think of the illimitable storehouse of painted "subjects" there are so many cases of compact organization that come to mind that I hesitate to choose. But if I were compelled to fix upon one design that for concentrated power shines forth as a perfect embodiment of the principle, I would turn to Tintoretto's "Christ Before Pilate," in the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice. The background is thickly filled, no doubt, with its shadowy architecture and crowding soldiery. But what counts beyond all measurement is the tall sheeted figure of Christ, white, immobile, supernatural, the most awe-inspiring figure in the entire range of Scriptural illustration. The power of art in imaginative evocation could no further go. And any painter will tell you that in the manipulation of the whites, the drawing of the drapery, the implication of the form beneath, this is one of the dazzling triumphs of pure painting. Tintoretto the interpreter of a colossal theme is also Tintoretto the tremendous man of his hands. The artist must be both if he is to scale the topmost heights, and sometimes his gifts are only occasionally established in a flawless equilibrium. Velasquez could paint an historical incident superlatively well, as in "The Surrender of Breda," and then fall below the level of the unity in that work when he tackled religious themes. Once, dealing with mythology, he struck twelve, in "The Forge of Vulcan," for his treatment of the subject demanded no great imaginative fervor. In his "Crucifixion," on the other hand, he is only partially persuasive.

I find the same unevenness in Rubens. His "Three Graces" is pretty nearly a travesty on the theme and when you come to his "Little Last Judgment," at Munich, after Michael Angelo's sublime wall at Rome, you feel the Fleming crumpling up. Nevertheless, Rubens has an enkindling way with him in the management of a subject, as has Van Dyck. They were living, sensitive, fearless designers, quick to grasp an idea and having headlong energy in the realization of it upon canvas. There are many more types upon which I would like to pause. There is the satirical Hogarth, in eighteenth-century England, a mordant thinker as well as a powerful painter. There is that glittering crew in the France of the same period—Watteau, Chardin, Boucher, Fragonard, and a host of others who deviated into pagan lore from time to time but chiefly got their subjects out of the life around them. You could reconstruct the social movement of the era from their compositions. France has ever cultivated the subject as such, regardless of the school to which the given painter belonged. Ingres, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, Millet—they have all, in the old phrase, mixed brains with their colors. And if the hardened Salonnier, cut-and-dried product of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, has not been precisely imaginative, as a rule, he has at all events gone in for something more than the *morceau* to which I have already alluded. The trouble with him, of course, has been that the "more" has too often embraced a vulgar sensationalism. Once, walking through the Salon, I was brought up, "all standing" (as was intended), by a flagrant page from the seamy side of Parisian life. A haggard, white-faced woman was standing at the corner of a street, waiting behind a wall, with a bowl of vitriol poised to be hurled in her recalcitrant lover's face. Obviously that sort of "story" has nothing to do with art. Neither have the sickly sentimentalities that for so long a period have passed through the Royal Academy. England has had her enchanting pictorial designers, her George Frederick Watts, her Frederick Sandys, her Rossetti, her Burne-Jones, and so on. Unfortunately, she has had a greater number of anecdotal mediocrities like Frith and Fildes. But do the fatuities of the sentimentalists invalidate the symbolic grandeur of Watts? Do they in the smallest degree divest ideas of their fertilizing significance?

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In the very period I have mentioned as that of our revolutionized technique we were warned against the inadequacy of the *morceau* as a vehicle. The young recruits coming back to the Society of American Artists from Paris had had every opportunity there to realize the importance their masters attached to mental alertness as distinguished from manual dexterity. The men who taught those Americans how to draw and paint were keen on teaching them to compose, men like Bonnat and Gérôme, Lefebvre and Jean-Paul Laurens. Some of their pupils, like the late H. Siddons Mowbray, took the intellectual as well as the technical side of their European experience to heart. But there were more of our practitioners who were willing to paint whatever they found in the ebullient spectacle of America as so much still life and they let the wide areas of mere thought go. They remembered, thank heaven, the directness of Manet's painting. They forgot that even Manet had been interested to try his hand at "the subject," painting "The Angels at the Tomb" and his "Jesus Insulted by the Soldiers." I dare say the latter made a sufficiently startling "hole in the wall" at the Salon of 1865, with its blending of ancient dignity and modern technical sleight-of-hand. But we may be sure that it did more than startle. It addressed itself to the mind as well as to the eye of the beholder.

We have had our subject painters and we still have them. We have had Vedder and La Farge, Homer and Thayer. We have had an extraordinary follower of the cult in Albert Pinkham Ryder. The pictures of Henry O. Walker stay graciously in the mind. More recently we have had the adventurous art of George Bellows and the exquisite fantasies of Arthur B. Davies. There are others, like Eugene Savage in the field of mural decoration. Somehow, when there is a big wall to be painted there is generally an artist forthcoming to paint it interestingly. Men like Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, and Edward Simmons well carried on the campaign begun by Hunt and La Farge and an able group is at work to-day. Our school of mural decoration is, in fact, a school apart, thoughtful, courageous, and resourceful. But where the easel picture is concerned we are still curiously timorous about tackling a dramatic, mobile theme. The superstition about the "literary motive" damns it. George Bellows was not afraid of that motive. He tried to paint the Crucifixion. He based one of the finest of his pictures on the most dramatic incident of the Great War, the execution of Edith Cavell. He was a painter's painter, if ever we had one, but it did not keep him from using his head. I wonder that his bold initiative does not prove more inspiring. I wonder why so many American artists go on painting a pretty girl under a yellow parasol, or perhaps a blue one.

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Fifth Avenue Section.

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